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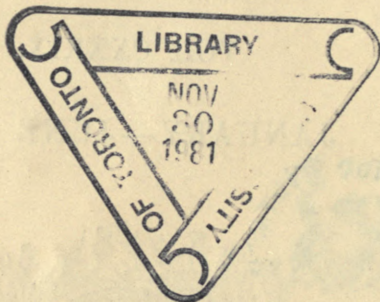

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BLACKWOOD'S
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MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE.—PART I.

I.—A PAGE OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

The proverb that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," is, like most proverbs, neater as an epigram than as a truth, in so far as its application to human existence is concerned. Even if by "moss" is signified hard cash, commercial and industrial enterprises have undergone such a change since the introduction of steam and electricity, that the men who have made the most money in these days are often those who have been flying about from one quarter of the world to another in its successful pursuit—taking contracts, obtaining concessions, forming companies, or engaging in speculations, the profitable character of which has been revealed to them on their travels. But there may be said to be other kinds of moss besides money, of which the human rolling stone gathers more than the stationary one. He meets with adventures, he acquires information, he undergoes experiences, and gains a general knowledge of the world, the whole crystallising in after-life into a rich fund of reminiscences, which becomes the moss that he has gathered. The journal of such a one in after-years, if he has been careful enough to record his experiences, becomes amusing reading to himself, and may serve to refresh his memory in regard to incidents which, as matters of history, may not be devoid of interest to the public generally. In the hope that I may not be mistaken in this, I will venture to relate the circumstances under which I first made Garibaldi's acquaintance.

The political attention of Europe was chiefly occupied during the early part of the year 1860 by negotiations of a mysterious character, which were taking place between the Emperor Napoleon and Count Cavour, which were consummated at Plombières, and which resulted in an arrangement by which, in return for the services

France had rendered Italy during the war with Austria, and no doubt with a view to further favours to come, it was arranged on the part of Italy that Savoy and Nice should be given to France, provided that the populations of those provinces expressed their willingness to be thus transferred from one crown to another. The operation was one which I thought it would be interesting to witness, as I felt decidedly sceptical as to the readiness of a population thus to transfer their allegiance from one sovereign to another, and exchange a nationality to which, by tradition and association, they were attached, for one which they had been in the habit of regarding hitherto rather in the light of an enemy and a rival than as a friend. I therefore went in the first instance to Savoy, satisfied myself that my suspicions were well founded, and that the people in voting for annexation to France were doing so under the most distinct pressure on the part of the Italian Government and its officials on the spot, and that the popular sentiment was decidedly opposed to the contemplated transfer; and then proceeded to Turin, with the intention of going on in time to be present at the voting at Nice, after having conferred with certain Nizzards to whom I had letters of introduction at Turin, where the Chambers were then sitting. It was a self-imposed mission from first to last, undertaken partly to gratify curiosity, partly in the hope that I might be able to aid those who desired to resist annexation to France, and with whom I felt a strong sympathy, and partly to obtain "copy" wherewith to enlighten the British public as to the true state of the case. This I did to the best of my ability at the time; but it was not possible then to narrate those more private incidents which, after the lapse of five-and-twenty years, as most of the actors are dead and the whole affair has passed into history, there is no longer any indiscretion in referring to.

At Turin I presented my letters of introduction to one of the Deputies from Nice, by whom I was most kindly received. Finding how strongly my sympathies were enlisted in the cause of his countrymen, he introduced me to several Nizzards, then staying in Turin for the purpose if possible of thwarting the policy of Count Cavour in so far as the transfer of their province to France was concerned. It is due to the great Italian minister and patriot to say that no one regretted more deeply than he did the necessity of parting with Nice, and of forcing from the inhabitants of that province their consent to their separation from Italy. It was, in his view, one of the sacrifices he was compelled to make for the unification of Italy—the price which the Emperor demanded for abstention from active opposition to the creation of a United Italy; and even then, Napoleon never anticipated that it would ultimately include the Papal States and the kingdom of Naples. But inasmuch as it had been agreed that this annexation should only take place with the free consent of the populations concerned, and that, provided the Italian Government abstained from influencing them in an opposite sense, France could not claim the provinces if the plebiscite went against annexation — the Nizzards maintained that the unity of Italy would not be imperilled by allowing the people freedom of choice, and that it was not fair of the Government to throw all its influence into the scale, and to coerce them in the

direction opposed to their wishes. It was probably a question upon which no one was really competent to form an opinion but Cavour himself. In all likelihood the understanding between that astute Italian and the French Emperor was, that provinces must be given to France by fair means or foul, and that it was Cavour's business to make them appear fair. No one knew better than the Emperor how plebiscites might be arranged. However, this is only a conjecture: what is certain is, that the Nizzards whom I met at Turin were as patriotic as any other Italians, and did not wish to imperil Italian unity for the sake of Nice. They only wanted the terms of the convention with the French Emperor fairly carried out, and the people of Nice to be allowed to vote in entire freedom.

I confess I felt somewhat of a conspirator when, on the second night after my arrival at Turin, in response to an invitation to meet the Nizzard Committee, I was shown up a long dark stair to a large upper chamber, somewhere near the top of the house, where some fourteen or sixteen men were seated at a table. At its head was a red-bearded, slightly bald man, in a poncho, to whom my conductor introduced me. This was General Garibaldi, who, as a native of Nice himself, was the most active and energetic member of the Committee, and most intolerant of the political *escamotage*, as he called it, by which his birthplace was to be handed over to France. The point which the Committee was discussing when I entered was, whether it was worth while attempting any parliamentary opposition, or whether it would not be better to organise an *émeute* at Nice, which would at all events have the effect of postponing the vote, and of proving a strong feeling of opposition on the part of the people. Garibaldi was decidedly in favour of this latter course. Though a member of the Chamber himself, he had no belief, he said, in being able to persuade it to take any view that the Government would oppose; nor, in fact, did he see any form of parliamentary opposition open to him. His dislike and contempt for all constitutional methods of proceeding, and strong preference for the rough-and-ready way of solving the question which he advocated, were very amusing. The strongest argument in favour of the course he proposed lay in the fact that on the Sunday week, or in ten days from the night of our meeting, the vote was to take place at Nice, and if peaceable measures were persisted in much longer, there would be no time to organise violent ones. I had remained silent during the whole discussion, when Garibaldi suddenly turned to me and asked me my opinion. I ventured to say that I thought constitutional methods should be exhausted before violent ones were resorted to.

"Oh," he said, impatiently, "*interpellatione, sempre interpellatione!* I suppose a question in the Chamber is what you propose: what is the use of questions? what do they ever come to?"

"There is one question," I said, "which I think you should ask before you take the law into your own hands, and if you are beaten on that, you will be able to feel a clearer conscience in taking stronger measures, for the Chamber will, from our English constitutional standpoint, have put themselves in the wrong."

The fact of my being an Englishman made me an authority in a small way in the matter of parliamentary proceedings, and I was

eagerly asked to formulate the motion which I proposed should be laid before the Chamber. I do not at this distance of time remember the exact wording, but the gist of it was that the Franco-Italian Convention, which provided for a plebiscite to be taken at Nice, should be submitted to the Chamber before the vote was taken, as it seemed contrary to all constitutional practice that a Government should make an arrangement with a foreign Power by which two valuable provinces were to be transferred to that Power, without the Chambers of the country thus to be deprived of them ever having an opportunity of seeing the document so disposing of them. It took Garibaldi some time to get this point into his head, and when he did, he only gave it a very qualified approval. However, it commended itself to the majority of those present, was put into proper shape, and, finally, Garibaldi consented to speak to it, but in such a half-hearted way that I did not feel much confidence in the result.

The next night I dined with Cavour, but avoided all allusion to the Nice question; indeed, when I thought of the magnificent services he had rendered to Italy, of the extraordinary genius he had displayed in the conduct of affairs, and of his disinterested patriotism, my conscience smote me even for the small share I was taking in an intrigue against his policy. But then his policy was one of intrigue from first to last—of splendid intrigue it is true, in which the Emperor of the French was to a great extent caught in his own toils—and one intrigue more or less would not matter, provided we could succeed without injuring the cause we all had at heart. Indeed I am convinced that Cavour in his secret soul would have been pleased at the success of a conspiracy which would have saved Nice to Italy, if it could have been made plain that he had no complicity in it; though he would probably have found a great difficulty in making the French Emperor believe this, and it might have involved him in serious complications. However, the game was too interesting not to take a hand in it, even if it was a very insignificant one; and the sympathy that I felt for my host, which his charming manner and which his subtle but great ability was ever sure to win for him, in no way conflicted with the regard I was already beginning to conceive for blunt, honest Garibaldi, with his hatred of the tortuous methods and diplomatic wiles of the great minister. Two days after, I went to the Chamber to hear Garibaldi speak to his interpellation. I had spent an hour or two with him in the interval talking it over. But certainly politics were not his strong point. He would not make a note or prepare his ideas; he told me several times what he intended to say, but never said twice the same thing, and always seemed to miss the principal points. I was not surprised, therefore, at a speech which brought down the House with cheers from its patriotic sentiments and glowing enthusiasm, which abounded in illogical attack upon Cavour, but which never really touched the point of his motion. Members who had cheered his references to United Italy could quite logically vote against his motion, for practically he had never spoken to it; and when we met later, after an ignominious defeat, he shrugged his shoulders and said—

"There, I told you so; that is what your fine interpellations and

parliamentary methods always come to. I knew it would be all a waste of time and breath."

"Not so," I said; "at any rate, you have put yourself in the right; you have asked the Government to let you see the treaty under which Italy is to be despoiled of two of its fairest provinces, and they have refused. They have decided to hand them over to a foreign Power, without giving the country a chance of expressing an opinion upon the bargain which has been made, or of knowing what it is to get in return. I think, in default of this information, you can now, with a clear conscience, take any measures which seem to you desirable to prevent this act of arbitrary spoliation."

"Meet us to-night," he said, "and we will talk matters over."

So we had another conference in the upper room, and all were united in the opinion that the time had come for preventing the plebiscite from being taken on the following Sunday.

The plan proposed was a simple one, and did not involve any serious disturbance. It was alleged by the Nizzards present that the local officials had instructions to mislead the people, by telling them that the Government ordered them to vote "Yes"; and that, in fact, the Prefect and all the subordinate *employés* were engaged in an active canvass among the peasantry, who did not understand enough of the question, which had never been explained to them, to take a line of their own, and vote "No" against the wish of the authorities. It was maintained that a fortnight of active canvassing by Garibaldi and the Nice Committee, with other patriots — who, when they understood it, would eagerly embrace the cause—would suffice not only to enlighten public opinion, but completely to change it; and that, if the day of the plebiscite could be postponed to the Sunday fortnight, the plebiscite might safely be taken on that day, with a tolerable certainty that the popular vote would be given against the annexation. The French troops were at this juncture on their return, after the peace which had been concluded between Austria and France at Solferino, to France, *viâ* the Riviera, and a large body of them were actually at Nice. It had been arranged, however, that, to avoid all appearance of compulsion, the town should be entirely denuded of troops on the day of the plebiscite, and that the Italian as well as the French soldiers should evacuate it for the day. The coast would therefore be comparatively clear for a popular movement, which, after all, would be on a very small scale—for all that it was intended to accomplish was to wait until the vote was taken, and then, before the contents could be counted, to smash the ballot-boxes, thus rendering a new ballot necessary. The friends of Nice at Turin would then negotiate with the Government to have the plebiscite taken a fortnight later; and they trusted to the effect which this disturbance would produce, and to the attention that would thus be called throughout the country to the attempt which had been frustrated, to force a premature vote to obtain this concession.

It was finally decided that on the following Saturday Garibaldi should leave Genoa, in a steamer to be chartered for the purpose, with two hundred men, and choosing his own time for landing, should enter the town, and break the ballot-boxes before the authorities had time to take the necessary

precautions. I forget now the details of the plan; indeed I am not sure that they were discussed, as the affair was naturally one which was to be kept secret, and the execution of which was entirely to be intrusted to Garibaldi. The General now asked me whether I wished to join in the expedition, and on my expressing my readiness to do so, invited me to accompany him to Genoa a day or two afterwards. We made the journey in a carriage which had been reserved for him, and in which there was nobody but the General, his aide-de-camp, and myself. We had scarcely any conversation on the way, for he had brought a packet, containing apparently his morning's mail, and he was engaged in reading letters nearly the whole way. These for the most part he tore up into small fragments as soon as he had made himself acquainted with their contents; and by the time we reached Genoa, the floor of the carriage was thickly strewn with the litter, and looked like a gigantic waste-paper basket. My curiosity was much exercised to imagine what this enormous correspondence could be; but I have since had reason to believe that they were responses to a call for volunteers, but not for the Nice expedition. "And now," he said at last, after tearing up the last letter, as though his mind had been occupied with some other matter, and turning to me, "Let us consider what part you are to play in this Nice affair." I assured him I was ready for any part in which I could be useful. It was then arranged that immediately on my arrival at Genoa I should go to the diligence office, and try and engage at once an extra diligence to start the same evening for Nice. When I had secured the diligence, and arranged the hour for the start, I was to report to Garibaldi, who gave me the address at which he was to be found; he would then instruct eight or ten of his friends to wait for me at the outskirts of the town. These I was to pick up, and they were to prepare matters for his arrival on the following Sunday morning with 200 men. He also wrote a note in pencil to a confidential friend in Nice, introducing me to him, informing him that I was in his confidence, that I would explain to him so much of the plan as I knew, and be ready to offer any assistance in my power. By the time all these arrangements were discussed and the note written, we reached Genoa. In order to lose no time, as it was now getting late in the afternoon, after hurriedly taking some refreshment, I went off to the diligence office. Here I did not find my mission so easy of accomplishment as I expected. I asked whether it was possible to get an extra diligence to Nice.

"Yes," said the clerk; "by paying for it."

"All right," I replied; "tell me what it costs."

"How many passengers?" he asked.

Now Garibaldi had impressed upon me great reserve in this respect.

"I do not wish," he had said, "the people at the office to know who are going, or how many; you must engage the diligence, if possible, for yourself, and answer no questions."

Now that it came to the point, I found this an extremely difficult matter to do. The only plan was to fall back upon the proverbial eccentricity of the Milord Anglais.

"Oh, I have a friend or two;

we meant to go by the diligence this morning, but were detained at Turin. It is my habit whenever I am too late for a diligence to take another. I like having a whole diligence to myself, then I can change about from one seat to another, and am sure not to be crowded."

"And you are ready to pay for sixteen places and six horses for that pleasure?" said the clerk.

"If I like to spend my money that way, what does it matter to anybody else?"

"What baggage have you?"

"A portmanteau each."

"It is very irregular," persisted the clerk; "such a thing has never happened to me before as for a man to want to engage a whole extra diligence to carry himself and his friend and a couple of portmanteaus, and I cannot take the responsibility of giving you one without consulting my superiors, which it is difficult for me to do at this late hour. If you like, I will give you a large carriage which holds six,—that ought to satisfy you."

Finally it was arranged that if I came back in an hour, the clerk would in the interval find out whether I could have the diligence, and I would then give him my answer in regard to the carriage, in the event of the diligence being refused.

I now repaired to the hotel which Garibaldi had indicated as his address, and which was a rough, old-fashioned, second-rate-looking place upon the quay. There was no doubt about the General being there, for there was a great hurrying in and out, and a buzzing of young men about the door, as though something of importance was going on inside. Before being admitted to the General, I was made to wait until my name was taken in to him: it was evident that precautions were being taken in regard to admissions into his presence. After a few moments I was shown into a large room, in which twenty or thirty men were at supper, and at the head of the table sat Garibaldi. He immediately made room for me next him; and before I had time to tell him the result of my mission at the diligence office, accosted me with—

"*Amico mio*, I am very sorry, but we must abandon all idea of carrying out our Nice programme. Behold these gentlemen from Sicily. All from Sicily! All come here to meet me, to say that the moment is ripe, that delay would be fatal to their hopes; that if we are to relieve their country from the oppression of Bomba, we must act at once. I had hoped to be able to carry out this little Nice affair first, for it is only a matter of a few days; but much as I regret it, the general opinion is, that we shall lose all if we try for too much; and fond as I am of my native province, I cannot sacrifice these greater hopes of Italy to it."

I will not vouch for these being the very words he used, but this was their exact sense.

I suppose my face showed my disappointment, for, as I remained silent, he continued—

"But if you desire to fight in a good cause, join us. I know you are not a soldier, but I will keep you with me, and find work for you."

I have never ceased regretting since I did not accept this offer. I should have been the only one of the 800 *prodi* that left Genoa a fortnight later who was not an Italian. I afterwards saw these 800 decorated at Naples. It is true many followers joined

Garibaldi almost immediately on his landing; but those who embarked with him from Genoa were to a man Italians. While I was hesitating, the General explained to the Sicilians present the circumstances under which I was among them, and the offers he had made me, in which they all cordially joined. I had, however, just left England, expecting to be absent about a month, and had made engagements there which necessitated my return. Moreover, I had become so interested in this Nice question, and knew so little of what the chances of success were in Sicily, that I scarcely felt disposed to embark in an enterprise which, at the first glance, seemed rash and foolhardy in the highest degree. I wavered in my resolution, however, a good deal during supper, under the influence of the enthusiasm by which I was surrounded; and finally bidding Garibaldi a cordial farewell, and wishing him and his companions all success, beat a retreat, fearing that I should be unable otherwise to resist the temptation, which was every moment getting stronger, of joining them.

I went next morning to the office in time to catch the diligence, and my friend the clerk received me with a compassionate smile.

"So you have given up the idea of having a diligence to yourself," he remarked.

I fear he thought me not merely a very eccentric but a very weak-minded Englishman. I humbly crawled up into the *banquette* with a nod of assent, disappointed and dejected, and more and more a prey to vain regrets that I had not cast in my lot with the Sicilians.

At Nice I delivered the letter of introduction I had received from Garibaldi, now become useless, and told the gentleman to whom it was addressed the whole story. What I heard from him, combined with what fell under my own observation, made me feel still more regret at the abandonment of the enterprise; for it was the general opinion that the Nice episode would not have delayed the Sicilian expedition. Half an hour would have sufficed to break the ballot-boxes and scatter the votes; and Garibaldi could have been back in Genoa, and left the further details to those interested in carrying them out. I asked why it was necessary for Garibaldi to be present at all at so simple an operation, and whether there was not any one in the town who could collect a few determined men and carry it out. But the idea was scouted as impossible. There was only one man in all Italy, the magic of whose name and the prestige of whose presence was sufficient for these things. In Nice itself there was no one either with the faculty to organise, the courage to execute, or the authority to control, a movement of this sort; and I therefore consoled myself by taking the only revenge I could upon a population so weak and so easily misled by their authorities, by voting myself for their annexation to France. Of course I had no right whatever to vote; but that made no difference, provided you voted the right way. As for voting "No," that was almost impossible. The "No" tickets were very difficult to procure, while the "Yeses" were thrust into your hands from every direction. If ever ballot-boxes deserved to be smashed, and their contents scattered to the winds, those did which contained the

popular vote under which Nice now forms part of the French Republic; and the operation of breaking them was one which a dozen resolute men, who were prepared to stand the consequences, might have performed with the greatest ease.

At the same time I am bound to say that, looked at by the light of subsequent events, and the prosperity which has attended Nice since its incorporation with France, the inhabitants have had no reason to regret the *escamotage* of which at the time they seemed the victims.

II.—A MYSTERIOUS CHEST.

Two or three months after my return to England, in my quality of a rolling stone, I began rolling again. I rolled very pleasantly through Hungary, gathering moss of various sorts at divers hospitable Magyar country-houses. I rolled on to Belgrade, reaching it the day before Prince Milosch's death, an event which it was expected would produce a revolution—which, however, proved a mere flash in the pan—and witnessed the very singular funeral of that remarkably able and wicked old man. I rolled on through Bosnia and the Herzegovina, wilder and more turbulent in those days than they are now, abounding in brigand bands, enchanting scenery, and fleas, and in a chronic state of guerilla warfare with the Turkish Government, which invested travelling through the country with the pleasing charm of perpetual risk to life and limb. I sailed down the Narenta in an open boat, cruising delightfully through the archipelago of islands which fringe the Dalmatian coast to Ragusa. I rolled on by way of Cattaro into Montenegro, where I made the acquaintance of the Prince, then just married, and so shortly afterwards to be assassinated; and here I gathered a piece of moss which was so characteristic of the scale upon which the administration of the Principality was conducted, that it is worth narrating. The little town of Cettinje, which is its capital, did not then contain any hotel, properly so called, but the rare stranger who visited it was accommodated in a sort of lodging-house, in which there were one or two spare bedrooms; or, if they were not actually spare, their occupants turned out, I suppose, for a consideration on the arrival of a guest. The chamber assigned to me had apparently been thus vacated. Its former occupant had evidently been a man of modest requirements, for the entire furniture consisted of a bed, a huge chest, and a chair. I much wondered at the absence of a table and the presence of the chest, but the latter was better than nothing; and when a boiled chicken was brought to me as my evening repast, I spread one of my own towels upon it, in the absence of a table-cloth, and squatting uncomfortably on the solitary chair, proceeded to make the best of existing conditions. I was in the act of dissecting an extremely tough wing, when the door suddenly opened, and a stalwart Montenegrin, looking magnificent in his national costume, stalked in. He addressed me with great politeness in his native tongue—at least I gathered from his manner that he was polite, for I could not understand a word of what he said. As he was evident-

ly a man of some position, in other words, as he seemed to be a gentleman of Montenegro, I rose and bowed with much ceremony, addressing him fluently in the English language; upon which he drew an immense key from his pocket, and pointed to the lock of the chest, thus giving me to understand that he wished to open it. In order for him to accomplish this, it was necessary for me to remove my dinner, an operation which was speedily performed. As he seemed a frank and engaging sort of person without any secrets, and as I was possessed with the natural curiosity of a stone gathering moss, I looked over him while he opened the chest, to see what was in it. To my astonishment it was full to the brim of bags of money. Not only this, but my strange visitor opened one of them, and poured out a handful of gold. They were evidently all full of gold. When he had counted out what he wanted—which, as well as my memory serves me, was over a hundred pounds—he tied up the bag again, replaced it, locked up the chest, helped me with many Sclavonic expressions, which I have no doubt were apologies, to lay my cloth and spread my banquet again; and with a final polite salutation vanished, leaving me alone, and in perfect confidence with the untold treasure which he had thus revealed to me. There was something almost uncanny in dining and sleeping alone with so much money. At night the chest seemed to assume gigantic proportions, and I felt as if I had been put into a haunted room. The absolute confidence placed in me, an utter stranger, for I had not been in the place a couple of hours, and had not yet presented my letter of introduction to the Prince, appalled me; and I went to sleep vainly trying to unravel a mystery so unlike any I had expected to find in the barren wilds of Montenegro. It was not solved until next day, when, dining with the Prince, I met my visitor of the previous evening. I then acquired the information, through a Russian gentleman present who spoke French, that the chest upon which I had dined contained the entire finances of the Principality; and that the Montenegrin who had unlocked it, and vacated his chamber in my behalf, was its Chancellor of the Exchequer!

From Montenegro I rolled down to Corfu, and then across to Ancona, where I found the hospitals full of wounded from the battle of Castel Fidardo, which had just been fought; then rolled in a diligence for three days and two nights, in company with sundry Papal *sbirri* as fellow-passengers, who were escaping to the shelter of Rome from the provinces which the Pope was rapidly losing, in terror of their lives lest their identity should be recognised by the inhabitants of the villages at which we stopped to change horses; and so into the sacred city, where all was suppressed excitement at the changes which were transpiring in the Italian Peninsula.

But I did not linger there, for I was anxious to see Garibaldi once more, now administering at Naples the kingdom which he had conquered since we parted a few months before. He received me with affectionate cordiality, and listened with interest to my account of the taking of the vote at Nice, but insisted that he could not regret the decision he had arrived at, as he felt convinced that his Sicilian expedition would have been marred had he involved

himself in political difficulties with his own Government at such a crisis, in which he was very possibly right. Then I rolled out to see a little fighting near Capua, but all the serious work had been accomplished, and I lodged a few days with my friend the late General Eber, who had made his headquarters in the royal palace at Caserta; lodged sumptuously, for every room and every bed in the palace was occupied except the royal bedroom and the royal bed, which the General himself had been too modest to appropriate, and which, as it was the only one vacant, he assigned to me—a bed so gorgeous, with its gold and lace and satin, that I doubted whether the king himself did not keep it for show. However, it turned out a very good one to sleep in.

At last the day came when Victor Emmanuel arrived to receive a kingdom from the hands of the Nice sailor; and as I saw them both appear on the balcony of the palace from the square below, I was reminded of a certain day twelve years before, when I formed one of a mob in that same square, at the moment that, by Bomba's order, it was fired upon by the troops, and I was able to identify the very *porte cochère* into which I had fled for refuge on that occasion. Now I was listening to the voice of the deliverer, standing with bared head, and in red shirt, presenting a kingdom to his sovereign, and to the ringing cheers of the liberated multitude, as, with enthusiastic demonstrations of joy, they welcomed their new ruler. Thus did United Italy owe its existence to a combination of the most opposite qualities in the persons of its two greatest patriots, who would not work together; for it is certain that Cavour could never have created it without Garibaldi, or Garibaldi have achieved success without Cavour.

Laurence Oliphant.

CHAPTER FROM AN UNKNOWN LIFE.

I HAVE always thought, despite the frowning negative which Fate ultimately pronounced upon his name, that there was something remarkable in him who is the subject of this reminiscence.

My friend—I may call him so, now he is no more—Merryman had joined the regiment some eighteen months previous to myself, and was therefore, to eyes prone to take the *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, a man of standing and experience in ways military and other. When I was left a recruit upon the barrack-square, Merryman was proudly marching out to the field-day with the Queen's colour on his shoulder: he was a member of court-martial, while I, as an officer under instruction, was writing a copy of the proceedings: he commanded the guard when I, the supernumerary, was initiated into the sacred mysteries attending the inspection of reliefs, and the sitting all day and all night in a tight tunic and belt. A man of standing and experience — we called him the "Maestro."

If there be little in a name, there is generally much in a nickname, especially, though not always obviously, in such as brother officers bestow on one another. A man without a nickname is either unknown or unpopular, and the *sobriquet*, like the apparel, oft proclaims the man. Merryman's title was the outcome of his suspected rather than known musical talent, his unusual physiognomy, and his habitual reserve. Up to a certain point no man was so easily read—beyond it, and none was so unreadable; hence, among many well-wishing acquaintances, Merryman had no friend. I remember seeing his answer to a comrade's letter, when, after entering with apparent interest into all the topics of his correspondent, the Maestro had signed himself "as truly yours as any one's—ANDREW MERRYMAN." He was for ever thus, as by an afterthought, repelling the advances of the would-be friendly, and yet, as we now know, no man ever more ardently craved friendship.

Poverty may well be termed "essentially comparative"; and Andrew was the superlatively "poor man," whose want of means, among the richer or less scrupulous, is so often parent to pride and sensibility. As far as in him lay, he kept pace with others for the credit of the regiment, and the *res angusta*, if it existed, was confined to the self-denial of his personal habits. No one suspected that for years Merryman was doing the impossible, and living on his pay. He was commonly supposed indifferent or superior to comfort.

The Maestro's quarters, at the time of which I am thinking, and when first I was admitted to them, presented in a curious degree the odd mixture of a former and a present life imperfectly assimilated. On the walls hung his bookshelves, stuffed chiefly with old school prizes and note-books more or less dilapidated; six pictures of the sea; and his coat of arms, crested with a rising sun and the motto "Nondum," in a frame that had once been gilt. The centre of the floor was covered by a faded square of drugget in which but little perceptible pattern remained, and on it stood the regulation table and

two chairs; one angle of the room contained his sword, another a guitar, and against the sides were ranged a soldier's chest of drawers and sundry smaller boxes. The table sustained pocket editions of various professional books, securely tied together as they had been returned to him after the general's inspection a month ago—a large portfolio, and a pile of nondescript papers; a single photographic group was over the mantelpiece, and upon it five confidential pipes, with their adviser, the portly tobacco-jar.

If you would see the proprietor of these details at home, imagine a man of something more than middle height, clad in coarse blue serge dressing-gown and red girdle, his feet in slippers, his head in an ancient cap, seated before a laid but unlighted grate in an iron convertible bed-chair, and reading the 'Citizen of the World.'

"Come in," in reply to my rap; "sit down—fill your pipe."

And so I sought to improve my acquaintance with Merryman.

Of this particular interview I remember little, nor is it of consequence save as the first of a series in which our intimacy, such as it was, cemented itself. We were in England at the time, and I grew to know and appreciate my comrade's versatility; but of himself, except that he had a mother and had had a brother, I remained as ignorant on the last as on the first day of our meeting.

The will of Andrew Merryman was a curiosity: informal and bearing only his own signature, it began by stating that he only made it "to save trouble to the Adjustment Committee, for what he had to leave would perhaps amuse a lawyer,—he hoped it would be taken as sufficient evidence of the wishes of a sane man." He bequeathed his brains to the regiment, his body to the doctors, his pipes and guitar to his servant, his uniform to the Jews, his papers and journal to myself, and all other effects to his mother; and concluded trusting a sufficient balance would be found to his credit in the agent's hands to pay his last mess-bill, and the regimental workshops for his coffin.

There was little enough mirth in all this, yet the honest president of the Committee was not quite clear whether the dead man was laughing at him and his colleagues or not. Major ——, however, did his best to see these wishes carried out—those, at least, which were not on the face of them lunatic—and duly handed me as my share Merryman's portfolio and seven volumes of a closely written journal, which, commencing some time previous to his entering the service, was carried to the brink of his final strange resolution. Inside the cover of the first of these volumes I found myself briefly addressed:—

"Dear ——, make what use you will of these—turn a penny in a magazine or enrich the waste-paper basket: I had other thoughts once.

'Life is a treasure-chest whereof the key
Ycleped in Heaven is opportunity.'

I never found it.—Yours, A. M."

The papers which thus fell into my hands presented a strange medley: here a scrap of verse, there a sentiment; here some professional note, and next it a relapse into verse: there were the outlines of two plays with a few scenes written, several essays, and the first two parts of an epic poem—but all incomplete. A promise unfulfilled, no less a promise. The journals deeply affected me, and in their perusal I learned to respect and love the man who thus late vouchsafed his confidence. My offer to

the reader here is "a chapter" from this unknown life, and in extracting as follows, the selection is made more from its possibly general than from its particular interest. A love episode may at least be laughed at.

To follow the thread, it is, of course, necessary to eliminate the foreign details which surround it in the daily jottings of the original. I have therefore preferred compressing the story into the form of continuous narrative, and quoting the Maestro's words wherever the sequence admits.

"*Malta*, 1*st May* 18—. Leave granted and an indulgence passage. It is best so: 'chaque chose s'arrange,'" says the journal.

The previous season, ending as is its wont with the Carnival ball, had been an unusually gay one in the island: the regular visitors, whom quarantine had deterred from fulfilling their customary southerly flitting the winter before, had returned this year, bringing many fresh importations with them, and the "*pis-aller* for battered belles," as Fior del Mondo has been irreverently termed, was well filled, and ripe for fun and frolic. General Sir George and Lady Grandon, retired, had taken their usual apartments in Strada Mezzodi; Mr, Mrs, and the Misses White-Stratton were to be found in the Grand Hotel; Lady Mendip and her daughter were in Valetta. Each fresh arrival of the "P. and O." added its quota to the throng, and the first Club ball was promised a large attendance. Three of the regiments, our own among them, catching the infection, had a society fit, and vied with each other for the honour of giving the best ball known since the famous occasion when the Royal —— reared the grotto of solid ice-slabs wherein heated beauty might cool itself after the dance.

Nor had *al fresco* entertainments been wanting: Boschetto, Delamara, Selmund, and even Gozo, had all in turn been laid under contribution, and many sweet scenes had the sweet moon beheld among the errant and belated picnickers.

It was on one of these occasions apparently that Merryman and Lucy Hartell first became acquainted. The daughter of English parents long resident there, Lucy, as an adopted child of the island, combined to a remarkable extent the softness of the southern European with the frankness of our own maidens. In stature she was somewhat below the average feminine standard, of a fresh complexion, with honest blue eyes and nut-brown hair, a gentle voice, and that ready sympathy of manner which is grateful to all men, and irresistible to some.

Merryman at this time was, or fancied he was, proof against all allurements of the sex: "The slings and arrows of outrageous nymphs are for others. I am no first-class target, no golden bull's-eye." Yet, with all his introspection, the Maestro must have been curiously ignorant of himself; and the vainglory of his "Le roi s'amuse," which here concludes a notice of an excursion in Lucy's company, is sufficiently inconsistent with the sequel.

Chance, or that "divinity which shapes our ends" for us, hereupon threw the pair frequently together. If on his part Merryman did not seek, Lucy on hers did not shun, the contact; and the garrison tattlers and professional busybodies were soon attracted. "Vultures to carrion?" asks the Maestro. He was an honourable man, and

could not long be uncertain as to the views of others on the subject of this picturesque intimacy. Innuendo was constantly at work; hints were dropped in his presence. "So little have their empty heads to think of; but why should I of all men have the honour of filling them?"

At length one day the proverbially good-natured friend, who is ever found to put a delicate question with delicacy, inquired of Andrew point-blank if it were true that he was engaged to marry Miss Hartell?

Marry Miss Hartell! Lucy Hartell! Was it possible his innocent liking had gone so far? Was he to be made a trifler in spite of himself? She was a charming little girl, and he was fonder of her than she could be of him; but marry her—he had no intention of marrying her, and if he had he *could* not. Merryman reasoned with himself, and his reason seemingly prompted him as follows in rhyme:—

"LINES FOR MY LADYE'S ALBUM.

"My little ladye owns no sort of dread
That things are other than they seem to be,
Because her heart is guileless, and her head
Is crowned with maiden truth and modesty;
Yet, yet she wonders that he hath not spoken
The one brief word whose word was never broken.

My little ladye's nature is to love;
Ivy her name, if his the Ruin be;
For on the front of care she thinks to prove
That opposites may some time well agree.
Thus, thus she argues with herself: at most
'Tis only reckoning without the host.

My little ladye's life is like the brook
Which runs and sparkles now, nor deepens yet;
Her face he reads; it is his open book,
Few pages to remember, few forget.
But 'tis a pretty tale; the tale which told
Sighs that such light shall smileless grow and old.

My little ladye will not droop nor die;
She is no fabled heroine, if this
Which now she watches with too favourite eye
Should quit for what may be the thing that is—
She'll cut her wisdom teeth upon the matter,
And sooner wed her mother's brother's hatter!"

Now, lest it be thought that too much is assumed in the tone of these verses, it is only just to say that whatever his sentiments towards the young lady might be, her preference for the Maestro, if it did not exist, was so admirably simulated as to deceive others less immediately concerned. I for one, who knew the family, had no doubt that Lucy was attached, and deeply attached to him: and as to simulation, she was incapable of it. So when Merryman called the next day, and announced that he was proceeding to England on urgent private affairs, Lucy said nothing; till presently, bringing an album from her room, she begged him to write something — anything — be-

fore going; and he entered the above lines, said good-bye, and was gone. Would she take the hint? And was he the stoic he imagined himself?

The leave season of Malta in those days was generally quoted as the prime advantage of the station. "Capital place—you can get away from it;" and four months and a half was an allowance as generously granted as it was gratefully received.

Merryman accordingly went home, and his doings there do not touch the present chapter: whether he was recalled or not I forget, but it is certain that before the expiration of his leave my friend was again among us. The journal of the period contains more than one allusion to "the girl he left behind him" in Malta; and dated 30th June 18—, is the following characteristic entry:—

"Why will she write to me thus? I cannot bear it: 'The flowers that once were yours are crying for their owner; I water them daily, but they will droop, the weather is so hot. When are you coming back?' Iron to the magnet, the moth to the candle! Stick to your old coat, my moth; the candle will gutter without your help. Oh Lucy,—

"Be not so kind, for here is Passion's slave,
Whom Pity long hath viewed with alien face,
Lest he, returning more than all you gave,
Establish Love in Kindness' yielded place;
Not long a stranger Love contents to sit,
For all a native in that other's breast,
His new home learned, he will nor stay nor quit,
Denying to the heart that craves it, rest.
Smile not so sweetly, in its ripple lies
The two-edged potence of Excalibur,
And stanch the shaded softness of those eyes,
Or be for ever left a questioner.
He loves—ay, as the wind doth love the rose,
That comes the tempted but the tempter goes."

And Lucy Hartell received this. I doubt if the man who speaks in riddles has more than half a wish to be understood; but Love and Duty were ever at odds.

Winter was coming on again: the weather had broken in one of those tumultuous storms with which Malta is accustomed to hail a cooler season, and already the *sombrero* and white clothing had given place to the civilised garb of ordinary England. On the Marsa, polo ran its daily course, rejoicing in the softer ground; and enthusiasts were arranging, if they had not begun, the various football matches of the year which so astound the native mind. The yachts, cutters, and mudians had for the most part run to snug moorings, and with folded wings calmly awaited the wrath to come; while smaller boats, at home in either element, were hauled ashore ready to take the water again on any fair occasion. Such occasions are by no means rare, and late autumn or earliest spring—even mid-winter—not seldom beholds an improvised water-party making its way to one of the many uninviting spots with which the coast abounds. To a day of this kind the story now leads me.

It happened that November 18— was an unusually fine month. Without its heat, the weather for nearly three weeks had possessed the stillness of June; and the radiant sea,

flashing daily an ingenuous answer to the sun, declared its turbulence as essentially of the past.

An excursion arranged by the Hartells, but for some reason postponed during the summer, now saw its way to execution, and as follows: This party, which grouped itself according to inclination into land and sea divisions, was to meet at St Paul's Bay, and to picnic beneath the statue of the great apostle, whose tutelary presence resides at the western point of the inlet, and emphasises the spot where "two seas met."

Merryman and myself, our movements being a little uncertain, had agreed to join these friends in the course of the afternoon; and soon after mid-day we were on board my own small boat, gliding with loose sheet down the coast. The Merry Andrew — such was her name—was a whaler in miniature, stiff enough for sailing, and light enough for rowing under ordinary conditions; but owing to her tapered ends, there was only room for one in the stern-sheets, and I had found this on more than one occasion no disadvantage.

In something less than two hours we reached our port, and found our entertainers and several of their guests already hard at work in the unloading of good things. We were told to consider ourselves on leave till five o'clock; and our offers of service being satisfactorily declined, each proceeded to amuse himself according to his own ideas. I found the lady who, of all, was perhaps least likely to assist geological research, and set off to geologise; others of the party were similarly or dissimilarly disposed of and dispersed: Merryman had taken Lucy's hand, and the two had disappeared.

An hour was, I think, gone, and I was beginning to realise that possibly the proper study of mankind is not geology, nor even exactly man, when my companion, looking out to sea, suddenly exclaimed—

"Oh, what a pretty little boat! Why haven't you got a boat like that? We might go out in her."

"I *have* got a boat very like that," I replied; "in fact that is my boat Merry Andrew. The gentleman whose head you see above the gunwale came with me in her from St Elmo, and has mistaken her for his own; and the lady——

"Has made a like mistake in his case, I see," laughed my temporary divinity with feminine sweetness. "What a *dear* girl Lucy Hartell is! She is a great friend of mine."

I was inclined to feel annoyed with Merryman for a moment; but the damsel effected a diversion in his favour, as she continued enigmatically—

"I have always been sorry for Adam; it is so hard to be tempted, you know."

How should I know? But the boat was now out of hail, heading west, so I merely remarked, "Yes, poor Eve," and sought a less speculative topic.

Any one at all acquainted with the Mediterranean is aware how treacherous and passionate are its blue waters. How well expressed in the lines of the poet—

> "Not seldom clothed in saffron vest,
> Deceitfully goes forth the morn;
> Not seldom evening in the west
> Sinks smilingly forsworn"—

are the unexpected changes of temper exhibited on its shores! He has learned to be surprised at nothing, and to take the freaks of nature as he would the caprices of spoiled beauty, for what they

are worth. I may therefore be trusted in relating that about four o'clock on this merry afternoon the more observant of the party were struck by the sudden stillness of the air; the breeze before which Merryman and I had run from Valetta, after blowing fitfully for a time, had ceased altogether; it was dead calm, and by-and-by, with a moon nearly at the full, the return voyage would be delightful. In less than half an hour the sky was black, the wind had shifted, short angry gusts from the northward swept the surface of the water, and lightning, more vivid with each succeeding flash, played eagerly along the contracted horizon. Those of our pleasure-seekers who had preferred to pass the interval on the water were seen making for the cove, and soon the whole party, with the exception of Merryman and Miss Hartell, were once more gathered at the rendezvous beneath the statue. The absentees were at first unnoticed, and it had been suggested that there was yet time for some slight refreshment, before the storm, now seen to be inevitable, should require the retreat of all hands to shelter on the main shore. It was not till this retrogression had commenced that Mrs Hartell betrayed her uneasiness. Lucy's non-arrival with the rest had not escaped her; but her confidence in Merryman was unbounded, and perhaps she was unwilling to call attention to a folly condoned by her own attitude towards it. She now approached me, and with a smile that failed to conceal anxiety, inquired if I had seen Mr Merryman. I told her where I had last seen him, and added that, in view of the approaching storm, he had no doubt landed farther on rather than risk return, and that the pair must now be on their way to rejoin the party on foot. The lady was, I hoped, reassured, and I kept my own doubts to myself. It is time to follow the truants, and I cannot do better than take the journal, from whose text personal recollection has perhaps led me too far, and quote Merryman's entry verbatim :—

"*Friday, 25th Nov.* 18—,
9 A.M.

" 'Who spilled the salt at table,
Next day he broke his neck;
And the ship that sailed of a Friday
Became the fated wreck.'

" 'A good day for a water-party.'
—GAMMER GURTON.

"*Saturday, 26th Nov.*, 10 P.M.—Joined the Hartells' picnic at St Paul's Bay yesterday afternoon; about fifty strong. The little ladye admired ——'s boat, and was persuaded to make a short trial of her with me. Short trial proved longer than reckoned. We got a good offing, and I then ran up the mainsail and stood for the Comino Strait. Breeze failed about four o'clock, when we were abreast of Selmund. Noticed clouds gathering to the northward, but no wind yet. Lucy anxious now to see the Strait; so took the paddles and entered it. Made fast in a small bay and landed. Scrambled to the top of some neighbouring rocks to gain a good view. View unsatisfactory. Storm coming up hand over hand. Must run for shelter, or let boat be smashed. Lucy knew no danger, had no fear, and insisted on coming with me. Remembered a landslip three-quarters of a mile to leeward, where the boat, at least, might lie secure; and let the worst come to the worst, we could leave her there and return to our friends on foot. Shoved off; but after a few strokes the starboard paddle broke in my hand. It was now blowing very fresh, but with a leading wind we had little to fear. Reefed down

the sail, hoisted it, and took the helm. Lucy—little heroine—sat in the bottom of the boat covering her light dress from the spray with my coat. The sea had risen as if by magic, and any one of the crested surges that followed was enough to swamp the little craft which staggered before them — on her beam, and the boat was lost. No alternative, therefore, but to pass the friendly landslip and make for the lee of the island. The day had grown wonderfully dark, but the flashes made amends with thunder,—

'Thunder that stammers forth its tale,
Lightning that wakes far momentary miles,'

added strange grandeur to the scene.

"Scudding thus, we were not long in reaching the south-western point of the island. The rocks, sheeted in foam, forbade approach ; but I kept the boat as close as possible, so as to round sharp into the smooth water on the other side. The contrast there was sufficiently striking, and the relief immediate. Lucy gave one long sigh ; and this was the only sign of emotion that escaped the brave girl, who, since the broken paddle, had spoken no word. Now she said calmly, 'Where will you land? Geneina is the best place. My poor mother will be very anxious!'

"'It will be night before we get there,' I said. 'You are not frightened?'

"'Not with you. But how wet you are without your coat! Here's rain, too ; you must put it on.'

"I wrapped her again in it, and the boat crept silently beneath the sheltering cliffs.

"It must have been ten o'clock or more when the moon, which for some time past had been wrestling with the scud, suddenly shone forth, and the outlet of the rocky valley of Geneina was plainly visible a little ahead, with two or three peasants' cottages dotted against the slope of the hill. I ran the boat's nose into a creek beside the shingle, and the little ladye was once more on *terra firma.* We walked towards the cottages, and she took my arm. Was ever man so tempted to make a fool of himself,—no, not of himself — of the creature he loved best in the world? How can I ask her to share misfortune?

"Lucy spoke the language with facility, and we had little difficulty in persuading a kind-hearted countrywoman to give her lodging for the rest of the night. I returned to the boat, and after a pipe and examination of ——'s flask, happily left on board, slept, and did not dream.

"Made my way early to the cottage. The occupants were astir, and a simple breakfast preparing. Lucy had already arranged with her landlady for a cart, and in this primitive vehicle we were to make our way to Valetta. A small consideration induced the son 'Joe' (every good Maltee answers to the name) to take the boat round to St Elmo when the weather should moderate. All's well that ends well. The Colonel requires my reasons in writing for absenting myself from kit-inspection. I hope they may satisfy him better than they do me."

Poor Merryman was a bad hand at excuses. Believing and acting up to the principle, "Qui s'excuse s'accuse," he more often than not did himself little justice when a case demanded explanation. In the present instance he was fortunate, at least from the official point of view. With Mrs Hartell more difficulty was experienced. The good lady had been really frightened, and the recovered Lucy was made to feel the effects of her mother's mental reaction. It was

said that she was suffering from the exposure, had a severe cold, was naturally delicate, and so on; wherefore dance, picnic, afternoon party, and all the uses of society, were for the present tabooed, and the little ladye was more or less like a caged bird in her home. The Maestro's visits, too, were received with a certain coldness which he was not long in perceiving. They became constrained, rare, and presently ceased.

"*Monday*, 15*th January* 18—. Read a good definition of the word flirtation, 'attention without intention.' Does the cap fit? A most unsuitable headpiece. *Alter ego*, good friend, is it not hard to kick against the pricks—to be for ever Fortune's opponent? Show me the turning in my long lane.

"I watched thee worship in thy purity,
When vespers bade the faithful with their rhyme
Of pious bells, methinking it no crime
Were faithlessness but justified by thee;
Sweet sponsor, thy meek head once turned to me,
And the blush mantled to thine eyes, then fled,
As fearing half it said and left unsaid,
'Love is not yet divine by one degree.'
I turned and looked upon my own sad heart,
And questioned as of yore, but none replied;
The feeble actor had forgot his part,
And on my lips the unanswered sophism died—
'C'est dieu l'amour'—then is not Love divine?
And what are blushes but Love's countersign?"

Merryman became about this time, as implied, very regular in his attendance on the Church's evening service, and it was noticed that he always occupied the same seat, a little to the right and rear of the Hartells' pew. He was far from being an irreligious man, but, like many others, he respected the Church chiefly in the abstract as the representative of the Great Unknown; and I think, perhaps from this very respect, he was apt to be hypercritical of those whom conviction and the bishop have ordained leaders of men.

"Their soulless accents do deny my soul."

Clearly the service or its exponent was not the attraction here.

One evening soon after the above date, Merryman, whose custom it was to wait till the church had nearly emptied itself, saw Lucy Hartell return alone to her seat and take up a book she had left there. He rose and joined her at the door.

"Shall I see you to your people?" he said.

She did not answer, but led the way outside, then turning sharp to the right, the girl moved quickly along a side street; presently she slackened her pace and looked round. Merryman was at her side in an instant.

"I wanted to see you," she said, as they proceeded. "Why do you never call? Where have you been all this time?"

These simple questions were more easily asked than answered, since, according to Merryman's peculiar creed, particulars were to be avoided; therefore—

"I wanted to see *you*," he rejoined; "that's why I came to the church."

Lucy did not pretend to be shocked: she continued, and her voice had a touch of reproach in it—

"You might have called. You knew I was a prisoner. 'Dissipation of all kinds' is forbidden by

the doctor, but I have told him I *will* be well by Tuesday week. Are you going to the dance on board the flag-ship?"

"R.S.V.P., I suppose. Yours is my invitation. Lieutenant Merryman has the honour to——"

"Oh, stop!" cried Lucy; "don't say I asked you. But haven't you an invitation, really?"

"I expect one has reached the mess," said Merryman.

She was silent for a while, and they walked on; then, speaking very quietly, "We are getting near home. I have taken you too far. Is it true your regiment is leaving?"

"Yes, I think so."

"And going on active service?"

"Yes."

"And you will go too, and I shall be very sorry." She held out her hand. "Good night."

Merryman could not trust his tongue. He took the little hand in both his own, and kissed it twice.

An extraordinary lover surely. Poor Lucy! poor Andrew!

The chapter draws towards conclusion. Rumour has many tongues, but the above had been imparted in confidence to the regiment, and we fondly imagined it had not gone beyond our own circle. How Lucy Hartell had heard it remains her own secret, but

> "Lover's eyes are sharp to see,
> And lover's ears in hearing."

Still the "shave" needed confirmation, and meantime, as our orders had not come, things went on as usual at St Elmo.

The dance on board the flag-ship was the coming event in the little whirligig society of the island, and anticipation hung joyfully upon the 30th January, when the ship would be draped in flags, and electric light was to turn night into day. All the regiments were likely to be well represented on the occasion, and it is well known that ladies will brave any amount of squeezing in the boats to enjoy the variety of dancing on a deck instead of the ordinary ball-room floor; so, as the time drew on, Captain —— and the officers of the ship had as many acceptances as they could wish. The dance was destined to be remembered by two at least of their guests.

On the morning of the day preceding it, Merryman had accidentally met Lucy in Valetta, and ascertained that she was going, chaperoned by an irreproachably short-sighted duenna. "And you?" she asked.

"I am looking out for a keeper, and you may see an individual with a chain round his neck: I give you my word he can dance—like a bear."

Lucy laughed, but there was a tone of unconscious sadness in the words. She checked herself, and was passing on, when he stayed her.

"If I go will you give me two consecutive valses?"

Lucy blushed. "You shall have three."

"Thank you," said Merryman; "say, then, numbers ten to twelve? *Auf wiedersehen.*"

The same evening we were seated over the wine after mess, when the Colonel was called from the table, and presently all officers were summoned to the anteroom by him.

"Gentlemen," he said, holding a telegram in his hand, "the orders have come: this is Monday night, the regiment embarks on Wednesday; look to your companies. The mess will close after breakfast to-morrow."

The time was short, and though the news was not unexpected, every one understood that for the next six-and-thirty hours his hands

would be pretty full. The greater part of this night must be spent among us in separating and packing personal effects, the morrow would be devoted to the men, and the evening—well, the dance afforded a good opportunity for saying the too familiar good-bye to friends on whom it was impossible to call.

It was 9 P.M. on Tuesday, and our work was done. Merryman and I stood together on the Custom-house steps as one of the ship's boats for the conveyance of guests ranged alongside.

"A veritable 'Duchess of Richmond' this," some one remarked; "you know the —— embark to-morrow for the seat of war?"

"Do they?" observed the Maestro, as though it were news to him; "then no doubt there'll be 'a sound of devilry' to-night; Rachel weeping for her children —in-law. A most popular corps, I assure you, sir,—most popular, and greatly beloved."

It is not the part of the sober chronicler to enter upon the details of frivolity; he has been and is doubtless frivolous enough himself at times, but this was not one of his nights, nor is the reader expected to be interested in him save as the mouthpiece of one who never again can speak for himself. I quitted the scene early, and slept, as righteous men should, till *réveillé*. Let me once more, and for the last time, turn to the journal:—

"*Transport Fayal, at Sea*, 1*st Feb.* 18—.

"'Sic transit gloria.'

"St Elmo's gleam is fitful grown and pale,
And Delamara flickers far a-lee.
God keep thee, darling, night is on the sea
That bears the secret of an untold tale.
The breeze, a traitor turned, in irony
Whips the curled wave and beckons to the course,
While the good ship, unwitting of remorse,
Speeds but a widening gulf 'twixt him and thee—
'Twixt his and thine, two hearts and unconfessed,
Whose only tongue spake haply in a flower;
Whose only thought saw love in fancy dressed;
Whose only sight o'erlooked the flying hour.
For Present flies, and Past—the Past is flown—
God keep thee, but the future is His own.

"Why should I pin my faith to the future — why should I not? There's something tells me it is all over. Three valses, the echo of the 'Soldaten Lieder' the last in my ears — the flowers she wore. Beggar, what have you to do with love? A girl cannot afford to wait; are you so selfish as to detain her?"

My tale is told. Reader, if it be too short, blame the executor, who would prefer to disappoint rather than weary you with his subject. If it be too long, believe that an unfledged pen knows no better than to imagine that even though feeble, a truthful picture of a human life is never wholly without interest to the generous and sympathetic mind.

If ever man loved woman, Merryman was he: if ever sacrifice was made to an ideal honour, or, if you will, to common-sense, it was made (rightly or wrongly) by the man who, rejecting the present, refused, and well, to trust his future for the happiness of another dearer to him than himself.

JANE TAYLOR.

NEARLY a hundred years ago—that is to say, in the midsummer of 1786—a humble little cavalcade, consisting of four or five persons, some of whom were in the tenderest years, might have been seen at six o'clock in the morning issuing forth from a back street in Holborn—Holborn as it was in those days—to take their places in the old-fashioned stage-coach which left London once a-week for the then secluded and remote village of Lavenham, in Suffolk.

There was nothing in the little group likely to attract attention, or to command consideration.

They had no manly escort,—since the father had gone on beforehand,—and a set of plainly clad, puny children, holding fast some cherished possessions, with a pale-faced weary young mother, fatigued with family cares, and sad at heart with the sense of leaving behind her all that brightened and civilised life, were not likely to evoke much notice. No servants, no fuss, no bustling cares for their comfort on their sixty-miles journey under the hot June sun, and along the deeply rutted dusty country lanes! Naturally that meant no position, no consequence.

Yet, in after-years, there was no single member of that modest little party who was not destined to rise to some eminence in the world of letters, and one—the one with whom we are at present most concerned—although so early cut off as to have been prevented from taking that place in the temple of fame to which she would almost certainly have been otherwise entitled, still grew to be "known to four continents," and took rank in the eyes of even such a man as Sir Walter Scott, as "among the first women of her time."

This was Jane Taylor, the second of the little girls at the time of the family exodus,—a tiny mite of three, but already beginning by her lively prattle and arch mimicry to give indications of that shrewd observation and mirth-provoking drollery which afterwards found vent in the pages of 'Display.'

There is something very touching about those obscure days of the Taylor family. Think of the early marriage—neither bride nor bridegroom quite twenty-three,—of the setting up housekeeping in a dingy lodging in Islington, of the rapidly increasing family, and of the precarious livelihood!

The income, we are told, on which Mr Taylor married, and considered he could live with comfort, consisted of half-a-guinea a-week certain for three days' work for his brother Charles, and as much as he could earn for himself during the remaining three days, when he was at liberty to work on his own account. This, with £30 in hand, was his independency; while his wife's dowry consisted of £100, and furniture sufficient for the first floor of their Islington lodging. Money went farther in those times; still, we can hardly be surprised that when the poor young couple found a town life no longer a possibility, it should be for the cheapest and not for the most beautiful or salubrious country neighbourhood that they made inquiries. Somewhat peculiar, certainly, was the method of proced-

ure. Methodical Isaac obtained a list of all the Dissenting clergy supplied by Homerton College to within a hundred miles of the metropolis, and wrote to each one, with a minute investigation into the cheapness of rent, supplies, &c., in his locality; then weighed one answer against the other; and finally, and apparently happily, decided on the little Suffolk village, about ten miles from Bury St Edmunds.

"No Queen's decorator," writes his daughter Ann in after-years, "was more busy, more anxious (in some respects more capable) than he, that everything should appear in tempting order, and in the best style of which it was susceptible, on the occasion. His materials indeed were few, but his taste and contrivance inexhaustible. . . . On the ground-floor were three parlours, two kitchens, and a dairy, together with three other rooms never inhabited; and above were six large bedrooms. An extensive garden, well planted, lay behind. A straight broad walk down the middle, had an open summer-house on rising ground at the one end, and a ha-ha fence separating it from a meadow, of which we had the use, at the other. There was also a large yard, pigsty, &c. . . . For this spacious domain it will scarcely be credited that my father paid a rent of only £6 a-year; but by such a circumstance, the perfect out-of-the-wayness of the situation may be conceived. Neither coach-road nor canal approached it: the postman's cart, covered in for passengers, made its enlivening *entrée* every day from Sudbury; and the London waggon nodded and grated in about once a-week."

Delightful description! Yet which of us now but would groan at that "once a-week"? While even the modest rental of £6 a-year would be almost too dear to pay for a habitation approached neither by road nor canal.

"Nurseries at Lavenham," the writer proceeds, "I do not remember. The parlour and the best parlour were all that was known beside the kitchen; and thus parents and children formed happily one circle. Of course it was necessary, under such circumstances, that the latter should be submissive to good regulation; but my father and mother were noted for this—for little as either had experienced of a wise education themselves, they had a strong resolve to train their children with the best judgment they could exercise, and not to suffer *humoured* children to disturb either themselves or their friends."

Certainly if the little Taylors were not "humoured," they were humorous; and being so, they must have been no unpleasant adjuncts to the society which otherwise might have been somewhat solemn and severe.

Mrs Taylor reading aloud at meals—a shocking practice for her digestion, by the way, whatever benefit she may have mentally experienced from it,—the abstracted father at the other end of the board, often lost in anxious thought—for those were the hard times when his skilled and practised hand, which afterwards achieved such triumphs, "would have been thankful to engrave a dog-collar"—and the silent audience, trained to the due appearance of attention, whether they understood or no, do not precisely coincide with our ideas of a merry meal. But the sly twinkling drollery, which was afterwards to sparkle in her sagest pages, could never have been wholly absent from one little saucy face; and we cannot but fancy that, in spite of all propriety, the little Jane must now and then have "run on" as other children do, and have been—winked at.

A fine time of it had the little girls in their large shady garden, with its laden fruit-beds, espaliered walks, honeysuckle arbour, and

gravel paths,—watched and tended only by their mother, at her work under the luxuriant tea-tree, with its long branches and small purple flowers — taught also by her the more formal rudiments of education, but let off easily, we should gather, as to hours and restraints; while doubtless picking up far more from the conversation and companionship of such parents, (as well as from the books poor Mrs Taylor read aloud at dinner), than they could have done from any amount of ordinary schoolroom tuition. They were taught — inestimable art—to *think;* and that they knew the value of such a lesson is shown by the lines penned long afterwards by the younger of the famous pair:—

> "How few think justly of the thinking few!
> How many never think — who think they do!"

Here now the two began to invent for themselves their little fictions and dramas; and that the fun was not altogether kept to themselves and each other, is shown by Jane's position on the kneading-board at Mr Meeking's, the village bake-shop. To this homely platform the young madam would be elevated; and there would she "recite, preach, and narrate" with considerable unction, being no doubt enabled to overcome her natural bashfulness by that ever-potent incitement, popular applause. The description of the scene must be given. The baker himself

"Was a good-natured, fresh-coloured, rotund old man, with blue eyes and a light flaxen wig, curled all round in double rows, and a beard duly shaven once a-week. Three sons and two daughters composed his family; and the old-fashioned kitchen, or house-place, in which they lived, was the scene of warm and bountiful hospitality to all, and of indulgence to us little girls, who frequently found our way there. There was a door from the shop, another from the parlour, and another from the garden and orchard; but with all this bountiful provision for the admission of fresh air, nothing could exceed the comfort and glow of the chimney-corner, large enough to admit the bulky arm-chair of the master on one side, with a seat for small folk on the other,—the whole hedged in by an ample screen."

And no doubt that ample screen often shook with the applause and laughter of a vociferous group, as the tiny Jane, an orator of six, stood forth from her corner, and, inspired by the sight of the "huge piles of hot buttered toast," of which we read presently, declaimed and postured, while showing even then germs of that sense of ridicule which could describe an Elizabeth looking on ahead to discover the right lines, which "no reader of sensibility could peruse without tears;" or an ex-militiaman cracking and eating nuts upon the village cricket-ground, as a solace for his domestic troubles.

Before her eighth year, Jane, it is believed, cherished the idea of writing a book. Ann, however, was the only confidant; and this was probably an instinctive precaution, since we know that neither parent had any fancy for their children becoming authors, although highly valuing a solid education. Mr Taylor, indeed, carried his teaching so far as to include in it the study of fortification; and some of Jane's early scribblings, it is curious to hear, were written on the margin of papers on which her own hand had traced on the other side passages about "lines of circumvallation," "fosses," &c. They had not at this time begun their apprenticeship to the art of engraving, which was afterwards to occupy so large a share of their time; but they were being initiated

by their mother into all the home duties which she herself undertook — and, it would seem, with excellent results, as we hear again and again of Jane's useful domestic life, and we find all the sisters by turns engaged in cooking, making their own clothes, and other employments necessary for people in their station. From these they were probably exempt during the time they worked, with "brown Holland bibs, aprons, and sleeves," on the long bench by their father's side, to which we are just coming; but even before then they must have led a busy, brisk, useful life. A brother, the thoughtful Isaac, writes of this period:—

"I have never been in any family in which the occupation of every moment of the day, by every member of it, was carried to so high a pitch as under my father's roof. Yet," he adds, "this incessantness of labour did not bring upon the family any feeling of bondage or restraint; none were urged or driven onward; each seemed to move forward as from an individual impulse, an internal spring."

Thus passed the calm quaint childhood, with its peaceful routine, its wholesome if somewhat narrow-minded restrictions, its daily round, which might have been just the least bit in the world dull, if the Taylor boys and girls had not been themselves possessed by the very spirit of mischievous frolic and jest—for we read farther on that "when the running fire had been kept up for some time, my father would lift up his head from the desk at which he stood, look over his spectacles, and administer a short, grave, or kind interjaculatory rebuke, which might silence more easily than cure us." Thus the Lavenham days went by, and the scene shifts to Colchester—then, as now, a garrison town, and at that time continually on the *qui vive* from apprehensions of a French invasion. To such an extent, indeed, did their fears at one time appear about to receive confirmation, that four of the party were packed post-haste back to the more secluded Lavenham, together with all the household gods, to be out of harm's way,—poor Mrs Taylor apparently remaining alone behind — but to what end does not appear.

The good woman solaced herself by sending comforts and supplies to the fugitives; and that she was inclined to be sceptical about the need for flight at all, would appear from Jane's somewhat indignant vindication of the situation, when during the winter she and her father exchanged places with those first left behind.

"How," she cries, "can you affirm that Buonaparte never threatened us, when, besides the immense army so long collected on the coast—which we *know* was called the Army of *England* (and what was that but a threat?)—did he not declare to Lord Whitworth that he would settle the dispute on the banks of the *Thames?*"—and so on, and so on; which reads comically enough to us, who now know how and where the dispute was actually settled, but which was no doubt considered, both by Jane and her father—who, she announces, had authorised her to take up the cudgels—to have been a masterpiece of argument.

It was some time, no doubt, ere matters shook down into quietude, —perhaps a little excitement not being so very unwelcome, as a break in their slightly monotonous life,—and the family were reunited under the roof of their new home at Colchester. It was mostly here that the engraving days prospered: certainly it was here that we have

presented to us the picture of the row of young workmen and young workwomen — for there were several apprentices besides the family members — sitting on the long bench, which was headed by their father's high desk at the one end, obtaining their light through a large window with diamond-shaped panes; and thus, for many hours a-day, toiling patiently and soberly through the mysterious processes,—the waxing, the etching with a steel-pointed needle, the pouring on and drying off of the different liquids, technically termed "biting"—too often followed by the luckless "blowing up," which, in the case of Ann, once cost her three months' hard labour, ere she could repair the mischief done, speck by speck.

Here they practised what their young friends termed their "elegant art," although it is apparent that some of the party were heartily sick of that elegant art at times; for when Mrs Gilbert, the "Ann" of the 'Original Poems,' would fain make out a case to the contrary, one of the younger ones could not forbear exclaiming, on reading the passage, "Ah! but Ann was always such a dog-trot!"

"Dog-trot" or no, she must have been a delightful woman; and still more delightful as an old than a young one. Think of her writing, at eighty, that "the feeling of being a grown woman, to say nothing of an old woman, did not come naturally" to her! And the assertion is borne out by every page of her sprightly autobiography,—the latter part of which is composed at that advanced age, —which testifies to the zest and *goût* which she retained for all innocent enjoyments and employments to the very end of her life.

To return, however, to the young engravers. They were honestly paid for their services, receiving wages, as well as board and lodging, from the just and liberal Isaac, who, considering that but for them he must have had apprentices of another kind, and that these would certainly not have worked for nothing, appears to have so well remunerated their labour, that in thus making use of their services, "clearly," says one concerned, "he did not consult his own advantage."

His intention, we may then presume, was to consult theirs; and doubtless his view of the matter was this, that in instructing his somewhat delicate young daughters in a craft which was never likely to enlist many recruits, he was endowing them with a means of self-support, should such be required in after-years. No doubt the good father had pondered many a time over the future of his children: he had but little to give them; the girls might not marry; they must be taught to be independent. To be governesses—the usual resource in such cases—they were eminently unfit, as even the study of fortification could not make them, in the eye of the world, accomplished young ladies; and to be drudging elementary teachers would have been the last thing for which the lively imaginative Jane and Ann were suited.

But it was proved that they could engrave; and herein, at least, lay a barricade against ill-fortune, should evil days come: and accordingly, work began early, and was carried on late; and even when there were dealings with publishers, and schemes on foot for joint productions, and the "Associate Minstrels" were beginning to hear little whispers of their future fame, engraving was still considered their business, literature their recreation.

To it they could only fly when

their day's work was over; to their own little private attics they could only retreat when the call of the cuckoo-clock announced the hour of eight, save twice in the year, when, for a special and presumably economical reason, the workroom was closed at seven. These blissful periods were denominated by the young folks "the seven o'clockings"; and lasted about a fortnight. "The regular hour for leaving the workroom," writes one, "summer and winter, was eight; but twice in the year, for about a fortnight each time, we could see without lighting up till seven, and broke up then,"—lighting up, no doubt, being a more serious business in those days than it would be now—when we can fancy the glee with which the inventive presiding genius would have himself arranged a contrivance by which he could have an electric battery, and worked on by its clear pale light till daybreak. No "seven o'clockings" then! The girls had something to be thankful for, perhaps, after all, in the wretched dim flickering light which was dear and bad, but which no one—not even Isaac the elder—could have endured after eight.

They supped at nine. An hour, therefore, was the usual allowance for those early efforts.

"At first," says Ann, "we had no suspicion of the extent to which we might become useful. We kept the little one, for whom we were writing, so far in view as to write honestly for its benefit; but it was an object which had to grow with the consciousness that the benefit was felt, and widening.

"I have heard Jane say, when sitting down to our new evening's business, 'I try to conjure up some child into my presence, address her suitably, as well as I am able, and when I begin to flag, I say to her, 'There, love, now you may go.' "

Does this account for the exquisite brevity and freshness of the pieces? If so, would that others, too, would say to their audience, "Now you may go," as soon as they begin to flag!

Ann was the first to see herself in print. She had sent a set of verses to the 'Minor's Pocket-book,' and her first announcement of success was in seeing that "Juvenilia" had won the prize for a poetic solution to enigma, charade, and rebus, and that the prize consisted of—six of the 'Pocket-books.' From that time she became a regular contributor to the 'Pocket-book,' and finally its editor — resigning the latter post only on her marriage. That Ann, however, did not always wait for the golden hour of eight to begin her delightful and somewhat contraband task, she herself confesses:—

"Having pencil and paper generally so near at hand, a flying thought could be caught by a feather, even when engraving or biting was going on; or, in cases of extremity, when it was to be feared that all would escape me before eight o'clock came, I have made a sudden exit, and in honest haste and unintelligible scribble, pinioned the fancy or the lines to the first piece of waste paper I could find, there to abide till happy evening. . . . Later on, when writing unexpectedly became a business as well as a pleasure, we petitioned my father for an additional half-hour; and considering the perfect regularity of his habits, I feel that we owed much to his good-nature in granting it."

The concession, however, we find from other sources, was not made, nor asked for, till after writing had really become a remunerative occupation, peremptorily asserting its claims. Until then, it was only their mother's fears for their health which induced the father, whose own excellent *physique* would have withstood anything, to permit them to have a walk before

the two-o'clock family dinner. Two and nine were the Taylors' hours for dinner and supper. Call the two meals luncheon and dinner, and they are the identical hours against which plain folks raise an outcry at the present day! Wherein lies the difference?

Mrs Taylor, no doubt, was in the right about the unhealthiness of the sedentary occupation, in a room heated by a German stove, for so many hours a-day; but although she predicted "a premature old age at thirty" for those so engaged, her predictions were happily unfulfilled. Several of her eleven children did indeed die early, but not from this cause, while many lived to a green old age; and Ann, who records the fact, triumphantly adds, "Witness my hand, copying this MS. in 1861,"—she having been born in 1781.

Ann was the first, as we have said, to embody her thoughts in verse; but that busy Jane was only behind her sister in the act, and not in the thought, is very plain. Imagination was ever at work within; but it was imagination held in check, struggled with, and looked askance upon. "This habit of castle-building," says she of herself, "is very injurious to the mind. I know I have sometimes lived so much in a *castle*, as almost to forget that I lived in a *house;* and while I have been carefully arranging aerial matters *there*, have left all my solid business in disorder *here*." Such self-reproach, we must confess, puts us in mind of worthy John Bunyan bemoaning his "lies,"—those lies which have been justly described as being in all probability mere outbursts of an irrepressible fancy which could not be restrained, and which to his own overwrought conscience showed him "a liar," but to the world at large made him what he was — John Bunyan. What the author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' would have been without his "lies," the author of 'Display' would have been without her "castle-building." Can we second the lamentations of either?

Jane Taylor did not write, she could not have written, for money's sake—to this her tastes and habits would have made her utterly averse: she wrote because she could not help writing, from the pure love of it; and therein lay the key—as it ever does—to success. Can we imagine any one happier, more absorbed, more delightfully removed from all sublunary cares, than the youthful Jane, when presently,—that is to say, in her twentieth year—her literary pursuits being by that time recognised by the family,—she was permitted to indulge them to the extent of having a room, a whole room, albeit an attic, fitted up for her exclusive use, and even furnished to her own taste? What a glamour must solitude and peace have cast upon those four humble walls! From the little diamond-paned window, which "commanded a view of the country and of a tract of sky," we can seem to behold the pensive eye gazing into vacancy, seeing not the real and actual, but the half-shaped thought, the dim ideal, the skirt of the Muse. The thoughtful and poetic Emily, in Jane Taylor's one complete tale, as well as several of the shorter papers, such as the "The Pleasures of Taste" in 'Q. Q.,' and "Poetry and Reality" in the 'Essays in Rhyme,' all attest that the influences of nature were felt warmly by her; and no doubt solitary rambles and day-dreams were added to the delicious hours passed in the little sanctum,—but it was there she wrote.

"Although," she says to a friend, "my study cannot boast of the elegance of yours, it possesses one advantage which, as a poet, you will allow surpasses them all: it commands a view of the country; and to me this is invaluable. For years I have been longing for such a luxury, and never before had wit enough to think of this convenient place. You may now expect me to do wonders."

And wonders accordingly began to be done. The second volume of the 'Original Poems,' which are really too well known to need more than a passing reference, was now brought out. It was to have been called the 'Wreath,' the idea being that the numerous contributors should each lay on it their flower; but the name was abandoned, in spite of Jane's peremptory little voice. "Indeed," she says, "this must always be the name." No doubt others had their say, and overbore that modest note of protest—modest, at least, in its sense of authorship, for of the book itself she says:—

"In comparison with my blooming companions in this garland, I allow my pieces to rank as the *leaves*, which are, you know, always reckoned a necessary, and even pleasing part of the bouquet; and I may add that I am not only contented but pleased with this station—it is safe and snug; and my chief anxiety is not to allow anything ridiculous, or very lame, to appear."

An anxiety which, even then, we may affirm was needless.

Letters now began to be received from the great men and women of the day. "Mr Walter Scott" requested permission to "intrude his grateful thanks upon the 'Associate Minstrels'; and while hoping some day for the honour of being made personally known to them, begged to assure them of his high respect for their poetical talents."

Montgomery bade them "beware not to disappoint the expectations of the world." Southey wrote: "The first thing I look for in a volume of verses is to see whether the author be a mocking-bird, or if he has a note of his own. This you certainly have; and I have little doubt it may be a powerful one, if you choose to cultivate its powers." Maria Edgeworth also wrote flatteringly; and others of her school followed. But we would have our readers observe that as yet Jane Taylor can hardly be said to have shown anything of her real genius. The little pieces which the "Associate Minstrels" strung together are inimitable in their way; but it is a very small way, and some of the best specimens are not by her, but by Ann. Indeed, although when Jane was afterwards rapidly mounting the ladder to distinction all that was good was usually attributed to her, she herself, as we have seen, was well aware that this was untrue and unfair; while Ann gently and altogether sweetly comments, "Dear Jane had no need to borrow what I could ill afford to lose." No: at this time one and all were supposed to be very fairly on a level; and authorship being the order of the day, to the surprise of all, and perhaps most of all of herself, the mother in her fiftieth year, and the father who had hitherto also abstained, entered the lists. We have quite a number of works by each; and whatever may have been the superior value of the 'Self-Cultivation' and 'Advice to the Teens,' the lighter and brighter excellence of Mrs Taylor's handiwork found more popularity. It was not for several years after that—namely, in 1828—that the younger Isaac began to make his mark in the thinking and philosophic world. His 'Elements of Thought' and 'Natural History of

Enthusiasm' need only be named. But for some time he had joined the sisters in their slighter undertakings, so that we may say that at this point every single member of the little family party which turned its back on the noisy city on that June morning when we first saw them, had now started in the literary race. Others and younger ones joined afterwards; and brothers-in-law and nephews proved no mean additions to the phalanx: so that when the complete list of works published by the "Family Pen" is added up, we find that it amounts to ninety volumes, of which Isaac the brother has the largest share — namely, twenty-five—while Jane has only three, if we except those which she composed conjointly with her mother or sister.

It is not often that one reads of parents and brothers and sisters thus working side by side. Setting aside that it is but rare to meet with talent thus widely distributed in the same family, it is seldom one sees the harmonious, unenvious spirit which prompts one and all to aid and spur on the others. With the exception of the young Brontës pacing their dusky chamber arm-in-arm, while pouring into each other's ears their wild, weird, half-framed conceptions, we cannot call to mind any other family group who, like the homely Taylors, contentedly filled by turns the same niche.

That they did not all equally fill it, goes without saying; that they were by no means on a level, every one will allow; but that in these early years, brothers and sisters wrote in the same vein and for the same audience, without rivalry and without detraction, says as much for the sweetness of their dispositions as for the extent of their abilities.

We will not longer follow the family fortunes. Life flowed evenly with them as soon as brighter public times brought grist again to the mill, and work poured bountifully in to the well-known engraver, while modest yet increasingly agreeable cheques rewarded the efforts of his daughters. There were jauntings here and there—trips to London, and homage from admiring friends; in especial, there was one notable sojourn on the Devon coast, of which we have delightful pictures from their ready pens, and where Jane's first and last novel had its birth. We have Ann's romantic marriage, and Jane's we venture to think a shade romantic admiration of the stalwart Scot, who made them for the time such red-hot Dissenters that she thinks even their father would have been satisfied. We have various family and domestic changes; finally, the gradual fading away and peaceful end of that bright and promising young life (she died at Ongar on the 13th April 1824); but there is nothing —indeed, was there ever anything properly called worth recording for the outside world about the life of Jane Taylor?

What makes her so interesting, curious, stimulating, is herself. She is so natural, so arch, so frank; she says so exactly what she means, no more and no less; she is so ready to show her pleasure in a compliment (incomprehensible to her would have been Harriet Martineau's affectation of horror at "being made a lion of"),—she is all this, and more; she is humble-minded, pious, serene—so much so, that even the stern cast of the religion in which she had been trained could not overshadow, or at least could only now and again overshadow for a brief space, the clear smiling atmosphere of faith and hope she continually breathed. We cannot but

love as well as admire her. Her Christianity, as practised by herself, and portrayed from first to last in her writings, is eminently cheerful and practical. Witness the reformation in the once peevish and discontented Elizabeth, the heroine of 'Display.' She does not spend her time in fruitless regrets, nor in efforts to benefit others by holding up herself as a warning beacon. Such dangerous egotism, even when undertaken with the best intentions, is not Jane Taylor's idea of denying self and taking up the cross in daily life. No; her Elizabeth begins at once by showing, not *talking about*, her new aims and desires. She offers—it is an admirable touch of nature—to go down to serve in the shop, that shop which is her great source of humiliation and object of detestation.

Next, she takes pains to appreciate and make friends with her excellent but unattractive sister-in-law; and at last, her despised husband—and certainly there is not much to be said for the unfortunate ex-militiaman—is to be tolerated and looked kindly upon. He is given to scraping doleful notes in secret upon a stealthy violin.

"'That tiresome violin!' said she, one evening, as they caught its distant sound from the counting-house.

"'I must say, however,' said his sister, 'that he does not suffer it to be very troublesome to us: I do not remember ever seeing it brought into the parlour.'

"'No, I confess he has never done that,' said Elizabeth. 'Do you think,' she resumed, after a long silence, 'he would be pleased if I were sometimes to ask him to play to me?'

"'That he would, I am certain,' said his sister.

"That her resolution might not have time to relax, Elizabeth went out immediately, and opening the door of the counting-house, said good-naturedly, 'Mr Robinson, you keep it all to yourself: why don't you come to play to us sometimes?'

"'Dear me! I am sure I had no idea you would like to hear me play! Why, it's what I should like of all things,' said he, gathering up the music-books, and proceeding briskly to the parlour. 'What shall I play to you now?' said he, in high good-humour; 'anything you like — only choose.'"

His sister chose something she thought Elizabeth would prefer; and Elizabeth, pleased with herself, found her spirits enlivened even by her husband's bad fiddling, and the evening passed more cheerfully than usual. Accustomed to be despised and thwarted, he was always particularly gratified by any mark of attention or consideration, and a little such kindness produced the happiest effects on his temper. He had always been proud of his wife, and would have loved her, after his manner, if she would have permitted it; and now that her conduct towards him was so much altered, he began to be "very fond of her indeed." Elizabeth, on her part, thus considers, "If religion were to do as much for him as it has done for me, we might be almost happy together."

Then there are the Leddenhursts, who are allowed by their fashionable cousin to be "vastly superior," but who, nevertheless, "have some peculiarities which render them not altogether so entirely agreeable as one could wish." How happily they are drawn in their lively, hospitable household! Even Miss Oliver is kindly made free to come and go,—but Miss Oliver deserves more than this passing recognition.

"She belonged to a class of ladies of whom it may be said that they are good for nothing but *to be married*. Let no intellectual Cœlebs object to the expression: it is not intended to recommend her to *him*. At eighteen

she was tolerably pretty, and about as lively as mere youth will make those who have no natural spring of vivacity. Her education, like her mind, was common. If she had married, she might have performed the ordinary offices of domestic life as well as they are ordinarily performed. But she did not marry, though trained to consider marriage as the grand object at which she was to aim. Year after year passed away, during which her attendance at the Christmas rout, the Easter ball, and the summer races was tiresomely punctual. At length it became necessary, by extra attention to dress, and studious vivacity, to show that she was still young; but even that time was now gone by, and she now only laboured to prove that she was not *old*. Disappointment, and the discontent occasioned by the want of an object in life, had drawn lines on her face, which time might still have spared. It sank down into dismal vacuity, after every effort at sprightliness; for, without mind enough to be pensive, she was habitually dull."

But even although "the veriest trifle" had become to her a "matter of importance," so that "the gossip of the neighbourhood was essential to her existence, scandal an entertainment, and mischief a recreation," kind-hearted Mr Leddenhurst desires his wife to cultivate her acquaintance, observing "what an alteration an interest in religion would make in that poor lady's countenance," and evidently projecting hospitable invitations on the spot. This is the true spirit of Christianity, genial, cordial, forbearing.

Of the writer's sarcastic vein,—and if ever anything is a fit subject for irony, it is the "display" to which the book lends its title,—the following are specimens:—

"Emily was going that she might see Mrs Fellowes, Elizabeth that Mrs Fellowes might see *her*. . . . She would have given away half her ornaments to know whether Mrs Fellowes wore ornaments. 'As she is a literary lady, I daresay she despises dress,' thought she, as she looked at her pearl bracelets; and she clasped and unclasped them several times, but at last put them on in a hurry, because there was no time left to deliberate. Emily happened to take off her glove in the hall. 'You have no bracelets on!' said Elizabeth. This was a comparison she could not bear. Mrs Fellowes would think her a mere doll. 'Wait one moment!' said she; but in snatching one of the bracelets from her arm, it broke, and the pearls wandered deliberately to every corner of the hall. 'Oh, your beautiful pearls!' cried Emily; but just as she and the footman were beginning the search, a rap long and loud announced the arrival of the learned lady."

Poor Elizabeth, shocked at being thus caught, leaves Thomas to collect the pearls, and hurries, much out of countenance, to the drawing-room, only to be still further discomposed on finding out at the first glance that Mrs Fellowes was no despiser either of dress or jewels. Nothing could have been more ill-founded, moreover, than Elizabeth's hope of attracting her attention; for, satisfied with being herself the supreme object, and engrossed by the display of her accomplishments, the whole evening might have passed without Elizabeth's ascertaining whether or not she had once caught her eye, if she had not heard her remark something or some one was "about the height of that young lady."

"Happy are they," continues the writer, "who do not go into company to *perform;* who can think an evening pleasantly spent that has been unproductive of compliment, and afforded no opportunity for displaying the favourite quality, or talent, or acquirement. . . . There is a class of *speech-makers*, who contrive by ingenious allusions, and hints casually dropped, to *let you know* what they fear you might not otherwise find out: they let off a firework, and when it seems

all over, and there are only a few pitiful sparks dropping about, off goes another!—but it never succeeds. For whether it be 'my uncle's carriage,' or 'my friend the colonel' or 'the general,' or 'when I was on the Continent,' or 'only a *jeu d'esprit* of mine, a very foolish thing,' or 'Latin? oh, scarcely a word, I assure you,' or 'a cousin of mine knows him intimately,' or 'when I write to Lady So-and-so,' or all of these one after another, such hints afford a kind of information *not intended to be conveyed:* they prove, not only that her uncle keeps a carriage, that she knows a colonel and a general, that she has been on the Continent, that she writes poetry (and foolish things), that she learns Latin, that her cousin knows an eminent man, that she corresponds with a lady of rank ; but they show that she is anxious you should know it—that such distinctions are *new* and *rare* to her (for people seldom boast of that to which they have always been accustomed) ; and worst of all, it creates a suspicion that she has nothing more left to boast of : for she who gives out that she reads Latin, is not likely to conceal her knowledge of Hebrew or Greek ; and she who intimates that she writes to Lady A., would assuredly let you know if she had any connection with Ladies B., C., and D."

Pretty plain speaking, and terribly, desperately true to life ; but Elizabeth has yet this to learn. Another good scene is where the would-be heroine, having found at length the desired hero in the Lieutenant Robinson (who afterwards reveals himself as the linen-draper, but whose regimentals captivate Elizabeth's fancy at the outset), essays to sing the "Soldier's Adieu," and distressfully breaks down in the middle, sighing out "that fatal regiment,"—although she has even then to own that her lover is "not particularly tall," and would indeed fain have avoided introducing him presently to the Leddenhursts during the evening parade, at which she had, previous to their appearance, rather "enjoyed the *éclat* of her conquest." Nothing can be more diverting—to any one not concerned—than poor Emily's sensations on the occasion :—

"Emily, who had raised her expectations rather unreasonably high of a being whom it was possible to love in three weeks, was nearly guilty of the rudeness of starting when she first beheld the mean figure and fiercely vacant countenance of her friend's admirer. 'Is it possible?' said she to herself, and she looked about to avoid meeting the eye of Elizabeth.

"In the meantime the lieutenant continued running on in his usual strain of sprightly dulness to Mr Leddenhurst, who stood looking down upon him with an eye of keen but candid observation. 'What a monstrous curious old cross you've got here!' said he, staring up and tapping it with his cane.

"'Well, good night,' said Elizabeth; 'it's cold standing in the wind.'"

By-and-by, however, when a lucky remark of Robinson's on Emily's pretty face had made him seem "surprisingly more agreeable and worth securing," she said to herself, "he whistles uncommonly well." Poor Elizabeth! But, as we have seen, happier, if humbler, days are in store; and we will hope that when she could no longer feign to be enlivened by the wailings of the violin, Mr Robinson treated her to the whistling which he could do.

In 'Display,' also, we have the close insight into human nature which lays bare Mrs Palmer — Elizabeth's mother—as having such an extreme dislike to being uncomfortable, that she would not on that account suffer her naturally violent feelings to be troublesome ; and who, when the news came that her only son had died abroad, discovered that she was still in possession of "her pleasant

house and handsome furniture, luxurious fare and healthy appetite, fine person and expensive ornaments;" that she could still "walk, and ride, and visit, and see company; and build her grotto, and attend to her greenhouse, and arrange her cabinet; so that she recovered her cheerfulness rapidly." By her son's dying at a distance, she was "spared the opening of the family vault—and that was a place she did not like to think of." However, she wisely made some provision for the day when she must occupy it herself, by being constant at church and charitable to the poor—"by which means, she concluded, all would be safe whenever she should be under the absolute necessity of going to heaven."

Of Mr Palmer, we are only told that he was "a gentleman of ordinary capacity; but he could hunt, and he could shoot, and he could joke, and he could swear—and contrived to do very well without thinking; for with these accomplishments, a good table, and well-stocked cellar, he wanted neither for friends nor reputation."

Another of the sort, hit off in a few equally happy sentences, is the "gay agreeable major" of Robinson's regiment, who is all sympathy with the charming Elizabeth in her pecuniary troubles, but who, on finding that certain small sums with which her husband had been accommodated would be restored to him at the sale of Robinson's commission, assures the young couple that, for his part, he—he "should not feel any particular reluctance to—to engaging in mercantile concerns;" while his lady is almost more diverting in her consolation—for she cannot bear to see the "dear creature in tears," and offers to send for "a glass of anything" she pleases. The pair are exactly the sort of smiling, selfish friends one meets with every day, touched off in the lightest manner; while there are many young ladies who, like Elizabeth, feel, when the time arrives for enacting in sober earnest the part of a heroine in distress, that "chance, or fate, or Providence, or something," will certainly interfere to prevent it.

We have no excuse for thus lingering over 'Display,' except that it is so impossible to get away from it. It literally bubbles over with good things; there is scarce a page which has not at least one flash of wit or fire.

Can we not imagine the delight of sitting down to work, as it grew from day to day beneath the writer's hand? Can we not picture the trio coming in from a wild windy stroll along the Devon cliffs, and settling down round the table in the little parlour, snugly bolted in for the night,—Ann busy with some sage review for the 'Eclectic,' Isaac lost in calculations and logical deductions, and Jane—why, her very eyes must have laughed as her fingers danced along the foolscap. There would be no fear of interruption, unless it were from a tap at the door by the ever-welcome Mr Gunn; and even he, we should imagine, would know better than to come too often.

Yet the book progressed slowly. It takes time to condense; and the writer who would be as compact and self-restrained as Jane Taylor, must prune with no sparing knife, lopping off every superfluous word or digression. During the afternoon ramble, doubtless many a sentence would be cast and recast, till it was stored up ready for the evening's pen. May not some of the excellence, some of the terseness and vigour which distinguish the writings of the family generally,

have been born of this habit, itself born of the necessity of waiting till the engraver's workshop closed?

Between the publication of this, her largest prose work, and the 'Essays in Rhyme,' which was the next emanation of her brain, the youthful authoress read, and cultivated her mind, totally abstaining from giving forth anything, and bent entirely on taking in. In consequence, when she next permitted herself the dear delight of composition, she wrote, we are told, "with such zest and excitement that her prevailing domestic tastes seemed quite forgotten, and in the daily walks she was often quite abstracted from the scene before her." She was going, in fact, to strike a deeper note than she had yet done. To have expressed her convictions on serious subjects in naked unadorned prose was beyond what she could dare—native modesty and bashfulness were lions in the path not to be overcome; but sheltered behind the screen of verse, there might peep forth much about which she felt and thought most deeply. With less reserve than had hitherto been shown, she therefore set heartily to work; and pitiless indeed is the sly twinkling satire, and searching and keen the exposures that take place. No small, trumpery, petty meanness escapes. No favourite folly hides unmolested, safe from her deft knife, if she be on that tack. Sometimes — and this is just a little hard—it is the mere want of something better, the dead level of utter stupidity, which provokes her risibility, as thus in "Prejudice":—

"The few ideas moving slow and dull
Across the sandy desert of her skull,
Still the same course must follow, to and fro,
As first they traversed threescore years ago,—
From whence, not all the world could turn them back,
Nor lead them out upon another tack. . . .
Were but her brain dissected, it would show
Her stiff opinions fastened in a row—
Ranged duly, side by side, without a gap,
Much like the plaiting of her Sunday cap."

And again—

"Though man a thinking being is defined,
Few use the grand prerogative of *mind*. . . .
The sermons, pamphlets, papers, books, reviews,
That plead our own opinions, we peruse;
And these alone. As though the plan had been
To rivet all our prejudices in."

The Taylor family was not entirely free from something of this latter failing on their own account, it must be observed; and the picture placed before us looks uncommonly as if it had been studied at home: but if so, one of the nestlings was evidently shaking her wings, and taking a wider flight than had hitherto been attempted by any of the well-ordered family. Perhaps "Recreation" may also have been suggested by a tea-party at Colchester or Ongar; and although we cannot fancy but that it must have been a delicious exaggeration, still it may have had its grounds in a fit of compunction for being drawn into an hour's not altogether good-natured gossip.

A mother and daughter go out to tea, and albeit not by any means on the warmest terms with their hostess—

"We loved, I think, about as true
As such near neighbours mostly do;"

yet as soon as the fire burns up, and mamma can lay aside her shawl —for at the first the room was so cold there was "draught enough to turn a mill" in it—their "tongues begin to go," and go to such a tune that there is not a piece of scandal in the whole country-side which they do not tear to tatters, always on the ill-natured side,—till at length one suggestion more spicy than any of the former makes them draw their chairs nearer together, while the tale-bearer whispers lest the maid should be listening outside the door; and as for the others—

"We, panting every breath between
With curiosity and spleen,—
And how we did enjoy the sport!
And echo every faint report!
And answer every candid doubt,
And turn her motives inside out,
And holes in all her virtues pick!—
Till we were sated—almost sick."

And so difficult did the congenial trio find it to separate when thus engaged, that "the boy had been an hour below," ere, "muffled up in cloak and plaid," they "trotted home behind the lad."

In the "Pair" we have a rare and powerfully depicted contrast, between a young squire who is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, who can project and build, and keep a stable and a yacht, and fly from one place to another as the whim takes him, but who withal is a dullard and a fool,—and a wretchedly poor drudging mechanic, into whose gloomy life no sunshine ever seems to smile, but who has nevertheless the "divine spark" burning within. Here is the gilded youth:

"Yet think not that he comes below
The modern average ratio—
The current coin of Fashion's mint,
The common ball-room-going stint.
Of trifling cost his stock-in-trade is,
Whose business is to please the ladies. . . .
The cant of fashion and of vice
To learn, slight effort will suffice;
And he was furnished with that knowledge,
Even *before* he went to college. . . .
The things of which he most afraid is,
Are tradesmen's bills, and learnèd ladies.
He deems the first a grievous bore,
But loathes the latter even more."

The contrasted sketch is inexpressibly affecting. Here we have the miserably poor and lonely artisan in his

"One poor room, whose blackened walls are hung
With dust that settled there when he was young."

And in this desolate attic his whole life is spent, in one unceasing drudging round—

"Where daily, undisturbed by foes or friends,
In one unvaried attitude he bends.
His tools, long practised, seem to understand
Scarce less their functions than his own right hand."

And one coming back from distant lands, to which he had gone a quarter of a century before, might "find him on the same square foot of floor":—

"The self-same bench, and attitude, and stool,
The same quick movement with his cunning tool;
The very distance 'twixt his knees and chin—
As though he'd just stepped out, and just stepped in!"

But the difference between this miserable drudge and the gorgeous child of fortune is not greater outwardly than inwardly. For instead of flying from one idiotic fancy to another in pursuit of distraction, we have here the "one old volume spread with algebraic lore," bought off an old stall, and produced as the sole recreation when night closes in; and over it pores the ill-fated genius, to whom destiny has been so cruel that he is bewildered and perplexed, and has often to stop—

"Pressing his hand upon his puzzled brain,
At what the dullest schoolboy could explain."

He has no chance of learning more from others, and even to "give his thirsty soul" this trickling stream of knowledge, he has to stint himself of his much-needed and hard-earned hours of sleep; and yet—

"Had science shone around his early days,
How had his soul expanded in the blaze!
But penury bound him, and his mind in vain
Struggles and writhes beneath her iron chain."

In "Egotism" we have a lively delineation of that self-importance which induces young and old, rich and poor, great and small alike, to regard themselves as the apex of all things, even down to

"The tattered wretch, who scrapes his idle tunes
Through our dull streets on rainy afternoons. . . .
Still *to himself* the vagrant man appears
The central object of revolving spheres. . . .
The ranging doors that meet his practised eye,
But places seem where he may knock and try.
Mankind, should he define them, this the sense:
Things bearing purses—purses yielding pence."

And there are few of us who will not, I take it, sympathise in this:—

"Woe to themselves, and woe to small and great,
When two good egotists are *tête-à-tête!*
(A battle this, though not of swords, but tongues,
And he the victor who has strongest lungs.)
But often while pursuing their career,
Rejoiced that while they speak, the rest *must* hear,
Some dry observer, whom they scarce perceive,
Sits smiling in his philosophic sleeve."

His — or her. There was one family to whom we should say the "philosophic sleeve" belonged tolerably indiscriminately; and woe

betide any talkers indeed who forced their strong lungs willy-nilly upon those "dry observers"!

As a specimen of Jane's more serious moods, we subjoin the following from among many almost equally good:—

"We are but marching down a sloping hill,
Without a moment's time for standing still;
Where every step accelerates the pace,
More and more rapid till we reach the base.
And then, no clinging to the yielding dust!
An ocean rolls below—and plunge we must."

Then further on in the same Essay—namely, "The World in the Heart":—

"And yet, amid the hurry, toil, and strife,
The claims, the urgencies, the whirl of life—
The soul, perhaps in silence of the night,
Has flashes, transient intervals of light,
When things to come, beyond a shade of doubt
In terrible reality stand out.
Those lucid moments suddenly present
A glance of Truth, as though the heavens were rent.
Life's vain pursuits, and Time's advancing pace,
Appear with deathbed clearness, face to face,
And Immortality's expanse sublime
In just proportion to the speck of time. . . .
And though o'erwhelming to the dazzled brain,
These are the moments when the mind is sane."

From the others in the little volume—for it is also of the most limited dimensions—we will not quote. "The Squire's Pew" is pensively poetic; and "Poetry and Reality" is in the same vein, though not equally striking. That there was no second volume added to the first is indeed a loss, when we consider how many subjects might have been profitably handled. It is probable that Jane herself meditated an addition, as more than one of the "Contributions of Q. Q.," her last literary productions, would have done to incorporate in the 'Essays.' "The Philosopher's Scales," for instance, is an excellent bit of fanciful and half-serious humour, and the verses in the paper on "Intellectual Taste" are bright and good enough for a higher place.

'Q. Q.,' although it has survived in the popular mind the author's two former works, and, we believe, is the only one now to be had, cannot, in our opinion, be called equal to either. It is very smart, very clever and funny, and withal very much in earnest; but the writing is unpolished, the ideas are adapted to the capacity of children and uneducated people, and in conformity with their taste — or with the exigency of having only a small portion of room to fill. The papers are very brief, and might easily have been expanded.

They consist principally of short stories, of which the one which describes two sisters setting out to accomplish a number of undertakings—with the result that one completes nothing she begins, and in consequence receives nothing but incomplete rewards, such as a watch without hands, a telescope without lenses, &c.—is very bright, and a capital lesson for ardent spirits; as is also Ruth's first shopping-day, after receiving her allow-

ance, when she is saved from all manner of wild expenditure (including tarts for luncheon—which her mother, we could never tell exactly why, estimates at 10d. when adding up the sum total) by the timely use of the phrase, "I can do without it." Into Ruth's feelings when the shopman is depreciating a straw hat, and exalting a beaver, all little girls will enter :—

"'The hat, ladies, is one guinea only,' said the shopkeeper.

"Ruth darted an inquiring look at her mother, to know whether she thought it cheap or dear.

"'You recollect your straw hat, I suppose, my dear,' said her mother.

"'Straws, madam,' interrupted the shopkeeper, 'are now considered *uncommonly common*—quite *out*, in fact. We have a surprising demand for beavers at the present time. Our manufacturer assures me he cannot get them made up fast enough.'

"Ruth's respect for *beavers*, and contempt for *straws*, was wonderfully heightened by this speech."

As well it might have been, poor little woman! especially when she saw "a genteelly dressed lady in the act of purchasing one of the very same shape;" and we cannot wonder that she "jogged her mother, that she might notice such a sanction of her own choice." The wonder was how she ever got out of so tempting a dilemma, and resisted all the blandishments of the artful shopkeeper, who thought that if he could get her to try on the article, he had her secure.

The two different ways of beginning a course of self-denial are also pleasantly exemplified in "Theory and Practice"; the impossibility of granting affection and admiration where it is catered for, is exposed in the "Cousin's Visit"; and "Temper" gives a hint to older folks. But one of the best is the "Sore Tongue," in which a youthful chatterbox bites her tongue accidentally one morning, and while bemoaning the pain, is recommended by her mother to restrict herself in the use of the unlucky member, — in short, not to say anything except what is either useful or necessary, during the remainder of the day. How Fanny finds this a most difficult feat to accomplish is merrily told; and how she breaks down altogether when their neighbours the Joneses' doings are under discussion, must have a place to itself :—

"Conversation was revived when Caroline, who had stood for some time with her eyes fixed on their opposite neighbours' window, suddenly exclaimed, 'I do believe the Joneses are going to have company again to-day! The servant has just been lighting the fire in the drawing-room; and there is Miss Jones now gone up to dress: I saw her draw down the blinds in her room this instant.'

"'So she is,' said Lucy, looking up. 'Well, I never knew such people in my life! They are always having company.'

"'I wonder who they are expecting to-day?' said Eliza; 'dinner company, I suppose.'

"'Look, look!' cried Caroline, with the eagerness of discovery, 'there's the baker now at the door, with a whole trayful of tarts and things. Make haste, make haste, or he'll have gone in!'

"*Lucy.* So he is, I declare! It *is* a dinner-party then. Well, we shall see presently, I hope, who are coming.

"*Caroline.* Oh no, they never dine till five when they have company.

"*Eliza.* And it will be dark then. How tiresome!"

Then follows a pause, but it is of short duration, ere they start again.

"*Lucy.* If Miss Jones is not dressed already! She is this instant come into the drawing-room.

"*Caroline.* Stand back, stand back! Don't let her see us all staring. Ah, there she is! got on her pretty pink sarcenet body and sleeves to-day. How pretty that dress is, to be sure!

"*Eliza.* And how nicely she has done her hair! — look, Caroline! — braided behind.

"*Fanny.* And there is that little figure, Martha Jones, come down—do look!—as broad as she is long. What a little fright that child is, to be sure!

"*Mother.* Pray, Fanny, was that remark *useful* or *necessary?*"

And the fun is over! The proper motherly admonition on idle gossiping is duly given; but we must confess that, for our own part, to this day we are sorry that Fanny did not hold her "sore tongue," and let us hear what next befell the fair wearer of the pink sarcenet body and sleeves!

Of the graver papers in 'Q. Q.,' none is better than, nor indeed so good as, "How it Strikes a Stranger," in which the solemn facts of Death and Immortality are supposed to be brought for the first time under the notice of a denizen of another world on a visit to our own; but this is too serious a subject to be dealt with here.

Alas! that subject was now rapidly to grow of nearer and more exclusive interest to the writer.

Whilst 'Q. Q.' was in progress, the mortal complaint which was to cut her off at, comparatively speaking, so early an age, was making way slowly but surely.

Several times, indeed, it received a check: once, when the alarming illness of her father, and also of a brother, brought into play her family devotion, and took her so completely out of herself, that her own disorder seemed actually to participate in her feelings, and hold itself in abeyance; and again, when a sojourn at Hull under the roof of Mrs Gilbert, her beloved Ann, and subsequent excursions to York and Scarborough, revived her strength and spirits to such a degree that hopes of a complete recovery were entertained for a short space. But although two or three years passed in this alternate state of fears and hopes, she did not for any length of time delude herself with the idea that she had surmounted the fatal malady.

It was thought, indeed, that could she consent to lead a complete invalid's life, making everything else subservient to the ease and comfort of the passing hour, her stay on earth might be prolonged; but could a Jane Taylor, trained to self-denial, self-devotion, energy, and industry, endure to do this? It may well be believed not. She had many kind friends both in Yorkshire and Devon, and was warmly urged to spend her time in successive visits, where she would have been free from every care, and would have received the tenderest ministrations, as well as enjoyed the pleasures of every sort of intellectual intercourse. She elected rather to remain at home. "She wished now," we read, "to call home her thoughts, and to converse with her own heart without interruption. She trembled at the danger of losing sight of her highest hopes."

Her time was short; she would not fritter it away.

By-and-by the invalid grew gently weaker—yet there was still no pain. She took to her bed; she spoke with "emphatic earnestness" to one of her brothers, "professing very distinctly the ground of her own hope, and the deep sense she had of the reality and importance of eternal things;" lay tranquilly a while, and though the breathing was laborious, described herself as "quite comfortable," and in an hour or two, after a momentary struggle, ceased to breathe.

It is in the hope of bringing her almost forgotten writings once more into notice that this paper is written.

THE CRACK OF DOOM.—PART VI.

CHAPTER XXV.

There was a good deal of jocular talk on Saturday morning among the readers of the 'Sphinx' about its article on the comet. One old gentleman, breakfasting quietly at his club with the 'Sphinx' propped against the toast-rack, spoke about it in a high quavering voice to another old gentleman, munching and sipping, and reading the morning paper at an adjoining table. "I used to think the world would last our time, but it seems we are likely to get a bad shake in the course of a few weeks." All through the breakfast-hours this kind of thing went on, the news being passed from one *habitué* to another as they came and went, with the accompaniment of some little humorous quip, original or repeated. Many of the little jokes turned upon the propriety of effecting heavy insurances; and even dull men, who breakfasted late, were able to cut quite a brilliant figure with the gradually accumulating wealth of wit.

Quite a flock of quips and repartees were in circulation by luncheon-time. The two Millerbys went to lunch at the Junior Pantheon, and found O'Connor there with the 'Sphinx' in his possession. The little jokes were stale to him by this time: he left the retailing of such things to less independent and inventive members; but he was not indisposed to talk on the subject, and he complimented Hugh on the success with which he had caught Glenville's style.

"That is easily accounted for," said Hugh. "A good many of the best touches are his own. A great part of it, in fact, is practically rewritten."

"All in the direction of making it more startling, I have no doubt. Trust Glenville for that. This opening now is enough to make one's flesh creep: 'If the ephemeris of the comet observed by Mr Millerby of Hardhill has been rightly computed—and the provisional calculation, as we state elsewhere, has since been confirmed—the theories of astronomers about the constitution of those bodies will soon be put to a practical test. In the absence of contingencies, which we shall presently discuss, this comet, whose orbit intersects that of the earth, will arrive at the point of intersection at the same time with our planet. In other words, unless certain things happen, there will be an actual collision between the earth and this body; and as the computed date of the collision is the 7th of August, we shall know for certain in a week's time what degree of solidity belongs to comets.'"

"That is practically all Glenville's," said Hugh. "I didn't know anything about Ramassy's confirming observation when I wrote—in fact it has been made since."

"Oh! Ramassy is the gentleman who performed in Quickset's observatory. Several of the papers have got the fact this morning, but none of them give the name." O'Connor made a mental note of the name for his provincial correspondence. "This confirmation is a strong point, however, is it not? I almost begin to be afraid myself."

"There is no real danger," said Stephen.

"Is there not? You speak as an astronomer, but just hear what the 'Sphinx' says about cocksurists of your kidney: 'The days have gone by when comets were regarded as messengers from the spiritual world foreboding the things that were to be—wars and famines and the deaths of princes —when Popes hurled at them the anathemas of the Church, and kings quaked with fear if a comet's tail pointed in the direction of their territories. We laugh now at Pope Calixtus and Charles V.; but it is a question whether, in getting rid of our mysterious awe of comets as agencies of the unseen and omens of the future, we have not been taught to undervalue the physical dangers to which our planet is liable from these erratic denizens of the universe. Their real constitution has hitherto baffled the researches of science. Her Majesty's present Astronomer-Royal knows no more for certain about them than the Chaldean priests who watched them from the summit of the pyramid of Belus, or those nameless Chinese observers who in still more remote times kept accurate record of the stars in their courses.' You gave him the Chinese and the Chaldeans, I suppose," said O'Connor to Hugh.

"Merely the raw material. The pyramid of Belus is Glenville's, and I am not responsible for the accurate record of the stars in their courses."

"The pyramid of Belus is good. I wonder what the ancient Chaldee was like, and whether he sat on the very apex of his pyramid?"

"Do you mean to say," asked Stephen, "that you are responsible for such unmitigated stuff as that nothing has been added to our knowledge of comets since the Chaldeans?"

Hugh gave an uneasy laugh, and tried to brazen it out. "Glenville has slightly accentuated what I wrote. But we don't know a great deal more for certain. It is mainly conjecture."

"So is the law of gravitation, but tolerably well-established conjecture. We have certainly learned that, if the substance of comets is material at all—that is to say, has the properties of ordinary matter —it is matter of such an extremely tenuous kind, and so skittish in its behaviour when in the neighbourhood of solid matter, that it could not possibly do any harm to the earth. We have seen how Lexell's comet behaved when it went too near Jupiter, and the earth actually passed through Biela's comet in '72."

"Stop a moment," cried O'Connor; "we have got all that in the 'Sphinx.'" And he read as follows: "'If the received theories of astronomers are correct, there is not the slightest danger to be apprehended, and we may go about our usual business and make our arrangements for next month and next year, and wait for the passing of the 7th of August with equanimity. One of two things will happen. Either we shall pass through the comet unscathed, with nothing but a lurid light in the sky to make us aware of this extraordinary experience. This is what is supposed to have occurred in the case of the comet of Biela. Or the comet, upon approaching within a certain distance of our planet, will be flung back from it, like a ball of elder-pith from the prime conductor of an electric machine. This phenomenon may be expected if our erratic visitor follows the precedent of the comet of Lexell in a similar *rencontre*

with the planet Jupiter.' Your criticism is anticipated, you see."

"Then what is there to be frightened at?"

"The 'Sphinx's' IF," said O'Connor. "*If* you are right, we may eat our meals in peace; but if you are not, the sooner we set to our prayers the better."

"It has come to that, I am afraid," said Hugh.

"Well," said Stephen, "your British public is a greater ass than I had supposed, if you get a rise out of it with such stuff as that."

"The idea of the comet bobbing round us like the ball in one of those water-machines near Temple Bar, don't you know, is very pretty," said O'Connor.

Soon after they adjourned to the smoking-room; a man came in with a report that the newsboys were making a deafening row in the streets, doing a roaring trade, roaring in more senses than one, with the 'Echo.' The 'Echo' had reprinted the article from the 'Sphinx,' and the chief item in its placard for the early afternoon was—"AN ALARMING COMET: THE APPROACHING DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD."

The fear of this catastrophe did not prevent them from playing whist all the afternoon at the Junior Pantheon; and after dinner they had begun again, when a waiter, engaged in pulling down a blind, allowed an exclamation of surprise to escape him. All eyes were turned to him on this unusual occurrence, and he apologised,—"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I thought I see'd the comet." All laughed, and crowded round the window with various degrees of haste and leisure. It was indeed the comet. The night was clear, and it shone unmistakably in the northern heavens, distinguishable from the stars by its fainter light and greater expansion. When all were satisfied, the players returned to their rubber.

It was past eleven when the Millerbys left the club, and Hugh proposed to walk down with his brother to his hotel in Trafalgar Square, and see whether there were any signs of popular interest in the comet.

The scene in Regent Street in the midnight hours has often been described as a disgrace to English civilisation. But if the spectacle is shocking to decent citizens who cannot avoid passing that way at night, with all the hum of its shameless traffic, it is quiet and decorous on ordinary nights by comparison with the wild confused babblement, broken by yells of riotous intoxication and screams of insane laughter, that filled the streets and rose above the house-tops the night that the comet was first descried.

Hugh Millerby felt a sensation of fear when he reached Piccadilly Circus, and reflected that he had had a share in stirring up this pandemonium. "If I could have foreseen this!" he said to his brother, as they made their way slowly along through the seething crowd, amidst many invitations to stand liquors, and incessant cries of "Have you seen the comet?" The author of the article in the 'Sphinx' stood dismayed at what he could not help regarding as being in part his own handiwork.

It was all very pleasant in the Junior Pantheon, where nobody took the comet seriously, or felt any emotion about it stronger than amusement at the suggestion that it was dangerous. There he could feel a certain pride as at the successful achievement of a good joke. But here he was face to face with the uncalculated results of the joke

upon a different social stratum, and these remote unconsidered consequences were of a less satisfactory kind. He felt as a man may be supposed to feel who has lighted his pipe, and after a few puffs sees a fire begin to blaze where he has thoughtlessly thrown away his match.

It was not, perhaps, that this lower stratum was more seriously frightened; but it was more excited. The light scum of the population is blown about violently by every wind that ruffles the surface of popular feeling. Any pretext serves for extra licence—a boat-race, a cricket-match, a Lord Mayor's show. Given the least quickening of the general pulse, and the coarse, undisciplined, unchivalrous animalism of the worst class of our young barbarians rushes at once to make itself unpleasantly conspicuous.

The excitement had begun early in the evening, and a strong force of policemen had been posted in the streets converging on the Circus, but they were powerless against such a crowd, unless they consented to fall in more or less with its humour. There was nothing dangerous in the temper of the crowd as yet; the excitement found vent in snatches of singing, jostling, chaffing, and senseless noise; but with the least serious collision no one could tell what would happen, and this the much-tried policemen avoided with exemplary patience and discretion. The utmost they could do was to keep the throng moving on the pavement. They were big brawny fellows most of them, picked men for the duty; and before their solid weight and bulk, applied with steady firmness, the reluctant loiterers were pushed slowly forward.

Our two wayfarers judged that the safest position, and the best for getting through, was in the wake of two of these moving pillars of order. Every now and then one of the policemen made a grab at some jostling rowdy trying to make his way against the stream, and compelled him to stick to one channel or the other, in spite of his noisy protests that as a free-born Englishman he had a right to move in whatever direction he pleased. These refractory passengers were mostly slim youths of from seventeen to twenty, in tweed suits; and loudly as they talked, a good-humoured shake, a gentle reminder of superior strength, was generally sufficient to reduce them to order. It was not the policy of the police to make arrests, and Harry and Alfred, with all their idiotic excitement, had too much sense left to make arrest absolutely necessary.

But the din, the roaring babblement, was of such overpowering volume, the yells and screams that rose above it so shrill and piercing, the swaying and nodding movement of wild and excited faces so bewildering, that the mere observer had much ado to steady himself against a sense of suffocation and panic.

"Well, my young scribe," Stephen shouted into his brother's ear, "what do you think of it? This is something like making a noise in the world. You have raised the devil for once. How do you like it?"

Hugh could only answer that he did not like it at all, and that he wished they were out of it. It was disgusting and humiliating, and withal not a little appalling, for it looked as if the slightest touch to the seething elements, a mere clap of the hands from some diabolic master of the ceremonies, would transform the crowded Circus into a pit of frantic, yelling,

and tearing demons. Any little novelty seemed to quicken the excitement to the pitch of frenzy.

Hugh pushed on mechanically, half-dazed. "Look out!" his brother shouted to him, as they neared the corner of Coventry Street. A cab was trying to force its way through the crowd, the driver shouting and gesticulating. Three girls, with flushed faces and gleaming eyes, came rushing across from the opposite side in front of it. Thereupon a band of young rowdies yelled idiotically, sprang after them, ducked under the horse's head, and made violently for the pavement. One of them, in the exuberance of his spirits, began to climb the lamp-post. Another went leap-frog over the kerbstone pillar, upsetting a Frenchman on the other side. Before the Frenchman could recover his hat and give them the benefit of his maledictions, and before the policemen could get at them, the intoxicated young fools scampered off, and hustled themselves into the crowd.

It was a hideous unseemly spectacle, and the din was terrific. But all the little incidents that our wayfarers witnessed had a peaceful termination, till one that occurred opposite the Criterion. They saw a woman there, who had been singing and swaggering along, and shouting to all and sundry, and whom a policeman had been trying in vain to persuade to go home, suddenly make a snatch at a man's watch. The Bacchanalian creature was beside herself with tipsy excitement.

"Give us your ticker, old man," she shrieked, with hideous jollity. "You'll know when the comet comes without a watch."

This was too much for the policeman's forbearance. "Come along with me!" he said, and seized her.

"Certainly not," she answered, stamping her foot. "You'll give me your watch, won't you, Charlie?" She had got it in her hand, but the chain did not break, and she swung it, and sang, "For Charlie is my darling."

The policeman dragged her off the pavement, and she, still holding on to the watch, dragged the owner after her. This movement gave her a more serious view of the situation. "It's only a lark," she expostulated, in an offended tone.

"You've carried it a little too far this time," said the policeman, and felt with his free hand for his handcuffs.

But the excited woman was too quick for him. She threw the watch from her with a piercing scream, wrenched her wrist from the policeman's grasp, and turned to run. It might have been more judicious to let her go. But after three hours of such a crowd, even a policeman's temper and judgment are sometimes at fault, and the man's official pride was wounded at her escape before so many bystanders. He gave chase. She could not run fast in such a throng, though way was made for her willingly enough. He soon caught her, and blew his whistle. A ring was formed in a twinkling, just at the door of the Criterion bar. The woman struggled, screaming like a pig in the hands of a butcher, and bit the policeman's hand. Some other women beat him with their umbrellas. There were cries of "Shame!" and her own cry of "It was only a lark," was taken up and indignantly repeated.

At the same moment a short fat man, with a tall hat, and a little black bag in his hand, came fuming and puffing out of the hostelry. "What a d—d set of bullies these policemen are!" exclaimed the fat man; and taking the policeman by

the arm, he said, in a voice of consequential authority, "Let her alone, I tell you."

The exasperated policeman, his temper now quite gone, turned on this new assailant, and leaving hold of the woman, seized him. "You would insult the force, would you? and obstruct me in the execution of my duty! You are my prisoner." He held his captive by the collar with one hand, and raising his whistle with the other, blew loud and shrill.

The man's comrades had been pushing towards the spot from the time that they heard his first summons; and the fat man could now see three helmets over the heads of the ring, tossing like buoys in a swell. But he made no struggle; he stood quite still, and blustered with a very red face: "You don't know who I am. I will make this a hot night's work for you. I am quite ready to go to the station. You just tell me your num——"

The sentence was cut short by a sudden attack on the policeman from behind. At the sound of the whistle, a band of youths, flown with insolence and brandy-and-soda, ready for any devilry, had sallied from the Criterion, and the foremost of them, taking in the situation at a glance, precipitated himself upon the policeman with such force as to send that officer sprawling across the pavement. The fat man's coat was nearly torn off his back; but he was free, and he had disappeared into the Criterion, and his rescuers were pressing after him, when the irate policeman, amidst the laughter of the crowd, recovered his footing. To his dying day the fat man will tell the story.

Half-a-dozen members of the force were now on the spot, and they resolved to clear the Criterion, preparatory to clearing the street. They saw that the crowd was getting unmanageable. They pushed their way in for this purpose; but the drinking-saloon was crowded, and the revellers were not willing to quit. After a few minutes had been spent in fruitless efforts at persuasion, it became apparent that force must be used. The lights were turned down; the policemen shouted, "Clear out all!" and four of them, linked arm in arm, pushed forward with all their might from the further end. Presently some ruffian, finding himself carried away with his glass in his hand, hurled it in the direction of the police; others followed his example; and the exasperated policemen handled the nearest very roughly. Pell-mell the struggling, shouting, swearing throng was pushed into the street, not without much smashing of glass and tearing of clothes, and wounds and bruises not a few. It was an edifying spectacle for a Christian country.

The blood of the guardians of order was now up, and the excitement of the crowd outside was also turned into an angry vein by this incident. It is no wonder that the police bear a good deal before resorting to the extreme measure of clearing the streets by force. By some foolish persons, who often make themselves heard in the newspapers, they are supposed to enjoy the operation, as a soldier enjoys fighting, and to be glad of an excuse for it. That they enjoy it much is not likely. In a large miscellaneous body of men there must be a certain proportion of short tempers and born tyrants and bullies; and the most placid of men, after patiently enduring for some hours the tricks of the idiotic and sometimes malicious rowdies of a big crowd, may possibly not be averse to putting out his strength in revenge when the close of the time for forbearance

has been officially notified. But the violence of the police on these occasions is, as a rule, much exaggerated, and sufficient allowance is not made for the difficulties of their position. The clearing of the streets is not an easy matter, when every man thinks he has an indefeasible right to be there, and to take his own time in moving on, and one in every ten is angrily disposed to stop and argue the point. Now, to argue with one man while another is trying over his shoulder to hit you with a stick, and a third from under his elbow is butting you in the stomach, and the air all round is vibrating with tumultuous sounds, is a trying responsibility. The situation is not conducive to that good temper which ought to prevail in every verbal dispute. Can we wonder that the argument often adopted is a violent shove? It is almost the only argument possible in the circumstances. A man who expects more consideration should make his way out of such a crowd as quickly as possible, if by any chance he finds himself there.

This was what our two prudent wayfarers did. But some who, like them, had gone out of curiosity, were not so prudent, and filled the newspapers for days afterwards with accounts of the brutality of the police. One man, who had chambers in Regent Street, was seized by the collar when standing at his own door, and thrown violently down on the pavement. Another, turning round to expostulate with his stick in his hand, had his cheek laid open by a policeman's baton. A third got a black eye from a policeman's fist, and the only offence of which he was conscious was turning to explain that he was retreating as fast as the crowd in front would let him. These, and many other cases of individual hardship, were laid indignantly before the public. But less was said about the blows and kicks and bites received by the unfortunate constables, when, forming a cordon across the street, they drove the crowd before them, and gradually restored order and quiet. The men who were in it are not likely soon to forget that Saturday night and Sunday morning. One may safely believe that the police do not enjoy much the process of clearing the streets.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Slagsalve-on-Sea is the creation of Norport. It was deliberately manufactured on sheltered breezy uplands as a watering-place. As Norport is unique among English towns for the rapidity of its growth, so, probably, there is no English watering-place that has been made so quickly as Slagsalve, made from the very foundation as a watering-place, made out of absolutely nothing. There was not one house on the present site of Slagsalve, when the same confident enterprise that had, in a very few years, made a large town out of a mean hamlet, resolved that a place must be built near at hand, where the busy manufacturers might take the air, and fixed upon this situation as the best suited for the purpose. Forthwith the land was bought, sumptuous hotels and lodging-houses erected to attract visitors, and pleasure-grounds laid out in a beautiful ravine beneath the new town. Admirable judgment was shown in the choice of the site. There is not a finer watering-place in the kingdom than Slag-

salve. The houses are built on the crest of a range of lofty cliffs, overlooking a sheltered bay, and command a magnificent sea view. They stand high, and yet they are sheltered from the stormy south-east winds of early summer by a still loftier range of cliffs, the far-seen Stagcliffe, so familiar to the sailors on our eastern coasts. Between this and Slagsalve lies the deep ravine where the pleasure-grounds are; and looking out from the windows of your hotel on the sheer precipice that terminates the level table-land, you are struck, without the suggestion of the guide-book, by the resemblance of the stern profile to the features of a colossal warrior. Stagcliffe, of course, has a legend. Once on a time a stag was chased from the wooded glens and hills in the interior out upon the table-land, and plunged over the cliff, followed in frenzy by dogs, horses, and riders—tumbling in wild confusion down a sheer drop of more than three hundred feet.

Long before Slagsalve was built, this sheltered bay was a noted haunt of smugglers. There are still a few sailors' houses lying cosily against the seaward face of a small "nab" at the mouth of a ravine, and a preventive station on the cliff above to keep alive the memory of their former employment. The oldest inhabitant of the neighbouring county remembers seeing two boats lying high and dry upon the beach, and their crews carousing in open daylight on the top of the "nab" after a successful landing of spoil. This was before the building of the coast-guard station, and before information-money had broken the neck of smuggling. In the houses where the desperate smugglers lived at ease, tea and hot water are now sold to the pleasure-seeking visitor, and three lifeboats, with the grim adjunct of a mortuary, attest the zeal of the changed population for the saving of life, as well as the dangers of the rock-bound coast when the wind blows in winter from the north-east.

But there was no trace of danger when Count Ramassy arrived at Slagsalve on the evening of Saturday the 1st of August, and looked from the window of his bedroom in the great hotel down on the sands and sea beneath, and out on the grim profile of the beetle-browed warrior. Sea and sky were blended in a violet-coloured haze, and the shallow waves rolled softly up the sands like films of molten metal. Girls in bright-coloured cotton dresses were strolling on the hard sand, and barelegged boys waded in the shallow water, giving pleased gratuitous assistance to the hirers of pleasure-boats, who were dragging them up on wheels for the night. Seen from such a height, the human creatures looked like emmets moving on the strip of sand between the huge dun cliffs and the limitless, restless, snaky-coloured sea. It was a scene to fascinate any man, however pre-occupied, and the Count stared for a few minutes in rapt astonishment.

Let us not be ungrateful to the railways, to which we owe the possibility of such surprises. We lose much in the way of scenery when we don't travel by stage-coach, but occasionally we gain a little. If you travelled to Slagsalve by coach, you would lose half the impressiveness of the spectacle that confronts you in your first look from the windows of the houses on the cliff. You would lose its unexpectedness; you would be prepared for it gradually as you approached. As it is, there is no preparation, but the preparation of contrast. Whether the projectors

of the watering-place deliberately calculated all this, history does not record; but if they had taken the advice of a first-rate theatrical manager, they could not have arranged it better. Till you reach Slagsalve, after passing through the stifling smoke of the furnaces of Norport, there is nothing to suggest the solace that is in store for you. If you have heard great things about it as a health resort, your first impression, as you are whirled into the town past piles of monotonous raw new buildings, is one of profound disappointment. You think bitterly of the enthusiastic description in the guide-book, if you are given to studying such productions before trying a new place. "So this," you say to yourself, "is the North of England manufacturer's idea of recreation." And if you are a person of culture, you mutter to yourself Mr Matthew Arnold's last bitter saying about the English middle class, and resolve as you step out on the platform to return by the next train, brave the smoke of the furnaces again, and seek some other place to clear your lungs of the pestilent stuff. You look about you, and you see nothing to alter this determination. You see nothing but the ugly backs of great piles of building on the one side, and on the other, the frontage of a street of shops equally destitute of beauty. You follow your luggage along a narrow passage continuous with the platform, at the further end of which you see the name of the hotel in very large letters. The interior itself is spacious and well-lighted; well-finished substantial oak wood-work, and pillars and pilasters of coloured stone, give quite a palatial air to the staircases and corridors: but this was not what you came for, and you mount to your bedroom with a feeling that your coming to Slagsalve was a mistake. But a look from your window, if you are fortunate enough to get a room in the front, changes all this. Your good opinion of the English middle class and its railway enterprise is restored. There is wind enough on the table-land opposite you, and fresh air enough by the sea down below, to clear your stuffed lungs of the smoke of twenty Norports, and the new town lies behind you out of sight.

Count Ramassy looked out more than once in the course of his hurried toilet, although he was in a fever of impatience. The Quicksets had arrived by an earlier train, some three hours before him. He had ascertained this as he came in. One might suppose that this adventurer, this intriguer, who was bent upon trapping an innocent girl into a marriage with him, was busy now coldly and warily laying his plans. But it was not so. He was only eager to see her. He could think only of the delight of being near her, and wonder how she would receive him, fluctuating between hopes and fears, like the most simple-minded young Romeo. He had no plans beyond a fixed resolve to seize the first opportunity of telling how much he loved her. How was he to get this opportunity? That he must leave to chance; but the sooner he could see her and her father, the more numerous his chances would be, and he was all eagerness to go in search of them.

Even lovers must eat, and the Count had been travelling since mid-day. But his lover-like impatience induced him to reject the waiter's sketch of an elaborate meal, which would take some time in preparation. He contented himself with cold meat, which was ready, and as he ate he interrogated

the waiter. A gentleman and a young lady who had arrived that afternoon, and who answered to the description of Mr Quickset and his daughter, had dined at the *table d'hôte* at six, and afterwards gone out. Where did people generally go at Slagsalve?

The waiter, a dark broad-browed man, with a German accent and an aspect of habitual benevolence and simplicity, smiled at this question, as if Slagsalve were the Garden of Eden. There were many places to go to. Some people preferred the gardens; some preferred the pier; and some preferred to walk on the sands. There was a band one night in the gardens, and the other night on the pier. Where did it play to-night? He did not know, but he could find out. Yes; it was on the pier. Was it a good band? He was no judge, but he smiled significantly, as if he had heard better.

The Count strolled out into the gardens. The crowd was likely to go after the band, and the Quicksets were not likely to go with the crowd. This was his first calculation, and he was confirmed in it when he entered the gardens and found them deserted. The place was so still that he could hear the streamlet far away down at the bottom of the ravine, whence a thin mist began to rise in the dusk. The stillness was such a contrast to the bustle he had left that it almost frightened him. Was he wrong after all? Had Miss Quickset taken her father to hear the band? And if he remained to look for them there, should he keep to the high level or take one of the paths that led obliquely down the steep slopes? He decided to try the high level first, but not a soul did he meet as he walked on with hurried uncertain pace, sometimes almost hesitating to proceed. When he paused he heard the streamlet, but otherwise there was no sound to break the silence save the crunching of his own feet on the gravel, and the walk he followed was rendered still gloomier in the gathering dusk by overhanging boughs of oak and hazel. The loneliness became most oppressive. He began to think of fearful things lurking in the thick underwood, in the windings of the walk, in the gloom of carefully shaded nooks and recesses. It required an effort to proceed. He could not shake these fancies off. They grew upon him, threatened to take full possession of him, made his limbs feel shaky and his blood run cold. He had made up his mind to turn, when he caught sight, on a projecting eminence towards which his path led, of a columned shelter, standing out against the sky like a portion of a temple. He decided to go so far, and then retrace his steps. His heart leapt when he reached the front of it, and saw that there were two figures seated in the recess. The presence of human beings gave instantaneous relief. His nerves regained their steadiness. Anything human, even if it were a garotter, was better than the ghostly shapes of dread with which his fancy had been surrounding him. But these figures might be the friends of whom he was in search. A conviction that they were so asserted itself in his troubled mind. It was too dark for him to make them out, but as he judged that they could distinguish him where he stood in the open, he placed himself as much in the light as he could, and presently had the satisfaction of hearing the voice of Mr Quickset pronounce his name.

"I thought I should find you here," he said, as he hastened to shake hands.

"It is quite a chance, however, that you do find us here, for I wanted papa to take me to the pier to hear the band; only he said he was too tired to listen to bad music."

"One of us, you see, has no love for solitude and repose," said her father, "and that one generally has her own way; so that nine times out of ten you would be right to follow the band, bad music with certain young persons being better than none."

"It's not merely the music, papa, but the people. I never tire of looking at the people, and wondering where they have come from."

"A truly intellectual occupation," said her father, "and with this great advantage as an exercise, that you may draw any conclusion you please. One thing, however, you may be sure of, that not many of them come 'from haunts of coot and hern.'"

"Haunts of furnace and soot, more likely."

"Not much trace of that in their clothes. Now if I were you, I should be more inclined to wonder where their clothes come from, and how the grubs contrive to keep their wings clean for this butterfly stage of their existence."

Father and daughter went on for a little, catching at one another's words and ideas in that pleasant domestic vein in which a little wit is made to go a long way by a mutual disposition to be pleased with small profits if the returns are quick. It is not easy for a stranger to catch the tone of such a family game, in which each player depends for his power of pleasing less upon his wit than upon certain familiar tricks of phrase and voice, which do not carry the same meaning to an outsider as to the initiated. To Mr Quickset his daughter's fresh girlish laugh was the most delightful stimulus and reward; and at his least quip, that spontaneous laugh was ever ready. The Count was content to listen and drink it in; he had too much tact to interfere in a playful game of words that had so pleasant an accompaniment. Not till the game showed signs of flagging did he venture to speak, and then in a matter-of-fact way.

"Is it the case that most of the people who come here come from the neighbouring manufacturing towns?"

"Most of them, I should think," replied Quickset. "The place was made for them."

"I should have thought it was good enough to have attracted others. The air is superb, and the view from the hotel is surprisingly fine. I don't think I ever have been more impressed by anything."

"I like it very much myself, as I told you. But you should walk out on to Stagcliffe over there to-morrow, if you wish to see the best that the place has to show in the way of scenery."

In his heart the Count caught eagerly at this suggestion, and began to speculate whether it would be possible to get Miss Quickset to accompany him alone. The very idea elated him, but he only said—

"This glen, now, I could wish to see nothing more restful. How peaceful it is, how beautiful!"

"Yes," said Quickset; "to sit here, with thick wood all round you, and inhale the scent that comes up from the leafy depths below, you would not think there was slag or smoke within a hundred miles."

"I wonder they don't come here, instead of parading in crowds on the pier to stare at one another and listen to trashy music."

"Oh, *I* can understand that," said Miss Quickset. "This place is all very well in the sunlight, and I daresay it would look very well at night if it were illuminated with Chinese lanterns. But there is something uncanny about it in the twilight. You feel half underground; it is so deep down, and it sinks so suddenly. I like to keep near the top. When you look up from below there you feel as if the rift might come together again, or perhaps open out wider and let you drop into the depths of the earth."

"What a horrible fancy!" said the Count, with a smile.

"You are rather out in your geology, however, my child," said her father. "This ravine is not a crack in the crust of the earth, but a hollow worn in the soft clay in the course of ages by that little streamlet we hear down there."

"Anyhow, it is a lonely gloomy place at this hour of the evening. 'Better dwell in the midst of alarms'—even the alarms of the band on the pier."

"Yet to some minds," said the Count, in a solemn tone, "there is balm, there is healing, in this loneliness. I trust Miss Quickset will never know what it is to long for such a retreat."

Now, if Mr Quickset and his daughter had known all that we know about the Count, they would have laughed at this audacious piece of mock-solemn sentiment. They might even have detected the ring of hollow imposture in the speaker's voice. But if they had known what we know, they would never have been sitting with him in a lonely place in that twilight which predisposes to solemn reflections. As it was, and believing as they did that the young Austrian noble was prematurely acquainted with sorrow, they were rather touched by the turn he had given to the light conversation; and after a short silence, both of them rose, and both tried to shake off the gloomy impression.

"I know I should very soon long to get out of it," she said. "And we had better get out of it now as fast as we can, or the gates will be locked on us."

"There was a hermitage near here once, I believe," said Quickset, as they walked back, "a cell belonging to the great monastery of Whitby. On such a night as this one can realise the truth of what the old chronicler says about it, that 'a more abstracted spot in nature could not be found if a man chose to hide himself from men.'"

"Bother your historical reflections, papa! You got that from the guide-book, you know."

"And why not from the guide-book, minx?" said her father, taking her by the ear. "What were guide-books made for if not to suggest reflections to barren old fogies like me?"

"But why should men choose to hide themselves from men, unless they are criminals? And what is the good of going back to hermitages when all Slagsalve is eager to have a *casino* down in the hollow, where the band may play when it rains?"

"Always the band. I knew I should suffer for not going with you to hear that execrable band. When a wilful woman does not get her own way, the man who takes her his way has to pay for it."

"I don't believe you would care to live in a hermitage yourself. I believe you would enjoy the light and the music and the lively hum of a *casino* as much as the most frivolous Slagsalvian."

"I am not aware," answered the Professor, "that I have ever been

heard to express a liking for a monastic life. But it was probably not so dull as we are apt to suppose. I don't know where the old hermitage here was——"

"I know," broke in his daughter. "It must have been down there by the rocks near the mineral well, where the sun can hardly reach in winter."

"Perhaps. But cells so called were sometimes built in pleasanter spots. And I daresay the hermit or hermits were often very genial fellows, and were often on the outlook of an evening for passing brothers, and invited them in and gave them of their best. What a joy it must have been as the sun went down to see two or three brothers from Whitby in the distance, when you had not seen a human face for weeks! The bumpers that would be quaffed, the tales that would be told, the catches that would be sung. Yes; I think I should have liked to be one of such a party just for once."

Miss Quickset was delighted with this picture and this proof of her scientific father's interest in humanity. "Yes," she echoed; "can't you fancy the old hermit walking out as far as Stagcliffe, and straining his eyes along the coast, longing for good company? I must find out exactly where the hermitage stood."

The Count's whole care during this conversation was to walk so that he might see as much as possible of the bright eyes that the girl turned to her father, and catch them as often as he could to express his sympathy by silent looks. Such light as still remained was in their faces as they walked back, reflected up from the gleaming sea. Large and lustrous eyes look larger and still more lustrous in such a light. Grace Quickset's eyes were fine and full of life, and the young man forgot everything in the delight of watching for their flashing splendour. She was not in the least a flirt—not more so, at any rate, than any other young girl; but it was only natural that she should now and then, in her animated conversation with her father, give a kindly look to a man who attended to her with such respectful, almost wistful interest. Every such look made him hunger for more. Only now and then a despondent remorseful pang struck across him. He was full of good resolutions. Were they practicable? Were they possible? How glorious and beautiful seemed the life with her which his eager quickened fancy rushed forward to anticipate! It must be possible. But how was he to get down from his pinnacle of imposture? Even if he should get all the wealth that he dreamt of? Would that suffice? Would not everybody turn away from a cheat? And she? He could not bear to think of it. He caught another look from her lustrous eyes, and shut and locked and bolted the doors on himself in his fool's paradise.

Suddenly the Professor, who was walking with his face turned up to the sky where there was a clear blue space above the bank of mist on the sea, halted and said quietly, "There is your comet at last."

"Where?" cried his daughter, eagerly.

The Professor indicated the spot, Grace seizing his arm, and looking along his forefinger till she found it. The Count gave a profound spasmodic sigh, which suited his melancholy character, but was really due to the sudden reflection that on this comet depended his fate.

For the rest of the evening he was possessed by a feverish impa-

tience to know how the world would take the apparition in the heavens. Would anything come of the article in the 'Sphinx'? Had it attracted any notice in the evening papers? Would the stocks fall? These prosaic questions disturbed even his delight in being near Grace Quickset. At times this delight was wilder and more intoxicating, and he clung to it as to a thing of which the existence must be brief. But at intervals a restless desire to be off and make inquiries, a burning passion to know the future, became almost intolerable. It was, on the whole, a relief to him when the Quicksets retired to their room, and he was left to his own devices and reflections.

He at once set about inquiring in the hotel for the evening papers. But quick as trains run nowadays, they do not altogether annihilate space; and he soon discovered, what might have occurred to him at once if he had been less preoccupied, that the London evening papers could not reach Slagsalve till the following day. Was there any local evening paper? Not any published in Slagsalve itself. Of course he might have known this, if he had thought of the size of the town; but a Londoner, accustomed to many papers and frequent editions as a necessity of life, is apt to forget such things when he finds himself in the country. All that the waiter could produce for the eager news-hunter was an afternoon paper from Norport. There, sure enough, he found a paragraph about the comet, and a quotation from the 'Sphinx' article, but nothing to indicate what he wished to know—how the news had been received by the public. That the article should have been noticed was, however, so far good; and with this morsel of satisfaction he retired to his bedroom.

He was somewhat despondently laying his plans for the next day as he turned up the gas; but preoccupied as he was, he could not avoid reading the legend posted on the wall just where the light fell most strongly. He had not observed it in the daylight, when his attention was absorbed in the prospect from the window. He read it at first mechanically, and then with a start he suddenly realised the meaning: "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." There it stared at him from the wall, and for a moment he could not have regarded it with a stronger superstitious horror if a finger had written it on the wall before his eyes. The next moment he recovered himself, and angrily put out his hand to tear the placard down. Then getting still more angry, he went to ring the bell and order its immediate removal. But before he had pressed the button, he thought better of it, laughed at himself, scoffed at the pious proprietor, and got into bed—to lie long awake over the thorny problem how to divest himself of his false feathers without forfeiting the respect of Grace Quickset; and when he slept, to dream of wandering in deep, dark ravines, and see wild beasts rushing at him out of gloomy thickets.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Stagcliffe was half veiled in mist when the Count looked out next morning, after a sleep that was not refreshing. The huge precipice looked nearer, and vaster, and more tremendous; but he was not in a

mood to enjoy the majesty of the scene. The mist, to which it owed an addition of grandeur, robbed him of all heart for the spectacle by suggesting a closely personal question—Would it rain? If it rained, there was no quiet walk for him with Miss Quickset—no quiet confidential walk, in which he might subtly capture her affections, and make his will hers. He felt that even if she were willing to venture out, his spirit was too feeble to rise above the discomfort of moist skies, wet grass, miry roads, and dripping trees. Only a madman could make love in such conditions, without a long previous process of leading up. There would be a dangerous ferocity in his wooing—a distempered violence, certainly dangerous, and probably fatal in the circumstances.

So much did the weather disconcert the adventurer, so much was he out of temper, that he hardly had heart and patience enough to lay plans for his difficult enterprise. What was the good of laying plans which he might never get an opportunity of putting into effect? He began to ponder instead on every look he had drawn from her, on the tones of her voice when she spoke to him, on the tender pressure of her hand, —to reckon up the sum of these things, and ask himself what it signified. A man may easily persuade himself that any girl to whom he has paid ardent attentions is in love with him. The Count said this to himself; and yet there must have been something encouraging in his reminiscences, for as he thought of Grace Quickset his fancy became more glowing and hopeful, and he saw signs of clearing up in the sky.

One thing he decided upon as a fixed principle,—there must be no sportive sallies in his wooing. It was the girl's imagination that he must appeal to, and he could afford to run no risk of destroying the serious effect that he intended to produce. Therein he showed the instinctive tact of an actor who knows exactly the measure of his powers. There is nothing more effective on the stage than sudden changes of mood, quick, unexpected transitions from gloom to gaiety. But there is nothing so difficult to manage successfully in a serious character. Let there be the slightest falseness of tone, and tragedy is converted into burlesque. A prudent actor, if he is not quite sure of his command over the right note and gesture, keeps the serious character serious throughout, and faces the charge of monotony rather than the ignominy of utter and ridiculous failure. Now Count Ramassy, *alias* Tom Brockley, had great natural gifts as an actor, otherwise he would never have succeeded as he did; and he had an instinctive sense of what was easy and what was difficult in the histrionic art. He knew that he might appear dull to a sprightly girl like Grace Quickset if he harped persistently on the string of sad philanthropic earnestness; but on the other hand, he judged that she was a woman of sensibility and imagination, and would quickly detect anything coming from him that savoured of the ordinary man of the world. It would mar the harmony of the picture of the philanthropic hero with which he meant to impress and subdue. Most wooers, if one may venture on a general reflection, have some ideal up to which they consciously or unconsciously try to act in the pursuit of the object of their affections. But the Count was a bolder artist than most, and more unscrupulous than many.

Details he left to chance. He

thought he could trust his dexterity to improve, in the preacher's sense, any incident that occurred in the course of the walk; and he was now quite hopeful that the walk would take place. He cast a confident cheerful glance over the landscape, as a general might survey the field of imminent battle. It suggested nothing to him, but that did not damp his hopes. "Caution and courage!" he said to himself, as he opened the door of his room quite gaily to go down. But then, owing perhaps to the mere change of scene, a revulsion came over his purpose.

"Why should I go chasing this girl?" he said. "It is a hallucination, a fixed idea. Why tie myself down? Why be such a fool? Why not pocket whatever I can make out of this comet speculation, go back to Vienna, and return to England under my own name whenever it suits me? Nobody would recognise Count Ramassy in plain Tom Brockley two years hence, even if I should meet the same people. I have only to alter the cut of my hair and shave, and the thing is done. They could only be struck with a resemblance. Well, if the worst comes to the worst, I can do this."

So the reflection passed off with no other effect than to steady the adventurer's nerves for his enterprise, by giving it a less desperate complexion.

The Quicksets had not come down when he took his seat at one of the breakfast-tables. Presently he overheard some remarks among his neighbours, which helped to raise his spirits. Though we do not in the country get the London afternoon papers on the evening of their publication, news has many ways of travelling quickly in these days of express trains. A man was breakfasting there, who had travelled down from London by the night mail. He had heard the clamour of the newsboys on Saturday afternoon about the imminent destruction of the world, and he was full of the subject. It tickled him immensely, this idea that the world was coming to an end.

"Did you see this terrible comet here last night?" he asked his neighbour, as he breakfasted with the vigour of a healthy man whom a night's travelling rather excites than fatigues. "They were making such a row about it in the streets in town yesterday afternoon. I was too sleepy to look out for it much as I came down. I did look out once and thought I saw it, but it turned out to be only the reflection of the lamp in the window." And he laughed heartily at this as at a capital joke, and asked the waiter to give him a chop. "If the world *is* coming to an end, we needn't starve ourselves in the meantime, eh?" And he laughed heartily again.

The Count did not like this levity, but he was pleased to know that marked attention had been called to the comet. "Give it time," he said mentally to the hearty traveller—"give it time, my eupeptic buffoon, and you may change your tune."

The sun was beginning to struggle through the mist, when the Quicksets entered. Miss Quickset preferred breakfasting in the public room. There was no fun in travelling, she said, if you had your meals by yourselves, just as if you were at home.

This eagerness to see everything that was to be seen, greatly assisted the Count in his project of a walk with her along the cliffs. The Professor intended to spend the morning over his lecture, and was rather glad to have her off his

hands. So they started together, she and the Count, at eleven, to be back at latest by half-past one.

The historian can give but a very general idea of the arts by which the adventurer sought to weave a spell over the girl's heart and imagination. His task, of course, would have been much more difficult if it had been all acting. But he had the advantage of being really in love — in love as only a desperate man can be. Thus the passionate tenderness that declared itself in his voice and eyes, and was infinitely more powerful in his favour than his formal philandering, was truly unfeigned: if it seemed to pervade his looks and his tones, in spite of a resolute self-control, the seeming was indeed nothing more than the reality. The humble respect of his bearing was no mock respect. He really felt it. And in her presence he felt himself capable of all the noble aspirations that the Count expressed for the advancement of human brotherhood. There was an undercurrent of sadness in his mind, and resentment against Destiny because he was not the nobleman that he pretended to be, and destitute in reality of the means of achieving the great designs that he had conceived. If only he had been Count Ramassy, with all the external advantages that he had ascribed to that individual, what might he not have done!

The deep ravine lay between them and Stagcliffe, and to reach that eminence they had to descend to the sea-level and climb up on the other side. Out of this little circumstance the Count got his first opportunity of broaching serious topics. The descent to the beach was steep, steeper than the roof of a house, and the provident founders and builders of Slagsalve had set up a hydraulic tram by means of which the weaker visitors might go up and down the cliff and avoid the fatigue of the long winding road. The Professor had told them of this as they set out, and advised them to use the tram, as they would have climbing and walking enough before they got back. Accordingly they had asked one of the servants at the door the way to the tram, but the man had grinned and told them it did not run on Sunday mornings.

"We are evidently expected to go to church," said the Count. "Shall we go?"

"Not unless you particularly wish it."

"I don't like breaking through established observances. One ought to conform, perhaps, even if one does not entirely believe. But on such a day as this, and with natural scenery so grand——"

"I quite agree with you," she said, and they walked on.

"Calvinistic religion has a good side, as all religions have," he moralised; "but I wish the sternness and gloom of its view of life could be softened. They are Calvinists here, I presume? I am not very sure about the geographical distribution of the sects."

"I think I heard papa say that Slagsalve was built by Quakers, and I shall have something to say to him about his forgetting the fact and making us disgrace ourselves by asking for the tram."

"Even if the tram had been in operation," said the Count, "I doubt whether I should have ventured to go in it after the warning text exhibited in my room. These good people seem to take a delight in frightening you at every turn. I suppose their visitors can't object to it, or they would not do it; but does it not strike you as strange that a man coming for a holiday

to the sea-side, out of sorts probably, should be reminded not to 'boast himself of to-morrow'? He is probably already sufficiently impressed with the uncertainty of life."

"The text put up for my benefit is still more alarming. 'It is appointed unto all men once to die.' That, now, is a pleasant greeting for an invalid."

"I daresay they mean nothing by it except to impress visitors with the respectability of the house. But what a use to put religion to! Even if they wish to startle people into good behaviour, they defeat their own purpose by making dreadful things so familiar."

"The sea does not seem so dreadful to-day," she said, changing the subject. "How smooth and beautiful it is! What a pity we can't have a sail!"

There was no boat to be had, however, so they climbed up the cliff and made their way to Stagcliffe point, where they sat down to rest themselves and enjoy the scene and the sea-breeze. They could now look down on Slagsalve, and marvel how small its big houses looked on their perch above the huge sea-wall. The town stood facing them at a distance of a mile, its houses ranged like a battalion of soldiers on the level ground above the opposite cliff, the front rank lining the edge. They looked down on this regularly drilled army of houses, and over it to the great misty plain beyond, which extended from a wooded range of hills on the left far out to sea on the right, the coast-line curving out from Slagsalve and running so far that in the hazy weather it seemed to lose itself in the outlines of great banks of cloud. Miles away beyond this low promontory, still looking over Slagsalve, they could see the light flashing on an inland-reaching arm of the sea. The yellow gleam of this distant water was in curious contrast to the silvery sheen of the sea in the bay off the town.

The misty background made Slagsalve look almost picturesque, it was so clearly defined and miniature-looking in the vast expanse of land and sea visible on all sides of it. They remarked this; but it was when they turned away from the land on their left, and looked from the great height on which they sat over the sea, that they found the most attractive spectacle.

"I wonder," she said, "why one never tires of looking at the sea. It seems so stupid to keep staring at a great tumbling waste of water, and yet I could sit and stare for hours. I wonder what it is. Is it the monotony of it that stupefies one's senses, or is it the little changes constantly passing over the huge regular surface that just keep one from going to sleep?"

The Count's first impulse was to say that he was not philosopher enough to explain this deep problem, but that for himself he could sit for ever with his present companion in the face of any scenery. But he dismissed this flippancy as unworthy of his assumed character, and after musing for a little, said—

"I heard a curious explanation the other day. But it is really too ridiculous to mention."

"What was it?"

"The beginnings of life, you know, were in the sea, or at least in water. Living creatures must have existed in water for ages before they were able to live and move on the dry land."

"I see what it must be," she cried with delight. "The sea is

our ancient home, and the sight of it awakens memories of the good old times when we were jelly-fishes and suchlike."

"Very fantastic, is it not?"

"Delightful, I think."

"It is too absurd of men of science to give prominence to such paradoxes."

"It is only their fun. You are as bad as the Calvinists."

"Yes, you are right," he said, sadly. "I have moped so much of late that I am as bad as a Calvinist. It was otherwise with me once."

"What is that funny-looking black bird over there?" she asked, "standing with its head on one side, looking over the precipice? It is not a gull, and it has not the beak of any fisher-bird I ever heard of. There! it is off down after something."

"I don't know," said the Count. "Perhaps it is a scart."

"Oh no. It is not in the least like one of Mr Black's scarts."

The Count was moved to say that perhaps it was Mr Black himself, but he refrained. There were times when the restraint of his assumed character became almost intolerable, and he longed for a good burst of tomfoolery. The restraint was all the more tedious from the liveliness of his companion. But he succeeded with an effort in putting a bridle on his humour. "Let us ask this man," he said, indicating a coast-guardsman who was coming along the cliff.

The man said the bird was a jackdaw.

"A jackdaw!" cried the Count in surprise. "I thought jackdaws built only in ruins and old houses."

"They build in the crevices of the cliffs," said the man.

"But they don't live on fish, do they?"

"Well, I don't know, sir," the man said, with a smile. "They are generally supposed to live on worms, but you will always find them on the beach when the tide is out. There are heaps of them about the cliffs here, almost as many as gulls."

"Thank you," said the Count.

"Good-day, sir."

"Here is another," cried Miss Quickset, "or the same one come back. They are such odd birds, jackdaws. I believe they amuse themselves by playing at being fishers. Look at this one, how keenly he pretends to be watching the sea, with his head a little on one side, like a connoisseur. Now he is off, as if diving after a fish. There's another on the crag there, at the same game, and another. Why, there are swarms of them. They must be the ghosts of the old monks who used to live all along the coast."

"If they play at being fishers," said the Count, "they have more in common with the monks than their dark dress and their wise grave looks. I imagine many of these monks played at being men of religion. I was much struck with what Mr Quickset said last night about the monastic life being much less dull than is generally supposed."

Miss Quickset, continuing to watch her jackdaws, said carelessly—

"They had their amusements, I suppose, like other people."

But the Count was not prepared to let the subject drop. "It has always seemed to me an ignoble thing to retire from the world, and yet I begin to fear that such a life would suit me better than any other now. I am fit for nothing better," he added, dejectedly.

"You are surely not old enough to talk of retiring from the world?"

"It does seem cowardly to talk

of giving everything up at twenty-three, does it not?"

"I should not exactly call it cowardly."

"But weak. I should have called it so myself a year ago. But then I should have said it was impossible for me. Now I seem to have nothing left to live for."

"Why don't you go into public life?"

"The public is a hard task-master, and there is no public movement that interests me. Politics in my own country is not to my taste — keeping little bits of nationalities down and forcing little bits of nationalities up. I have no heart for such pettifogging work. And the work which I have at heart — the reunion of scattered and broken faiths, and the reconciliation of all with scientific truth —strikes me now as hopeless."

His tones were so sad, his semblance of dejection so profound, that the girl was moved to utter commonplace words of consolation. "You do yourself injustice," she said. "This hopelessness can be only a passing mood. Of course, I can't know; but I have always heard that active occupation is the only cure for it."

"You are very kind. It is too bad of me to bore you with my moods. But it is a great relief to speak of them to one who has heart enough to understand. What you say is true, and I have tried occupation; but one can do so little unless one is a member of some great organisation—all one's little efforts seem so completely swallowed up, that whatever I do serves only to deepen my despair."

"But you should not despair."

"Should not indeed. But how am I to prevent it? I am not of that robust type that can stand alone. I need love and sympathy; and that to me indispensable condition of fruitful endeavour is denied me."

He gazed at her earnestly, and her heart began to flutter. She would have asked him why, but she could not command words, and remained silent.

"I have but half a heart to offer," he continued, looking away. "What woman would be content with that?"

She became seriously alarmed at the turn the conversation had taken, and looking at her watch, said, in a nervous agitated way, that it was time for them to go back.

The Count interpreted this agitation in his own favour. But he saw that he had frightened the girl, and he was too wary to urge his suit upon her further at that moment. It was not without an effort, however, that he refrained from making passionate love to her on the spot. On the way back he was abstracted and gloomy, though most tenderly respectful when he spoke to her. She was in unusually high spirits, and he seemed to exert himself to shake off his depression, and make cheerful rejoinders to her lively talk, as if in apology for the serious nature of his previous confidences.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The disorderly mobbing in and about Regent Street consequent on the appearance of the comet was the talk of London on Sunday, and gave a more serious interest to that luminary in educated circles than it might otherwise have possessed. There was a brilliant descriptive

sketch of the disgraceful scene in its earlier stages in the 'Observer,' accompanied with the remark that the usual aspect of this locality at nights was not a credit to the metropolis, and that it was high time something were done to put an end to what could not but be regarded as a national scandal. The descriptive reporter had nothing to say against the police for the action taken by them in dispersing the crowd after midnight; he was inclined rather to think that they carried forbearance too far, and should have interfered vigorously sooner. But the gentleman who had been so roughly handled in the exercise of what he considered his indubitable right to stand at his own door, had gone straight round to the office of the 'Observer' and liberated his soul at once in an angry letter, in which he accused the police of having aggravated the disturbance by their high-handed proceedings. The conduct of the police thus brought into the question was much discussed, and people were led to consider what was the best course to adopt in the event of a scare about the comet spreading and leading to popular tumults.

The interest in the comet was very much heightened by this foretaste of its possible unpleasant consequences. Nothing else was talked of at Lady Napier's that afternoon, and we may as well tell what was said there as a sample of the conversation that was current. It was a house at which many interesting people were to be met. Glenville of the 'Sphinx' dropped in there of a Sunday afternoon when he wished to feel the pulse of a certain section of opinion for which he had great respect. He was particularly anxious this afternoon to know what people were saying; for besides its sketch of the strange scene in Regent Street, the 'Observer' had an amusing article on the comet, in which the 'Sphinx' was described with polite circumlocution as an aged and timid maiden lady with a sentimental attachment to the superstitions of the nursery.

Lady Napier we have already mentioned as the mother of that Adam Napier for whom Mr Quickset had destined his daughter. Her husband was Sir George Napier, the wealthy banker, a quiet man, who said little, but was reputed to be almost omniscient in science, literature, and art. He was certainly a good listener on all these subjects, and his wife took care to bring many fluent professors about him, so that his omniscience may not have been a fable. Lady Napier herself, though her son was nearly thirty, looked still in the prime of life, an elegant well-preserved woman, who liked making herself agreeable, and understood the art to perfection. Ill-natured people, of the kind that likes to monopolise agreeable civilities, have been heard to mutter that she was a bit of a lion-hunter. If the charge had been made openly to herself, she would have admitted it cheerfully. She was a lion-hunter—that is to say, she liked to know people that were worth knowing, as she would have put it, people that were distinguished as having done something or written something. She found such persons more interesting to herself, and also to one another, than other chance acquaintances of her own class. And Lady Napier was not only a hunter of such persons; she had remarkable success in catching them, and all without any conscious effort. The lions walked into her dining-room and drawing-room of their own accord—the former room with

special alacrity, for her little dinners were famous, the guests being few in number, and selected for one another with care and tact. A visiting list of the kind only needs a beginning, and grows of itself if the soil is kindly. If Lady Napier heard of any new celebrity, and wished to know him, she had only to say "Bring him," and he was brought.

It had been a great piece of luck for the *soi-disant* Count to meet the only son of this lady on his passage across the Channel. He was so fresh and young, and had so much to say with all his precocious gravity, that she took quite a fancy to him; and her varied acquaintance was of great service to the adventurer, though afterwards, when she discovered that he was a rival to her son, it proved as dangerous as it had been advantageous. If Lady Napier had a weakness, it was to have the very earliest intelligence of everything that was stirring. She was an eager *quidnunc* without knowing it, — that is to say, her taste in this particular was so habitually gratified that she was hardly aware of its existence. People who had anything new to tell, could hardly rest till they had told it to Lady Napier. She had always something to give in exchange, so that her drawing-room was a very focus of literary, artistic, and political gossip—a veritable House of Rumour. A startling anonymous article appeared in newspaper or magazine. If the name of the writer was ever disclosed, she was one of the first to know it. A new violin-player from Hungary or Spain came to England: she was invited to hear his or her first performance. Often before a ticklish question was put in the House of Commons, she was able to warn her friends mysteriously to be on the look-out.

Knowing this weakness of Lady Napier's, the Count had gone to her on Friday afternoon, after leaving the Grosvenor Gallery, to tell her all about the comet. The article in the 'Sphinx' was no surprise to her. When Glenville called on the Sunday afternoon, she could even have told him who wrote it, though that did not interest her much—Hugh Millerby, on account of his unfortunate habit of always proposing to do things, but never doing anything, being no great favourite of hers. He was not on her list of persons worth knowing, though occasionally at her house as a friend of Adam's. The Rev. Fergus O'Cosh was there when Glenville entered, a fashionable Broad Church preacher, an invaluable collector of gossip, and an adroit converser, though apt perhaps to give reminiscences that had no particular point apart from the names of great people. He had just informed Lady Napier, *apropos* of the comet, that a certain lord had stopped him after service, and asked him what he thought of it, and she had answered, "Indeed! how very interesting!"

"Ah!" she cried, clapping her hands daintily as Glenville was announced, "here comes the arch-conspirator. You have given us a fright this week. If we can't trust science, what can we trust?"

"Yet I don't see you in sackcloth and ashes," rejoined Glenville. "I shall not be satisfied till I see everybody in the garb of humility."

"You are likely to be excommunicated by the priests of science before that happens. Eh, Adam?" said she, turning to her son, as she poured out a cup of tea for the editor.

"We don't think the 'Sphinx' worth powder and shot," said Adam, in the vein of humorous rudeness peculiar to the new generation. "We leave him to be dealt with by the 'Observer.'"

This was rather too roughly personal to be quite agreeable to Lady Napier, but Glenville answered with unruffled temper in the same strain—"The populace will bring your laboratories and observatories about your ears, if you scientific fanatics do not take care."

"What a dreadful scene that was last night, to be sure!" said Lady Napier, quickly giving the conversation a turn. "They really should not report such things. It makes one shudder to think of such ignorance and recklessness—it is scarcely human."

"Too human, I am afraid," said Glenville.

"It is good for us to have the veil lifted occasionally," said Mr O'Cosh. "It shows us how much still remains to be done. And yet it is almost disheartening. We seem to be making way, but such scenes tempt us to believe that it is all an illusion. Satan's invisible world is suddenly displayed, and appears to be as thickly peopled in our own nineteenth century as ever it was."

"I take that to be an illusion, however," said Glenville. "The area is very much narrowed. Our social doctors have localised the disease, and that is the first step towards its extirpation. Satan's world doesn't show itself in the sun as it used to do, and that is a clear gain. Rowdyism is no longer respectable."

"Respectable with a big R," said Adam.

"And all the other letters big as well," rejoined Glenville. "The word deserves all the typographical homage you can give it."

"I wish I could agree with you," said O'Cosh, softly. "But what of the slums?"

"That is another question. But you must remember that not so very long ago towns were slummy in all quarters. In the times of the Great Plagues the homes of the middle classes were very little better than the worst rookeries of the East End are now."

"But the moral degradation," said Mr O'Cosh. "Surely that is very different. No comparison is possible there."

"Mr Glenville can never allow that physical conditions affect the mind," said Adam.

"Why not?" returned Glenville. "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

"And has been largely promoted by science."

"Not astronomical science."

"I don't see the bearing of that retort," said Adam. "I suppose it has some meaning."

"Do you think the Salvation Army is likely to do any good among these people?" Lady Napier vaguely asked of Mr O'Cosh. She did not feel quite easy when this sort of sparring began between Mr Glenville and her son.

Mr O'Cosh was inclined, in the breadth of his toleration, to think well of the Salvation Army. It was a poor man's propaganda, and appealed to a class that no other agency could reach. Yes, however extravagant some of their pranks might be, the Salvationists were doing good work on the whole. The reverend gentleman discoursed on the subject at some length. He had preached on it more than once, and encouraged his congregation to support the movement. It was a movement in the right direction, if it only kept men out of the gin-shops. We must not be shocked at the wildness of their language, and their antics in praise and

prayer. It was all honestly meant. They were so accustomed to strong stimulants that nothing else would have any effect on them.

"But don't you think they should be kept a little within bounds? That was a most dangerous fright one of them gave to Count Ramassy on Thursday night."

Her visitors had not heard of this, and Lady Napier told them the circumstances. She had heard of it on Friday evening, having gone to Ourania House to see the comet. She did not mention that she had cross-questioned Grace Quickset a little as to how she came to be alone with the Count in the observatory, and that Grace's manner in speaking of him had decided her to make some inquiries about the foreigner. Lady Napier had also casually ascertained that they had met next day in the Grosvenor Gallery; and when she learnt that the Count was going to Slagsalve for a few days to recruit, and that the Quicksets also meant to spend a few days there on their way to the British Association, she became quite suspicious. She had also drawn from Grace, in spite of the Count's injunction to secrecy, an account of his mysterious insight into the exact position of the comet. "Mr Quickset should really take more care of his daughter," she had said to her husband on her return that evening. "He can't make up to the girl for the want of her mother, but he should not let her run about so much."

Lady Napier quite approved of her son's attachment to Grace; and when she mentioned Count Ramassy's name, a certain amount of colour came into that young man's face, for she had made the Count's attentions to Grace an excuse for speaking to her son seriously, telling him that in her opinion the time had come for him to press his suit. It had been decided that as he also was going to the British Association meeting at Norport, he should also take Slagsalve on his way, and make a formal declaration to Grace herself. The consciousness of this intention imparted a certain constraint to his manner when the Count became the subject of conversation, but nobody except his mother noticed this.

"A strange weakness, is it not?" said Lady Napier, when she had finished her narration. "And how startling for poor Miss Quickset! Fancy going up to the observatory to bid her father good-night, and suddenly finding herself alone with a man in a fit!"

"Enough to give her a fit too, I should think," said Adam, uneasily.

Mr O'Cosh was more inclined to dwell upon the extraordinary manner of the Count's discovery of the comet. It was an unlucky inspiration on the adventurer's part to have thought of that mode of impressing Grace Quickset's imagination, and a wise afterthought, although it had been frustrated by Lady Napier's inquisitiveness, to enjoin Grace to say nothing about it to anybody else. The claim to such a marvellous power at once roused people's curiosity about him, and set them inquiring. The fit was, of course, unintentional; but if he had had a choice in the matter, it was perhaps about the best thing that he could have done in the circumstances, if a report of his clairvoyant powers were to get abroad. It added to the mystery of his character, and gave him a certain air of sincerity.

"It was a singular coincidence, to say the least," Mr O'Cosh com-

mented, "that he should have set the telescope exactly right. There is no room for doubt in the matter." He did not like to say fraud.

"Not the least, Miss Quickset says," Lady Napier answered. "The telescope was set when she went up. There was a cloud in the way when she looked first. She looked again, and lo! there was the comet."

"Hey, *presto!*" said Adam. "No deception." As a sceptical man of science, he had his suspicions, but he could not express them about a man who had latterly been presented to him in the light of a rival.

"No deception," echoed Lady Napier, with an air of surprised conviction, holding out her hands with the palms upwards.

"It is very strange," said Mr O'Cosh. "Is there no way of accounting for it?"

"An epileptic tendency often goes with extraordinary powers," said Glenville. Now Glenville knew that the Count had seen Stephen Millerby's calculations beforehand, and it might have occurred to him that the Count knew more about the position of the comet than he professed to know when he set the telescope. If this did occur to him, he kept the idea to himself. We do not know whether this was due to his wilful and wayward dislike to the positiveness of science. Under the bias of this feeling he was capable, perhaps, of suppressing the little circumstance. Of course, if he had remembered it, he could not have mentioned it without casting suspicion on Count Ramassy, who professed to have forgotten the exact position.

Mr O'Cosh received his statement about the wonderful powers of epileptics with an exclamation of interest, and quoted Dryden's lines about great wits and madness. "Yes," continued Glenville. "Julius Cæsar was an epileptic. Napoleon also."

"And Othello," added Adam.

"But they were not clairvoyants?" said Mr O'Cosh.

"The ancient oracles," Glenville suggested.

"But they were impostures," replied O'Cosh.

"That settles the question," rejoined Glenville, "quite in the orthodox manner."

"You don't suppose that the Delphic priestess really had prophetic powers?"

"I don't profess to know," said Glenville. "But I don't think it is conclusively proved that she was nothing more than an epileptic girl in the hands of cunning priests."

"Returning to our Salvationists," said Lady Napier, "do you think there is any danger from the roughs? The rioting last night makes one a little uncomfortable."

"Oh," said Glenville, "but the heroes of last night are a very different class from the Salvationist roughs. They are not the roughs of fustian and second-hand threadbare black coats, but the roughs of many-coloured tweed—solicitors' clerks, young men from the City, medical students from the hospitals. They are not likely to wreck and plunder the West End. A row with the police is only their idea of fun, of delightfully fast life. It is a curious conception of fun, but they go no further. To steal behind a policeman, trip him up, and run for it, is the height of their ambition."

"How dreadful that young men of that class should be such barbarians!" said Lady Napier.

"They are the survivals of the Mohocks and Scowrers of last century. It is so far good, as I said to

Mr O'Cosh, that the pastime should have fallen in the social scale."

"Then you don't think the rioting last night seriously formidable?"

"If you mean that it would lead me to expect a general rising of the lower orders and a general smashing of our windows and plundering of our houses, I don't think it points to that. I don't think it means much, in fact. It is a thing *sui generis*. A great deal too much of it goes on at all times. Last night it was worse than usual. That is all."

"But the other kind of roughs?" asked Lady Napier, who had had a passing vision, when she read the morning paper, of a great mob invading Mayfair, drunken, unshaven, destructive, uttering hoarse cries, flinging bottles and other missiles through her windows. "What if they should break loose?"

"That would be another affair."

"Does it never strike you," asked Mr O'Cosh, addressing himself in a meditative tone to the company at large, "that this civilisation of ours is in a very precarious condition? It often strikes me that custom makes us insensible to a very real and ever-present danger. It is as if a tiger were crouching ready to spring upon us on the slightest exasperation."

"And when you encourage the Salvation Army, you are metaphorically patting this tiger to keep him quiet?" said Adam.

"The same custom that makes us insensible of the tiger's presence keeps him quiet," said Glenville.

"Custom is a slender leash for an animal of such strength and ferocity," said the preacher.

"Slender, but uncommonly tough," replied the editor. "It stretches very little, and nothing short of a social convulsion will break it. You remember how Timoleon put down the rebellion of the Syracusan slaves by arming their masters with whips."

"Do you think, now," asked Lady Napier, "that our roughs stand in the same awe of the policeman?"

"If they are sufficiently accustomed to him," said her son, "they ought to. Or a beak perhaps—they would certainly quake before a beak. The most infuriated mob would slink away if an imposing beak were mounted on a chair and sentenced them collectively to 'twelve months with.'"

"This is too serious a subject for jesting, Adam. After what has happened, we may be really in danger. Do you think this excitement about the comet is likely to spread?" she asked Glenville.

"Not to the classes you are afraid of, I think. They are too stolid to be much impressed by it. They would not lift their heads from a mug of beer to look at a comet."

"We shall see when it comes nearer," said Mr O'Cosh. "We may all be a little more frightened then. We are like children with a false-face. They are very bold till it is put on. They are not in the least afraid of it. They are sure it will not frighten them. But when it is put on, they scream with terror."

WILD-BOAR SHOOTING NEAR THE HEATHEN WALL OF THE VOSGES.

A THREE hours' drive uphill on a dark winter's night through an unknown forest is not a cheerful termination to a tiresome railway journey; and as the train came into the little station of Oberenheim, or Obernai, as it is called in Alsace, I thought with dread of the cold stuffy carriage and stumbling weary horses. The anticipation of a discomfort is said to be generally worse than its reality, but it was not so in this case. When the train stopped, a woman came up to the only traveller who left it.

"You are the Herr who telegraphed for a carriage?"

"Yes; I am the Herr."

She was overcome with sorrow—the telegram had arrived too late—no carriage could be had that night.

"No carriage in all Obernai?"

"No; one was away at Strassburg, and the other two would not be back till the morning."

"And were there only three in the town?"

"Only three."

It was necessary for me to get up to St Odille that night; how was it to be done? It could not be done—the Herr must sleep in the town. But it was necessary for the Herr to sleep at St Odille. Then it was impossible for the Herr to get there. A small circle of boys formed round the debaters, enjoying the Englishman's predicament, and delighting in his grammar. The station-master and the porter and the guard joined it, each giving sympathetic advice as to the best course to take. Then the whistle sounded, and the last-named making a swoop at the boys, who were becoming too loudly demonstrative, darted after his train.

I went, guided by the woman, to a small inn, and there entered into another fierce debate with her and the landlady. It did not look an inviting place to stay at; the *gast-stube* was heated to a painful extent to one coming in out of the cool fresh air, and its mistress kept a watchful eye on the door, that as little as possible of the atmosphere, reeking with onions and beer and tobacco, should escape.

It was impossible to get a carriage or a horse or a pony—yes, or a donkey—to take the Herr up to St Odille. Then the Herr would get a man. But a man could not carry the Herr's bag. Then the Herr would unpack his bag, and make it so that a man could carry it; but go he would to the convent that night, if he had to carry it himself, and find his own way. So the women gave in, and after an hour's delay a man was found. I unpacked this bag—sadly leaving out of it all the luxuries I possessed—in a billiard-room, a cold, musty, desolate chamber, and then stumbled out into the dark on what was said to be a three hours' walk.

Before we got out of the ancient street, lit by lamps suspended from house to house, rain began to fall, and when we reached the open country there seemed every prospect of a wild night. The wind rose, and increased in force every minute. It sang drearily through the naked vine-poles, and made the tall poplars which bordered the road for the first mile or two groan, and creak, and swish their tops. Every now and then it caught the pack on the guide's back, and acting on it as on a sail, fairly stopped him for a moment, or

slewed him round. But the guide was a cheery fellow and a strong; he laughed at the wind when it brought him to, and said it would not be felt when the forest was reached. He spoke three languages—French, German, and Italian. Indeed he may be said to have spoken four, for his ordinary conversation was carried on in a *patois* unintelligible to any one but a native. He knew also a few words of English.

After an hour's walk we reached the forest—a forest through which a man could travel in a straight line, as a bullet or a hawk would go, for 150 miles. There we had shelter, but far above the silver firs crashed against one another, and there was that stormy music which he was thinking of who wrote how "Wind, the grand old harper, smites his thunder-harp of pines."

The road grew steep, and the rain turned to snow, which made the walking tiresome. Every now and then we passed a ruined castle, the ancient home of robbers. They were not visible to me, but I was told of them from time to time by the guide. "There is the castle of So-and-so, monsieur," and I looked, and saw nothing but a black background, against which the large grey snowflakes were falling. When we reached a place where the road surveyor had deposited large heaps of metal with mathematical nicety in the very centre of the track, I ceased to regret the carriage; it would clearly have been impossible to get one up here. We never saw this metal; it always called our attention to its presence by tripping us up, and bringing us to our knees. The white heaps did not show, and we were continually experiencing the disagreeable sensation of thinking the last step in a flight of stairs has been passed when there is yet another.

Then we left the main road and took to a footpath, and here it was so dark a lantern had to be lit. By its feeble gleamings we slipped and struggled up long winding ways, always bordered on the one side by what might have been precipices, as far as I could see, but were in reality only steep slopes. The further we went the worse this path got, and at last ice took the place of snow. I was too much occupied to see how the guide got up this ice, but he who followed accomplished the ascent on all-fours. Then suddenly I heard the familiar sound of a shutter—a shutter swinging backwards and forwards, creaking, and every now and then striking with a bang against a wall. A great black mass seemed to rise up in front and block the path, and the convent was reached. Feeling the way along a wall, we got through an archway into a great quadrangle, and presently were hammering away at a door which I judged led to the habitation of the nuns. But it was opened by a small apple-faced old man in his stocking-feet, who seemed much surprised at such late visitors. Our object was explained to him, and he retired to put on his boots, whilst first one, and then another, and then another old man, of much the same appearance, came out of the kitchen and examined us. We waded through deep snow into another quadrangle, through another archway, and then stood in a wide and ancient cloister, from which many doors opened. The old man opened one of them, and I, being close behind, followed him into a chapel. I saw a good many kneeling figures, and heard their loud responses, and rather scandalised at the intrusion, retreated. But the apple-faced old man spoke to one of the kneeling people, and immediately a grave, pleasant-looking, middle-aged

woman came out and shook hands with me, and asked me to follow her to the guest-room. From this room came a tall gentleman who gave me a hearty welcome in English; and soon, sitting by a warm stove, I forgot all the troubles of the journey over an excellent supper.

Perhaps it is time to explain why an Englishman should think it necessary to struggle up a mountain in the Vosges, on a stormy winter night, to sleep at a convent. "Would you care to come up to St Odille, and try for a wild boar?" This was the readily accepted invitation; and knowing the uncertainties of sport, I was not deterred by the warning attached to it—that the wild boars were not always to be found at home when wanted. He is a curious wild-fowl your wild boar; and though he does not look as if he was a great traveller, he will get over a good deal of ground in a night, and shifts his habitat, according to weather and wind, much as deer do. Boars are pretty numerous in the great forests of the Vosges; but being treated as vermin, and allowed no close time, they are wary, and well able to take care of themselves. There are many keen sportsmen in this part of Germany, and if they had their way, no doubt the boar would have more consideration shown him. But he does a great deal of harm to crops at certain times of the year, playing deadly havoc amongst the patches of roots and corn grown on the outskirts of the forest; so he and his family—however small and innocent the latter may be—are outlaws, and have no mercy shown them.

In all parts of Southern Germany where there is any sport to be got, there are associations formed, whose members enjoy it together, and share its cost. Every town has one or more of these *Vereine*, and strangers can join them if they are properly introduced and approved of. The management of the ground rented and payment of keepers, &c., is in the hands of a committee, who also settle on what days the shooting-parties are to take place, and on what beats. The members cannot go out when and where they like: the discipline of Germany is asserted in her sports, though here her sons are allowed to don mufti, and are not obliged to shoot, as they must skate and ride and climb, in uniform. On the appointed days waggonettes take the guns to the ground selected; and the sport is often good, but there is more formality and red-tapism about it than most Englishmen would like. A man who was considered a crack shot on a Scotch moor or Norfolk manor, would not like to be told, when he was carrying his gun across his shoulder, that he was carrying it improperly. But the colonel of the regiment, or the *burgermeister* of the town, or the rich tradesman who walked near him, would probably do so. We dislike the strap, without which no Continental gun leaves its maker: it looks clumsy and in the way, but it has its advantages. On a long tramp in cold weather, it is sometimes a great comfort to get rid of it, as far as one's hands are concerned, and German sportsmen invariably use the sling. By joining a *Verein*, a poor man can get far more shooting than he would as an individual; but the system is not one which would be popular with us.

The ground we were to shoot over—where the boars lived—was not in the hands of an association, but was all owned or rented by the "Herr Baron," as he was called by his servants, and so I was able

to carry my gun as I liked, without any fear of being remonstrated with. His country house lay at the foot of the mountain, 2000 feet below; and it was to save the trouble of daily mounting up so far that we took up our abode with the good sisters of St Odille.

Their dwelling is a most ancient one; for a thousand years it has stood on that mountain, looking out towards the Black Forest, over the great plain of the Rhine. Lonely and remote from roads, buried in its woods, it has been little affected by the changes which have taken place below. In a corner of one of the cloisters is a statue, or rather rude carving on the wall, of the founder of the convent — a knight of Alsace — giving to his daughter, the saint Ottilia, the title-deed of the building. This lady is the patroness of all folk afflicted in their sight. She has many chapels and shrines, both in Alsace and Baden, dedicated to her, in which multitudes of eyes of wax or wood are hung up, given by grateful people who imagine they have been benefited by her healing powers. In old days this convent gave shelter to many nuns; but now, for one reason or another, their number is greatly reduced: there are only sixteen. It was curious to wander about the great empty building, and contrast its quiet prosaic life with that through which it had passed for a thousand years —since the carving received its last touches, and the sculptor stood aside and admired his handiwork. In summer the convent now becomes a kind of hotel, and visitors who will submit to certain restrictions are hospitably received. There must be no frivolous noises, or singing—except in the chapels; there is no piano, no smoking, no wandering out late at night without leave of the Superior; the gates are shut at an early hour, and there is no meat on Fridays. There can be no "tipping" of servants—few would object to this rule—though the Frau Mutter is willing to receive small sums to be spent in charity. Poor people—really poor necessitous people — are relieved gratuitously, and others pay much the same prices as at a hotel. Eight lay brothers lived in the building we first visited, and were the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the establishment. Over all was the Frau Mutter aforesaid, an old Abbé, and finally a young Abbé, lately appointed, who was supposed to combine with his piety the energetic vigour which was perhaps wanting in his colleague.

The night grew worse and worse as it grew older, and in my snug little bedroom I listened to the wind roaring down the stove, and beating against the house, with the selfish feeling of a man who is warm and in safety.

The next day was a holy day; nothing could be done till after twelve o'clock. Indeed, to look at the weather, it did not seem as if much could be done then. There was no view from our windows: a driving furious snow blotted out everything.

"It will be little use going out in this weather," said the Baron; "the boars will lie in the thickest cover, and not move unless a dog or a beater comes right on the top of them."

This was sad news. Before the holy day was well over, the head-keeper, the *forestier*, arrived —a well-built, good-looking man, more French than German in his ways. Later I heard of a wild piece of work in which he had been the principal actor, which had cast a certain gloom over his

life, and accounted perhaps for his generally grave face.

After a consultation, it was decided that the Baron should stay at home,—the day was not tempting, and he had some letters to write, — and that I was to go with the *forestier*, and see if anything could be done in the few hours of daylight left. So, the weather being rather better, we started, and struggled through deep snow and against a strong wind to the rendezvous, where the beaters, their dogs, and five other guns were waiting. These latter were small proprietors and farmers, who were glad to get a day's shooting with the Baron. The first was an old man clad in a bright blue blouse and check trousers. He wore a very high cap, with a long peak to it, such as English schoolboys used to have, according to pictures, forty or fifty years ago. He carried his gun in the inevitable sling, and was provided with a shooting-stick, which, whenever there was a halt for a moment, he stuck into the ground and sat on. The others wore green or blue blouses, or a series of jackets, three or four in number, buttoned one over the other, with many scarves and gaudy neck-ties. One or two had horns and game-bags, with little useless fringes of leather hanging from them. Finally, each man was provided with a flat glass bottle holding *kirschwasser*.

The top beat, a wide plateau, was a good one in fair weather, but too much exposed then, and we went down the mountain to the more sheltered side. The country was very thickly wooded. Take the Lake district of Cumberland, add from 50 to 100 per cent to the height of the mountains, deduct something from their steepness, cover them from top to bottom with silver fir and oak and beech, take away all the lakes, and throw in a great number of ruined castles, and a fair picture of the Vosges is given. It is a wilder region than the Schwartzwald, and much less frequented, though in places an abominable association has begun to cut footpaths, and put up guide-posts and seats. My host allowed this to be done on sufferance, and reserved a right to undo it all if he chose. It no doubt shows selfishness to be vexed with these associations; but a man as a rule prefers to make out the way up a mountain himself, and finds it a distinct disadvantage, when shooting in the summer, to have a party of ladies picnicking at the end of his best beat.

We stumbled through the snow in long Indian file, putting up a capercailzie on the way. First the beaters were left behind, and then one gun after another dropped off. We very soon saw traces of both deer and boars; and since the snow had been falling and drifting all day, they must have passed recently. At a point where the large deep hoof-marks of the wild pig were very visible, I was left; the *forestier* said they had just passed down, and would very likely come back by the same path when disturbed by the beaters. I received instructions to shoot everything that came near with the exception of does — reynard was to have no mercy shown him. Then the keeper went on with the remaining gun. I got out the Baron's stick and sat on it, and shoved my feet and as much of my legs as possible into the snow—the best way of keeping them warm. I was on a little footpath; below, the hill, thickly wooded, fell rapidly—and above, it rose as quickly. If a boar came up the pass, I could hardly fail to see him in good time and shoot him; and if he came

along the path, he would not have a much better chance of escaping. If he sneaked quietly down from above, he might send me and the shooting-stick over the hill before I was aware of his approach.

Then I thought of what I knew of the wild boar. Those who are fortunate enough to possess a copy of Bewick's 'Quadrupeds' will find an excellent picture of him, extended at full gallop, with a most vicious eye, a wide-opened mouth, and a wickedly twisted tail. In a grand old quarto, called the 'Wild Sports of the World,' there are some coloured pictures showing how boars are hunted in German forests; and very angry customers they look, especially when a pack of hounds is worrying them in front, and a man is digging a large knife into them behind. Nicholas Cox, in his 'Gentleman's Recreations,' gives minute instructions how to hunt and slay them, and what to do when they attack you. These latter are complicated, and should be learnt by heart by any one likely to need them, or he would probably do the wrong thing at the wrong time. Mr Cox ends his account by saying: "If he" (the boar) "but touch the hair of a dog, he burneth it off; nay, huntsmen have tried the heat of his teeth by laying hairs on them as soon as he was dead, and they have shrivelled up as with a hot iron." But—after seeing that the nearest tree was climbable—I waited for the attack without much fear; every one said the creatures would not show, and I had grave doubts as to the beaters. I put myself in their place, and I knew I should not have been very zealous in the work. To push through the undergrowth, where the boars were most likely sitting, meant getting a rapid and thorough soaking with snow; and I expected they would do as beaters do everywhere when they are not under strict surveillance—choose the most easy and open road for themselves.

After a short wait, the *forestier's* horn was heard—a signal to the beaters to commence operations, and presently the faint howls of those worthies announced that they had done so. Every now and then a mass of snow became too heavy for the branch supporting it, and fell with a crash to the ground; and every time it did so, I clutched the gun more firmly, and peered more earnestly into the underwood, expecting to see the fierce eye, open mouth, and twisted tail of the game. The beaters came on slowly, and were evidently covering a great deal of ground, for two shots were fired a long way below. These were followed by other shots in front. Clearly something was on the move, and I stared till I was almost blind at the place where I expected the enemy to break. The dogs, of which there were a good many, began to yelp and bark in various keys. Then I caught sight of some animal running quickly through the trees below, lost it, heard a crash of snow from a branch, and saw it again. It was surely a very small boar, and it came strangely quick. It was a hare. It may be thought an unlikely thing to mistake a hare for a pig; but many a man on a moor, when waiting for driven grouse, has for a moment taken a bee, or even a midge, out of the line of sight, for a bird.

The hare came slowly up the bank in the boars' tracks right to where I was posted, and sat down within a yard or two of my motionless figure, listening intently to the yelping below, but not suspecting danger in front. She made up her mind as to the best course to take, and took it. And then I

thought it might be to my advantage to slay her: the keeper might not think me capable of shooting anything. The beaters were zigzagging about near at hand, and there did not seem much chance of anything else coming out; so the poor hare was sacrificed.

The drive being over, the men came straggling back on my path. When the *forestier* arrived he sent two of them down to where he had been posted, and when they came back they brought with them a— wild boar. He was very like Bewick's, though not so large, or— poor thing—so fierce-looking. He had a long brown-grey reddish coat, far more like a deer's than a pig's, and was as different to our naked dirty swine as possible. Four boars had been seen altogether, and three shot at. One of them, a very large one, had been missed by the one gun who had gone on further than I had done, and very vexed was I at having lost the chance, though I might have done no better. Unless very near, shot is not of much use in stopping a big pig, and there is a good deal of uncertainty as to what a bullet will do when fired at even a fair mark moving rapidly through a wood. We saw the tracks of this boar in the snow, and they looked like those of a bullock. My hare was much admired: somehow a dead hare always appeals to the sympathies of the lower classes. They look with indifference at a woodcock or snipe, or even a pheasant. The man who knocks over the most hares in a day is their ideal of a sportsman. They seemed to know her by sight, and they said she was sixteen years old. All the little flat bottles were produced, and then we had another drive. This time we were all terribly exposed to the wind; it made me, at any rate, so cold and so deaf I had little hope of doing anything. I had to watch three important places at three points of the compass at the same time; and such was the din and confusion in the air, that, when looking to the north, a whole legion of boars might have come out unnoticed at the east and west. The next beat was said to be the best on the ground, but the undergrowth was terribly thick. A hundred men would not have been too many to have forced through the tangled mass of wood; and if there were pigs in it—and no doubt there were, we saw many signs of them—they were not such fools as to come out.

It was getting dark, and we had a run for the next try, every now and then being merrily switched in the face by a branch, as we hurried along the steep birch-covered slope. It also was a blank as far as boars were concerned. Some roe were got, and a fox. One of the former was a doe, and the old gentleman who proudly shot her got well laughed at for his mistake. In a *Verein* a man who kills a hen-pheasant or unwarrantable deer is fined so many marks; but there was no such law here. It was difficult, when the deer was caught sight of but for a moment or so, to be sure whether they had horns or not: it was too early for the new ones to show much. Except with a very large force of beaters and guns, it is not easy to make sure work in these forests. Each beat forms part of a woodland which stretches, as has been said, for very many miles. In English or Scotch cover-shooting, if deer escape the guns and get out of one beat, they will frequently be found in another. But here the portion driven could only be a small fraction of the mountain, and when the pigs once

passed out of it, they could go for perhaps fifty miles straight on end.

The next day "shaped," as they say in the North, better. The old party was reinforced by another gun or so, and the Herr Baron himself. We had to force our way through deep snow; it lay so heavily on the thickly grown stunted Scotch firs, that they had been crushed and twisted by it, and they blocked up the narrow path altogether in many places. At one point the footsteps of a man crossed the track, and the Baron wrote the word *wilddieb* (poacher) in the snow by them. I shall have a little to say of such folk later.

On the way we crossed a wall, the like of which is hardly to be seen elsewhere. The Convent of St Odille is ancient; but its antiquity is a thing of yesterday compared with this long line of stone. The Romans restored it, but they merely perfected the work of a race who existed long before they were a people. The Druids are supposed to have worshipped on it; but they in their turn found it, or the most part of it, ready to their hands. This is the "Murus Gentilis" the "Heiden Mauer," the celebrated "Heathen Wall." It is generally supposed to have been built by the Celts or Gauls, for the defence of the mountain against the wild German tribes; but some think it had in addition a religious meaning, and connect it with the worship of some god. On many of the highest rocks of the mountains artificial altars are found. One of the rocks has all the characteristics of those in other countries on which the Baal-fires used to be lighted. Another — the "Wachstein" — as its name implies, belonged probably to the defence system of the mountain. Then these people passed away, and the Druids came, and worshipped from the same places the Sun, the Thunder, and the Wind. They probably made additions to the wall, and enclosures for defence.

The wall is 11,100 yards long, and is built of the sandstone of the district cut in very large blocks. No mortar of any kind is used. The blocks were joined together longitudinally by oaken wedges, which were let in in what is called a "double swallowtail," and the whole had originally been pinned. Traces of the wedges are to be seen in places, and some tolerably well-preserved specimens are shown in the museum at Strassburg: they probably date from the time of repairing of the Romans. What was done by the latter can be distinguished from the rest by its greater regularity, and its similarity to work carried out by them in Italy. The thickness of the wall is almost always a little more than six feet. Bits remain more than nine feet high; but it is supposed to have been originally six or seven feet higher. We wondered what manner of men they were who last handled the great stones, and lifted them into their places. The men passed away and were forgotten, and their very nation is hardly known. The great plain below, on which they so often looked, became for hundreds of years a battle-field, and nothing could be permanent there. But in the depths of the Alsatian forest their handiwork is to be seen, much as they left it thousands of years ago.

A great pile of rocks ended the plateau, and from it a most superb view of Alsace, the Rhine plain, the Black Forest, and the Swiss Alps was to be had. On that wild morning, indeed, the latter were not visible, and the mist often blotted out the near country.

Sometimes this mist rose and fell like the veil in a great transformation scene, and sometimes it was torn to shreds in a moment by a furious gust of wind; now nothing, and now the whole of the Rhine plain, black as midnight, in its contrast with the white range of mountains which lay on both sides. It was a wild view. From this point, in clear weather, 50 towns and 130 villages can be seen.

On the hot Sunday, after war had been declared between France and Germany, my host had come to this pile of rocks, and looking out over quiet sunny Baden, had thought, not in exultation, but with great sadness, of the ruin and injury that would be brought it by the war. But Baden remained unharmed, and in a very short time it was Alsace who was the sufferer. Perhaps those who live on a frontier, in the debatable land where a common language is spoken by two nations, cannot have the same wild enthusiasm for war which is felt by the dwellers far inland. They are connected mutually with one another by marriage and many common interests, and a great defeat to the one can hardly always be a great victory to the others.

On the way down from the plateau we passed a little wood-lawn in the tall pine-wood, where a terrible tragedy had taken place five years before. One day the head-keeper who was with us then, met a man in the forest who had no business to be there. He was known to be of a bad character, and he made some excuse to the keeper, which the latter did not think satisfactory. Words passed between them, and the poacher—who it appears had not a gun with him—was warned never to be caught there again. One gloomy afternoon that same winter, the keeper and a companion—an old *forestier* who was also out with us—came across marks in the snow, and recognised them to be those of this same *wilddieb* — this poacher. Telling the old man to keep lower down the slope, the Baron's keeper followed the tracks as fast as he could, and in a short time came in sight of the man running. The keeper lost him for a minute, and then suddenly met him face to face. The poacher had stopped, and, half hidden by a tree, was watching his pursuer. The keeper was startled by the evil face so close to him, and thinking that his own life was in danger, and that the man, by suddenly turning to bay, meant to attack him, fired. The poacher fell, terribly wounded, and again it was found he had no gun with him. He was carried first to the lodge, and then to the house where his brother lived. There must have been something peculiarly evil about him, for the brother reproached him for coming—for coming even in such a dreadful state. "You must not refuse to take me in this time," said the wounded man; "it will not be for long." And in a little while he died. It was shown that the poacher had threatened the man who killed him, and the latter escaped without any punishment. The known evil life of the dead man weighed, under the German law, against the fact that he had no weapon with him—no gun at least—and that he had not been the aggressor. In England the keeper would have been certainly tried for manslaughter, if not for murder. In all wild countries, and therefore one may say in all the mountainous parts of Europe, the war waged between the protectors and the robbers of game is carried on far more fiercely than in the

populous districts. Many a keeper has left his home in the Alps or Tyrol, and never came back to it. A slip on some cliff, or an avalanche, may account for his death; but often it has been a bullet, fired at him by a hidden enemy, whom he had punished or provoked in some way, which ended his career. And it is never difficult in these regions to find a ready-made grave for such a one, which is little likely to be discovered.

We never went far without seeing the tracks of boars, or—where the snow had melted—the damage they had done by their unringed noses. A wild boar's nose seems to be possessed of much the same power as a strong, well-made subsoil plough. A patch as large as a tennis-ground would be taken in hand—if the expression is allowable—by the animals. There would be roots in it—it would, in fact, be full of them—but if the investigators of what was below were in earnest about their work, up the roots had to come. It was easy to see, if they carried on the same proceedings in a corn-field, or amongst potatoes, the great harm they would do.

In all the beats there were roe, and where the cover was young, it was pretty to see the active little deer jumping lightly about, as the shouts of the men and the yelping dogs drove them first one way and then another. At mid-day we stopped for lunch. Two men had been sent on to cut wood for a fire, and they had a cheerful blaze ready when we arrived. Huge loaves of dark bread were handed about, and sausages, which some hungry folk ate raw, whilst others pushed them into the hot ashes for a minute's cooking. The sharp keen air made us all ready for the forest meal, and each man paid frequent visits to the beakers of white wine, which had been grown and made by the head-keeper himself on the edge of the mountain. Much commiseration was expressed for one of the sportsmen—the old gentleman with the peaked cap. He had fallen down a steep place, bringing his poor old head into violent contact with a tree, and was stunned for a time. He was exceedingly sorry for himself, and looked very mournful when any one asked about the accident; but I did not see that his capacity for eating sausage and drinking white wine was much impaired. The Baron generally spoke to his friends in the *patois* of the country, and had a joke and a pleasant word for all. His gun was a curious one: it was both a gun and a rifle. What is often called a "settler's gun"—where one barrel is for shot and the other takes a bullet—is an abominable invention, because of its untrue balance. But this weapon had two barrels for shot, and underneath them, where a ramrod would rest in a muzzle-loader, was a rifled chamber. By the movement of a bar, the hammer of the right barrel could be made to fall on the nipple of the rifle barrel. If a deer was started when looking for small game, the change could be made almost when putting the gun to the shoulder, and a bullet sent after it instead of a harmless charge of shot. Of course the extra barrel added something to the weight of the weapon.

The last beat ended at the keeper's house—a quaint little lodge, lying at the foot of a great ruined castle. Nothing strikes a traveller in the Vosges more than the size and number of its castles. They stood generally on some point of vantage, from which they could command a wide view; but there is one, the castle of Birkenfels, which can hardly be seen by any

one not in search of it, and not always by him. This old ruin lies in a dense and lonely part of the forest. The trees stand so close to it, and surround it with such a hedge, that a man might pass very near and not notice it. It would be difficult to find in Europe a more eerie place to spend a night in. If ghosts are to be met with anywhere, they must surely be here: it would be a fitting rendezvous for the spirits of the long-forgotten dead— the old robbers of the mountains—if they ever needed one. Even on a bright summer day there is something weird about this long-deserted, lonely place.

There was nothing of this feeling about the stately castle of Landsberg. I climbed up and explored it. It was built of granite and sandstone, and must have been a marvellously strong place before the days of big guns. Whilst drinking more of the *forestier's* good white wine, we examined the ornaments in his parlour. One of the pictures represented a glade in a forest in which was a tomb. By it sat, with mournful faces, the dog, the stag, the boar, the wolf, the bear, the roe, the blackcock and capercailzie and partridge, and all the birds of the air. There was a little house in the background, and below, in three languages, was written, "The Keeper's Grave." The picture was badly drawn and badly engraved and coloured, but yet there was something pathetic about it. The bear is not met with in the Vosges, and the wolf is very rarely seen.

At night, as we sat by the stove up at the convent, the Baron told me something about the district. It was easy to see how much he loved it. Its great woods and ancient castles and strange old wall, and the traditions and stories connected with them, were part of his life. For many generations his ancestors had lived there, had played their part, had fought; and if one went far enough back, had no doubt robbed, as our old barons on the "marches" did. The life in a Border "peel," and the life in a Rhine or Vosges castle, must have had a good many things in common.

The Frau Mutter used to come and chat a while with us when at dinner, and press us to eat more than was good for us. She was a talkative old lady, who dearly loved a little bit of gossip and a joke. Her lieutenant, Sister Sabine, was more my idea of a nun. Her life was devoted to the convent; for twenty-six years she had not left it—not even to pay a visit to the villages which lie a few miles below. Of Sister Karolina and Brother Peter I have not time to write the biographies. Brother Peter was one of the apple-faced men we met the first night, and he lent me his boots one day to shoot in. As has been said, there were but few nuns in the convent. Sister Sabine had a very pleasant face, but the rank and file were not remarkable for beauty; they were good, kind, worthy souls, but they were not ideally beautiful. But there was *one* young pretty nun. I was told about her, and soon began to long to see her. The first night I slept deep and soundly, and awoke to find the little stove in the bedroom lit, and a jug of hot water standing on it.

"How had it got there?" I casually asked.

"Oh, Sister Karolina would bring it."

Sister Karolina was the pretty one; I had thought old Brother Peter or still older Brother Joseph had been my valet, and I resolved to be more on the alert the next

morning, so as to have a look at the maiden. But we had a hard day's work—fighting the wind and the snow; and again I slept too soundly, and awoke with the uneasy feeling of having missed an opportunity, just in time to see the last of a nun's coif passing through the doorway. There was the hot water, and Sister Karolina was gone. It was most annoying. Being out nearly all day, there was not so much chance of coming across her. Still, in the morning and evening I was continually running up against the rest of the sisterhood in the long passages and on the stairs—all polite and pleasant and obliging, and all very ancient, — Sister Angelica, and Sister Marie, and Sister Amine, but never Sister Karolina. This second night I went to bed with a firm determination to awake in good time—and I did so, with a great start, half an hour before the hot water was usually brought. There was no fear of my going to sleep again—I lay low, and waited. Hot-water time came, but nothing with it; perhaps Sister Karolina was ill, and Brother Peter would bring it. This was a dreadful thought, but it had hardly entered my brain when I heard the rustle of a woman's dress in the corridor outside, and then the door opened, and Sister Karolina came in. When I had had one little peep at her, I shut my eyes, and pretended to be asleep. She was, I am sure, every thing that was good and amiable; but she was bent and strangely shrivelled up, and eighty-two years of age.

The weather grew worse, and the Baron had business which compelled him to leave the convent, so I went with him to Strassburg. The station of that fortress is lit by the electric light, and its great dome can be seen at St Odille, a brilliant object on clear nights. My friend told me of other times, when at his country house, far away in the mountains, he could hear every shot fired into it by the Germans, and every answer it made to them —day and night, day and night, for weeks. At Strassburg we parted, and I took back with me to England the remembrance of a most pleasant visit and of a most courteous host.

FORTUNE'S WHEEL.—PART X.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—PRIZE OF WAR.

It boots not to tell at length how Moray had sped on his mission to the Sultan. The Scot, with his great knowledge of the East, had attained a success beyond his hopes, and had succeeded chiefly by showing himself in his natural character. His manly bearing, his frank yet courteous manners, the calm but keen glance of the eye, the commanding dignity of his stalwart person, had all imposed on the Malay. As we have seen, the Sultan had a considerable personal interest in the prosperity of the English Company. Sure that the merchants could never become his masters — he had never read the history of the English in Hindustan — he welcomed them as a counterpoise to the Dutch, a power that was always to be dreaded. After the death of Chamberlain, he had inclined to yield if he had not actually lent himself to the intrigues that were being actively pushed forward at his Court. But he hated and he feared those brothers of his who fomented them, and distrusted and despised the foreign adventurers with whom they originated. The arrival of Moray was a pleasure and a relief. A quick judge of character, a worshipper of strength, he saw at once that he had to deal with a man, and that the reins of administration at Sanga were to be tightened in an iron grasp. The Sultan delighted to honour the Scotchman. He sent him a robe of honour; he offered him rich presents. With the swift transition so common in oriental politics, the loyalists or Court party were at once in the ascendant. Warriors passed over to it; the brothers of the Crown began to think of making a bolt; and the adventurers, who had fancied their game as good as won, felt their heads sitting uncomfortably on their shoulders. Nor was Moray the man to neglect his opportunities. He had brought a supply of money as well as gifts, and he distributed both liberally but discreetly, so that after a very few days, if there was a difficulty in the situation, it was that the Pharaoh of Sarambang was loath to let him go. But by this time Moray's footing had become so strong, that he could speak to the Sultan with the frankness of friendship. He told him that he had left an unprotected daughter in circumstances which, to say the least, were somewhat critical; and he pledged his honour that a prompt departure would be followed by a speedy return.

So the Sultan was persuaded by this diplomatist to act on the old Scotch saying, and professed himself ready to speed his parting guest. Had he needed help in the way of war-galleys, Moray might have had it to any extent. The nobles and the chiefs were only too willing to form a war-squadron to take him back in triumph. Moray was content with the moral influence he had regained, and only asked for one chief of rank as companion, furnished with full powers as the Sultan's accredited representative. Even had the necessity been more urgent, he would have scrupled as to engaging a fleet of volunteers, who might have insisted upon turning the expedition into a pleasure-party — *i.e.*

sacking peaceful villages and making curious collections of heads.

With his strong will and his tact, Moray had his way, and that without turning either his friends or his flatterers into secret enemies. He had named the noble Malay to be sent as his companion—a man in as high repute for honesty as for courage. Pangaran Jaffir had become the sworn brother-in-arms of the Scottish governor, the bond having been ratified by solemn ceremonial and mysterious religious rites. Thenceforward, he was to be counted upon for life or death. And Moray had special reasons for selecting him, inasmuch as he had had territory in the neighbourhood of Sanga, and still prided himself on some hereditary influence over the surrounding tribes.

So it was settled: the sailing had been fixed for the following day, and a grand feast of dismissal was being given at the palace the evening before the morning of departure. Everything had so far gone off well; and when the malt threatened to get above the meal, as they say in Scotland,—that is to say, when the banqueters began to warm with the flow of talk and the strong liquors, — Moray had suggested to the Sultan the propriety of retiring. He was in high spirits himself—all had gone so well with him : nor was he insensible to the evident respect and admiration of the gallant though wild chivalry that surrounded the board.

When of a sudden there came an interruption that startled the Sultan and his company, as the writing on the wall had scared Belshazzar on a similar occasion. A messenger of humble rank, in mean dress, and of travel-worn aspect, was seen standing at the bottom of the hall under the draped-back hangings. And there seemed likely to be a somewhat lively scene, as guards and revellers were talking of cutting him in pieces. When the Sultan rose in his outraged dignity, and claiming the rights of death or torture as a privilege of the Crown, commanded that the intruder should be brought before him. No sooner said than done; it seemed to be precisely what the messenger desired, for he carried himself with a strange fearlessness. He prostrated himself at the feet of the Sultan with every demonstration of respect, but he kept his eyes fixed on the white chief who sat by the Sultan's side. And to that white chief, after sundry phrases and explanations, was delivered the packet he drew from the bosom of his dress.

Notwithstanding the spread of cheap telegraphy, we have all experienced that it is nervous work opening telegrams under certain circumstances; and even letters delivered unexpectedly may be pregnant with acute anxiety. Moray was a strong man, but he was the fondest of fond fathers. The fears he had striven to lull to rest woke up simultaneously, like a nest of vipers suddenly laid bare to the sunshine. It was with trembling fingers he vainly tried to steady that he tore the packet open, sent by express from Sanga. It was strange, too, in the circumstances, to read "Glenconan, Ross-shire, N.B.," emblazoned on the pages. Grace had brought a supply of her wire-wove, cream-laid note-paper along with her. And as he read, his hands trembled more and more, and a mist came gathering over his eyes, though not before he had mastered the meaning of the contents. Then he called the hard training of a lifetime to his help, and with a mighty effort he

mastered himself. Everything now depended—and how much it was!—on coolness, energy, and unflinching resolution. He laid the case before the Sultan, stating the facts concisely. The potentate was already willing to assist him, and he could hardly have been spoken to in a more happy hour. He was delighted to give a proof of the authority he had re-established by an appeal to the warriors assembled around him. As for Moray, under the pressure of the crisis, of course he cast all his scruples to the winds. He would carry a sufficient force along with him, and those who had provoked the onslaught must stand the consequences.

It was the Sultan of Sarambang in person who made the appeal to his martial following. The white chief of Sanga was to put to sea on a war expedition; who would volunteer to form part of his fleet? The hostile tribes from the eastward were threatening a descent on Sarambang territory: there was glory to be won, there might be booty to be regained; unquestionably there was a deal of fighting to be done. Even in the cool, or rather the tropical heat of the morning, the appeal would have been received with enthusiasm. Now, the enthusiasm rose to frenzy, and the hall rang with acclamations. The scene might have reminded one of the preaching of a Christian crusade to fighting fanatics of the dark ages; of the gathering in some Highland chieftain's hall, before the circuit of the fiery cross and the clansmen taking the field. The Highland heart of Moray warmed to these wild tribesmen, and the warlike spirit of his forefathers blazed up in his breast. He struck the iron while it was hot; he spoke to them; they understood his gestures, if not his words; and he had only to pick and choose among the company. In making his choice he was helped by circumstances. He would put to sea as soon after daybreak as possible; and only those whose prahus were in readiness could go. The others who cared to come might follow at their leisure; and, in fact, it would be a case of "devil take the hindmost."

But as the Malay States have no Boards of Admiralty, seaworthy fleets may be despatched with startling rapidity. The prahus were lying moored off the shore, or dragged high and dry on the beach; the men, who were scattered through the town, had only to be wakened from their slumbers; the arms of each amphibious warrior were ready to his hand; and as for sea-stores, some provisions were pitched into the boats, and for the rest, the crews were ready to trust to their Providence or the prospects of pillage. Through the short hours of the darkness that remained, lights were seen flitting about in every direction; to the spectator looking down upon the place from the crests of the hills in the background, it might have seemed to be invaded by a plague of fireflies. When the sunrise was breaking over the sea in a blaze of golden and crimson splendour, it gilded the swelling sails of a gallant fleet, standing to the westward before favouring breezes.

For four-and-twenty hours all went well; already, stretching across a width of bay to a long projecting promontory, they had opened the amphitheatre of volcanic mountains that embraces the delta of the Sanga. Spite of his self-command, Moray's heart had been beating more and more violently, with quick alternations of

hopes and fears; yet he felt that, with so much in his favour as yet, he had every reason to be hopeful, —when all at once, the aspect of the weather changed; the favouring breezes fell and died away—the sultry air became intolerably oppressive. He saw the old pilot casting anxious glances towards the east, where heavy banks of cloud were darkening the horizon. The order was given to furl the flapping sails; and the men, settling down to the sweeps, still made steady progress. But the storm we have seen bursting over Sanga was gathering fast; and it is one thing to look at these tropical terrors from a bungalow, but quite another to face them on the open sea. The storm broke; but the seamen cared little for the peals of the thunder, nor yet for the fierce flashes of the lightning. They had more immediate cause for anxiety in the fitful gusts of the winds, broken loose upon them from three points of the compass; sinking as suddenly as they rose, and coming in a capricious succession of surprises. Away to their right was a sea, beginning to be lashed into raging surf, and to break in boiling billows. To the left were the perilous shallows, along a coast that was fringed with a jungle of impervious mangrove. And superstition came to heighten the horrors of the scene. In the darkening of what ought to have been broad day, there was a ghastly illumination of the crests of the breakers; and lurid flashes of fitful light seemed to rise out of the depths of the ocean. Balls of spectral fires, bred out of the ever-thickening darkness, gathered at the ends of the tapering yards and on the tips of the swaying masts. The rowers still bent to the sweeps; but the cadence of their chants died away, as their pulling became listless and irregular.

Then, when they were half-paralysed by superstitious apprehension, came the wild stress of the cyclone. In five short minutes the fleet was scattered; each prahu whirled round by the irresistible blast in its own turmoil of mad wind and seething water. The cyclone swept onwards swiftly as it had come; two or three stout craft had gone to the bottom, though, as all the Malays swim like ducks, most of the men had been picked up by other boats. Some of the prahus were scudding out to sea, like frightened and crippled sea-birds that had lost their heads; while others, following more dangerous instincts, had headed for the shallows, to beach themselves on any terms. Several still stuck to the commander-in-chief, though rather by chance than from any settled determination.

As for Moray, his heart had sunk, with what would have been the fall in the barometer, had his bark carried such an instrument; but it was only because he feared that the storms in their courses were fighting against the salvation of his child. His heart had sunk, but his courage rose; and men who sought to read their fate in his face became reassured by his undaunted and impassible demeanour. The cyclone had passed, but it was still blowing half a gale, and a surf, lashed up into fury, was raging and rolling towards a lee shore. Moray's prahu, still keeping the lead, had resumed its course, and held it like grim death. Food and drink had been served out to the drenched rowers, and the native officers, unwilling to show less courage than the white chief, had encouraged the crew by words and example. There is no braver race than that of these Malays of Suma-

tra: no men are more indifferent to death. Nor has the world seen any more daring seamen since the Vikings of the north settled down and became civilised. So the shattered relics of the scattered flotilla were still holding on in their course for Sanga.

But the wind had changed with the cyclone, and was setting steadily in their faces. Even by dint of desperate pulling they made but slow way, and many a weary hour had dragged by ere they cleared the last of the headlands and sighted the *embouchure* of the Sanga River. The seething bar was not the only obstacle they saw before them; and indeed, as the bar had been protected from the prevailing wind, it was less angry than might have been expected. The only thing that Moray did see, after the first glance, was a fleet of prahus advancing pleasantly from the opposite direction. Then the pirates were a reality: they had drifted apparently in place of being driven; and, in any case, they numbered at least three times his force, and so effectually sealed the entrance to the Sanga. Had a weaker man found himself in a similar situation, he would have appealed to the headlong courage of his followers, and endeavoured to force a passage at all hazards. Moray weighed the circumstances, and acknowledged that the attempt would be desperate. The best thing that could be done was to take counsel deliberately, and he had an admirable counsellor at his elbow. He signalled to Pangaran Jaffir, who was following in his wake, and in another moment that chief was alongside. All the Malay's hereditary animosities were roused by the sight of feudal enemies who must have ravaged his territory frequently before. But being a veteran warrior, eager as he was to strike them, he preferred to make sure before he struck. Knowing the "lie of the land," and having grasped the situation, he had a plan of operations cut and dried. He had people with him who knew a path used by the crews of fishing-boats, which led to a village in the jungle. From that village there were woodland paths, which debouched upon Sanga in the vicinity of the Residency; and by following them, if Moray did not anticipate the pirates, at all events he might hope to deliver the attack before they had done any great mischief.

The plan was no sooner suggested than decided upon. Moray's little squadron ostentatiously backed water and beat a retreat, to the great glorification of the enemy, who had been observing them. As they drew back behind cover of the headland, they heard the clamour of shouts and of drums beaten in triumph. "He laughs best who laughs last," soliloquised Moray grimly, as, full of fears and hopes, he pressed forward the disembarkation.

There were others who were watching the approach of the piratical fleet with interest nearly as intense. The barbarous levies that beset the settlement welcomed the approach of their ferocious allies; while Matusin was in presence of an onslaught he could hardly hope to withstand. He had marked, too, the advance of the prahus from the opposite direction, and when he saw them withdraw, he had been more disheartened than surprised. It would have been nothing less than madness to face the force opposed to them. All the same, in bitterness of spirit, and in an interview which Grace had sought with him, he had said something of broken pledges and of the Resident failing them at need.

Then Grace had flashed out, and seldom had an outbreak of temper been better timed.

"My father is with these men; and he will either die or cut his way to us. If he could turn his back on his only daughter, he would never fail the followers who look to him for support."

I do not pretend to say that even the quick-witted Malay could follow Miss Moray's exact words. But even better than by the translation attempted by her handmaiden, it was emphasised by the girl's eyes and indignant attitude. He knew he was being pushed hard to the wall; he was determined to sell his life dearly if he must part with it; and he turned to the chiefs and the head-men who surrounded him. He told them that the white leader was at hand, and coming to their help; his daughter, who was in mysterious communication with her father, knew it; and if they set manfully about the defence, they might make sure of a speedy deliverance. In fact, his address was a free reading of the maxim, that the gods help those who help themselves; and he spoke to men who held their lives so cheaply, that with that superstitious encouragement they became positively reckless. The strategy of the Malays was simple enough. They must fall back on the defence of the town, and make good the stockades. Matusin would gladly have met the assailing flotilla in the river; but with his weakened forces and the few prahus at his disposal, that was altogether out of the question.

As with the war of the elements the day before, there was a lull and a breathing-time before the storm burst. The pirates probably spent it in communicating with their friends on shore, and combining some plan of operations that might carry the defences with a rush. As for the defenders, they had been dismissed to their posts, where they seemed likely to be awkwardly embarrassed by the frightened women who clung to them.

At the Residency, if there was extreme excitement, there was comparative calm. There were Malay guards, but the gates had been closed against intruders; and the few Europeans had no families to care for them. Then Grace, rising to the emergency, had been here, there, and everywhere. If there were cowards within the precincts, it was difficult to show timidity before the beautiful young woman so heroically serene. A Jeanne d'Arc, whether medieval or modern, is a mighty influence in circumstances of the kind; and if Grace was carrying herself so resolutely in public, it was because she had risen from her knees only the moment before.

Mr Rafferty was likewise religious after his fashion, but he only crossed himself and invoked the saints, in such appalling circumstances as the storm. Now, in his anxiety for the big fight to begin, he was restless, like the sea-birds before a hurricane. He was ready to talk to anybody who would listen, and vague fancies of scientific warfare were floating in his excited brain. So he joined Miss Moray, who had gone up to her watch-tower, and was looking wistfully down the river at the blockading war-boats.

"Thim pirates are taking it remarkably aisy, Miss; bad luck to them," remarked Mr Rafferty, respectfully, by way of opening the conversation. "It's a pity but we could send thim down a few fire-ships or some half-dozen of tarpadoes by way of an agreeable surprise."

Grace started : the idea seemed a good one : the difficulty was the impossibility of realising it, and half unconsciously she shook her head.

"Of course it's out of the question," continued Mr Rafferty, in answer; "for Mathieson and his benighted savages have none of the matarials at hand. But divil a one of me would ask betther spoort than to see the boats in a blaze, and the beggars on board of thim swimming for their lives."

There were no torpedoes, it was true : there were neither the men nor the materials for a despatch of of fire-boats ; yet, looking at the situation not in the light of sport, but very seriously, it struck Grace that there might be something in Rafferty's notion. With searching glances she embraced the scene before her eyes, and then she commanded Rafferty to guide her to Matusin. The restless Irishman asked nothing better; and, though mortally curious, he had the discretion to ask no questions. Grace at that moment had something of her father's look when at his sternest; her knitted eyebrows and her compressed lips repressed all familiarity, and forwardness stood abashed before dignity.

If the Malay chief was in any way put out by the English girl's proposal, it was only that it had not occurred to himself, being so entirely in accordance with the traditions of Malay bush-fighting.

"The day is drawing on," Grace had begun, looking upwards towards the sloping sun ; "your enemies will scarcely attack you before morning."

The Malay would not commit himself, but seemed inclined to agree. Then Grace broached a scheme, which Rafferty's crude idea had suggested. The pirates had brought up at a point where the estuary was closing rapidly into the deep, narrow channel of the river. Their boats had let down their anchors or lashed themselves to trees on the banks; one way or another, in their overweening confidence, they were crowded, hampered, and careless. On either side of the river stretched the forest, with the dense undergrowth dried up into tinder after the prolonged drought, for the sultriness and the sunshine had already licked up the deluge that had fallen the day before. And the wind, if it came in gusts, was still setting steadily from the eastward.

"Why," said Grace, "should you not wait for the dusk, and then set a light to the jungle? If the fire does nothing else, it will delay the attack, and the hours we gain are everything, when my father and his people are outside there."

Matusin being half a savage, and having life and property at stake, swallowed down any feelings of petty jealousy. Gallantly he sank on one knee to kiss the hand of the fair counsellor, and then begged permission to withdraw to make the arrangements for the conflagration. And when Grace had thanked Rafferty for the idea she had utilised, the Irishman only asked, by way of recompense, that the young lady would "hurry back to the Residency, and lave him free to go with the niggers, and superinthend."

If the pirates kept watch and ward at all, it was on the side of the settlement they were threatening. But, in fact, there was little discipline or order, and each man did as seemed right in his own eyes. In short, they had sold the hide of the bear they meant to hunt and kill on the morrow. Some were feasting, singing, and carousing; others were sleeping

the sleep of the oblivious, through a din that might have wakened the Seven Sleepers. On some boats the fires were blazing up, or had smouldered down among cinders in the braziers; in others, the fires had gone out altogether. Here there would be a patch of blinding glare; here the moonshine was softly silvering the water; and there there was utter darkness, beneath the black shadows of the trees.

Had there been watchers placed in the stillness of the night, the first warning would have been in the shape of a faint crackling. As it was, thanks to the noise, no one lent an ear to that admonition; while, owing to the mingled glare of the fires with the moonshine, that partially illuminated the fleet, no one detected a sporadic glimmering among the trees, like the lights of some scores of gigantic glow-worms. But the fires had been kindled close at hand and in many places, and they spread and blazed up with marvellous rapidity. One minute the fleet was either mad with revelry or sunk in slumber; the next, each soul on board was on foot, and face to face with an appalling catastrophe. The flames that were roaring up the great stems of the trees, finding fuel in the luxuriant growth of the creepers, were leaping from branch to branch overhead, and darkening the skies above the glare with the smoke from an infernal illumination. The flames twisted themselves serpent-like round each pendant festoon and drooping withe till they sputtered and went out in the current of the river that rippled in streams of blood, as it ran by in the crimson glow. And through the red blaze and the rising roar came the shrill shrieks of the monkeys and other miserable animals being consumed—had anybody had ears to hear them. Had Matusin been a born leader instead of being merely a quick-witted warrior, he would have contrived an attack on the fleet for that moment, and turned the panic into an overwhelming disaster. But having failed to contemplate probabilities, or to count the chances, he was only looking on from a distance, rubbing his hands, and congratulating himself. Nor did he even take the necessary precautions to regulate the course of the flames he had kindled.

The pirates, horror-stricken and taken by surprise, were left to save themselves as they could. In the instincts of self-preservation, there was no lack of activity. Lithe figures, stripped nearly to the skin, were observed bounding about in the reflections of the fires, dragging at anchors or hauling at ropes. Prahu after prahu was seen to push out from "the ruck," the crews getting to the sweeps, as they floated themselves clear on the current. One or two of the boats were abandoned, that had been lashed too securely to the blazing trees. But on the whole, the assailing squadron had been rather frightened than hurt. Not a few of the craft showed like moths that had singed their wings at a candle. Not a few of the crews were burned, as a very great many were scorched. But as the men of all these amphibious fighting races can swim like sharks, no one perished in the water who had not been crippled by the fire. And so the scared and scattered fleet assembled and came to anchor again, in a little bay immediately within the bar.

Matusin had scored the trick and might have won the game, had he boldly played out his trumps. As it was, he left his discomfited adversaries free to take their re-

venge; and when they sent their scouts out to reconnoitre, they found that the fire had been by no means an unmixed misfortune to them. Matusin had kindled his firebrands in a sense of absolute security. A broad belt of thin orchards and cultivated ground separated the dense jungle from the settlement. He had, perhaps, forgotten the fringe of trees that ran along the bank of the river; but that fringe, feeding the fires, had conducted them along to the stockades. A breadth of a score of yards or more had been consumed, or charred; and the scouts, slipping back to the chiefs who sent them, had reported a practicable breach. As for the garrison, in their intoxication over the discomfiture of their enemies, they thought of nothing in the meantime but rejoicings and congratulations. They knew that the watchful assailants in the bush would be in consternation at the disaster to their allies.

When they least expected it, they had a disagreeable awakening. The enemy they believed to be demoralised was seen coming up the river again, with all the impulsion of double-banked sets of oars, smarting from recent fright and bodily injuries, and animated by the assurance of a speedy revenge. While the leading prahus swept up the river, facing the desultory fire of the field-pieces in the works, a body of warriors, flung quickly ashore, hurled themselves forward on the enfeebled stockades. The charred stakes were shivered before their rush like pasteboard; the defenders fell at their posts, or sought safety in flight; the allies in the woods, with answering yells, came swarming over the palisades; and before any serious resistance was even begun, the settlement had been virtually carried. The rush on the Residency from the river-side was irresistible. There, again, the Malays on guard were either speared or cut to pieces or scattered. The terrible *krises* made deadly play. The few Europeans, according to their temperaments, either resisted or cried for quarter: not that it made much difference how they behaved, since the brave man and the coward met a common fate. Poor Rafferty, who had scented the battle from afar like Job's war-horse, was naturally one of the first to be knocked upon the head; and as for the lady for whom he would have given his life, her fate, although she was merely a prisoner, seemed hardly preferable to his. Swooning and in despair, now that the worst had come, just as she had been giving heartfelt thanks for an almost miraculous deliverance, Grace was carried in the arms of triumphant barbarians on board the galley of the piratical leader.

CHAPTER XL.—THE SACK OF SANGA.

Moray's idea was naturally to get his little forces together and go straight to the rescue of his daughter. But Pangaran Jaffir opposed plausible arguments and a passive resistance not to be overcome. He urged that as yet they were so few in number, the venture must be doubtful or even desperate, considering that, before they reached the settlement, they might have to make a running fight of it through the jungle. It was most unlikely that the enemy would make the attack that evening, and if they did risk it, they would certainly

be repulsed. Meantime they themselves would be hourly gaining reinforcements; for already several of the prahus of their scattered fleet could be seen coming up behind. Finally, neither he nor any of his people would undertake to guide the advance, at the risk of going astray and being benighted. The Malay, bold as a lion in daylight, was by no means proof against the terrors of the forest in the darkness, especially after his superstition had been awakened in the horrors of the recent storm.

Moray gnashed his teeth, but resigned himself. There was truth, after all, in what the Malay said, and he believed that Sanga could not be carried except after hard fighting. For that evening, at least, it was surely safe, and his relieving party on the morrow would have manifold chances in its favour. So, lighting their fires, the Sarambang men bivouacked on a strip of shingly beach, where now and again they welcomed the arrival of the stragglers. There was no merriment or carousing, as on board of the hostile fleet: the men were weary with the work, and far from being in good spirits. Moray saw that even could he have persuaded them to advance, he could have hoped to accomplish little with such followers.

He had lain down and tried hard to sleep. He was weary like the others with the double strain on mind and body, and he needed rest for the morrow. But rest would not come at his call. He turned and tossed, with the flames of the watch-fires dancing before his eyes, till the swarthy figures that from time to time flitted across them seemed like so many restless fiends to his distempered senses. He felt gloomy forebodings he could too easily explain, and it was scarcely a relief to rise and pace the beach, looking out through the calm silence of the night on the twinkling heavens and the tossing sea. Naturally his eyes were directed towards Sanga, for there was the loadstone that attracted his thoughts. When suddenly he rubbed those aching eyes of his, and stood gazing with fixed attention. A faint, ruddy gleam was streaking the sky above the tops of the forest-trees. He fancied at first it might be the flashing of sheet-lightning, but it was too steady for that. It brightened, it reddened, and quickly extended itself, till it spanned the horizon in a fiery arch, quenching those twinkling stars in its blaze, and darkening with clouds of smoke, the deep azure of the heavens. It was the glare of a great conflagration, hanging over the site of the settlement. Assuredly Sanga was being sacked, and —his daughter!—his daughter!

Moray was neither the man nor in the mood to stand like Lord Ullin, wringing his hands and lamenting. There was no waste of wild water before him—only a broad belt of jungle, with foot-tracks that were known to lead through it. In a dozen of strides, or rather of bounds, the old deer-stalker was standing over the Malay chief, shaking him by the shoulder. One touch would have sufficed. In a second Pangaran Jaffir was on his legs; in a second or two more, he had all his wits about him. Moray had meant to command or to press immediate action. But there was no need. The swarthy Malay, in spite of the hue of the skin, sympathised with the white chieftain and father. His chivalry was enlisted: his manhood was in question; and whether he had reposed himself with an hour or two of sleep or not,

his superstitious tremors had been dissipated. Rather to forearm the friend of his Sultan against casualties than for any other reason, he warned or reminded him that it was no easy matter to grope their way through thick jungle in the darkness. The guides had but vague recollections of the localities, which might be beset by bands of ambushed warriors familiar with them. But so much said, he gave his orders peremptorily, and in ten minutes the whole of the party was on foot, and in readiness to follow their leaders. If there were still fear or reluctance, the boldest did not dare give a sign of it. Pangaran had a hot temper and a heavy hand.

But "the more haste, the worse speed," is a time-honoured proverb that is very true; and so Moray found to his cost. It was tedious work and frightfully aggravating, leading weary if not unwilling men through a gloomy labyrinth of winding wood-tracks. To be sure they were never going very far wrong, for each false path soon ended in a *cul-de-sac.* To be sure they could steer their course by the conflagration, which threw a fixed beacon-light from the goal of the march, whenever they came into low scrub or a clearing. But reluctant and dispirited men began to drag their limbs more and more painfully; and the spirits sank with the failing flesh. The self-possessed Moray was wellnigh maddened. Suspense was being strained, till it became almost intolerable; he felt inclined to cast himself down under a bush in despair, like the Israelitish prophet in the wilderness; and yet, for the life and honour of his daughter, he dare not break down. All depended on his keeping up his courage; the tremblers who followed must draw encouragement from him, if they were to be ready to show themselves men with the daybreak. His great comfort was in the bearing of Pangaran Jaffir. That veteran warrior stepped out like a lad; he had entirely recovered his shaken nerve, and showed the counsel in moments of difficulty of a bush-fighter of ripe experience. And in strange contrast to his domineering demeanour to his men, he won Moray's most cordial gratitude by silent but eloquent expressions of sympathy. More than once in the darkness he clasped the Scotchman's hand, or laid a light touch of cheerful consolation on his shoulder. It might have seemed matter of thankfulness that they had no fighting to face: a sudden attack upon their files in the dark must have begun with a panic and ended in a massacre. But that Moray took for a melancholy sign, and as they still groped their way unopposed, his heart felt heavier and heavier. They surprised a forest-hamlet with its women and children, but they neither cared nor needed to stop and ask questions. The men must have gone forward to the sack of Sanga, where the vultures of the woods were gathering to the carnage.

The more haste, the worse speed; and the sun had already risen over the opposite trees before they saw the glimmerings of daylight through the thinning skirts of the jungle. Father as he was, Moray had enough of the sage and the soldier in him to consent to call a halt to dress the column, while scouts were sent creeping forward. The scouts came back with the astounding report that there were no signs of a fire in the settlement. They had gone no further than the stockades behind the Residency. The defences were apparently without defenders; but the roof and

walls of the Residency and other houses seemed intact.

Tossed about with violent revulsions of feeling, now hoping and now despairing, the cool Strathconan was no longer to be restrained. Like one of his young Highland deer-hounds slipped on the slot of the wounded deer, he would have flung himself on the horns of a stag at bay. Pangaran Jaffir did not attempt to hold him back; indeed his old blood and his warlike ardour were already both at the boiling - point. The men now quickly rallied and mustered in loose order beneath the open fringe of the forest: there was a rush, in which they took the stockades in their stride; they crossed the enclosures of the Residency at a run, with its master still well to the front, and they burst through its unprotected windows and doors, some of them swarming up the pillars of the verandahs.

Hangings had been torn down and the furniture wrecked. Lighter articles of any value had been swept away, with a cleanness and celerity that would have done honour to the myrmidons of a London cheap broker. The storm had passed everywhere and shattered everything; and on the other side of the house, where resistance had been made, corpses were strewed over the lawn and through the flowers.

The distracted father searched everywhere; he hunted high and low, and all in vain. Grace's little sitting-room and her bedroom had been rudely violated like the rest; only from under a fallen mosquito-net crawled poor Finette, piteously moaning and badly wounded by the thrust of a Malay *kris*. It was touching to see the poor dog cheer up at the sight of her master; drag herself along the floor to his feet, and cover his hands with her caresses. And Moray was touched; it was no shame to his manhood that he caught her up in his arms and covered her with his kisses. But unhappily the dog, which did all but speak, could tell him nothing of her mistress. So he set her gently down again, dropped from the window on to the ground, and hurried after his followers into the gardens to pursue his investigations.

A shout drew him away to a clump of shrubbery. As chance would have it, it was the very thicket where Rafferty had ensconced himself on the eventful evening when he sought his interview with Grace. And there lay poor Mr Rafferty again, but on this occasion quite unable to bestir himself. Indeed, as he said subsequently, it was only by a miracle, and by virtue of the blessed crucifix he always wore next to his skin, that the life of the hard-fighting Irishman had been spared. Be that as it may, he had simply been "kilt," in other words, he had merely had his head broken,—with a chance wound in the chest, "that counted little one way or the other,"—and then had been tumbled into the thicket. Now, being picked up by "thim friendly niggers," he dragged himself on to one elbow and tried to "spake." But it was not till the sight of the Resident made it worth while, that he strove to string some articulate sentences together; nor did he succeed in making himself intelligible till after an internal application of spirits. Impatient as he was, Moray had held back his flask; *arrack* seemed hardly to be the thing for a wounded European in the circumstances. But Rafferty made an effort, seized it, swallowed, and delivered himself—

"Sure it's the finest medicine in the world, and it goes down

like mother's milk. For now," he added, recalling his temperance pledge with a dreamy sigh, "I'm free from my promise." Then remembering what had passed, in his weakness he fairly broke down. At last Moray did prevail on him to speak, though the thought of the pain he was involuntarily inflicting nearly gave the warm-hearted Irishman a relapse. The house had been taken from the other side when he was making a fight of it in the verandah looking seaward. The last thing he had seen of Miss Grace, she was being carried to the river in the arms of a big barbarian. He had made a dash to the rescue, "but they were too many for me—bad luck to them. They knocked me flat on my back here, and I saw no more till ye wakened me. But you'll be going after her, sir, and you'll take me with you," added Mr Rafferty. "You can lay me down in the bottom of one of the boats till I'm wanted; and anyhow, when the fighting begins, you may trust Jack Rafferty to come up to time."

Mr Rafferty's request, mad as it was, served the purpose of rousing Moray from his stupefaction. His child was gone; the settlement was seemingly evacuated by the enemy; whatever the chances, there was nothing for it but to take up the chase, without unnecessarily losing one moment. But it was his destiny in those two dismal days to have his patience strained almost beyond the endurable. This man, who had prided himself upon cool self-control, was perpetually breaking his teeth against obstacles nearly insurmountable. Matusin was dead or had disappeared, and the survivors of the garrison had vanished with him. As for the followers of Pangaran Jaffir, they had scattered themselves about through the town in search of any stray articles to plunder; and the boats they were accustomed to man were left in the bay beyond the forest. Before he could lay hands on Pangaran, before that chief could get the body of his people together again, much invaluable time had been wasted. Even then, with the scratch crews of strangers assembled round the Sanga prahus, it was hard work getting a flotilla to sea. The Sarambang people objected to being taken away from the joys of pillaging, and they knew, besides, that they were terribly overmatched, should the enemy be inclined to shorten sail and offer battle. Even Pangaran—and not unnaturally in the circumstances—gave the order for embarkation much against his will. His common-sense told him that if he were not going to sea on a wild-goose chase, he was staking life and reputation against desperate odds. Hours had gone by before the boats were hastily supplied with some provisions and water; and if the start was effected at last, Moray saw only too plainly that it was because the crews were encouraged by the thought that a stern chase is a long chase, especially when the chased is the stronger, and has practically unlimited law.

REMINISCENCES OF AN "ATTACHÉ."—PART IV.

LACORDAIRE, PEREYVE, CHOCARNE, GUIZOT.

Among the many men of worth, genius, and celebrity that the beautiful land of France can boast, there is one especially who divided with Montalembert my early admiration, though by his death, which occurred shortly after my first introduction to him, I was deprived of the opportunity of becoming one of those privileged young men to whom, in the last days of his life, Lacordaire addressed those admirable letters which were afterwards edited by his best-loved pupil, the Abbé Pereyve, with whom I was on intimate terms.

I was presented to him at the "Carmes" monastery, in the Rue Vaugirard, where he was on a short visit from his own retreat at Sorèze in 1860, to the brethren of his order, at the head of whom, if I mistake not, was Père Chocarne, who afterwards wrote his life.

Lacordaire was tall, handsome, and scrupulously clean. His voice was enchanting to listen to, and his manner as gentle as that of a woman. His eye revealed the tenderness of his nature, while the whole physiognomy indicated the power and the strength of a character that had renounced the most brilliant prospects which a career of success opened to him at a very early age in the world of thought, of politics, and of law, in order to devote himself to that life of asceticism which he never found irksome to his loving disposition, and never made others who beheld him conceive to be anything but the easiest and most natural, instead of the most arduous and difficult existence which it is possible for mortal to embrace.

At the same time it was difficult at first to discover the depth of heart and feeling which existed in him, for his appearance was rather cold and distant, until his speech, like a ray of light upon a frozen ground, came to soften and illumine it.

The troubles of his youth and the many solitary hours he had spent had given his features that calm and apparent coldness which slightly alarmed one at first, only to be rapidly changed into love and enthusiasm immediately after. As he said himself in one of his letters:—

"Mon style est comme mon accueil, qui semble quelquefois glacé, parceque la tristesse ou le doute me saisissent à l'instant où j'ai autre chose dans le cœur."—Lettre lxx.

His one great idea was, like Montalembert's, the union of religion and liberty. As he said in a political programme which he laid down for the use of one of those young men at Sorèze to whom he was so paternally attached:—

"Should you meet any young men who seem to you sincerely imbued with sentiments of faith and a love of liberty, make friends of them: you will soon understand each other.

"The true Liberal Catholic is above all the friend of liberty, whether civil, political, or religious. . . .

"What especially does harm to France and prevents any permanent social institution, is the fact that questions of persons are above questions of principle, whereas people are nothing except through their relation to

principles, and principles subsist in themselves independently of persons, derived as they are from the eternal wisdom of God.

"Men die, dynasties end, empires succeed one another, but principles remain immutable, just as the rock which bears all the changeable phenomena of which nature gives us the spectacle on the surface of the earth."

This liberalism in religion, this love of civil, political, and religious liberty, it was that possessed me altogether at the time of which I am writing, and which, through years, has remained as vivid and as strong as in the days when I first came to understand its meaning, exemplified as I saw it then in the writings, the utterances, and the advice of the illustrious Frenchmen whose memory I find no greater delight than to recall, and whose acquaintance I have through years considered it an exceptional privilege to have enjoyed.

I never heard Lacordaire from the tribune of Notre Dame; but through the kindness of M. de St Marc Girardin I had the good fortune to be present at his reception at the Academy, when he spoke in public for the last time in his life, on the 24th of January 1861.

It was indeed a memorable occasion, and it was rendered all the more so, that while Lacordaire succeeded to M. de Tocqueville, it was expected that the customary eulogium of one's predecessor, which often taxes so severely the recipient of the greatest honour a Frenchman can look to, would not only be no difficult task for this great apostle of liberty under every form, but that it would give him the opportunity for the delivery of another of those masterpieces of eloquence which his twenty years' preaching the Lenten allocutions at Notre Dame had accustomed the France of that day to remember with delight and anticipate with eagerness.

But there was another circumstance which, if possible, enhanced the solemnity of the Academic reception, and that was the well-known fact that the President of the Academy himself, the veteran Guizot, was to speak in reply, and to greet the new Academician in the name of the "illustrious forty."

Great was the expectation of listening to Lacordaire, and hearing the rigid Calvinist Guizot praising the Catholic monk. Nor was the expectation altogether disappointed.

The Institute was crowded with eager listeners. The Empress Eugénie, in the full bloom of her radiant beauty, was present; and curiosity was much exercised to know how the great pulpit orator, the friend of Lamennais, the former editor of the Radical 'Avenir,' would maintain his reputation as a speaker, and reconcile his religious views with the political principles of his earlier days.

As he rose there was a great commotion, and his tall dignified appearance, his un-French-like quiet manner, and his white monastic garb, all combined to electrify an audience, already prepared to applaud each word he uttered, each sentiment he gave expression to, regardless of the principle which underlined it or the opinion thrown out.

In beautiful language he described the difference between the spirit which had breathed in the formation of the United States, and that which had ruled over Europe since 1789, showing that the difference between modern democracy and true liberalism exists in the love of equality which pervades the former and produces oppression, while the union of lib-

erty and Christianity can alone create those salutary influences necessary to the existence of a republic.

This theme naturally led him to the admiration of M. de Tocqueville, who had so thoroughly understood the principle, and applying it to America, which he had so carefully studied, had so justly led him to admire and extol the great institutions of the American continent.

True to his past views, he disappointed many Gallican Ultramontanes; but while he cited Chateaubriand, O'Connell, Ozanam, and Tocqueville as the guides and fathers of those who, like himself, believed in the blessings of every kind of liberty in conjunction with religion—viz., with Christianity—it was felt that as he had lived, so he would end, and that Lacordaire, monk as he was, would never be the friend of despotism, of narrow-mindedness, and of bigotry.

Yet great as was his discourse, interesting as was the matter of it, fine as was the eloquence with which he described his views, it must be owned that it did not produce the extraordinary effect of Guizot's reply.

I happened to be placed immediately above the President's seat, and I can never forget the voice, the appearance, and opening words of M. Guizot in answer to a speech which, though marked by flashes of eloquence where Lacordaire felt he could give way to his feelings, was on the whole more laboured than one might have expected, owing, no doubt, to the difficulty he felt not to use expressions which might be misconstrued, or by a word out of place give rise to comments and criticisms which might hurt the feelings of numerous friends.

"Three hundred years ago, monsieur," began, in sonorous and ponderous tones, the old Minister of Louis Philippe, "your ancestors and mine were fighting a bitter fight, the fight of religious liberty; and across these centuries I, the steadfast follower of that great principle, extend the hand of reconciliation to one whose life has been spent in the same cause. It is the privilege of this great body to know no difference of religious tenets, and it is mine to welcome within these walls the great Dominican friar."

This reference to the days of the Bartholomew massacres which were planned by the bigotry of the Guises, and to the change which had come over the times, when a Dominican friar could thus speak of liberty, was so happy a thought, that it sent a thrill through the audience and won the day's honours to M. Guizot.

This, I believe, but I cannot be certain, was also the last time Guizot spoke in public. At any rate, it was the first and last time I ever heard him; and it adds not a little to the interest of the circumstance that I should have been permitted to listen to these two great men upon so memorable an occasion.

The contrast between the appearance of the two was almost as striking as their manner and speeches. The vigour and gentleness, the weight and lightness, the dogmatic tone and the pleading persuasiveness of both orators, was as marked as were the rough handsome features of the elder man, and the gentle beautiful countenance of the younger.

M. Guizot is so well known to Englishmen that no notice of him would add to the general knowledge; but were any further notice requisite, the graphic conversations with him reported by Senior, and

the memoirs of the two Grevilles, would sufficiently supply the deficiency. With all his talent, however, and all his knowledge, and all his experience, there is a dark side to his history; for his rough, stubborn handling of the Government of France under Louis Philippe resulted in the flight of that sovereign from his native land, and History cannot but lay the fault at the door of the obstinate Minister who never listened to warning.

But the memory of Lacordaire lives untainted by regret. The beauty of his pure honest mind, his loving nature, and his ardent soul, remain, to those who knew him, a remembrance of all that is beautiful in man; while his writings must ever live as monuments of an undaunted spirit, a fearless will, and the most edifying piety.

NAPOLEON'S FATAL YEAR—OLLIVIER'S MINISTRY, 1869.

Among the scraps which I have accumulated in the course of many years I find one which I believe has been printed before, but to which events now give a melancholy interest.

Some years before 1869—but I do not remember exactly when—a table was circulated to prove that, by adding the dates of the Emperor's birth, that of the Empress, and that of their marriage, to the year 1852, when Napoleon was made Emperor, the result would give the year in which either he would die or resign; and it is worthy of remark that the year 1869 thus obtained is the year when Napoleon III. abdicated personal government and prepared his downfall in 1870.

Nor is it less singular that the same process applied to Louis Philippe gave the year 1848, that in which he abdicated.

Here is the table:—

LOUIS PHILIPPE ascended the throne in

	Date of birth.	Birth of Queen.	Marriage.
	1830	1830	1830
	1	1	1
	7	7	8
	7	8	0
	3	2	9
	1848	1848	1848

in which year he abdicated.

NAPOLEON III. ascended the throne in

	Date of birth.	Birth of Empress.	Marriage.
	1852	1852	1852
	1	1	1
	8	8	8
	0	2	5
	8	6	3
	1869	1869	1869

in which year he practically abdicated.

In this same year Emile Ollivier, the light-hearted Minister—"l'homme au cœur léger"—came to power; and in the Ministry which he formed were Messieurs Daru, Valdrôme, Legris, Marquis de Talhouët, Buffet, Le Bœuf, Richard, and Marshal Vaillant.

Because of M. Legris the colour of this Ministry was pronounced to be uncertain; and owing to MM. (T)alouette and Le Bœuf, it was said that the "Buffet" was well furnished. They were all rich because of M. Richard.

The lines ran thus:—

"Sachons apprécier le nouveau Ministère.
Le pays à *Daru* comme à *Valdrôme* adhère.
Des gens peu colorés, j'en serai peu surpris,
Disent c'est la couleur incertaine *Legris*.

Leurs Excellences sont pourtant bien assorties,
On promet *Talhouët* et cailles bien rôties,
Un *Buffet* bien fourni. *Le Bœuf* est excellent.
Le Ministère en somme est honnête et *Vaillant*.
L'un d'eux est un *Richard*, tous les autres sont riches.
De liberté, dit-on ils ne seront pas chiches,
Et qu'il ne restât rien qu'on nous put envier,
Le ciel nous fut propice en *Emile Ollivier*."

Marshal Vaillant always lent himself to these punning rhymes.

It may be remembered how Marshals Random, Vaillant, and Prince Napoleon were to command the French expedition against Austria; and how the French, who always called Prince Napoleon Plon Plon, invented the line—

"Random, Plon Plon, Vaillant."

"Let us make Plon Plon valorous."

CHARLES LEVER.

"Come and have a dish of tea with my daughters," still sounds in my ears, though the invitation was conveyed so far back as the year 1866, as one of the cheeriest, pleasantest inducements to enjoy good cheer and good company that I ever received.

The delightful Irish brogue in which it was clothed, and the irresistible mirth of the man who thus asked me to accompany him, are vivid recollections of dear old Lever, the novelist—a man whom his biographer, whoever he is, could not have better described than in the words he used in the 'Times' of June 7, 1872, when he said that there was about him "a lightness of touch that carried off his extravagance," and a talent which "interested one in his fairy tale until it was all accepted as sober history."

He had seen much and knew men well, but his buoyant spirits never clashed with his softer feelings; and while he never forgot a kindness, he never allowed one which he could perform to be left undone.

Many a pleasant talk we had about his works, and many an indiscreet question I asked him.

"The adventures of the beings we create," he once told me, "are those we prefer even to our own, and that is why I like 'Harry Lorrequer' and 'Tom Burke' better than 'The Dodd Family Abroad.' But," he added, "the pleasure of eating bread-and-butter depends entirely on the thickness of the butter."

I laughed somewhat more at this than he thought I should, when he remarked—

"Well, you may laugh because I point this home-truth to your notice; but I am sure you agree with me—and I don't mind making a bet—that of all my works the one you prefer and the public like best is 'Con Cregan.'"

"No; I think not. It is too absurd."

"The butter may not be good, my boy, but sure it is thick enough."

"Well, but which of all your novels do you like the best?"

"Like 'em all."

In 1871 I had occasion to ask his good offices in regard to a lecture which I had delivered at Constantinople, and which I thought might form a suitable subject for a magazine.

In reply, Lever, who at the time was a constant contributor to both 'Blackwood' and the 'Cornhill,' wrote me the following letter, which shows his kindness of heart,

his desire to oblige, and points at the same time to the fact that even the editors of these two well-known publications had misgivings as to the fading judgment of the gouty invalid who, when he wrote to me, had but few more months to live and but a short time left to continue his long life-task of amusing the British public by his humour, his wit, his buoyant spirits, and his delightful writings :—

"TRIESTE, *Nov.* 4, 1871.

"MY DEAR ——, I send you a *line* by the mail which leaves this morning, in preference to keeping you waiting any longer for a more detailed answer.

"I shall send anything you intrust to me to 'Cornhill' with pleasure; but I ought to premise that I have met scant success, even some actual rebuff, with my last two recommendations: and in one case the paper I forwarded was very able.

"I am not in the secrets of these people, but I believe the editors and other influential men about magazines long, so far as they can, to make their own journal a close borough, and keep its pages for a chosen knot, known each to the other.

"If I dare presume a word of advice, do not let whatever you send to a publisher seem a collection of stray pieces, like the loose papers in a man's portfolio : let there be, or let there seem to be, some continuous thread of connection throughout; and above all, avoid the word 'lecture,' for the papers can have all the air of novelty in England that were only heard on the Bosphorus.

"I am so crippled with gout, that my usual handwriting is now nearly impossible; but I mean to be legible, and endeavour to be so.

"I assure you it will give me great pleasure to be of use to you: independently of yourself, your name is associated with the pleasantest memories and the most genial relations of my life.—And I am very sincerely yours, CHARLES LEVER.

"Think well over the title of your papers. I really believe it does more for a manuscript than for a man."

INTERVIEW WITH THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.—CAROLINE NORTON, 1868.

In 1867 I entered, at the request of Mr Richard Bentley, into negotiations with la Marquise de Boissy, with respect to the translation of her 'Recollections of Lord Byron,'[1] which, even then, was already in the hands of M. Amyot, the great French publisher in the Rue de la Paix.

M. de Boissy, of whom so many stories were told, and who was principally known for his hatred of England, had been dead some little while, and his widow was consoling her solitary hours by writing the eulogy of her first great love, reserving to herself the privilege of writing the life of her husband immediately afterwards.

On the 7th of August 1868 she wrote me word that she could not add anything to the 'Recollections of Lord Byron,' though she intended to devote the last years of her life to a further chapter on this beloved subject—"Après que j'aurai payé ma dette de cœur à mon bon mari."

What Mr Bentley of course, and very naturally, desired, was that the translation should bear the name likewise of the original authoress; but to this the Marquise objected for more than a year.

It was impossible to make her understand that her authorship gave the 'Recollections of Byron'

[1] My Recollections of Lord Byron. By Countess Guiccioli. Translated by Hubert E. H. Jerningham. Richard Bentley: 1869.

a value which without it could not exist.

She steadily refused to see it in this light, although she must have been aware that her own great merit in the late Marquis de Boissy's eyes was, that she was reputed to have been the love and admiration of Lord Byron.

Indeed the Marquis was currently reported to have introduced his wife in the following fashion to all his friends: "Permettez que je vous présente ma femme, la Marquise de Boissy, anciennement la Guiccioli, vous savez? la maîtresse de Byron."

And, poor lady, so sensitive was she on this point, that she asked me on one occasion to come and breakfast with her in order that she might have the opportunity of proving to me that this historical rumour was nothing but slanderous fiction. Indeed, after an hour's explanation, and suddenly shedding a torrent of tears over the memory of one whom she had so passionately loved, she finished by saying—

"Eh, mon Dieu! comment aurais-je pu être la maîtresse de Lord Byron? Jamais je ne l'ai vu seule. Toujours il y avait auprès de nous un membre de ma famille: quelle chance aurais-je eu de m'épancher sur son noble sein? . . . Ah, il était bien beau!"

The permission was granted me at last to dedicate the book to the authoress—though she expressed to me her fears that the thin veil which would thus cover her authorship would be torn asunder; and finally, seeing the futility of preserving an anonymous character, which the publication of her unsigned work in France had ruthlessly broken down, she gave leave to Mr Bentley to declare after the dedication page that the work was really by her; but she never could be got to subscribe her name to the book.

My translation had not appeared many weeks before it produced the famous controversy in which Mrs Beecher Stowe took so prominent a part; and Mr Hayward, in the 'Quarterly,' demolished Mrs Stowe's story in one of his very best essays.

Writing to me on the 12th of November 1869, Hayward said: "I have now accumulated utensils for annihilating Mrs Stowe, whose only defence can and will be that she told the story as it was told to her; and I believe she did, though the memo. of which she speaks (which I have) proves nothing of the sort."

While the controversy was raging, it naturally came to the ears of the Emperor Napoleon III., who, at Compiègne, requested Lord Lyons to inform me that he would wish to receive a copy of the translation by his *attaché* of the Marquise's recollections.

There was nothing left for me but to get a copy properly bound, and to request an audience so soon as the binder had finished his work.

I went to M. Pietri, the Emperor's then private secretary, and in a few days I got an order to attend at the Tuileries at 10 A.M. in evening clothes.

This order came upon me like a thunderbolt, for it embodied the realisation of all my dislikes at once: 10 A.M., and evening clothes in the morning!

But there was no help for it; and having asked my faithful old Fleury whether my evening clothes could also bear the light of day, I was dismayed by his announcement that "l'habit de monsieur est bien râpé pour une occasion aussi solennelle; et quant aux pantalons de monsieur, j'ai eu l'œil dessus depuis trois mois pour le fils de la blanchisseuse."

I had to order a new suit to be ready in twenty-four hours; but the petty annoyances of life vanish at last, and at ten o'clock precisely on the appointed morning, the 28th December 1868, I was ushered into the Emperor's study, my two volumes under my arm. As the door closed behind me, I saw standing in front of me a figure as stumpy in appearance as the face was seemingly lifeless. Indeed I looked hard at the face, and it seemed to me as if there were no eyes in it at all. Presently some sounds reached my ear, which I could not make out in the least. Was the Emperor speaking in English? Not having understood what his Majesty said, I took refuge in a deep bow, looked up, and beheld a hand twirling the moustache on the face without eyes, but still I saw no eyes.

Again inarticulate sounds came forth, and this time I had little doubt they were in English; but my surprise was not lessened, for I had always heard that Napoleon III. was a good English scholar.

Still the fact remains that, on his two attempts with me, the Emperor was very unsuccessful, and left me with the conviction that the reputation given him was mistaken, so far as his knowledge of English went.

A second deep bow greeted this second effort, at the end of which, however, his Majesty, not having found the exact English word he wanted, used a French equivalent, which I quickly took as a signal that he desired the conversation to go on in that language.

From that moment the eyes opened, the fat seemed to melt away, the limbs became animated, and there poured on to the countenance a ray of sunlit intelligence such as I have never seen before or since, or probably ever will note again on any human face.

At once the Emperor began in a playful banter, and asked how I thought Monsieur de Boissy would have relished this publication.

"Very much, Sire; for he was proud of the preceding connection."

"Very true; but it is hard for a husband to have the life of the lover written by his wife."

"Not so hard when his own life is to be chronicled immediately after."

"By the same hand?"

"By the same."[1]

"Très bien!" said the Emperor, "this is really delightful. Lovers first, husbands next; 'les devoirs du cœur les premiers, ceux de la femme ensuite.' I think," continued his majesty, "that la Guiccioli, if she pursues her intention, might very properly call her second work 'Mes Regrets.'"

"But," I said, "it is to be followed still by another work, to be entitled 'La vie de Byron en Italie.'"

"Ses folies," exclaimed the Emperor; "la Marquise fait bien les choses. D'abord ce sont *ses souvenirs*, qui laissant à désirer lui inspirent *ses regrets* et finissent par lui rappeler *ses folies*."

It is difficult to find a neater summing up.

Taking up the volumes, the Emperor then said: "What a great deal the Marquise has written on this subject!"

"It has been a labour of love."

"But, after all, what does she want to prove?"

"That Byron possessed every virtue, and never a fault."

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[1] Madame de Boissy afterwards gave up this intention, and told me that the life would be written by a M. de Lescure. I don't know whether it ever was.

"What!" said the Emperor—"that he had no vices? But I see here the word 'irritability.'"

"No doubt, Sire, to refute an accusation."

The Emperor laughed most heartily, and wished people could all find such enthusiastic apologists.

"She is not wanting in courage, however," remarked his Majesty; "and I suppose that is the great merit of her book. At any rate, I look forward to reading this effusive debt of gratitude with more satisfaction 'qu'on ne lit ordinairement les œuvres de la reconnaissance.'"

The honour of a review in the 'Times,' from the pen of Caroline Norton, was the crowning reward of that most disagreeable of tasks, the translation into English of indifferent French; and when she informed me herself that she was the authoress of the exceedingly able criticism I had read and was mentioning to her, I seldom remember experiencing a prouder moment.

Mrs Norton was to me the personification of all that was handsome, clever, fascinating, and agreeable; and the little suppers she was wont to give in Chesterfield Street were pleasures one never forgot, and each of which one tried not to leave without the promise or prospect of a successor to it.

In the above-mentioned review, she correctly described the Guiccioli's book in one single sentence: "Madame de Boissy is as constant to Byron as Anacreon's lyre was to love;" and, like the Emperor Napoleon, was much struck by the courage of the person who, with such reputation as the world and Byron's name had given her, could thus publish the life of her lover, and write it with undiminished admiration of his great talents, and equal blindness to his glaring faults.

"An English lady who had chanced to have a foreign poet of noble station for her 'cavalière servente,' would perhaps have maintained a discreet silence to the day of her death. Lady Ligonier never wrote the life of Alfieri; but Madame la Marquise de Boissy is 'une grande dame de par le monde,' and—well, they manage these things differently abroad.

. . . . . .

"The result, however, will be renewed admiration for the astonishing courage and constancy with which Countess Guiccioli defends her faultless monster. She takes the late Lady Noel Byron in hand, and treats her with the most freezing politeness; en vraie Marquise of the Faubourg St Germain contemplating 'une miss Anglaise' through her eyeglass.

. . . . . .

"Thomas Moore got rather tired of Byron biographically before he had done with him; and Lord Russell grew even more tired of Thomas Moore. But Madame de Boissy's praise knows no surcease or lapse in sustaining power. She is the Paganini of panegyric, and charms the world on one Byronic string."

How terse, how graphic, how amiably sarcastic, and how delightfully true, are these little thrusts at the authoress whose work I had translated; and how each recalls the spoken remarks which she made to me, and which were so much relished by her eager listener!

COUNTESS GUICCIOLI AND BYRON—ALLEGRA—COMTESSE D'HAUSSONVILLE.

From the moment a literary union had been effected between "La Guiccioli" and myself, nothing could exceed the attentions, the kindness, the almost appalling hospitality which was showered upon me; and I had full opportunities to observe how tender-hearted and

how truly honest was the nature that had given Byron her girlish love, and had treasured through life the remembrance of this love as the most precious possession not only she herself but any human being could have prided on.

Countess Guiccioli was absolutely and thoroughly as much in love with Byron's memory when I saw her in the years 1868 and 1869, as she had been with the living man thirty years before; and, as dear Mrs Norton used to say: "There is something exceedingly beautiful and almost sacred in the completeness of the adoration which a woman bestows on the man she loves."

Her enthusiasm, when speaking of Byron's beauty, was almost childish, and a theme she never ceased dwelling upon.

I asked her which was the best portrait existing of Byron, and she gave me a photograph of him, from a portrait by Phillips, the same which I caused to be reproduced as a frontispiece for my translation of her Recollections; but when she gave it, she looked at it a moment in reverent silence, then burst out in commendation of Byron's neck, his brow, his face, his nails, but especially his mouth: "Regardez donc cette bouche: mais elle est délicieuse! son sourire était divin. Mon Dieu, qu'il était beau!" "His complexion was transparent; his teeth like pearls; his hair glossy and curling; his nails roseate as the shells of the ocean; and a simple glance at the unrivalled mouth enabled one to understand that this privileged being was endowed with every noble passion, coupled with an instinctive horror of what is low and vulgar in human nature."

On one occasion I asked the Marquise to show me any relics of Byron which she might possess.

She then showed me manuscripts of "Beppo," the "Corsair," of "Marino Faliero," of "Werner," and five cantos of "Don Juan."

A little packet of letters, tied up with blue ribbon, she most religiously raised to her lips, and reverentially kissed; another parcel, containing a lock of his "curly and glossy hair," was embraced with less reverence and more display; while other trifling mementoes were very quickly hid from view.

But all the time she was investigating, for my benefit, the large oak chest which contained these treasures, a smile played upon the little old lady's countenance, the satisfied smile of a woman's pride, caused by the recollection that the love of herself alone had prompted the bestowal of these now historical relics.

Mrs Norton told me that when she came to England, the Guiccioli was the belle and the cynosure of the season. I cannot conceive her to have ever been so great a beauty. When I knew her she bore signs of having no doubt been pretty; but nothing in her features could, like those of Caroline Norton, speak to a beauty whom age is not sparing. She had a very bright complexion; a very pretty hand, which she was fond of showing; and wore curls, which, being out of fashion at that date, detracted from her attractiveness. But she was essentially amiable, and almost a martyr to that virtue. Her face betrayed her loving disposition, and many a one can tell of her practical goodness and her generous acts.

I always tried, if possible, to breakfast rather than dine with her, as she could then give me more of her time, and hence was infinitely more interesting than when surrounded by a host of friends.

On one of these occasions she brought the conversation on to Allegra, whose story I begged her to tell me as she remembered it.

She did not at all hesitate, though the subject was delicate; and though I disclaim responsibility as to the accuracy of her statements, I pledge the correctness of my transcription of her words.

"One morning," said the Guiccioli, "a person called at Byron's house in London asking to see him."

Fletcher, who had orders not to let any one in, refused the lady admittance; but she insisted so much, that at last Byron, "pour s'en débarrasser," allowed her to come in.

It was Clara Wollstonecraft, sister to Mary, Shelley's second wife.

Byron had never seen her before, and assured the Guiccioli that "cette femme m'a toujours répugné."

Notwithstanding this repugnant feeling, however, he listened to the passionate talk of the romantic Clara, who, said the Guiccioli, threw off all disguise when in presence of the man she so passionately admired, and declared to him that she neither cared for honour nor virtue, could she only be his.

As Countess d'Haussonville has said in her own book on Byron—

"Plus que tout autre il eut le dangereux privilége d'égarer les êtres charmants et passionnés qui vinrent, comme le papillon se brûler à la flamme de son génie."

"Clara Wollstonecraft had her wish," added the Countess. "Elle devint la mère de la pauvre Allegra."

Considering how, elsewhere, I have endeavoured to show how anxious the Countess was to impress me with the fact that she herself had never been the mistress of Byron as the world gave her credit for, it is difficult to reconcile the statement with her positive assurance that the above was related to her by Byron himself; for had she not been an amiable sinner, would Byron, cynical as he was, have confided such a statment to a virtuous young girl?

Byron, however, finished his account by informing the Countess that from the day when Clara forced herself into his presence in London until he met her at the Hôtel Sècheron, Geneva, where she was staying with her sister and the poet Shelley, he had never set eyes upon the mother of his child.

"Et comme il la détestait," added the Countess; "he positively could not bear her—she was like a perpetual remorse to his sensitive soul; and had it not been for me, the poor girl would have had no education at all. Each time she came into her father's presence, he used to turn away in disgust and exclaim, 'Enlevez la: elle ressemble trop à sa mère.'"

Shelley's lines might not inappropriately have been placed in Byron's mouth—

> "I only fly
> Your looks because they stir
> Griefs that should sleep, and hopes that cannot die."

Of Byron's wife she never spoke except in peculiarly bitter tones.

One day she went so far as to say that "quand on aime une sœur une amie on ne peut aimer sa femme."

"Mais, Marquise," I exclaimed, "voilà un principe auquel je ne puis souscrire."

"You misunderstand me," said she. "I am speaking of Byron. He was not like other men. He loved his mother, he loved Ada, and he loved me—three different loves which he endeavoured to relish (*savourer*), but which, poor dear man, he was never permitted to enjoy.

"His mother was taken early from him; Ada was not allowed to be near him; and circumstances prevented (*empêchèrent*) my being more than his friend.

"In Ada's way stood Allegra, in mine was Lady Byron; and giant-like rose above all his love for Augusta, to him the type of wife, mother, sister, and woman.

"How often has he not spoken of her to me! and, much as I loved him, how often I was irritated by his tender affection for his sister! 'Augusta. C'était un refrain perpétuel.'

"'From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherished,
Deserved to be dearest of all.'

"Mais quant à sa femme, un homme a t'il jamais été amoureux d'une pierre? ou un génie d'une poutre ou un poète d'un bas bleu?"

But these occasions were unfortunately rare when she, as it were, gave way to feelings evidently produced by some distant recollections.

She was very preoccupied with her book, and was constantly asking for advice and hints which might be valuable to its success.

Amyot, the French publisher, told me on one occasion that he hoped I was hurrying with my work, for his afternoons were now always taken up with the Marquise, "qui ne me laisse pas un instant tranquil avec son Byron: au fait je n'ai jamais réalisé jusqu'à ce jour combien Lord Byron peut être ennuyeux."

I wanted to add, but I thought it wrong, that if poets were bores, poets' old loves were at times positive nuisances.

This, indeed, was the one point which I could not believe Byron had ever noticed, for if he had, these remembrances would have been futile and useless; but I was even shaken in this belief, for an old Marquis de Flamarens, who had known her all her life, told me at dinner, at her own house, on one occasion, that as I saw her, so she had always been.

"Dans quel sens?" said I.

"Attachante et attachée," he replied.

Delightful summing up, I thought.

In the course of this ramble with la Guiccioli among Byronic remembrances, I am reminded of a very different person, with whom, I should say, the heart was certainly only second to the head, and who, however, like the Guiccioli, praised the beauty of the man quite as eloquently as she did the merits of the poet:—

"C'est sans doute à ce mélange de la beauté et du talent qu'il faut attribuer le singulier prestige exercé par Lord Byron sur l'imagination des femmes.

"Pour retrouver la trace d'une pareille fascination il faudrait nommer Abélard au moyen âge, et Raphaël au seizième siècle: peut-être aussi le vainqueur d'Arcole, revenant d'Italie, dans les salons du Directoire, alors que Madame de Staël lui demandait avec un naïf enthousiasme quel était le genre de femmes qu'il préférait, et qu'il lui faisait la galante réponse que chacun sait."

Thus, in la Comtesse d'Haussonville's eyes, Abélard, Raphael, Napoleon I., and Byron, constitute the only fascinating instances known of talent and beauty united. Scarcely a French educated woman exists who has not read Byron and Walter Scott. German women are acquainted with Shakespeare, but Byron is the favourite of the French.

Among those French ladies who, by their birth, talent, and education, had a right to be heard in print on any subject of literary and historical interest, la Comtesse d'Haussonville, granddaughter of Madame de Staël, and sister of the Duc de Broglie, was specially marked out for the task of contributing to the Byron literature of the period.

Madame d'Haussonville possessed all that can make life agreeable, without any drawbacks whatsoever. She was clever, handsome, well read, rich. Her husband was a distinguished writer, her brother a well-known politician.

He it was who, during the discussions in our own House of Commons on the *clôture*, was asked by a friend who spied him in the distinguished strangers' gallery, what he thought of the *clôture*, and answered wittily — "Mon Dieu ! j'en ai usé et j'en ai abusé." Her son Othnin bade fair at the time to be as distinguished as his father, and I believe, though I have altogether lost sight of him, has realised the promise of his studious youth ; while her daughter was one of the most beautiful and most agreeable women of the day.

The *salon* of Madame d'Haussonville was difficult of access, but was much in vogue. In 1877 she made me a present of two separate works on Byron, which had appeared from her hand, the one being 'La Jeunesse,' the other, 'Les dernières années de Lord Byron ;' and did me also the honour of requesting that I should associate myself with her in her literary labours, by translating these for the benefit of the English public.

I could not undertake it, and I know somebody else did, but I am not sure whether the translation has ever appeared. I hope it has, for the book is full of interesting details, and well worthy of perusal, its only fault being that it is not very light of digestion.

FRANCO-GERMAN WAR, 1870.

After her return from a successful trip to the East, her Majesty the Empress Eugénie is supposed to have exercised great influence over her husband ; and as it was after that somewhat hasty expedition that she was admitted to a recognised place in the Cabinet Councils, there is no doubt that the supposition had much to substantiate it.

The Emperor, who hitherto had been known as rather anti-clerical, became suddenly the protector of the Papacy ; and his conversion to clerical views in the interest of France gave rise to a lampoon which ran thus :—

> "Près de son vieux sur son déclin
> Mimi fait toujours la bigote ;
> Elle en veut faire un calotin,
> Il ne vaut plus une calotte."

Not to be worth the head-gear of a priest, was a very strong invective against a ruler who had devoted his best years to the prosperity of France.

But it shows, in its spirit of scurrilous ingratitude, what the state of feeling was at the time.

"Nous dansons sur un volcan" was said many years before, but would have been more appropriate in 1869 ; for it is impossible to remember that year and its events without recalling the extraordinary change that had come over the man, whose utterances on the first of the year had for a long time past been looked upon as the key

of what Europe might expect were the wishes of France and its sovereign to be disregarded.

In 1869, the personal Government of the Emperor came to an end, just as his religious views suffered alteration; but—what is a more significant fact — the old dread of the Emperor to engage in war with Prussia was practically overcome; and there can be but little doubt now, that from this year a settled purpose came to the front—a resolve which eventually brought ruin to France and to the Imperial family—the decision taken by the Emperor, despite his knowledge of the unprepared state of his country, to divert his country's attention from growing troubles at home by plunging it into a war of conquest.

That he took kindly to the decision would be inaccurate; for I heard from more than one royal personage in Germany, that up to the very last Napoleon III. hoped it might be delayed, and my informants were likely to know; but from the beginning of the year 1869, Napoleon was ruled and not a ruler.

He played the part of a gambler who stakes his last chance on a throw of the dice; and when his thoughts had been uttered, the die was cast.

In February 1870, I went to a last reception at the French Foreign Office. M. Daru was then at the head of that important department, and his family were all well known to me. They belonged to that charmed circle which, until the introduction of parliamentary government, had so studiously kept aloof from Imperial associations.

He did not, therefore, look upon me in a mere official character, but treated me with a friendly courtesy and kindness which my position of *attaché* alone could not warrant, but which was due to my friendship with his son.

When I was announced, he cordially shook hands with me and exclaimed—

"Is it true that we are about to lose you?"

"I have been transferred to Constantinople."

"You don't mean to say that you have asked to be removed from Paris?"

"Well, I have had three delightful years, and I must see a little of the rest of Europe."

"You will see enough of it if you remain here," said his Excellency.

"But Paris is Capua."

"It will not be so long. Events are about to take place," gravely remarked the Minister, "which will far exceed in importance anything that has gone before; 'et c'est quand ces grands évènements se préparent que vous quittez vos amis, et vous nous dites adieu. C'est bien mal à vous.'"

I was much impressed by these words; and indeed they have never ceased to ring in my ears.

Did M. Daru know that war was resolved upon, or did he speak from the knowledge of what was passing through the Imperial mind, regardless of its being a settled intention or not? The question is one I perhaps could solve; but it matters little here. All I care to point out in relating this anecdote is the curious fact that in February 1870, long before the Benedetti incidents, a French Minister for Foreign Affairs alluded to the coming war; and the remarks with which I have prefaced this conversation must show how really grateful Napoleon III. would have been for a friend to stop him on the brink of a precipice from which he was about to plunge headlong, against his better judg-

ment and his own instinctive fears, only to lose himself and France.

In August of the preceding year, I had casually told a Prussian colleague of my desire to be some day sent to Germany, when he remarked smilingly: "Wait until it is created—Attendez qu'elle soit formée;" and though at the time the remark struck me as whimsical, still, in weighing events as they subsequently occurred, and as history has now chronicled them, it is impossible to suppose that England was not well aware of both German intentions and French apprehensions. It is not for me to do more in these pages than to record my firm belief that it was in the power of England to stop the Franco-German war at the outset, in the name of European civilisation about to be outraged, and thus prove a friend to Napoleon III., just as it was in the power of this country to delay the Russo-Turkish war of more recent years, had not Ignatiew proved a better diplomatist at the Conference of Constantinople than the representatives of other Powers.

When in Germany, I was shown a fan belonging to Fraülein von Cohausen, upon which, when she accompanied the Duchess-Dowager of Hamilton to Wilhelmshöhe, where Napoleon was a prisoner, the Emperor had written these lines of Dante:—

> "Nessun maggior dolor,
> Chè ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria."

Poor Emperor! he was a friend to all, and fell through his friends. He was very true to England, whatever he may have been to other countries; but England failed him unfortunately in Denmark, fortunately in Mexico, and fatally in 1870.

THE GRATEFUL GHOSTS.

CHAPTER I.—CASTAYNE MANOR.

I do not myself pretend to the honour of being a Castayne. My mother, indeed, belonged to that illustrious family, but my paternal stock is of the very humblest. My name, for instance, is Gregory—not a bad name in itself, but its antecedents in my case are dreadful. My great-grandfather, I believe, was originally a gardener in a certain small country town; his son became a green-grocer, and a prosperous one; and my father belonged to that mysterious profession which is vaguely described as "a City man." What exact position in the City he held, I am unaware, as he died when I was still quite young: but one fact I know, that he was rich—once rich I should rather say, which was perhaps the reason why Miss Alicia Castayne condescended to bestow her hand upon him. For Miss Alicia Castayne was the daughter of Admiral Sir William George Augustus Castayne, K.C.B., who, besides his own greatness, derived additional lustre from the fact that he was a son of George Castayne of Castayne Manor, Esquire, the greatest landed proprietor in the rich county of Hogshire, and the representative, as every one knows, of one of the oldest families in England. My mother taught me to be proud of my cousins the Castaynes; and, like a dutiful son, I obeyed her commands. In principle I am a Radical—a Red Republican some people call me; but in spite of (or shall I say, perhaps, partly because of) my political opinions, I have always had a great respect for good blood. Ill-natured people used to say that I was always talking about my great relations, the Castaynes of Castayne Manor: but this is a calumny. I was merely in the habit of mentioning my relationship to them as a way of showing what my real station in life was, and a warning to vulgar people not to take liberties. For the Castaynes are a very great family, a historical family famous in every age. That the first Castayne came over with the Conqueror is assumed as probable, because there is no evidence to show that he came over with anybody else, nor indeed has any one, I believe, the slightest idea who the first Castayne was. But there was certainly one of the family who signed Magna Charta, and another who fought with Simon de Montfort, while the Roll of Caerlaverock records among other warriors one Sir Alured de Castayng, whose arms appear to have been, in heraldic parlance—argent, on a mount in base vert, a chestnut-tree, fructed, proper. The next of the family of whom anything is known followed Edward III. to the wars in France. Of him we hear that throughout the battle of Poictiers he stood undaunted by the side of the Black Prince, and though wounded and exhausted by the fatigues of the day, assisted in disarming and putting to bed his illustrious leader after the battle was over, in recompense for which arduous duties a coat of augmentation—a bedpost, within eight bootjacks in orle, all proper, to be borne on a field gules—was conferred upon the gallant warrior.

Later on, the Castaynes took an active part in the Wars of the Roses, espousing the cause of the house of Lancaster. In Queen Elizabeth's time they got rather

into hot water by persistently adhering to the older faith; but in the beginning of the next century, the then representative of the Castaynes proved more amenable to the arguments of the Protestant clergy than his predecessors, and Catholic Castayne ceased to be an appropriate name for the family. In the civil wars they took an active part, and the defence of Castayne Manor against the Parliament troops ranks among the noblest feats of the Cavaliers.

The Castaynes remained faithful to the Stuart family up to the time of the Revolution, when, though we hear of one of them who followed James II. into exile, the head of the family appears to have wisely submitted to the new dynasty. From that time to this, the less said about the Castaynes the better. On a careful comparison, I am inclined to think that Geoffrey Castayne, a *roué* of the Regency, was slightly the worst of them, but the difference is hardly appreciable. I must, however, exempt from this condemnation my late respected kinsman, whose heir I so unexpectedly became, and who, unlike his predecessors, was better known at Exeter Hall than at Newmarket, and was a great light in Evangelical circles. I do not think he was personally a pleasant man (perhaps because he very clearly showed on the only occasion on which I ever met him that he did not by any means approve of me), but he was certainly an unexceptionable one; and if taking the chair at religious meetings and making speeches at charity dinners are sufficient to give one a passport to heaven, no doubt St Peter received him with open arms.

But this is enough of family history, and I must proceed with my story, merely remarking that my own position at the time I am writing of was by no means an exalted one. My father had met with severe losses in later life, and I was living with my sister, the only other member of my family, in a cottage at Twickenham, on a very limited income, consisting of what little had been saved from our father's ruin, along with some little earnings of my own in the noble craft of journalism.

It was on one fine August morning that I was sitting in my study, placidly enjoying the newspaper and my after-breakfast pipe, when a gentleman on business was announced. After some hasty measures taken to remedy the prevailing odour of tobacco, and the general unbusiness-like appearance of the room, I received my visitor, a tall spare man, who announced himself as Mr Quibble, of the firm of Quibble & Fee, solicitors, of Chancery Lane, a name well known to me, and, I presume, to most people.

"Mr George Gregory, I believe?" he began.

"That is my name," I replied.

"Cousin to the late William Castayne, Esq. of——"

"The late, sir!" I exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Ah! you had not heard of his death? That is strange, as it is more than a week since he died."

"Mr Castayne and myself had not been on terms of friendship for a long time," said I, "and I do not think it probable that I would have been formally apprised of his death. Still, it is strange that I should not have heard of it."

"Strange, indeed, that his heir-at-law should not have heard of an event of such importance to himself, but——"

"I beg your pardon, sir," I interrupted, "but I think you must be under a misapprehension. I was not his heir-at-law. His nephew William——"

"His nephew William died two days before him at Genoa. As you have not heard the news, however, it may be a pleasant surprise to you to learn that you are the heir to Castayne Manor and the large estates attached to it."

I sprang to my feet in amazement. The disclosure was almost too much for me. I, to find myself suddenly the possessor of a large landed property, that covered half Hogshire! I listened to the rest of the solicitor's explanations in a sort of dazed condition. Documents were submitted to me, and accounts of the value of the property and the legacies and jointures to be paid out of it, but I understood little of it all. My mind was yet unable to grasp the main idea, the astounding revolution that had taken place in my fortunes; and the details were far beyond my comprehension at such a moment. When Mr Quibble left me, after having discharged himself of his mission, I was still lost in a dreamy state of uncertainty as to whether it could all really be true or not. The obvious course under these circumstances was to call my sister and impart to her the amazing intelligence. My sister, who was young and full of spirits, flew at once into a wild state of excitement. My mother had once taken her down to see Castayne Manor, and the memory of its glories remained with her still. She was all agog to rush away to our new property at once, and I verily believe, if she had had her will, would have packed me off to Hogshire that very afternoon. I, however, pointed out to her the absolute impossibility of such a proceeding; and she consented that my expedition should be deferred for a week or so, till proper arrangements could be made. Accordingly, about ten days after the receipt of the startling intelligence I have described, I found myself on the way to Hogshire, in the company of my friend Fluggles, the architect, whom I took with me to see what measures would be necessary to make the old house habitable, as it had only for a very short period been occupied by the late owner.

Castayne Manor is situated in one of the prettiest parts of the pretty county of Hogshire. Not that Hogshire is by any means a show county: its beauties are little known save to its own inhabitants, and of course it makes no pretence to rival Devonshire or any of the professional beauties among counties, in scenery; but for homely English beauty of landscape, with its long expanse of downs, and patches of wood and water, it is inferior to none. So I thought at least, as, after a long and tedious journey, we drove from the nearest station at the little town of Market-Baldon to the park-gates of Castayne Manor. Here we were met by Mr Grayling, the steward, who advised us to leave our carriage there, and walk across the park to the house, as the carriage-road was long and circuitous on account of the inequalities of the ground; and besides, the first view of the house was much more effective from the side on which we should thus approach it. We got down, therefore, and after traversing for some time the beautiful park with its velvet turf and huge spreading beech-trees, we came suddenly upon as fair a scene as could be found in all England. Beneath our feet the ground suddenly sloped away at a rather sharp incline, and a sort of green amphitheatre was revealed to us, the hills on the farther side crowned with woods, but their slopes green and bare, and in front the grey towers of Castayne Manor standing out against them. At our feet was a small piece of water, fringed with reeds, from

which a little stream, crossed by a quaint rustic bridge, escaped with a gentle fall and flowed away to our left. Further to the left rose an abrupt slope covered with a small wood: the house itself was straight in front of us, while the hill behind was higher than that on which we stood. On the top of the further hill was a curious old ruin, of which a tower of very ancient appearance was the most remarkable feature. The building attached to this tower, we were told, was the remains of a chapel of St Hubert, erected by a Castayne in the middle ages, but the tower was of far earlier date, and believed to be Saxon. The manor-house itself is an old castellated mansion, built in the form of a T, and surrounded by a moat still full of water, which, passing under an arch, half separates the cross part of the T, the oldest portion of the building, from the rest. The age of the oldest part is not exactly known, but it goes back to a very distant period, the house being known to have stood a siege in the Barons' wars (as well as the more famous one in the days of Charles I.), and remaining still, at any rate, the same in form as it was in the earliest times. The house had been restored by one of my predecessors, the elder brother of that William Castayne from whom I inherited it, and all the more modern part modelled on the style of the ancient buildings, while the whole front had been refaced in a manner which gave a greater uniformity of appearance to the whole, but at the same time took away some of its antique character. We descended the hill, and crossing the little stream, approached the house, which we entered by a bridge over the moat at the place where the old drawbridge had been, as the steward informed us. We entered a vast old hall, and going up the grand staircase, passed through a succession of fine and spacious rooms, which, however, all had a dismal, *délabré* appearance, which spoke of long disuse and neglect.

"You see, sir," said Grayling, "Mr William never cared much to live here. Mr Geoffrey" (the elder brother), "he was very fond of the place, and improved it a great deal, and filled it with pictures and nick-nacks of all sorts he had brought from abroad, for he was a great traveller, Mr Geoffrey was. But Mr William, he couldn't stand them, and had them almost all removed and stowed away in the lumber rooms. A very strict gentleman he was, was Mr William, and couldn't bear that kind of thing. Pictures, too, — ah! I've heard gentlemen, that knew, mind you, say that Mr Geoffrey had as fine a collection of pictures as any man in England, but Mr William soon disposed of them. Some, he said, were not fit to be seen in a Christian man's house, those were his very words—and others were Popish, and he wouldn't have anything to do with them either."

"And what did he do with them?" asked Fluggles; "sell them, eh?"

"Well, some of them he sold; but the most are laid away there in the old buildings, which he used mostly as a kind of lumber-rooms. You'd like to see them, I daresay, gentlemen.

"Certainly," I agreed; "but stay a moment—what is that door? There seems to be a room you have not shown us yet."

The steward hesitated for a moment, and then slowly opened the door, dropping his voice to a mysterious undertone as he said, "The green room, sir."

"The green room!" I repeated, trying to recall any association with the name in my mind; "oh, of course, yes,—the room in which

old Geoffrey Castayne's friend was killed."

"Yes, sir, that's it; but, hush! —its better not to talk about these things here."

"Why, you're not afraid of ghosts, surely, Mr Grayling," said Fluggles, with a laugh.

"And if I were, sir?" said he. "If you had lived by Castayne Manor as long as I have, maybe you wouldn't be so ready to laugh at them that believe in ghosts. And it's not like the other haunted rooms, if you'll allow me the expression, sir" (this with exaggerated politeness); "even I don't care so much about the old tales there are about here, though there's many that do; but it's a different thing with this. It was long before I was born, but I've often heard my grandfather tell of it (he was in the house at the time, sir), and it seems more to come home to one. No, sir; when the men come to me with their stories of lights seen in the old house and the noises they hear, ay, even in this very gallery" (for we had left the green room now, and were traversing the long gallery that led over the moat to the old part of the house), "I don't care so much. They don't tell me lies about their work, or about what goes on in the village, and I don't suppose they would invent stories about what they see or hear; but it's different somehow. What happened in that room—but there, sir, Mr Geoffrey would never have opened it, and he was a wiser man than you or me: and surely if he was afraid of what may be there, I've no call to pretend to despise it."

I knew the story he referred to; one of old Geoffrey's companions, a gamester like himself, who had fallen in some sudden quarrel that had arisen at play,—a dark history that was never cleared up; but I must admit that later, when I had the honour of making the personal acquaintance—— But I am anticipating.

We had now got quite into the old building, which showed even more signs of neglect than the part we had previously visited. The rooms were, for the most part, low and ill-lighted, though spacious enough, and in many cases either choked with piles of old furniture, pictures, &c., which had been deposited there, or, where they were clear of lumber, so bare and empty that they imparted a certain involuntary feeling of chillness and gloom, that had a very depressing influence on us. One old hall, fine and spacious as it was, had a peculiarly gloomy appearance, and the whole aspect of the old building was desolate and dreary beyond expression. The task of ransacking the lumber-rooms, to find what was valuable in the way of pictures or antiquities, was evidently greater than we had leisure for; and so, after a hasty glance at the various apartments, we retraced our steps, and felt a certain sensation of relief on reaching again the clear air of the park. Just as we were leaving the house, however, I remembered that I had left my gloves inside, and I told Fluggles to go on, while I returned to fetch them. I rejected the proffered guidance of the steward, but I own to an uncomfortable feeling when I found myself alone in the dreary old house. My gloves I knew I had left in the old building, in a room at the end of the gallery, which formed a sort of antechamber to the old hall I have mentioned, with no door between them, but only an entrance concealed by old moth-eaten tapestry hangings. Thither I now directed my steps, and had no difficulty in at once finding my lost property. Before returning, I cast another glance round the room in which I

stood. It did not seem to me now so comfortless as before; and as I examined it more closely, it occurred to me that here would be a nice place for a sort of little study, to which I could retire when I wished to be alone.

"Yes," I said, speaking unconsciously aloud, "this will be a room where no one will come to disturb me, where I shall be away from the noise and bustle of the house,—the very thing for a study."

As I ceased speaking, a sound like a sigh close beside me startled me out of my reflections. I turned round, and there beside me I saw a figure, which, but for its strange dress, I should have taken for an ordinary mortal like myself, a gentleman apparently of middle age, of a grave but yet pleasant cast of countenance; but he was clad in the buff-coat and great jack-boots of a cavalier of the great civil wars.

"Who—who are you?" I stammered, unable as yet to decide if the figure before me was that of a living man like myself, or a spirit from beyond the grave. There was no answer. The sun shone in brightly through the narrow window, though it did not reach the corner where he and I were standing. The birds were singing outside in the park, and everything seemed so full of life that I took courage; and rejecting the idea that I could be speaking to anything but a man like myself, I determined that this must be some trick—some designing person, no doubt, who wished to frighten me out of the house. With this idea in my head, I grew indignant at the deception, and spoke angrily.

"Sir," said I, "I must inform you that I am the master of this house, that you have no business here, and that if you expect to produce any impression upon me by masquerading in that absurd costume, you will find yourself greatly mistaken. Who are you? And what are you doing here?"

The figure did not answer for a moment, but kept its mournful eyes fixed upon me, with a gaze that began greatly to disconcert me. I kept repeating to myself, "It is all nonsense, you know; it's a trick—it must be;" but the conviction that this was no living man kept forcing itself upon me in spite of myself. At last it spoke.

"I have more right here than you," it said gravely.

"But, in heaven's name, who are you?" I gasped out, awed in spite of myself by the grave dignity of the apparition, if apparition it were.

"You ask who I am, and yet, if your features do not belie you, you too should be a Castayne. Know, then, that I am that Richard Castayne who died here, as a gentleman of my house should die, fighting for God and my king, in the defence of the home of my ancestors. Will that suffice you? I say again, this is my house; and I ask you, who are you that come here, with your gross earthly form and mind, to trouble the spirits of the dead, to whom it belongs?"

I am not constitutionally brave, but I must certainly say for myself that, except for the first few minutes, I was not really afraid. A certain sensation of awe I confess to, and from time to time a sort of thrill of horror passed through me; but I was not afraid. In fact, my prevailing sentiment at first was—what a preposterous thing it was, in full daylight, on a bright autumn day, in England, in the nineteenth century, to meet a personage who declared himself to have been dead for two hundred years! For I knew now that I had before me the famous Sir Richard,

who defended Castayne Manor against the Parliamentary troops, and fell in its defence. More time to think might have made me more frightened, but a certain obstinacy and dislike of interference came to my aid. I felt a strong impulse to argue the point of ownership with the spectre.

"It does not matter who I am," I said, firmly. "This house is mine—mine by inheritance, as it once may have been yours, if you are the person you claim to be. I have a great reverence for all my ancestors, especially for one so illustrious as Sir Richard; but still, I must say with all respect, that even if you are he, you have at present no more claim to this house than your heir had in your lifetime, or you yourself had before you succeeded to it. And I certainly think that if there is an intruder here, it is not me."

I know this remark must seem rather flippant. Indeed I was a little ashamed of my impertinence, as contrasted with the calm dignity of Sir Richard's bearing; but the fact is, that though I know now that I was not afraid, I was by no means so certain of it then, and I think I was trying by this sort of impudence to fully persuade myself that I was not at all frightened. Sir Richard frowned.

"These are strange words," he said; "strange and bold words from a mortal man to a spirit of the other world."

"Yet so it is," I continued, becoming more and more at my ease. (I may mention, by the way, that I never really doubted his identity, and from this moment took it fully for granted.) "My sentiments towards you are most deeply respectful; but you will excuse my retaining my opinion that this house is mine, and that I intend to live in it. Could you not find some more suitable place for yourself,—say, for instance, the old ruin on the hill behind the house, which, I believe, was once a chapel; would not that be a more suitable place for a spirit to inhabit?"

"Never, sir," said Sir Richard, in a stately manner—"never! Not for the world would I intrude on the devotions of my venerable friend Father Ignatius."

"Father Ignatius!" I cried; "but—but then am I to understand that you are not alone; that there are other gho — spirits, I mean, besides yourself?"

"Assuredly there are many," he replied, quietly; "many of your ancestors whose grievous lot it is that they may not rest quietly even in their graves; many, too, whom chance has involved in the calamities that have befallen our house."

"But, great heavens!" I exclaimed, "this is dreadful. With one ghost we might perhaps have put up, but with a number of them, what can we do? It will be impossible to live here."

The spectre smiled grimly as he perceived that I began to realise how formidable were the mysterious inhabitants of my newly acquired property. Indeed the situation was one well calculated to strike terror into any heart. The one visible ghost I did not fear so much; but the idea of the host of unseen spirits who might, for all I could tell, be around me at that very moment, struck a chill on my mind. At that moment a gust of wind stirred the tapestry which hung over the entrance leading into the old hall, and I turned towards it with a feeling of terror, lest some horrible shape should suddenly appear. My spectral companion was touched apparently by my agitation, for his aspect grew milder, and a look of pity succeeded the former severe expression of his face. I

at once determined to throw myself on his mercy.

"Sir Richard!" I cried, "such a gallant and generous gentleman as you showed yourself to be in your lifetime, should have pity upon one of your descendants in his trouble. Forgive me for what I said just now, and tell me what am I to do."

"There is one course evidently open to you," said he, coldly; "it is to leave this house to its lawful masters, and not seek vainly to intrude yourself upon them."

"But I cannot do that," I pleaded; "my sister has set her heart on coming to live here. Cannot any arrangement be made? Could you not agree to confine yourselves to some one part of the house, and leave the rest for us?"

"I am willing to do all that lies in my power to promote the happiness and prosperity of our house," he replied, "but I can do nothing alone. I will summon our conclave to consider it. Remain you here till they are assembled, and you may submit your project to them."

So speaking, he passed out of the room, and I was left alone to my not very comfortable reflections. But my solitude did not last long, as, though I could see no one, from time to time I was conscious of rustling and whispering sounds around me, which struck a real chill of terror into my heart. I shrank back in my corner, as the tapestry before the entrance was stirred and moved aside, and the mysterious invisible phantoms passed into the hall, while my fancy supplied each of them with some ghastly and appalling form. At last all was still, and in a few minutes I again saw the figure of Sir Richard standing in the entrance. He beckoned to me with his hand, and with an effort to collect my senses and recover my calmness, I followed him into the hall in a state of no little trepidation.

CHAPTER II.—THE GHOSTLY CONCLAVE.

It was at first impossible for me to discern anything clearly in the dim light of the old hall, and even when my eyes began to get more accustomed to it, I was hardly conscious of the presence of its spectral occupants. Gradually, however, I began to make out the dim outlines of figures in the two great chairs that stood at each side of the old fireplace. Buried in the depths of one of these chairs reclined an old man, in the rich but extravagant costume affected by the Court of the Restoration, with its long full periwig, and profusion of lace, embroidery, and ribbons. His face bore a great resemblance to that of my conductor, but had a sharper and harsher outline, and was deeply furrowed with lines and wrinkles; while the kindly though melancholy expression of Sir Richard's countenance was replaced by a sneering sardonic look on that of his brother, fo such I found the old man to be. Exactly opposite to him sat a lady, of middle age, dressed in something resembling the costume of Queen Henrietta-Maria (I am not learned in these matters), with decidedly handsome features, but a haughty and almost forbidding expression, which, however, relaxed a little as she turned towards the figure I now perceived standing beside her chair—a Catholic priest evidently, with a gentle, melancholy face, which had something inexpressively attractive in it. A little further back was a tall figure,

in the robes of a Benedictine monk, with the cowl drawn partly over the face, so that, in the darkness where he stood, I could see nothing of him but the gleam of a pair of unnaturally bright eyes, which seemed to be fixed menacingly on me. Beside him stood another figure, which, but for its antique dress, I should certainly never have taken for a ghost. The rubicund pimply face bore the type of a jovial *viveur;* and the careless and somewhat droll expression would have freed me from all fear of him at least; but the antique jerkin and trunk-hose showed that he belonged to an age long past. Other indistinct figures I could dimly perceive in the background; but my attention was arrested by none of them, till I turned towards the window, by which stood a form well calculated to inspire awe. It was, apparently, that of a knight of the middle ages, of gigantic stature, clad in complete armour, resting one hand on a huge battle-axe, while on the other arm hung a shield, on whose battered surface I could faintly trace the well-known arms of the Castaynes. The visor of the helmet was up, and displayed a face of dark sanguine complexion, and stern rigid features, which told of immense and concentrated force of will. I was gazing on this strange figure, when Sir Richard, who was still at my side, broke at last the profound silence which enveloped the gloomy old hall.

"We are assembled here," he said, solemnly, "for the first time since the occurrence of the sad event which made the last addition to the numbers of our ill-starred company. Since that deplorable event took place——"

"You are too good, Sir Richard, really," observed some one beside me, in a languid, sarcastic tone.

The speaker had escaped my notice till now, being almost entirely concealed from sight by the large old arm-chair in which he sat. He was a young man, of a handsome but rather feeble type of face; and from the blue coat and brass buttons which he wore, and the large neckcloth round his throat, I conjectured that he must be a late acquisition to the confraternity of ghosts, probably only of some seventy or eighty years' standing among them.

"I crave your patience for a moment, Sir Charles," resumed the stately cavalier. "Believe me that it is only for your own sake that I deplore the chance which has brought so accomplished a gentleman among us. Our conclave, as I said but now, has never been assembled since then, and has only been called together now on account of an event of grave import to us. You already know that it was proposed to disturb our home, and, if possible, drive us from our peaceful abode. This we were all agreed to withstand to the utmost. But while we consider what is due to us, and firmly uphold our rights, we should also remember that something is owing to our descendants. This house has been given up to us by the two last representatives of our family, and we would fain have kept it so. Now, however, it has another master, who desires to dwell in it himself; yet not wishing to disturb the spirits of his ancestors, he would make a compact with us by which we might dwell together in amity. Surely it is right that we should hear what he would say."

I was rather taken aback by the suggestion that the ghosts and I were to live together in a friendly way as a sort of happy family; but I was afraid to interrupt Sir Richard, though I admit that the feelings of reverence and awe with which I regarded my illustrious rel-

ative were beginning to give place to a disrespectful sentiment of impatience. Indeed I fear that I even began to consider him as somewhat pompous, if not even a little prosy. But I had no time for reflection, for he turned to me now and addressed me personally.

"Young man," he said, "you are at liberty to state what you propose; but, first, it is fitting that you should know in whose presence you stand. Here," he continued, turning to the lady in the high-backed chair by the fireplace, who took not the slightest notice of me—"here you behold the Lady Alicia Castayne, the faithful partner of all the toils and troubles of my life on earth. Reverence her above all, young man, and bring up your children to love and honour the memory of their ancestress. Here," turning to the old man opposite, "is my good brother, Sir Jasper. Brother Jasper, you will surely say a word of greeting to our descendant."

"I wish you joy of your inheritance, sir," snarled Sir Jasper; "and I only wish it may bring you as good fortune as it has done to your predecessors."

"Nay, be not harsh to the young man, brother Jasper," said Sir Richard; "let us rather pray that he may be more fortunate than the rest of our ill-starred family." Then pointing to the armed figure at the window, "There, young man," he said, "you see your great ancestor, Sir Alured de Castayng, of whose fame you have, no doubt, heard and read much."

"Yes; there indeed is an ancestor to love and honour," sneered the old courtier. "It is a pity he lived so long ago. In your time, Sir Charles," he continued, turning to the languid gentleman in the arm-chair, "he would perhaps have made a great figure on the highway, according to what you tell us, and perhaps——"

"I pray you to be silent, brother," broke in Sir Richard nervously, with a glance at the savage-looking knight, who, however, showed no signs of paying any attention to what was said. Sir Richard looked relieved, and resumed, pointing to the priest whom I have mentioned, "This is my reverend friend Father Ignatius, who rendered in his time great services to our family."

"Which nobly proved its gratitude to him," muttered Sir Jasper.

"And there is our worthy and revered Father Hildebrand, whose acquaintance with the family is of older date, and who should be an object of respect to all who bear the name of Castayne."

This was the tall monk, who continued to eye me as threateningly as before. Father Ignatius, however, advanced towards me with a cordial greeting.

"*Benedicite*, gentle son," he began; "I bid you welcome to your ancestors' home, and pray that you may live long and happily in it."

They were the first words of welcome or goodwill I had heard yet. I could have embraced the good priest in my gratitude, but that I had some doubts about the substantiality of the worthy father. The pimply-faced personage was then introduced to me by the name of Humphrey Goldbin. He was, I found, merely an old major-domo or butler, but his low rank did not appear to be any bar to his mingling with the shades of his former lords. No notice whatever was taken of the other figures whom I had observed in the background, and who were by no means so distinctly visible as those to whom I was introduced; so, judging that the ceremony of presentation was over, I thought it best to address the company without more ado.

"Lady Alicia," I began, "and gentlemen," summoning up my best after-dinner style,—"I hope you will not consider it presumptuous on my part to have come here to disturb you, as I assure you that I really had no notion there were any gho—, I mean, that any of the spirits of my ancestors still inhabited this house. I had no intention of interfering with your possession of the Manor; but it has come to me by inheritance, and I think I have a right to ask you to give me at least a part of it to live in. Suppose, for instance, I was to leave you the undisturbed possession of the older part of the house, which you seem to prefer, and you were to leave me the newer part for my sister and myself? I am, however, ready to make any arrangements that will best provide for the comfort of my revered ancestors and their—ahem—friends. Though I have not the honour to be a Castayne by name myself, I cannot forget that I am one by blood and descent, and I am ready to do my best for the happiness and—ah—comfort of the family."

This offer did not produce the effect I expected. On the contrary, an angry and threatening murmur arose among them, and Father Ignatius hastily came forward.

"My good young man," he said, "you do not understand us, and it may be that we do not understand you. Let us remain undisturbed as we are, and we do not grudge you your tranquillity."

"Ay, thus it ever was with you, brother Ignatius," said the tall monk, speaking now for the first time; "ever trying to defend the sinner, and prevent his purification by due chastisement. Is it not by these mild counsels, by ill-timed mercy such as this, that the advancement of Holy Church has been retarded and her power crippled? It is no time for such weakness now. I say, let him go from hence at once, or he shall feel what it is to oppose us. The powers of the Church——"

"The good gentleman fancies he is still in the thirteenth century," lisped the languid youth.

"Not that he was so very powerful even in those days," remarked Sir Jasper; "and now that he no longer has so docile a penitent to deal with as our worthy kinsman Sir Alured no doubt was——"

"Hush, I pray you, brother," broke in Sir Richard; "and let us consider what this young man proposes to us. The good Father Hildebrand is perhaps over-zealous; but we must treat him with the respect that is his due."

"Undoubtedly, Sir Richard," replied the gentleman in the armchair; "but as this gentleman—by the way, you have not done me the honour of presenting me to him."

"Sir Charles Hassall," hastily put in Sir Richard, looking towards me. I knew the name well. It was that of the ill-fated gamester who had fallen in the brawl in the green room in old Geoffrey's time, by the sword of my great-uncle, Richard Castayne, as it was believed.

"Thank you," continued Sir Charles. "It seems to me that this gentleman's proposals are sensible enough. It has always been my opinion that our occupation is a sufficiently absurd one; and since the time when I followed Dick Castayne to that out-of-the-way place in which he chose to bury himself, I have always found it a great nuisance to be obliged to frighten every one one sees."

"I assure you, Sir Charles," said I, "that I will do anything I can to serve one who has suffered such deep injury from my family."

"Noble young man!" exclaimed Sir Jasper, with hypocritical fer-

vour, "how I wish I had been a stranger injured by a wicked Castayne! But such of us as are unfortunate enough to belong to your own family deserve some consideration too. What, for instance, will your noble kinsman Sir Alured do, if his place on the battlements is disturbed; the place, I mean, where he——"

"In God's name be silent, brother," broke in Sir Richard, with another nervous glance at the knight; "it is time that this interview should come to an end. What is it that you propose?"

"I propose," said I, "to leave you the free use and occupation of the old part of the house, which you by preference inhabit; and I hope you will meet me by promising not to molest me in the part which shall be considered mine. I will engage that none of your haunts shall be disturbed; and you on your side must engage not to trespass beyond them into the part that I am to live in."

"Even so I knew it would be," said Father Hildebrand; "he speaks to us not in the language of humility, but with words of command. Thus will I do, and thus shall ye do. Are we to be thus commanded by a mere mortal, who treats us with such scant respect?"

"Peace, brother Hildebrand," gently said the old priest; "the young man means well, and what he offers is just, according to his lights. Only the chapel of the blessed St Hubert must not be disturbed, nor the tower."

"The tower!" I said; "has any one here a claim on the tower?"

"The tower," said Sir Richard, "is the domain of a spirit far older than any of us that are here. Perchance he may be our ancestor, though we are all, as we believe, of Norman blood, and he is Saxon: but we cannot tell. The tower must not be touched."

"But who is this spirit, then?" I asked, with some curiosity. "Certainly I will not disturb him if you wish me to leave him in peace; but how is it that he remains a mystery even to you?"

"My son," said Father Ignatius, mildly, "you are unaware of the conditions under which we, unhappy as we are, are obliged still to remain in those scenes in which we passed our lives. He who lives in that tower was, in days gone by, a ságe learned in all the learning of his time; even, I fear me, too learned for one who would be a true servant of Heaven and Holy Church. But five hundred years passed away, such was his strange doom, before he was sent to revisit the earth—five hundred years of oblivion: and if he knows aught now of what he was, he has no power to communicate his knowledge. More I may not tell; but his habitation must be as strictly guarded as even the shrine of the blessed saint whose unworthy priest I am."

I would have questioned him further, but Sir Richard motioned me to silence, as if himself about to speak.

"We accept your proposal," he said. "You swear to leave us undisturbed in those portions of this house in which it is our lot to remain till our deliverance comes, and we swear also on these conditions to leave you undisturbed in that part in which you and yours shall dwell. Is it agreed?"

No sign of dissent was expressed, and Sir Richard resumed—

"It is agreed, then. Remember, young man, that we are not to be trifled with, and beware how you break this compact."

"So be it," said I. "I accept your conditions, and solemnly bind myself to abide by them, as you, on your side, abide by yours."

Even while I was speaking, the

figures in the room began to fade away, and soon I found myself again left alone with the shade of Sir Richard. But I had still one question to put to him, to which I was determined to get an answer.

"Now that we are alone, Sir Richard," I said, "tell me who is this mysterious personage who lives in the old tower. What is his name?"

"We do not know," said Sir Richard.

"You do not know! Why, will he not tell you?"

Sir Richard looked cautiously round the hall for a moment, as if to see that there was no one there to hear.

"He cannot tell us," he said at last.

"Cannot! Why, has he forgotten his own name?"

"We believe not. His name is written, with many other matters of deep import, on the ancient scrolls that he still keeps in the tower. But they are in old Saxon writing; we cannot decipher them; and in his five hundred years of absolute oblivion, he has himself lost the power of expounding them. When we ask his name, he points to certain ancient characters, but we cannot read them, and he cannot explain them to us. And, indeed, we believe that he remembers his name, but that he has forgotten how to pronounce it."

And as I stood aghast at this astounding statement, before I had time to ask any further question, the figure of Sir Richard melted away, and I found myself alone in the old hall. I hastened out into the open air, and found Fluggles waiting impatiently at the park-gate, and full of questions as to what had kept me so long, which, however, I felt little disposed to answer. My mind kept recurring to the strange scenes I had passed through, and I gave but little attention even to my friend's schemes for the reparation and adornment of the house, however ingenious and tasteful they might be; and I daresay he had never had a duller travelling companion than I must have proved, as the South-Western express bore us leisurely along to Waterloo.

CHAPTER III.—FRESH TROUBLES.

More than a month had elapsed after the events mentioned in the last chapter before we came to inhabit the Manor. A considerable time was required to put the rooms in order, and make the house generally fit to live in. At last, however, about the middle of October, the long-neglected apartments were got into a habitable condition, and the alterations suggested by Fluggles having been carried out, Bee and I, and my aunt Mrs Gordon, a sister of my father's, whom I had invited to accompany us, went to take up our abode in what she delighted to call "the homes of our ancestors." For a short time we lived there most peaceably and comfortably, little disturbed by the intrusion of living or dead visitors; but after a while it was thought necessary to fill the house with guests, and give an entertainment or two, to make acquaintance with the neighbourhood. Of these a most magnificent account was given in the 'Hogshire Gazette,' from which, to save trouble, I quote the following announcement:—

"We hear that Mr Gregory, who has lately come into possession of the magnificent property of Castayne Manor, is about to entertain a large and distinguished

party at the old family home of the Castaynes. The entertainments will include a grand ball, to which all the gentry of the county will be invited, as well as another for the benefit of the tenantry. Among the distinguished guests assembled at Castayne Manor will be the Earl and Countess of Didcot and Lord Steventon, Lord and Lady Lambrequin, and the Hon. Agatha Cappeline, the Dowager Lady Carruthers, Sir Herbert and Lady Duciper, Sir Geoffrey Botteroll, Sir Guy Destrier, Mr J. W. Hobbs, M.P., Professor Wolff of Heidelberg, Mr Gordon of Kilhurie, Mr R. Courtenay, &c., &c."

I give this list of guests, as I certainly could not have remembered them myself, especially as few of them stayed very long with us. Professor Wolff, an old German *savant*, was one of the few among my guests who were friends of my own. He was a very great man in his own country, a professor of some very abstruse scientific subject, which was not, however, his recommendation to me. Dick Courtenay was another old friend of mine, though he was considerably younger than myself. I sometimes suspected that his friendship for me would not have been so warm in the absence of my sister. Of the rest of my guests I knew very little indeed, having only seen the majority of them once or twice; and the only one among them to whom I was at all attracted was old Sir Guy Destrier, a descendant of the old Destrier family, who had been neighbours and enemies of the Castaynes, for all any one knows, since the beginning of time.

I will not weary my readers with an account of the festivities at the Manor. They were not very amusing to me: but as the house was quite full, no better proof could be given that the unseen inhabitants of the Manor kept to their bargain, and I was quite relieved from anxiety on that subject at least. Still, after the first week, there were signs of something strange happening. One morning at breakfast, we heard that Miss Cappeline was extremely unwell, and could not leave her room; and on the afternoon of the same day, her parents insisted on taking her home, as, they said, the air of Castayne Manor obviously did not agree with her. I thought they had discovered this rather suddenly, but made no remark; and as all my endeavours to keep them were unavailing, away they went. Two days afterwards, it was Lady Carruthers who suddenly discovered that the situation was damp, and also insisted on going at once, taking her nephew, Mr Gordon, with her. The same morning, Sir Geoffrey Botteroll informed me, in a rather embarrassed manner, that he was afraid he must cut short his visit, as he was unexpectedly summoned to town on pressing business. I knew he had received no letter or communication of any kind for the last two days; but I could not tell him so, and as he was obviously determined to go, he went. And then, the next morning, there was the same story over again: Lady Duciper, came down to breakfast, looking like a ghost, and her husband making excuses about her health, insisted, like the others, on going away the same day. All this was very singular; but I still had faith in the spirits, and, inhospitable as it may sound, I did not feel very much grieved at the departure of my guests. By the end of the second week, our party was reduced to Sir Guy Destrier, Mr Hobbs, the Professor, and Dick Courtenay, besides, of course, myself and my aunt and sister.

One evening, as we were sitting together in the drawing-room, I got a clue to the cause of these

sudden departures. We had just finished a rubber, in which Mr Hobbs and I had been victorious over Sir Guy and the Professor, the latter of whom played very badly, and drove his partner quite to the end of his patience; and we had drifted into general talk, and were listening to a disquisition from Sir Guy on the antiquities of Castayne Manor, with which he was perfectly acquainted, and especially on the date and origin of the old tower on the hill, when Dick Courtenay suddenly broke in—

"Ah, by the way, George," he said to me, "talking of that old tower reminds me—I was down in the village to-day, and I found the people there in a great state of excitement. It seems a mysterious light which used to shine in the tower, suddenly ceased to appear after you came here. But last night it as suddenly turned up again, as at least sixteen perfectly trustworthy witnesses, who all spent the night in places from which they could not possibly have seen it, solemnly aver. It was some farmer, I believe, who saw it first as he was driving home, most probably in a sufficiently happy state of mind to see any amount of lights where no lights were. All the village people seemed tremendously excited about it."

"Ah, indeed," said Sir Guy; "I have heard, too, that there had been no apparitions since you came. Your ancestors seem to have deserted you, Mr Gregory; but perhaps you are not sorry for that."

"I think Mr Gregory is much to be congratulated," said the Professor, laughing, "if since his arrival the villagers have grown so much in common-sense as not to take every passing shadow for a ghost, and every *ignis fatuus* for a mysterious spectral light."

"Will-o'-the-wisps, eh?" said Dick Courtenay. "Yes; I suppose last night's light may have been something of that sort: though it's hardly the sort of ground for them either."

"But as to the ghosts," said my aunt, "I hope this house is not haunted, George; I never knew it was said to be."

"Ghosts! Of course there are ghosts," broke in Sir Guy. "Castayne Manor has been haunted as long as Destrier Castle has, and that is no small thing to say."

"You believe in ghosts, then, Sir Guy?" asked the Professor.

"Most certainly I do, sir; as every right-minded man did in my time. Now, I daresay all that is changed. In my day, sir, a gentleman believed in his Creator, and returned his partner's lead," with a withering glance at the Professor. "I have never seen a ghost myself," he added simply, "though I have often watched on the tower where my ancestor Richard, called for his courage Daring Destrier, is said to walk his rounds; but I have never seen him. But there are many here. There is old Sir Alured, of whom we were talking; and his confessor, who was killed by the village mob; and Father Ignatius, who was hanged as a Jesuit; and——"

"You will frighten my aunt, Sir Guy," said I, hastily interrupting him, for the conversation was not at all to my taste.

But Dick immediately took it up again.

"You seem well acquainted with the subject, Sir Guy," he said; "and you at least are a believer. Mr Hobbs, I'm sure you don't believe in ghosts?"

"No, I don't," replied that gentleman, reflectively; "and it's rather fortunate that I don't; for if I had believed in them, I should have certainly thought that there

were some ghostly manifestations going on in the room next mine. I could have sworn I heard chairs being moved, and people talking in it; and, absurd as it is,—I suppose I was only half awake,—I should have said there was a party playing cards there. In fact the impression was so vivid, that I actually got up and opened the door and looked in. Of course there was nothing. I had been dreaming, I suppose; but to make it all the more ghostly, my clock had stopped, and so I found had the one in the next room—not at the same time, it's true, but still there is a touch of the supernatural in that."

I must here mention that Mr Hobbs's bedroom opened off the green room, which I have spoken of before as that in which Sir Charles Hassall met his death; and as Mr Hobbs had always a great deal of correspondence on hand,—for, besides being one of the members for Hogshire, he was also the senior partner in the great firm of Hobbs, Goldenbahn, & Jeffreys, railway contractors, ——, the green room itself had been made into a sort of study for him. The spirit of Sir Charles was supposed to haunt both rooms; and though, after the agreement I had made, I had no fear of his causing any annoyance to any one, yet Mr Hobbs's story caused me considerable anxiety, especially after Dick Courtenay's account of the report about the light.

While this conversation was going on, my sister had gone out of the room to get her cloak for a moonlight ramble on the terrace. She was away some time, and I at last began to get anxious, and left the room in search of her. As I approached the turret-room I heard a faint cry, and the next moment Bee came flying out of it and rushed into my arms, sobbing hysterically, and wild with terror. I drew her into my study, which was close by, and there, in the warm well-lighted room, she gradually recovered herself. She had gone into the little room for her cloak, and was just leaving it, when she felt herself oppressed with a strange sense that some one else was in the room with her. And then she had turned round; and there in a corner of the room stood a tall figure in a monk's dress, with a pale emaciated face and fearfully bright eyes, which were fixed upon her with a threatening look. She had stood for a time, she did not know how long, spell-bound with terror, when the figure began to advance towards her, and then she shrieked and rushed out of the room. I managed to quiet her by degrees, told her it must have been mere fancy (though I hardly thought so myself), and at last actually persuaded her to come back to the turret-room with a light. There she pointed out to me a curtained recess where the figure had stood, and I tried to show her how she must have been deceived by the arrangement of the hangings. But she was positive about the face, and I felt that I knew only too well what she had seen. I persuaded her to sleep in my aunt's room that night; and after installing her there, and calling her maid, I went down-stairs to make her excuses, and send my aunt to her. Dick was very much disappointed by her non-appearance, and seemed rather anxious. So also did Sir Guy, who, I thought, at one time was going to give me some warning about the apparitions he had spoken of; but if he had meant to do so, he changed his mind, and bidding us good-night, he went up to his room at once. The other gentlemen followed me to the smoking-room; but all three went to bed early, and I was left alone to my not very

pleasant reflections. Everything that I had heard seemed to point to a renewal of the disturbances which had prevailed in the Manor before my agreement with the spirits. I did not like to think that any of them would have broken their word; but what else could I suppose? Bee's account of the apparition she had seen made me think of Father Hildebrand; while the noises heard by Mr Hobbs in the green room were very like those which were habitual there when the room was haunted by the spirit of Sir Charles. The chief question, however, was what I was to do. If the spirits had chosen to ignore their engagement with me, was it at all likely that I should be able to recall them to it? However, I was roused from these reflections by a knock at the door; and on its being opened, to my great astonishment the butler presented himself, and asked permission to speak to me for a few minutes.

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir," he began, "but there's been a awful to-do down-stairs. Some of the servants has caught some of them village people's notions, I think" (John had a most unbounded contempt for the villagers), "and they're all gone mad about the ghosts. Mary, that's the under-housemaid, sir, has seen something in the gallery, she won't say what; which, of course, sir, I don't believe, nor you don't believe neither, sir, if you'll allow me to say so, as she see anything at all, but she's that frightened she says she won't never go near it again. Then there's Robert, sir. I sent him down to the cellar to fetch up the claret for dinner, and he hadn't been gone not five minutes, sir, when he comes back all white and frightened-like, and says he'd seen such a figure down there as he never see before in all his born days (them was his very words, sir), drinking of the wine out of one of the old tankards. And then they all began to cry out as it was the ghosts the village people talked of; and Saunders—that's Sir Guy Destrier's man, sir—he said, Yes, he expected it was the ghost of the old Popish butler, as was killed here in the old days—that's what he says, sir."

"And what did you say, John?" I asked.

"Well, sir, I up, and I says, 'Mr Saunders, sir,' I says, 'you are a man as has been a soldier, and oughtn't to be afraid of nothing. Are you willing, sir,' I says, 'to come down to that 'ere cellar along of me, and see what's the row there?' So he says, 'Yes;' and down we goes and finds nothing, of course, sir, and fetches the wine; but as we was coming away, sir, we hears something fall down behind us with a sort of a clatter. I ain't a timid man, sir; but I don't deny as I was taken aback like. But Mr Saunders, he steps back quite cool, and picks up a old silver tankard, which I've got it here to show you, sir, and he says to me, he says, 'Who have you got here, Mr Barnes, as drinks out of this kind of pot?' And I've never seen that tankard before, sir; it's never come under my hands. Of course I don't believe what they says about the ghosts, sir," he went on, with a nervous glance round him; "but it do seem queer, don't it, sir? without it was one of the gentlemen, sir, as wanted to play us a trick. Mr Courtenay, now, he's always fond of his joke, and I thought perhaps it might be him, just trying to frighten us for a bit of fun. Lord, sir, I don't mind, not a bit; I know them young gentlemen's ways; but, you see, it frightens the other servants; and I thought if it was one of the gentlemen, he'd better not do it again, as it do frighten the common ser-

vants; don't you think so, sir? Of course I told them there was nothing to be afraid of; but it do seem queer," he added, rather tremulously.

"You did quite right, John," I said; "and I will speak about it, and see that it does not occur again."

"Thank you, sir," said John; "because, you see, the common servants do get frightened. You don't want anything else to-night, sir? No, sir. Thank you, sir. Good-night, sir," and John beat a hasty retreat.

This story of John's had a considerable effect upon me. I knew he was perfectly reliable, and that what he said was sure to be true; and, strange as you may perhaps think it, it was his story more than anything else that decided me that the ghosts must really have broken their bargain, and be showing themselves again. I suppose it acted as the proverbial last straw, for there was no more reason to see anything ghostly in this than in the more terrible apparition which had frightened my sister; and, indeed, for myself I would rather have faced Humphrey Goldbin, whom I suspected to be the author of the mischief here, than the redoubtable Father Hildebrand. At the same time, an apparition of any kind would probably have more effect upon the servants than upon the more educated members of the household, and certainly would be more widely spread abroad and generally received in the neighbourhood. On the whole, I determined that the best thing to be done was to have an explanation with the spirits at once, and find out their intentions. I directed my steps to the gallery, and pushing open the door at the nearer end, I at once saw Sir Richard, slowly and majestically pacing along it. He stopped as he saw me, and looked at me with a frown.

"So you have come again," he said. "It is well; we have expected you. Remain here awhile and I will summon the others," and he disappeared through the other door without giving me time to utter a word. I was not prepared for this. I had come thinking myself the aggrieved party, and quieting any fears I might feel by saying to myself that my indignation was just, and that they ought to give way to me. But now that I had been confronted with one of the spirits in person, and received not with humility but with every sign of displeasure, I began to consider whether it was prudent of me to face them again without any summons. They were evidently angry with me; and remembering the threats I had heard before, my indignation gave way to a feeling of nervousness with regard to the interview that was before me. After all, if they chose to show their displeasure, what could they do? Sir Richard had spoken of terrible punishments which would fall upon me if I did not keep my engagement with them; and though it was clearly they who had broken it and not I, still, if any unconscious act of mine had led them to do so, who could tell to what lengths their vengeance might go, or what form it would take? And here I must confess to an unmanly longing that came over me to run away and avoid the interview I had sought. But before I could make up my mind to take any decided course, Sir Richard again appeared, and beckoned to me, with a severe aspect, to follow him; and in a state of much greater nervousness and timidity than on the previous occasion, I was again conducted into the old hall.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SECOND COMPACT.

The personages assembled in the hall were the same whom I had seen at my former interview, but their appearance was far more hostile than on the previous occasion. It is true that even then I had been received with little more than toleration by most of the company; but at least I then had the grave courtesy of Sir Richard, and the genial benevolence of Father Ignatius, to fall back upon. But now the faces of all the assembled spirits bore an angry and threatening expression. Alone the iron figure of Sir Alured stood, apparently unmoved, by the window—his attitude, exactly the same as when I had first seen him, and his swarthy features as immovable as ever. I don't know how it was, but I was more afraid of Sir Alured than of all the rest together. Father Hildebrand might thunder rebukes at me, or Sir Jasper sneer as he liked; but the stern immobility of the knight moved me more than the menaces of the monk or the sarcasms of the old courtier. After my first interview with the spirits, I had come to consider the rest of them as persons more or less amenable to reason, with whom I could treat on an equal footing; and even now, though I perceived how ill disposed they were towards me, my determination to hold my own with them was unshaken. But for Sir Alured I always retained a feeling of superstitious awe, mingled with admiration — for I have always been a great admirer of size and strength, though little favoured by nature in those respects myself; and Sir Alured was a very Hercules. But to return to my story. Sir Richard introduced me into the hall, and taking his stand in the centre, extended his hand with a somewhat pompous gesture, and addressed the company.

"I have brought the young man, as you see," he said (which, by the way, was inaccurate, as I had come of my own free will). "I have brought him here to listen to our complaints, and to make excuse for his faults as best he may."

"My faults!" I cried, my indignation rising again at this accusation. "I promised to leave you in undisturbed possession of your old quarters——"

"And you have not done so," said Sir Richard. "There is not one of us whose privacy has not been violated. How, to take one instance, can the reverend Father Hildebrand say his orisons in his cell, when it has been converted into a bower for a lady? It is true that, had this been all, we might have suffered it, as our good brother Jasper has offered to change with the good father, and give up his own apartment to him, as having no such dislike to female society" — Sir Jasper chuckled; "and Sir Charles has also made a similar proposition, both out of respect to the good father, and as being himself incommoded by the intrusion into his chamber of some base person, named Hobbs, or Dobbs, or some such name, alike plebeian and uncomely. Even I myself, in the gallery in which I by preference walk, am daily impeded by serving-women bearing brooms and cans, and other unseemly domestic utensils. But greatest of all is the blame that attaches to you, in that you have given over the bedchamber of the Lady Alicia to a youth of light conversation and frivolous demeanour. You must have known that for a lady of her dignity and

modesty even to enter the sleeping-chamber of a young man was intolerable; and yet she has not only to endure his presence, but also to suffer from the odour of the tobacco he smokes, and to be disturbed at all hours by his unseemly mirth and ribald songs. Is this the manner, sir, in which you would treat a lady whom you should be proud to call your ancestress? Why, even the sacrilegious rebels against whom I defended this manor never dared to treat her so."

The company did not seem much impressed by Lady Alicia's wrongs. While they were enumerated, Sir Charles leaned back in his chair with a prodigious yawn, Sir Jasper chuckled and took snuff, and Humphrey, the butler, came forward and broke into the conversation boldly, without any regard for the lady's feelings.

"Hark ye here, young master," he began. "What in the name of all the devils brought ye into old Sir Roger's cellar? Such as you may be well content, I wot, with the outer cellars that held the beer and the wine for the serving-men and the knight's secretary. But you must come pushing into the old knight's own privy cellar, where we kept the old Malvoisie and the sack for his own honourable throat and those of his worshipful guests. God rest his soul! many a flask of his own favourite sack have I drunk in my time; and now you, you who never would have been suffered to sit above the salt in Sir Roger's days, come in with your paltry new-fashioned wines, that turn a man's stomach. Pah! I can still taste the paltry stuff ye have put there."

Now I had always been considered as rather a connoisseur in wines, and my opinion was frequently asked by friends of mine with regard to the value of their claret, so that I was rather taken aback by this charge; and still more so when the languid gamester, generally so quiet, roused himself to attack me in his turn.

"I also, sir," said Sir Charles, "have not been treated by you as one gentleman should treat another. In the first place, you have given my rooms to some vulgar fellow, who is so offensive to me that I have been obliged to resume my custom of appearing there, which I had intermitted entirely as a favour to you. And not satisfied with this, you have permitted some one to tamper with the clocks. Do you pretend, sir, to be unaware that it is customary for the clocks in both my rooms to stop at half-past two, when I come in? And do you know that last night the one stopped at half-past two, and the other at twenty minutes to three?—a circumstance which, instead of adding to the awe that ought to be excited by my appearance, is rather calculated to turn it into ridicule. Do you consider this respectful, sir? After all your professions of sympathy and readiness to serve me, is this what I am to expect?"

Sir Charles spoke with far more animation than I could have imagined possible; but he was now interrupted by Sir Jasper—

"You should have shown yourself more openly, Sir Charles, and given the intruder a fright. That was the way I did—ha! ha! They put one of the Botterolls into my room. I knew him by his likeness to his ancestors. I knew Geoffrey Botteroll well, two hundred years ago. But this was a wretched, cowardly fellow—screamed when he saw me, and went away the next morning. He had no wish to spend another night in my company," said Sir Jasper, with his detestable chuckle.

These last speeches irritated me

considerably; but as yet I could hardly think of anything to say in my own defence. It was absurd that I should be put on my defence at all; but still they had managed to put me in the wrong.

It was, of course, wisest to conciliate. "I really cannot understand you, gentlemen," I said. "You must all know that I have strictly kept my word, and have never entered this part of the house myself, or allowed any one else to do so."

"What matters that?" said Sir Richard. "Few of *us* ever enter this part of the house."

"I do not understand you, Sir Richard. It was to this I pledged myself. All you required of me was that I should not disturb you here."

"Nay, sir," replied Sir Richard, "what we asked of you was that you should not disturb us in those parts of the house in which we dwell, not that you should leave to us a portion of the house with which we have nothing to do. This hall, indeed, has ever been regarded as our place of meeting; but our own chambers, in which you promised that we should not be disturbed, are elsewhere; and to that condition you have not been faithful."

"What!" I cried; "you wish me then to give up all the best rooms in the house? That was not the condition to which I pledged myself. You cannot expect it. How can I possibly give them up? No, no," I continued, as angry looks were directed at me from all sides; "I cannot do that. I am very sorry to have misunderstood you, but this I cannot undertake."

"Is it to be open war between us, then?" asked Sir Richard, in a voice trembling with anger. "Is this a defiance?"

"I have no wish to defy you, I am sure," I said; "but I cannot give up those rooms to you. I had rather leave the house altogether."

"That is a course which is always open to you," remarked Sir Charles.

"It is what I advised from the first," assented Sir Jasper.

"It is true," said Sir Richard, "that such would indeed be the best course to pursue. Leave this house to us, as your predecessors did, and all will go well."

The unanimous approval with which my words were received took away my breath.

"You are very kind, Sir Richard," I said, sarcastically; "but perhaps you will be good enough to tell me where I am to go, if you turn me out of my house. That is the least thing you can do."

I had hardly any serious intention in what I said, but Sir Richard accepted it in perfect good faith.

"Believe me, sir," he said, earnestly, "it will be the best thing for you. There are many other spots which would be equally pleasant to you; but for us there is but this one place, from which we may not go. Be persuaded, young man: leave this ill-omened house, which has so often brought ill-fortune upon our family, and you will have peace and our approval.

"Yes, yes," cried Father Ignatius; "follow the good counsel, my son, and let there be peace between us. What saith the Apostle?—'*Qui vult vitam diligere et dies videre bonos*,'—'He that will love life and see good days,'—'*inquirat pacem et sequatur eam*,'—'let him seek peace and ensue it.' Go and leave us in peace, and we will pray for you and bless your name."

"He might go to Horton," suggested Sir Jasper.

"True, brother," said Sir Richard. "You must have heard of Horton Place, in building which our good brother Jasper expended

great sums of money. Wherefore should you not go there? It is, as I have heard, a commodious house, such as no gentleman of our name need be ashamed to dwell in."

"Zounds! brother," interrupted Sir Jasper, hotly, "do you know of what you speak? Why, the King himself was pleased to approve of it; and his Grace of Buckingham said that he wondered to find anything so courtly and elegant in a country which, as he wittily said, contained nought but pigs and bumpkins."

I made at first no reply, for I was absorbed in the consideration of what I had heard. What if I did leave Castayne Manor? My sister would most likely be unwilling to remain in it; and after the apparitions which had driven my guests away (for it was quite clear now what had been the cause of their sudden departure), I could hardly expect any one to visit me at the Manor. This prospect was by no means formidable to me; but it would be hard on Bee to be compelled to see nobody. On the other hand, though I had never seen Horton Place, I had heard the most laudatory accounts of it. It was close at hand, not more than eighteen miles from the Manor —smaller, brighter, and more comfortable. The question was thus, after all, a simple one. If I chose to stay and brave the anger of the spirits, what would happen? I could not use any of the rooms they haunted, even if they strictly confined themselves to their quarters, which I could hardly hope they would. My available accommodation in a large house would thus be reduced to a few rooms, and my household would live in perpetual alarm. The threats of ill fortune I paid less attention to, but still there might be something in them. What could I do? The threatening faces round me quickened my decision.

"Gentlemen, I submit," I said; "I will do as you wish. But it is a great sacrifice: you ought at least to understand that."

A general expression of satisfaction now replaced the angry and threatening looks with which I had been received.

"He obeys our will," said Father Hildebrand. "It is well for him."

"Ay, you ha' done right at last, master," said Humphrey Goldbin.

"You have acted as a gentleman should, sir," said Sir Charles.

Sir Richard came forward to me in his pompous but not ungenial way.

"Sir," he said, "you have done well, and you shall not be without a reward. You have conferred a great favour on us, and we shall not prove ungrateful. From this day forth, count upon us to do all we can to serve you."

A general murmur of assent confirmed the promise of my great ancestor, and all, as I hurried from their presence, saluted me with a cordiality which would have been highly gratifying had I been quite certain in my own mind whether I had really done a good action, or had shrunk from an imaginary danger, and only made an egregious fool of myself.

CHAPTER V.—THE NEW CLAIMANT.

My sudden resolution to leave the Manor did not create as much astonishment as might have been expected, when I announced it the next morning. It seemed to be generally considered as the result

of a hasty, but not utterly unreasonable resolution, prompted by a desire to avoid any recurrence of the shock which my sister was vaguely understood to have received on the preceding night. My aunt appeared much relieved at the news, and reported Bee, who was unwell and kept her room, to be also delighted. Sir Guy gravely expressed his approval, and the other guests made no remark. Dick Courtenay alone received the announcement with considerable astonishment, and questioned me as closely as politeness would allow as to the events of last night. Dick was a hopeless unbeliever in anything supernatural; and it is chiefly to this fact, together with Lady Alicia's natural modesty, that I attribute his exemption from any disturbance. However, I was impenetrable on the subject; and he soon gave up the attempt to elicit anything from me, and seemed quite content when Bee appeared again in the evening, looking little the worse for her indisposition. To appease him completely, I invited him to come with us to Horton Place; and thither he accordingly accompanied us a few days later, my other guests having previously taken their departure.

We were very comfortable in our new quarters, and my aunt and Bee seemed to enjoy the change. The house itself, though less venerable than the Manor, was certainly more cheerful, and its surroundings quite as pretty, though the grounds were not so large. We had been there for a month or so, enjoying ourselves very well, each in his own way, and with Dick Courtenay still a member of our party, though always declaring that he must leave us in a day or two, and always finding some reason for staying on a little longer,—when the strange news reached me which made me think that my extraordinary good fortune was to prove only a dream—a transitory experience of luxury, which would only make us more unwilling to return to our former humble condition. I had seen little of Mr Quibble since that first visit of his which I have recorded. Our intercourse had been restricted to occasional letters on necessary matters of business; and except for a day or two that he spent with us at the Manor, and an occasional meeting in town, I had held no personal communication with him. I was the more surprised when he suddenly turned up at Horton one morning, without even having apprised me of his intention by letter. As it happened, I was alone, my aunt, Bee, and Dick having gone to a ball at some distance, where they had stayed the night. I did not go with them (I never do when I can help it,—I hate balls). When Mr Quibble was shown into my study, I observed, as he came in, that his manner was not so calm and unconcerned as usual. Still he began with a few indifferent remarks about current topics; and for some time I thought he could not really have important business to communicate to me,—when he suddenly turned round towards me, and abruptly inquired—

"Did you ever hear what became of Richard Castayne?"

"What Richard Castayne?" I asked, with some astonishment.

"I mean your grandfather's brother," he replied. "Your great-grandfather, George Castayne, who died in 1800, had, as you no doubt are aware, three sons—Geoffrey, Richard, and William. Geoffrey, who inherited the property, had in his turn three sons: Geoffrey and William, who both succeeded to the estate and died without issue;

and Henry, who died young, and left a son William, who died immediately before the late owner of Castayne Manor, and thus left the inheritance to you. You, of course, claim through your mother, Alicia, daughter of Sir William Castayne, third son of the aforesaid George, —the family of Geoffrey being extinct, and Richard having presumably died without issue. Now what I ask you is, did you ever hear any particulars with regard to the fate of Richard Castayne?"

"Excuse me, Mr Quibble," said I; "but may I ask you with what object you ask me this question? It opens up a part of the family history which, in my opinion, would be better left alone."

"Very likely," said the lawyer; "but I have a sufficient reason for putting it to you, all the same."

"You cannot be ignorant that it was through Richard Castayne that the terrible misfortune occurred which has cast a shadow over the latter history of the family. You of course know the story of the quarrel and all that ensued."

"I know it too well; but I wish to ascertain exactly if there is anything more to know."

"After the event I have referred to," I continued, "it has always been supposed that Richard Castayne emigrated to America, where he died."

"Exactly," resumed Mr Quibble; "so far all are agreed: what I want to know is, whether you ever heard a report of his marrying out there, and—ah—having children?"

"Certainly not," I replied, confidently; "he was always believed to have died childless, and, it is said, in the most miserable circumstances, in some obscure town of America."

"So I had heard," said he; "but not to keep you longer in suspense, there has lately appeared in England a person who asserts himself to be the grandson of Richard Castayne, and consequently to have a prior claim on the estate. I yesterday received a communication from Mr Davies of Lincoln's Inn on this subject, and it is that which has brought me here to-day. This person, who calls himself Henry Castayne, states that his grandfather, the Richard Castayne we have been speaking of, was naturalised as a citizen of the United States, and married at New York one Mary Lewis" (here he referred to some papers he had brought with him), "and had issue, one son, George Caston or Castayne (both of which names Richard seems to have borne indiscriminately at different times), who in his turn became the father of the present claimant. Now I wish to know whether you have any evidence of the death of Richard Castayne unmarried, or, at any rate, childless."

I replied, considerably taken aback by this unexpected news, "I know nothing of the later life of Richard Castayne. It seems to have always been taken for granted that he died unmarried."

"But now that the question has been raised," said Mr Quibble, "we can take nothing for granted. So far as I can see the claim is serious, and we must spare no trouble to discover the truth."

"Surely," I said, with a stupefied acquiescence; "the truth—yes, we must find out the truth. But what may that truth be?"

He gave me a great deal of advice, but I scarcely knew what it was: fortunately it was he, not I, who had to carry it out. The intelligence was too startling to be realised all at once. He did not remain with me long — refusing even to stay to luncheon, on the plea that he must begin operations at once, and that no time was to be lost. I sat still where he had

left me for a long time, more disturbed than I cared to allow even to myself. It could not be true; and yet what if it were true? This idea forced itself upon me more and more strongly. Sometimes I thought I would fight it to the very last, and spend my last penny in defending my claim to the property. But if he was the rightful heir, I could not keep him from taking what belonged to him—he must have his own; and I—well, I would return to my old way of life. We were happy and contented enough before in the old days, when we never thought of all this great property coming to us. If the man had only turned up then, and asserted his claims, before we had ever gone to Castayne Manor, or changed our way of life, as we had done, to suit our new position! Then I could have moralised calmly on the subject, and Bee would have said that we were much happier where we were, in our quiet old home; we would have made all the reflections with which poor people console themselves when they have never had the chance of trying what it is to be rich. But to lose everything at once like this would be a dreadful blow. And what would it be to Bee? It would fall heavier on her than on me; for, after all, I had not changed my manner of life very much, and my new property had brought its measure of trouble with it, though it certainly was something to be a great landed proprietor, and I was by no means insensible to the advantages of being rich. But the more I thought of it the more painful the subject grew, till at last I felt I could not stay still where I was, and a sudden impulse came into my mind to go up to town, "So as to be on the spot," I said to myself dreamily: "it's always best to be on the spot."

I had just arrived at this decision, when the others returned gay and talkative from their ball. The sight of Bee, looking, as she did, supremely happy, made me still more wretched when I thought of the dreadful news I should soon have to break to her. But I had little time to think of this, as Dick came up to me almost immediately, and with an air of great mystery begged to speak to me for a few minutes in private. I daresay I should have guessed his purpose if I had had my wits about me; but I was so worried and confused, that all I could think of was some new misfortune; but Dick soon undeceived me.

"George, old man," he began, "we've always been great friends, you and I; always liked each other, haven't we?"

"I believe so," I answered, sulkily. "Is that all you have got to say?"

"Don't be sulky, old man. It is not of the least use, as I am in far too amiable a mood to be put out of temper by anything. What I mean is, that we have always been like brothers, almost. What should you say if we were to become brothers in reality?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"What do I mean? I didn't think you'd have found that so hard to guess. Well, to cut the matter short, your sister has made me the happiest man in the world by promising to be my wife—with your consent, of course. But I hope we needn't doubt of that—need we, George?"

"My dear Dick," I said, forgetting my troubles for the moment, "you don't know how delighted I am. No, I'm not, though — I had forgotten. How very unfortunate!"

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Dick in astonishment; "I

thought you would be pleased. I thought——"

"So I should have been—delighted a little time ago: but it is different now. I can't explain it to you, but there are reasons—at any rate, you must give me a few days to consider." Then, as Dick looked at me with an expression of pain and astonishment, "Perhaps you think that my good fortune has changed my feelings towards you," I continued, rather bitterly, "but that's not it, Dick; you may feel sure that there is no one whom I would rather have for a brother-in-law—no one, I'm sure, with whom Bee would be more likely to live happily. But there are obstacles newly arisen, there are —— I must ask you to wait, at any rate, for a few days before I can give you any definite answer. And—and—I have to go up to town by the next train, and must see to my things,—I know you'll excuse me." I fairly bolted out of the room, leaving Dick in a state of utter amazement. Bee was peeping out of the door of an adjoining room, but I repulsed her gently.

"No, no, Bee," I said, "I cannot speak to you now. I know all about it, but I can say nothing to you as yet. Don't think me harsh, my dear. Only wait a day or two, and all may be well."

Then I hurried up-stairs, and did not come down again till it was nearly time to start. As I passed through the hall, I saw one of the servants carrying a bag to the door.

"What have you got there, John?" I asked.

"Mr Courtenay's bag, sir," was the answer.

"Mr Courtenay's bag?"

"Yes, it's mine," said Dick, who now made his appearance. "I'm going too. The fact is I—I got a letter from my father this morning, and he wants me to go down to Devonshire. I daresay you won't mind sending my heavy luggage after me. You must see, George," he added in a lower tone, "that I cannot possibly stay here in your absence, under the circumstances."

I agreed to this, and thanked him for his consideration, and we went off to the station together. I never had a more unpleasant journey. Every little irritation that one is subject to on such an occasion was magnified a hundredfold by the uneasy state of mind I was in. The carriage was stuffy, the lamp burned badly, the pace was slower and the jolting worse than it ever had been before. One of my pet projects, especially since I had come into my property, had been a marriage between Bee and Dick. Formerly I had tried rather to discourage Dick in his attentions to my sister, because I knew how strongly his father would be opposed to his marrying a girl without a penny: but these precautions had lately seemed unnecessary. Now, however, everything was changed once more. The sister of the owner of Castayne Manor was very different from plain Miss Gregory of nowhere at all. So I thought myself bound, at any rate, not to allow any engagement at present; but it was very hard for Bee, for Dick, for myself even, for it was a consummation as much desired, I think, by me as even by the lovers themselves. In an extremely uneasy and wretched frame of mind I arrived in town, where I have a vague impression of dining drearily at the club; of getting an evening paper, and reading the same paragraph thirty times over without understanding a word; of then giving it up and going to bed, and of tossing about all night, feverish and miserable. In the morning I called upon Mr Quibble, who received me eagerly, expecting some information: but when

he found I had none, showed a disappointment and almost disgust not at all flattering to me personally. Evidently my desire to be on the spot was as vain as everything else seemed to be under the circumstances.

After a day or two of aimless lounging about town, I returned to Horton. I arrived there early in the afternoon, and proceeded to make myself disagreeable to my family as a way of soothing my feelings, then retreated to my study to take counsel with my pipe and try to think of anything else I could do. The room seemed unusually chilly, and I had got up from my chair to see if by any chance one of the windows could be open, when I started—stared—rubbed my eyes and stared again, and began to wonder if I was taking leave of my senses; for there, within a yard of me, I saw my ancestor, Sir Richard, just as I had seen him in the gallery at Castayne.

"You!" I stammered; "Sir Richard! can it really be you—you here?"

"I am here," he said, gravely. "You are in trouble, and require help; I have come to help you."

"To help me!" I was too much bewildered to know what to say. "I am in trouble indeed—nothing can be more true: but how can you help me? How did you even find it out?"

"I will tell you," he said. "About noon yesterday Father Ignatius came to me with a message from Him of the Tower, the ancient sage, of whom you have heard. He had studied the stars on the night before, and found that a great danger menaced you, and that it could be averted through our means. How, we know not, for he could not even tell us what the danger was: but he knew that we could help. We have come accordingly, the good father and I, to ask what is your trouble?"

"I am here, my son," said a gentle voice from the other side of the fireplace; and I saw the figure of the good old priest standing opposite me.

It was very difficult to know how to receive these strange guests. "Won't you—sit down?" I stammered. "I am deeply grateful for your kind intention; but as to helping me, that is a different matter."

"Say not so, my son," said the old priest, mildly. "He of whom we speak has knowledge far beyond what is given to you or to us, and he would not have sent us here on a bootless errand. Wherefore, tell us quickly what your trouble is."

"Do so, young man," added Sir Richard. "Be assured that we have power to help, else had he not spoken as he did."

I could do no harm to tell my story, and I was touched and soothed by the sympathy they showed. And they received the story with an indignation which was balm to my soul.

"It is a false and insolent pretension!" said Sir Richard. "We have received you as the rightful heir, and is not that enough? The man lies who says that Castayne Manor is not yours, and this I will uphold, let who will gainsay it."

"Richard Castayne's grandson, did you say?" said Father Ignatius, musing. "Perchance, in that case, Sir Charles can tell us the truth; for he was with Richard Castayne to his death."

"True, true!" cried Sir Richard; "Sir Charles will know. He never left the man who—— Come, Father, let us go; he alone can set this question at rest."

"Softly, softly," said Father Ignatius. "Remember, we can do

nought alone. In my poor opinion, we had best go back to him that sent us."

As they talked, some slight hope rose in my heart; yet how fantastic a hope! for however much they might know, how could they make it known? Still their sympathy was pleasant, and I thanked them from the bottom of my heart.

"We can but try to serve you as you have done to us," said Sir Richard, courteously. "All that lies in our power we will do."

And with these words my guests were gone. I could hardly say they vanished—even that implies some positive means of departure —nor did they fade out of sight. I can only say they were gone. At one moment there were two figures visible in the room; and at the next—no one.

But a stranger sight yet was in store for me that day. I had wondered how I should know what happened, or if they would return to bring me information. Late at night I was again alone in my study, when I suddenly observed a blank sheet of paper lying on the table in front of me, in one corner of which there appeared to be some word written. I leaned forward idly to see what it was, when to my amazement, the writing was continued—the letters forming themselves gradually by some mysterious agency, without any hand or pen being visible. At another time this might have frightened me; but as I expected a mysterious message of some kind, I regarded it quite calmly after the first moment of amazement. The words were slowly formed, in a quaint old-fashioned handwriting. This was what I read: "In the gallery at Castayne Manor—to-morrow after midnight." I waited for more; but this was all. The writing faded away again, and the sheet was as blank as before. To-morrow night! I never doubted for a moment the necessity of keeping the appointment thus made.

CHAPTER VI.—CONCLUSION.

Next day, accordingly, I drove over to Castayne, still much excited by the message which had been so strangely conveyed to me, and full of eager and perhaps unreasonable hope. By the time I reached the house, however, my expectations had fallen very low, for how could the spirits find any solid proof? They certainly could not be received as witnesses. The man who had been put in charge of the house was an old soldier named David Grant—an admirable man for the place, as his courage was great and his nerves immovable. David and his wife inhabited the lower regions of the Manor, which, with the exception of the cellar, were unoccupied by the spirits; and I had telegraphed to them to prepare some dinner for me in my study, and a bed in the room which had formerly been my aunt's, these being both situated in the newest part of the house, and well removed from the haunts of its spectral inhabitants. I knew that a bed would be little required by me that night; but my orders were given to prevent any suspicion of my real object.

My spirits rose considerably after a good dinner, and I began to take a more hopeful view of the advantages I might gain from my prompt obedience to my revered ancestor's commands. It is true that my confidence rather abated when Grant had bidden me good night and left me alone, with some hours still to be passed in

doubt and suspense before the time came for me to keep my appointment; but, slowly as the hours seemed to pass, they were finished at last, and, taking up a candle, I made my way to the old gallery over the moat. There I found Sir Richard waiting for me. He greeted me courteously, and, in answer to my eager inquiries, informed me that it had been decided that I should have an interview with Sir Charles that night. This was a step from which I shrank greatly.

"Is it right to speak to him of Richard Castayne, his murderer?" I asked.

"Do not venture to use that word of one of our blood, sir," said Sir Richard, sternly. "He was no murderer. The blow was struck in fair quarrel, and it hath been well atoned for. I do not think that Sir Charles will be unwilling to speak with you of his old enemy, as you only wish to ask concerning his family and the manner of his end. But it waxes late, and we lose time. Let us go to the green room at once."

The green room was quite empty as we entered it; but we heard a slight sound as of some one moving in the adjoining room, and a moment after, the folding-doors which separated the two flew open, and Sir Charles appeared. It was, though I had not thought of that, the moment of his usual appearance, and he looked as much startled as if we had been the ghosts.

"To what do I owe this honour?" he asked, in his usual languid tone; then without waiting for an answer, "Ah, yes! I have heard—there is something wrong——"

"It is true," said Sir Richard. "A great misfortune. Expose the matter to Sir Charles."

I obeyed, but with some embarrassment.

"I am sent—it is not by my own will—I am told to ask—it is a painful subject."

Sir Charles bowed, but looked still more surprised. Sir Richard, on his part, made a gesture of impatience. I continued hurriedly, "What I have to say is about Richard Castayne."

The well-bred spectre bent his brows, but recovered himself. "What of him?" he asked.

"It is not about him; his son——"

"Richard Castayne had no son," said Sir Charles, abruptly.

"Is that so? Yet it is said that he married in America, and had children there."

"All this is absolutely false." Sir Charles spoke with a sort of haughty reluctance. "Richard Castayne never married,—never went to America. Is that all?"

"It is enough — more than enough," I exclaimed with delight; but then the difficulty I had foreseen overwhelmed me. "Unfortunately I must have legal proof," I faltered out; "I could hardly call—this gentleman as a witness; and without this, all is in vain."

"Sir," said Sir Charles, "you have acted well towards me, and I will do my best to requite you. It is not a subject I care to pursue. Let it be told in as few words as possible. After what happened in this room, Dick Castayne left England at once, but he went not to America but to Germany. I was eager for revenge then, and I followed him wherever he went, and never left him, night or day, till his death. He wandered about a long time, trying to escape from me; but he gave up that hope at last, and settled down in a quiet town of Germany—Göttingen, I remember it well, where we had both been in our youth."

"And he died—and was buried there?"

Sir Charles dismissed these details with a wave of his hand. "He lived in a small house in a street near a canal, with trees and a shaded walk on the banks," he said quickly, hurrying as if to get rid of the subject. "The house belonged to a man who made scientific instruments, whose shop was below. Ask there; there you will find your proof."

In my eagerness I asked for names of the street and the house. Sir Charles shook his head impatiently, and I made haste to excuse my importunity.

"Thanks, thanks!" I cried; "that will be enough."

He seemed to reflect for a moment. "You will go to Göttingen yourself?" he said.

"I shall send somebody, at least."

"Then," said Sir Charles, "I will be there, and I will be his guide."

"You!" I cried; "that is too much to ask. The man I send will be a stranger. He will not recognise you — you will not know——"

Sir Charles smiled loftily. "Leave that to me," he said; "I shall find means to do as I propose."

Sir Richard, who had not paid much attention to the latter part of the conversation, here interposed.

"There should be punishment as well as help. Who is this vile impostor who calls himself a Castayne? Can we do nought to him?"

"Do not think of it," said I. "Who he is I cannot tell, except that he comes from America, and calls himself the grandson of Richard Castayne or Caston. Probably he believes himself to be in the right."

"Caston?" cried Sir Charles. "Then the case is clear. Richard Caston was old George Castayne's son indeed, but illegitimate — a common fellow. He did go out to America."

"And this can be proved, too?"

It was a foolish question, but I was carried away by excitement.

Once more Sir Charles dismissed the subject with a wave of his hand. He had said enough.

I went back to my room a happy man, and next morning hurried up to London, and went at once to see Mr Quibble. This time he was most evidently irritated by my appearance, until I told him that I brought him information.

"Important information," I said, "but derived from a curious source. Yes," I continued, in answer to his look of inquiry, "from a very curious source. In fact, Mr Quibble, you must ask me no questions about where it comes from."

Then I proceeded to tell him the story I had heard from Sir Charles, both about Richard Castayne's death at Göttingen, and about George Castayne's natural son, who called himself Richard Caston. Notwithstanding my warning, he was very anxious to hear how I had got my information, but—though I refused to tell him—decided after some hesitation to act upon it. I firmly believe that he thought I had dreamed the whole thing, and am not even sure whether he was not inclined to doubt my sanity. But still the possibility was too important to be neglected.

After this there followed weeks of waiting. I feared to give any encouragement to Bee or Dick under the circumstances; but I did let drop mysterious hints at home, which drove my sister into almost as great a state of suspense as myself. At last, one day Mr Quibble appeared in person at Horton, and I knew that something important must have come to light. Good news, I augured from his manner, as he

stopped outside to exchange remarks with the gardener about the weather, and to praise our roses, and held some little laughing conversation with Bee, whom he met at the door, while I was devoting him to the infernal deities for keeping me in suspense.

Mr Quibble, however, at last came into my study, and was not slow to unfold his business when there.

"It is remarkably fortunate, Mr Gregory," he said, "that I have received important communications from all our three agents, almost at the same time. The man who was sent down here to examine the church registers arrived with his report yesterday. The same day I got a letter, conveying intelligence of the highest importance, from Göttingen; and this morning my New York correspondent has also sent me some information which will not be without value. We will begin with the Hogshire man's report. He has found the register of the birth of this Richard Caston, a copy of which I have brought with me. You will see that it quite accords with your view of the case. He has also collected a little not very valuable evidence, which tends to show that the man left his native place (which, as you will see from the certificate, was the parish of Holkley-on-the-Hill) at an early age, but has no proofs to show where he went to. In addition to this, we learn from my New York correspondent that the grandfather of the present claimant appears to have always borne the name of Caston. Certainly he was married in that name, and it seems to have been his son who first assumed the name of Castayne. Small proofs these, my dear sir; but we may yet make something of them. Then there is the news from Göttingen. Our agent there seems to have found the place where the information was to be got in a rather curious manner" (with a sharp glance at me). "It appears that on his way to Göttingen he met in the train an English gentleman of prepossessing manners, who entered into conversation with him, recommended a hotel to him, and on their arrival proposed to walk there with him. On their way they passed over a bridge, where his companion stopped to point out a shady walk along the bank of the canal over which the bridge was. On noticing this our agent had his wits about him at once; and was still more excited when, after they had got a few yards further, the strange gentleman proposed crossing the road, as he wished to look at a curious scientific instrument in a shop on the other side of the way, —an instrument-maker's shop, exactly in the position you described to me. I mention these particulars, not only because they led to important discoveries, but also on account of the strange nature of the business. Hannay — that is our agent—went into the shop for a moment to make some inquiries, and when he came out again his friend was gone; nor could he find any news of him at the hotel where they had agreed to go—and he has not seen him since."

All this part of the story Mr Quibble had told in a curious tone, with sharp glances at me from time to time, evidently suspecting that I knew who this mysterious gentleman was — as indeed I believed I did.

"But what will interest you more," he resumed, "Hannay found the instrument-maker himself, a very old man named Stein, from whom he has got some interesting information. Herr Stein can remember having seen the Englishman who lodged there when he was a boy. As he is nearly ninety, and

the murder took place in 1809, he would have been old enough to remember him, even if Richard Castayne had gone to Göttingen the same year—which, as far as I remember, you believed he did not do. A greater piece of good fortune still, is, that the old man found, some twenty years ago, a packet of letters which had belonged to this English lodger; and these, I believe I may say, conclusively prove his identity."

"It seems to me," I said, "that with the proofs you have collected, we can set our opponents at defiance."

"We must be cautious," said Quibble; but his eyes twinkled with confidence. "I don't think Davies will make much of this case," he added, with professional satisfaction; then looked at me for some moments without speaking.

"Mr Gregory," he said; "I should like to ask you one question. Of course you will decide whether you will answer it or not. Did you expect any one to meet my messenger at Göttingen?"

"I have already asked you not to put to me any questions on that subject," was all I could answer.

"Very well," said he. "Strange things enough have happened in your family before now, and it is not my business to inquire into them."

After our interview, Mr Quibble stayed to lunch with us, and we were all in high spirits, Bee among the rest, whose hopes always rose when I was cheerful, and sank again when I grew dismal and anxious. She had good cause to be hopeful now, for a speedy end was coming to all our doubts and fears. Three days later I received a letter from Mr Quibble, announcing that my adversary (who, to do him justice, seems to have acted in perfect good faith) had withdrawn his claim.

I don't know whether the reader will believe me when I say that, on the receipt of this, I, a man of usually sober and sedate demeanour, took three steps, and solemnly jumped over the large arm-chair which stood in my study. Startled at the noise, Bee rushed in, and was in my arms in a moment.

"It's all right, Bee, my darling," I said; "there's nothing more to fear. You don't think I've been harsh to you, do you, my dear? I did as I was obliged to do for the time, but it's all past now; and it has always been the dearest wish of my heart that you and Dick should come to love each other."

Bee only sobbed in reply, and—but what has all this got to do with my story?—I telegraphed for Dick next day, and the engagement was announced; and Mr Courtenay wrote me a long letter in praise of the admirable choice his son had made (an expression I object to: why should the lady never be supposed to choose?), and the pleasure it gave him to be allied to my family, &c., &c. But these are mere family matters, and I have another event to record, which bears more directly on my story.

I thought it my duty to go and convey my formal thanks to my ghostly friends for the great service they had done me. So I set off one evening for Castayne Manor, taking the same precautions as before to avert any suspicion of my object, and twelve o'clock that night found me on my way to the old gallery. Arrived at the door at the end, I tried to open it, but it resisted all my efforts. Then I remembered that I myself had given instructions that it should be kept locked—though locks availed little against such inhabitants as were there.

"Sir Richard!" I called softly through the door; "Sir Richard! may I speak to you? I have come to thank you; it is I, George Gregory."

Not a sound answered my call. I tried the door again; it resisted every effort of mine. As I turned away in disgust, a new idea occured to me. Sir Jasper's room was not far off; should I try that? I did, but without avail; and this time I was afraid to call, because the Grants slept in a room almost exactly below it. I then went to the green room, and entered quite easily, the door giving way at once. Stupid of that fellow David, I thought,—he can't have locked the door this morning; for I had made arrangements, knowing Sir Charles's feeling about the clocks, that they should be reset every morning, in order that they might stop at the right moment. The room was empty, and there was no sound of any presence either there or in the adjoining room. I doubted what to do for a time; but at last I made up my mind to wait till half-past two, the time when Sir Charles habitually appeared; and, sitting down by the table, began to think over the events that had happened since I was there last. Lost in pleasant fancies of the happiness that was coming to all of us now, I took no notice of the time, till, on the clock striking one stroke suddenly, I looked up and saw it was half-past two. I glanced towards the folding-doors—they showed no signs of moving: I waited full five minutes; not a thing stirred, and the clock still ticked on merrily without a thought of stopping. I took the candle and examined the other room—nothing there. Then I sat down again and waited. Three o'clock struck, and nothing appeared; half-past three, and—and then the next thing I remember clearly is waking up with a start, feeling very cold, and hearing the clock strike eight, and David Grant remarking—

"Well, I didn't think to find you here, sir. Fallen asleep, I suppose, sir. I was wondering where you could ha' got to, for I saw you hadn't been to bed."

"Has this room been left open long, David?" I asked, as soon as I had collected my senses, and knew what I was doing.

"Only since yesterday, sir," he said, apologetically. "I came in yesterday to set the clock; but it's been going so well lately, sir, it ain't worth while taking the trouble."

"Why, doesn't it stop as it used to do?" I asked.

"No, sir; not now. For the last three or four days it's gone as well as any clock could. It's sing'lar, for there used to be some queer noises in this room, sir, and they've stopped too."

And so it has been since. I do not wish to offer any explanation of this curious fact. Certain it is that none of the disturbances formerly prevalent in the green room have been repeated since then. Of the other spirits, I only know that report says that they are still to be seen and heard at their former post. The light in the old tower, at least, still exists, for I have seen it myself; but I have never intruded myself again on their privacy, as my adventures of that last night, in my opinion, clearly prove that they do not intend to let me see them. My aunt and I live quietly at Horton Place still, enlivened once a-year by a visit from Dick and Bee, who have settled down in Devonshire. The spirits reign supreme at Castayne Manor, and shall never be disturbed there, in my time at least; and I sincerely hope that none of my successors will ever do anything to molest those who have stood by their family and friends so bravely in the time of need.

FACING THE RESULT.

When, before the general election, we addressed some words of warning to our countrymen, the strongest reason existed for apprehension. We were alarmed lest the crafty allurements which were being set for ensnaring the unsophisticated rural voters, who have been enfranchised by millions, should so operate as to endanger the nation—should be successful, that is, in so misleading the electors as that they should punish the whole empire with another Gladstone Government. It was fully explained by us why we deprecated such action on the part of the constituencies. The risk was seen to be enormous.

That the perversity which might have launched us on the road to ruin—and that without any malicious intention on the part of the voters — did not bring about an immediate catastrophe, is a subject for earnest thankfulness. And we trust that our humble exertions had some part in averting the extreme infatuation which might have had way. A more decided condemnation of the men who loaded us with taxes and shame, and who, during five years of misrule, never sheathed the sword, would have been most gratifying to us. But it is useless now to mourn over the desires which we entertained; let us rejoice that the country has come out of the ordeal in whole skin; that if we have not triumphed, we may still keep the field against those who would ruin the commonwealth and make havoc of our institutions.

Neither the Conservative party nor the widely discordant sections which go to make up the Liberal party in the House of Commons is a majority of that House. The Irish party, by uniting with one side or the other, can give the advantage to the side of its adoption. How things may eventually settle themselves is for the present a matter for speculation; but we have the consolation of knowing that the present Government will remain in office and meet Parliament as the responsible advisers of the Crown. The power of again dissolving Parliament, should such course be best for the public interest, will therefore remain with Lord Salisbury and his Cabinet. And this is no light advantage. We hope to see them come before the Houses with confident deportment as the only capable, the only possible, leaders in this grave crisis. The young, and to a great extent inexperienced, House of Commons will, for the present, desire to be directed and encouraged rather than passively deferred to. The forward and the bold will be looked for as its heads. The circumstances are altogether different from those of 1868, 1874, and 1880, when the event of the elections decided the action of Cabinets.

Looking to the history of the last Administration, and especially to the conduct of its members since it relinquished office, we see the strongest reasons for regarding it as composed of discordant and conflicting sections, which only by the most transparent fiction can be said to represent any distinct party in the State. There are at least two plainly discrepant political factions which have chosen to array themselves under the common name and cognisance of Liberals: one of these is led by Mr Gladstone, the other by Mr Chamberlain. The existence of such dualism and wide divergence in

the Liberal party has for long been remarked and objected to; but it was not until these latter days that the chiefs of the rival factions (for rivals they undoubtedly are), showed themselves openly as proclaiming distinct and irreconcilable policies. The Marquis of Salisbury, in taking account of the present state of things, is bound to regard these factions not as one but as two. And when they are divided and classed under proper heads, the Conservative party will be found to be the strongest of the *four* of which the Lower House now consists. It is of course always possible, when Parliament is assembled, for two or three of these parties to combine, so as to obtain a composite majority of the whole House; but the Prime Minister must not forestall such combination. He ought to wait and observe whether the three parties which are not Conservative may hold each other in check, so as to allow him to legislate and to govern in accordance with the principles of his party; or whether two or more of them may combine to oppose and overthrow him. In the latter case, the country at large will have an opportunity of judging on what grounds and for what objects parties may act together; and it may be again appealed to, if the combination of parties shall not appear to have been for the general good.

Let particular leaders pretend to what satisfaction they may with the terms in which the people has expressed its will, there can be in most instances but simulated contentment and triumph. The issue of the election has undoubtedly been a disappointment to three parties — Conservatives, Whigs, and Radicals. Mr Parnell alone, as the leader of the Irish Home Rule party, has found the event answer to his expectations and devices. He does not appear to have taken any account of the intensified repulsion which has ripened between Mr Gladstone's and Mr Chamberlain's forces, but to have regarded those antagonists as likely to settle once again into a state of snarling and mutually thwarting truce as soon as the closing of the polls should release them from the necessity of making profession of their respective creeds. Whether or not he was right in this article remains to be proved; but supposing him to have taken a right measure here, he has certainly attained to that position—so long the object of his desire—from which he can, according to the inclination of his force, give the preponderance to either side. Mr Parnell, then, may plume himself on the fortunate outcome of the election. He has not played his great trumps, but he holds them in his hand. Of course, the price which Mr Parnell will demand for aid to either side will be the disruption of the British empire.

It has often happened that when at last an instrument has been perfected, after long years of patience and effort, it proves to be no longer of the value which it promised to possess at the time when it was designed. And such may be the fate of Mr Parnell's long-laboured casting-vote. We have already mentioned the possibility that Whigs and Radicals may have already proceeded so far in schism as to be unable to stifle for convenience' sake their far-echoing war-cries. And we may add that, while Mr Parnell has been toiling to, and achieving, his ground of vantage, the British mind has not been altogether inattentive, but has collected a good many clear ideas concerning Mr Parnell's aims.

We have seen, and Mr Gladstone must with pain have seen,

that in the late election his was no longer a name to conjure with. There is nearly half of the House of Commons nominally Liberal, but of these how many will range themselves under his banner? If the electors had smelt no more appetising bait than he had to offer, the half of this half would probably not have been Liberal at all. Can we suppose, then, that Mr Gladstone will be allowed to exercise despotic power over reinforcements who, if he alone had recruited, would never have been levied? They have been sent to Parliament for prompt action in well-defined grooves which Mr Gladstone hesitates to enter at all; can he control them, guide them, know them for his willing soldiers? Or will they not rather seek the ends for which they stand embattled under a new leader? It may be that Mr Gladstone has remained upon the scene a thought too long, that it might have been better for him if he had made his bow before the times began to outstrip him. There is little gratification to be derived from hobbling about the arena after the spirit and power of contention have begun to sink—

> "Till every sneering youth around inquires,
> 'Is this the man who once could please our sires?'
> And scorn assumes compassion's doubtful mien,
> To warn him off from the encumbered scene."

We doubt whether, on calm reflection, the most devoted of the Whig rump would desire to have Mr Gladstone in office again. Though the country has, in a sense, as a whole condoned the enormous blunders which he committed, the incapacities which he exhibited, and the money which he wasted, yet even his particular followers can hardly desire to see a repetition of them. Capital has already taken fright at the possibility only of his once again misconducting affairs. If we can credit the utterances of foreign newspapers, the thought of his return to power has struck a chill to the feelings of every European nation. He is eminently the Minister with whom no foreign statesman can "pull." It cannot be said this time that the Whig-Radical phalanx is due to his adroitness, his ability, or his popularity; rather it exists in spite of his fallen credit, and is due to the efforts of another.

Mr Chamberlain has, in the last autumn, made his *début* as a *quasi* independent section leader. Having to the best of his ability taken the measure of opinion in the United Kingdom, he decided that glory and power were in store for him who would give up mincing and toying with heroic ideas, and would step boldly forth with the standard of socialism streaming to the wind, and with robbery and destruction openly proclaimed. The halting, covered advance upon our institutions must be abandoned, and an *attaque de vive force* executed, which should at once clear the way for his followers into the promised land. Mr Gladstone had served Baal a little, Mr Chamberlain would serve him much.

Stated in brief, the scheme of Mr Chamberlain would appear to be the robbery of all who possess this world's goods for the enriching of those who have them not—an exceedingly old idea, but one which, according to all experience, will be fitfully cropping up through all the ages. And we note with especial admiration the readiness with which Mr Chamberlain, on this occasion of its reappearance, met the inevitable reference to Cade by a bold and novel contribution to history. Mr Cade, it would now

seem, was not the reckless revolutionist and brigand that history proclaimed him to have been, but a humane teacher, moralist, and leveller, who desired to put this very imperfect world to rights, according to a righteous plan of his own invention. Unhappily for the new reading, every one of those daring spirits who has succeeded in turning the world upside down and leaving it in ruins, made profession of exactly the aims and disposition which Mr Chamberlain attributes to Cade; and, unhappily for Cade (though not, perhaps, for England), his followers fell from him, and he came to an ignominious end before he had made any serious progress with his rectification of the world—a fact worthy of Mr Chamberlain's serious consideration. But that by the way. Our great regenerator, as to particulars, has preached the levying of a ransom from all rich men for the privilege of not having their houses gutted and their estates confiscated for the gratification of the rabble; he proposes to disendow the Established Church as one means of providing funds for equalising incomes; and he will shift on to the backs of landowners and capitalists all or most of the burdens now borne by men of low estate. The House of Lords, because it will not lend itself to injustice and confiscation, must be altogether suppressed. So far we are retailing parts of the great original programme which for several years has been stamped with Mr Chamberlain's approval and adoption. When, however, the contingency of an election had to be provided for, he seems to have thought it wise not to put his whole trust in these great principles of statecraft, but to design a secondary schedule of benefits, adapted to the capacities and yearnings of the new electors. He came out now with free education for all the children of the poor, to be paid for by the taxpayers generally; and with the marvellous scheme of free land for the agricultural labourer, to be wrested from the proprietor, and paid for at a valuation made by the purchasers.

The trick had, one must confess, a temporary success. The agricultural vote was to a considerable extent secured by the three acres flowing with milk[1] and honey. But we must score against this the extreme disgust which such unworthy tactics excited in cities and boroughs, and in all constituencies where intelligence was not swamped by the newly enfranchised clowns. The clowns will never convert the more enlightened classes to their views of such matters, but they are very likely themselves to be won over to the opinions of educated men. Mr Chamberlain, therefore, may probably prove to have been very short-sighted here. People of ordinary intelligence see through these feats of jugglery. Mr Gladstone tried the effect of offering a bribe (the abolition of the income-tax) in 1874: it imposed on no one; it was only laughed at.

Notwithstanding the success which Mr Chamberlain's doctrines, or his offered bribes, have had in many of the more remote counties, there is not the slightest reason to believe that they are looked upon with favour by many persons who are at all likely to influence opinion. They are not popular in the towns; of that the election has afforded ample proof. And, as far as can be judged, they are not likely to spread. From the ac-

[1] *Suum cuique.* We believe the cow did not originate with Mr Chamberlain, but that she sprang, fully horned, from the brain of Mr Collings.

quaintance which our citizens have been able to make with socialism, they have learned to look upon it with dread, and seem greatly disinclined even to toy with it.

The Liberal party, notwithstanding the straits to which a Liberal Ministry had since 1880 been bringing the country, laboured for some time under the delusion that their monopoly of the public favour was too palpable to allow of any denial. If we look back to the summer and autumn of 1884, when the Redistribution dispute was at its height, we see them rushing to display their countless numbers which were to convince opponents of the hopelessness of resisting the will of Mr Gladstone's Ministry in regard to that measure. They spoke and acted as if they alone represented the nation, and expressed their pity for any persons who might be besotted enough to think otherwise. If that was their belief before the recent Reform Act, what must have been their complacency in their own might after the two million of new voters had been added to the electoral body? They came to look upon an appeal to the people as a means of exhibiting a triumph of their side such as had never been seen or imagined. Liberalism was not only to prevail, but was to sweep like a torrent over the land—bearing down all opposition, and absolutely annihilating the shreds of what had once been the Conservative party.

The event of the late election has shown on what false data this expectation was based. We see now that it was well for Liberal credit that Liberal leaders saw fit to come to terms in 1884 with the House of Lords quickly while they were in the way with them; for had the dispute been then referred to the arbitrament of a general election, the Liberal cause must have been lost. Even with the two newly enfranchised millions to work upon, we have had Mr Gladstone shrieking to the constituencies to give him a majority capable of outbidding the Conservatives and Parnellites together—and shrieking in vain.

The Conservatives, no doubt, found hardly a flickering of favour in Scotland (with shame and sorrow we record the fact); but then the Liberals in Ireland were still more signally tabooed, notwithstanding the pains taken by Mr Gladstone's Government to propitiate the Irish in giving the franchise. It was the decided and almost unvarying attachment of the Scotch constituencies which kept the Liberal nose above water in the early days of the election, and enabled the combined Whigs and Radicals to score at the last the joint majority which they have of 82 over the Conservatives. But how different was their fortune in and around London, both in towns and counties! There the extended franchise damaged instead of aiding them. The whole metropolitan district evidently dreads a repetition of the contemptible foreign policy from which we suffered for so long, kicks against the crushing taxes, resents the unworthy treatment of Gordon and other faithful servants of the Crown. If there was an irresistible wave here, it was a Conservative wave; and yet this was the region where, in 1884, the adherents of the then Government were so ready to exhibit their pretended strength. A member returned by one of the home counties or boroughs, as we are quite aware, has no more than his vote to give, and counts no more on a division than a member from Orkney or Connemara: we are conscious, nevertheless, of the great weight which our side has acquired

outside of the walls of Parliament by the most decided support of this centre of wealth, intelligence, and enterprise. The example of the home counties and their towns cannot fail to influence opinion all over the United Kingdom, and to modify the action of the Government. The capital and its surroundings represent certainly the heart of the country, from which thought and opinion pass to the trunk and extremities. Our opponents, as we know, deny this, and would have us believe that the course of things is now quite contrary. "*Autrefois il était ainsi, mais nous avons changé tout cela.*" Their reasoning, however, is opposed to common experience and common-sense. They cannot, moreover, pretend that a dominant class sways metropolitan votes, or that some accidental passion or freak has turned them all for the moment in one direction. It is rather that the masses are more thoroughly informed in the home counties than in the others; they estimate the forces which are to-day at work, and the circumstances amid which we stand; they have a recollection of the doings of past years much more lively, probably, than is to be found elsewhere. Above all, they have the habit of forecasting. Let our adversaries preach if they will that the great urban mass is distinct from and antagonistic to the great main of the people. We are persuaded that it is otherwise. The knowledge and discretion of the great centre will inevitably be circulated to the limits of the kingdom, and opinion will be moulded thereby. The Ministry are more fortified than has yet been realised by possessing the goodwill of the City and surroundings.[1]

> "The *town's* name is a tower of strength
> Which they upon the adverse faction want."

We can unfeignedly rejoice in being at one with the very core of England.

It seems extremely improbable, to judge by the condition in which the different combatants have come out of the battle, that the gratitude which the agricultural labourer has expressed for favours to come will be requited by solid pudding. Had the torrent of revolutionary zeal which false prophets predicted swept over the land, no doubt it would have been a matter of necessity to gorge the members of it, and the foundations of society would have been rudely shaken; but, happily, there has been no torrent—there is a state not far removed from equilibrium; and however the forces may in time array themselves, there is little reason to dread any of those iniquities which their perpetrators delight to call *heroic*. If there be then no seizure, no ransom, no tapping of Dives his hoards, how will the heart-sick rustic look, what answer will he make, when he is next called upon to exercise his electoral privilege? Already the plunder of the Established Church, that mine so alluring to revolutionary spirits, has been put off "by particular desire"; and, one after another as we expect, the rich harvests and the choice morsels will be locked in storehouses and cupboards for the present, to be taken care of for the patriotic elector until he shall be better fitted to enjoy them. The ten-pound householder fell away because he found that he had been deceived; is the outwitted peasant likely to stick

[1] Surely it was a consciousness of this which made Mr Chamberlain counsel his rout to "march on London."

fast to his deluders when he finds that he is balked of his reward?

Conservatism has found support in boroughs where of old it had scarcely any friends at all; the majorities against us where we have lost have, in most instances, been appreciably decreased; and although the existing Ministers have received no distinct mandate to stay in office and do the work, no chief, or no party, has received a mandate to turn them out. Sir William Harcourt has taken some pains (though he has not been able to bring the 'Times' to his opinion) to prevent us from pluming ourselves indiscreetly on a Conservative reaction. Until such a reaction can be shown by greatly augmented numbers in Parliament, this question of reaction is mere matter of speculation. We admit that we have not the numbers; but we cannot help thinking that the events of the contest show an increased inclination in the popular mind to the Conservative side. We suspect that Sir William Harcourt (though he may not be aware of it) also has, in his inmost heart, some suspicion that our cause is going up, or he would not have been so vehement in convincing the 'Times,' the public, and himself, that it is irretrievably lost.

The statistics of the battle have been so repeatedly set forth in all manner of lights by the daily and weekly press during December, that we think it better to spare our readers farther tables and figures. The practical result we know full well, and that is what concerns us for the present. We rejoice much to know that the example which Mr Chamberlain's friends set at Aston the year before last has not been much followed. Although the electors have undoubtedly been much in earnest, they have generally acted as men who had grave issues to decide, and not like excited fanatics. Were we to judge of the battle by the chiefs who have fallen on either side, our rejoicing might be like that of the English after Agincourt. The late Chancellor of the Exchequer and the late Postmaster-General are not at present in Parliament, while many another chief of rank not much below theirs is also unable to answer at roll-call. Mr Firth has got a broad hint that his municipal views with regard to the city and suburbs of London are less popular than he suspected. On the whole, we think it will be a relief to the House to be quit of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. If he had had the courage of his opinions in the last Parliament, there might have been something for which to regret his disappearance; for he would at times denounce Mr Gladstone, his blood-guiltiness, and his waste, as vehemently as even we could desire. But when it came to a division, his vote and his speech were generally found to be on different sides. We don't know that the quality of his jokes was so good that they could compensate for his inconsistencies; and certainly, now that there is so much said about saving the time of Parliament, the elimination of a crotcheteer must be a matter of rejoicing. Two familiar figures disappear in Mr Holmes and Mr Pender. Even Mr Bright escaped extinction by a narrow majority.

On our side we believe that Sir Drummond Wolff and Sir Frederick Milner are the two of most note who have fallen, and neither of these was a member of the Administration. Our Cabinet Ministers who are commoners have all been returned again, after contests as boldly waged on their side as they were successful. Lord Randolph Churchill has triumphantly secured

his seat for a metropolitan district, although he failed—it was a most honourable failure — to win a division of Birmingham. We cannot but feel grateful to him for disputing the seat with Mr Bright; he showed great courage in the undertaking, and he has proved that the position of a leading demagogue, in one of the strongest holds of demagogy, under the very shadow of the caucus, need not be looked on as unassailable. The Conservatives generally came forward freely and fought their fights boldly, whether their chance of winning was good or the contrary. Mr Dalrymple especially deserves credit for the uphill battle which he maintained against Mr Gladstone. The whole party also must heartily rejoice at Lord Cranborne's victory, though he won it as it were by a hair. Be the omen accepted, and let us hope that the Prime Minister also may make good his position against all the odds which overweigh his chance. Already, although there have been rumours pointing to the formation of deadly confederacies, yet there have been notes from the alien (we will not write the *hostile*) camp, attuned, if not to goodwill, at the least to respectful forbearance. No doubt a patriotic advising for the country's interests, and not a reckless tussle for power, is what everybody feels to be wanted. To borrow a figure from the late Mr Lincoln, we are engaged in crossing more than one ford, and the time seems singularly ill adapted for "swapping hosses."

Mr Gladstone—if the general voice be not dealing wholly with illusions — Mr Gladstone, whose righteous spirit was so grieved by the thought of an agreement between the Ministry and Mr Parnell, is making known on what terms he may purchase Mr Parnell's support. The statement of conditions on which he would be guilty of this scandalous conduct is affirmed by himself to be not accurate, and not to be published with his knowledge or authority. Be it so. The public knows by this time how to understand denials of this kind and from this quarter, and seems to have made up its mind that the statement is substantially correct. If so, the integrity of the United Kingdom may in a few weeks be bartered away—unless the voice of Parliament should intervene and forbid the abominable bargain—in order that Mr Gladstone may, for a few months, enjoy the gratification of being foremost in the land. "Securities" are to be taken from Mr Parnell for the unity of the empire, the authority of the Crown, and the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. Let any man consider what pledges could be given for these little matters, and what trust he could put in such securities. Supposing that the securities should not be exactly sound, the loyal minority in Ireland would, in case of the bargain taking effect as regards the concession of Home Rule, be at the mercy of their political opponents; which means that they would be subject to every affliction with which savage human nature knows how to visit those who are distasteful to it.

We need not here pronounce the judgment to which Mr Gladstone lies open if he cannot clear himself of the design which has been attributed to him. That will have been pronounced throughout the length and breadth of the land before these words can see the light. We only say that we can hardly conceive a condemnation of him which would be too severe for us to endorse.

But what of the new Parliament? what of the people of Great Britain? Is it for a moment to be

believed that they will sanction such a monstrous bargain as this? They cannot suffer right, justice, and the established policy of the country to be thrown to the winds, in order that a nefarious compact may have place between two men who have only selfish ends to promote. They must consider what intolerable evils are likely to occur if the first practical step is made towards casting Ireland loose from the larger island. Say that there may be a pretence of our still holding her by one or two weak grapnels, how long will such feeble stays be effective after once she has been set raging with the lust of entire separation?

And, not to think exclusively of ourselves, no humane man can contemplate without horror the condition of Ireland itself after the controlling power of Great Britain shall have been withdrawn from it. The faction who seem so united while they are obstructing and bargaining on this side the water, will surely split into sections whenever they may be withdrawn from the field of common opposition. We know what Irish disagreement of opinion becomes where there are none but Irishmen in the forum —how from words to blows, from blows to acts of senseless savagery, is the passage made in a very small part of time. The brethren who are at this moment struggling together for the independence on which their minds are set, will be at each other's throats before they have been many days left to themselves. How can we dare to bring about the catastrophe which must ensue—hatred, fire, sword!!

There is one article in the presumed terms of separation which seems too extravagant for serious entertainment, and which surely can never be approved by any sane legislative assembly. We mean the proposal that Irish members shall sit in both Parliaments, in the Home Rule Parliament in Dublin and in the Imperial Parliament in London. Though they will have a separate arena told off to them for the exhibition of their peculiar amenities, we shall still be subject at Westminster to their obstruction, their railing, and their interference.

Neither is it a pleasant thought that the mischief does not stop at the dire change in Ireland. In return for that change, Mr Parnell is to give Mr Gladstone an unquestioning majority on all imperial questions. We shall be bound hand and foot as far as the House of Commons is concerned. Perhaps if the worst come and Mr Gladstone can carry out his plot in the Lower House, the country may by bitter experience be brought to acknowledge how happy it is for us that we have kept our hands off the House of Lords. Indeed we trust that before the ruinous conspiracy can have been carried into act the veto of the Lords may force another dissolution. The question of Home Rule was kept so entirely out of sight at the election that the constituencies cannot be said to have pronounced at all on this momentous subject. No commission to dismember the empire has been given to any party or to any statesman. A distinct verdict on this special proposal should be obtained before any attempt is made to legislate on it.

The people will see now plainly enough who it is that has really been angling for the Parnellite vote. During the election, to be doing so was made a capital and shameful charge against Conservatives. The disclosure which acquits them brings out in damning exposure the duplicity of Mr Gladstone. He may buy Mr Parnell and remain blameless: the doing

so was imputed (falsely imputed) to the Government as infamous. It will, we trust, be distinctly understood that this unholy alliance is simply an expedient for obtaining power irrespectively of the public weal. The "springing" of the conspiracy by the 'Standard' has put us all in good time on the alert. It gives an irresistible proof—if proof be wanting—of the soundness of the decision taken by Ministers to meet Parliament. Mr Gladstone and his ally must get power before they can use it; they must displace her Majesty's present advisers before proceeding to make laws. And we sincerely trust that the occupants of the Treasury bench will so order business that a change of rulers shall occur only after another general election.

We have been writing as if the agreement, once ratified, of Mr Gladstone and Mr Parnell, must force either a resignation of the Cabinet or a dissolution of Parliament, and, so doing, we have regarded current affairs in their gravest aspect. But there is another possible sequel to the transaction. It may be that a sufficient tail will not follow Mr Gladstone in his unpatriotic move to constitute with the Irish contingent a working majority of the House of Commons. There was a time when Mr Gladstone might assume to speak for all those who muster as Liberals. There are many signs that things are not so now. Indeed it is possible that the would-be Premier was engaged in numbering his people, and in touting for lukewarm Liberals, when the 'Standard's' marplot *réveillé* called the whole empire to note his proceedings. To judge by the start with which the country has sprung to its feet, many a Liberal is likely to think once and twice before being persuaded to turn traitor. Lord Hartington has distinctly stated that he will not be a party to the dismemberment of the kingdom. He, without doubt, speaks for very many moderate Liberals besides himself, and there will be more disclaimers anon. The strong feeling of the country generally is, we must believe, against Home Rule. Thus the plot may collapse; and then must follow a new gravitation among sections, on which for the present we need not speculate.

Putting Mr Gladstone and his insatiable ambition out of view, we find ourselves still confronted by the demand of many moderate and earnest men, not bigoted partisans, that the eternal "something" must be done for Ireland. How many times has this same demand been heard before? How many "somethings" have been conceded to a similar cry? And what has resulted from the "somethings"—thanks, contentment, obedience? Nothing of the kind; rather increased hatred, increased lawlessness, more extravagant demands. For our part, whatever other measures we might try, we would certainly unequivocally refuse the useless—the worse than useless, the aggravating—"something." As to this point 'The Spectator' is, we are glad to observe, of the same opinion as ourselves. We have given a great deal without producing the slightest good effect; why should we go on giving?

It would seem, however, to be held in many quarters that if we refuse the separate Parliament, we ought, in order to show that the refusal proceeds from undeniable considerations of State, and not from contradiction and ill-nature, to concede as much in the way of self-government as is compatible with a due regard to the integrity of the empire; and provincial assemblies have been suggested as a

means of giving effect to such concession—say one to each of the four Irish provinces. We mention these as a possible expedient. Of course no opinion can be expressed on such a measure until it can be seen in complete form.

Whether we do or do not temporise, there can be little doubt that sooner or later Ireland will have a military government as the only alternative to utter anarchy. We can see no better prospect for her; neither, as we believe, can any thoughtful person look forward to any other final result. If it be once candidly admitted that martial law cannot be eventually dispensed with, then the sooner it is put in force the better for all parties. The difficulties of the situation to-day only bear out the remarks made by 'Maga' five years ago;[1] and if even we should drag out five years more of cat-and-dog existence, the remarks would still hold good. Force is the remedy, and the speedy application of it the wisest and most compassionate policy. Were order and obedience to be enforced for a year or two, and no limit to be fixed for the duration of the *régime*, things would speedily be more prosperous; and with poverty and the prospect of poverty, the greatest incentives to rebellion would disappear.

It is only six months since the Ministry acceded to office. Everybody knows by this time why they, much to the detriment of their party interests, took affairs in hand with a moribund Parliament. Our foreign relations were so critical, that to pause, even for the short time required to complete the registration and take the sense of the kingdom, would have been dangerous in the extreme. The threatening and expensive complication with Russia had to be cared for without a moment's delay; our campaign in Egypt, already at the lame and impotent conclusion of ignominious retreat, called for the intervention of a firmer hand, and all the Powers of Europe, who had got to loggerheads with us because of our Egyptian lunes, refused to act or feel as friends until a more wholesome method should be apparent in our dealings; our expenditure was excessive, and no value was received for it; though times were beyond all contradiction hard, we were subjected to a degree of taxation almost unprecedented during peace. These *were* the troubles which called for the best attention of honest minds; but, since they have been taken in hand, and disposed of partially with signal success, others have cropped up in the East of Europe, in Burmah, demanding the most careful handling, and we are once more face to face with a demented Ireland.

If, then, there were ample need to bid Mr Gladstone trudge last summer, there is overpowering reason why he should not be recalled now. The task, which was already too hard for him, has had difficulty after difficulty added to it; if he was foiled by it when it was comparatively tender, how would he grapple with it now that it has the dimensions of a giant?

We do not desire to be more than reasonably jubilant at Lord Salisbury's successes as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, but it is the truth that he has without much noise or gesture done very much to clear our horizon and to recover for us our place in the councils of Europe. He was especially happy in moving France out of the way when it was essential that we

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[1] *Vide* Blackwood's Magazine for December 1880—Article, "Ireland our Reproach."

should advance straight upon King Thebaw. While we have had our minds full of the hustings and the ballot, he has been advancing steadily towards happy solutions.[1] To deal skilfully with such questions as are proposed to him, is no common gift; and we should be infatuated if we allowed him out of mere jealousy and party rage to be deposed, in order that we may go back to the stumbles and flounderings of 1882-85!

With the great difficulties and perplexities of the Cabinet at such a time, every true patriot must sincerely sympathise. By the equipoise, or *quasi* equipoise, which the polls have produced, an immense duty and responsibility are thrown upon her Majesty's Ministers. Though the trumpet has given an uncertain sound, they must nevertheless prepare themselves for the battle; in the absence of a distinct mandate, they must decide upon what is the right course, and then bravely and unswervingly follow it. We shrink from breaking forth in superlatives, but, simply stated, the peril of our country is as great as it can be while we are unmolested by a foreign foe. The dangers threaten from many quarters; while our defenders take two or three points in their target on the one hand, they must be dealing heavy strokes with the other. None can doubt the hardness of their task; none will withhold the meed of admiration and gratitude when they bear themselves nobly in the encounter, as we are certain that they will. The people does not forget in what dark days they took the yoke of government upon their necks, the unquiet time they have passed through since they did so, neither can it look without sympathy at the fiery trial which is yet to try them. They have a discreet and unflinching leader in the Marquis of Salisbury; a sage, experienced, and true counsellor in Lord Iddesleigh, they will work together, one and all, with an energy worthy of the cause which they have in hand. They take the field without *les gros bataillons*, without clear knowledge of what work reckless opponents may invent for them, but, as many a heroic band has done ere now, standing in the gap and offering their best endeavours for preservation of the common weal. Clouds loom before and around them; enemies muster thick and menacing; nevertheless, let them be of good cheer, and out of this nettle Danger they may pluck for us the flower Safety.

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[1] Foreigners do more ample justice than Britons themselves to the British Conservative Premier. The 'Revue Contemporaine' (quoted by the 'Times' correspondent) thus summarises his successes: "A settlement of the Afghan frontier question; the understanding with China, who has already stopped Russian intrigues in Corea; the occupation of Port Hamilton, which will become a second Gibraltar; a prospective alliance with Japan; a probable understanding with Persia; the diminution of Russian influence in the Balkans; the deference for England now shown by Germany; the Anglo-Turkish Convention on Egypt; and, lastly, the Burmese Expedition."

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FORTUNE'S WHEEL.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XLI.—THE RESCUE.

We left Ralph Leslie at Penang, in a reaction of anxieties after his first relief. It was no easy matter the getting a cast on board ship to the Sumatra coast, and even chartering a craft on his own account was more than a question of time and money. The mongrel skippers in these seas had a wholesome dread of a neighbourhood where pirates were wont to be as common as lighthouses are rare. The 'Sir Stamford Scraper' was still under repair, and the master declined the responsibility of doing more than detaching a veteran of the crew to accompany Mr Leslie as pilot. It really seemed that he was likely to be indefinitely legbound, in which case he must have fretted himself off with a fever or a liver complaint—when fortune very seasonably befriended him.

H.M.S. Severn, a big composite gun-vessel, carrying four heavy breech-loading guns, with a couple of Gardner machine-guns to boot, was signalled, and soon steamed into the port. Naturally the captain was invited to dine at Government House, and there Leslie met him. It immediately occurred to our friend that all his ends would be more than answered if he could only take the Severn to Sanga. He had spoken on the subject to the Governor, who doubted whether the business could be managed, but was very willing to help it forward. But when they broached the affair to Captain MacDonald after the claret had been circulating, he made no difficulties; quite the contrary. As it chanced, he had met Moray and his daughter in London; a Celt himself, his heart warmed to a Highlander in difficulties, and, like the Malay chiefs, his chivalry was enlisted on behalf of a fair maiden in distress. He was a strong-willed officer besides, with influence at the Admiralty; and moreover, he fancied the idea of a flying trip to Sumatra, with

an off-chance of a little fighting thrown in.

"Sumatra lies beyond my roving commission," he said, "and I cannot act without definite orders. The admiral on the station is at sea with the squadron — Heaven only knows where!—and I can't communicate with him. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send a telegram off to the Admiralty, asking leave and pleading urgency. I don't doubt I shall get leave; but to make matters doubly sure, perhaps the Governor will back me up with the Foreign Office."

The Governor was agreeable, and Leslie said, moreover, that Moray had a nephew, an active M.P., who would undertake to focus the influence of the President of the Council on the affair.

"Then I think we may consider it as good as settled," exclaimed the gallant skipper, rubbing his hands. "I shall be ready to heave up the anchor at a moment's notice, and, Mr Leslie, you had better bring your traps on board."

So, to cut the story short, the three telegrams were despatched; the answers were altogether satisfactory, and the Severn spread her canvas to a favouring breeze, while the stokers and auxiliary screw lent a second set of wings to her flight. She had sighted the volcanic peaks behind Sanga, looming like light-grey clouds on the southern horizon. Gradually the forests had been seen, rising slowly out of the sea; and then they could distinguish through the glasses the verdant patches of clearing on the slopes behind the black shore-belt of the mangroves. It struck them as singular that there was something looking like a haze of smoke just where, according to the charts, should be the mouth of the Sanga river.

"It seems as if they had been burning forest," remarked Captain MacDonald, passing the telescope to his first lieutenant.

"It's a forest-fire, and a big one too, sure enough, sir," returned that officer, after a long steady gaze. "Strange that they should be burning forest, too, and to that extent, and at this time, if that be the river that leads to the settlement."

Leslie, who was standing at the captain's elbow, took the alarm at once. In the excitement of his approach to the girl he loved so dearly, his apprehensions were ready to forebode the worst. Yet he dropped the glass he had seized, as a hail came down from the crosstrees.

"A fleet of boats standing eastward under the shore, three points away on the lee bow."

In a minute or so Leslie, with much resolution, though with little grace or dexterity, had accomplished his first ascent on board ship, and was holding on somehow to the stays by the side of the look-out man in the main-top. The captain, sympathising with the natural anxiety of his friend and passenger, had put his dignity in his pocket, and followed. Leslie, by something like an intuition, had more than a glimmering of the truth; but the captain shook his head when it was proposed that he should overhaul those flying prahus.

"They may be from Sanga, or they may be on peaceful business; and very possibly they are. If we overhauled them, they would run into shallow water; and it would be more than my commission is worth to attack them, without knowing how the land lies. You are making yourself needlessly uneasy, believe me, my dear fellow; and in any case, the only thing to be done is to drive hard ahead and

communicate with the settlement. Then, if we find that those gentry ought to be overhauled for any reason, rely upon it I shall be alongside of them in no time."

Ralph saw the reason of the thing, and was forced to be content. Fresh fuel was heaped on the furnaces; and the Severn, bending over, cut through the waves at a pace that would have contented any one but a half-frenzied lover.

But like the Hebrew watchman who saw the swift messengers, the look-out man in the Severn had his work cut out for him.

"A boat crossing the bar," was the next announcement from on high; "another"—"four"—"six"—"thirteen."

"A second flotilla," exclaimed the captain; "the plot thickens. But I shall speak those latter gentry at any rate, Mr Leslie; and in fifty minutes or so at the outside, I hope your mind may be set at rest."

This squadron at all events was friendly. It made no attempt to escape her Majesty's war-ship. On the contrary, one of the biggest of the prahus was rapidly rowed towards the Severn; and ere long, and standing out on the lofty prow, Ralph distinguished the figure of his uncle. A strange meeting in such circumstances, in those tropical seas! The ship furled her upper canvas and reversed her engines; the prahu was swept adroitly alongside, and Moray, seizing the side-ropes, swung himself up upon the deck.

Each fibre in his nerves was throbbing; he stood there like the high-mettled racer, among the score of competitors eager for the start, with self-control as a rider, reining him in. He first grasped his nephew's hand, and exclaimed, "The captain?" Leslie, only too ready to take the alarm, had no time to speak, for Captain MacDonald stepped forward, courteous but silent. He saw that seconds were precious, and that it was for the Resident at Sanga to speak. The father told his tale in few words; but before he had well finished, the order had been given to change the course of the Severn. Then there was leisure to listen to a more detailed account of events, as each yard of canvas that had been reefed was spread again to the light breeze; while engineers and stokers, thrilling in sympathy, were feeding the furnaces and poking the fires. The fact had somehow speedily got wind that the beautiful daughter of their stout old countryman was being carried away by those ruffianly Malays, who were melting out of sight on the eastern horizon; and each British seaman felt a personal longing to bring the rascally ravishers to book.

Captain MacDonald, when his own kind-hearted curiosity was satisfied, with the tact and sympathy of a gentleman, left the uncle and nephew to themselves. His delicacy, if not misplaced, was needless. Their minds were preoccupied with one terrible idea: they said nothing that all the world might not have heard. At all events, they might be pretty easy upon one point: the Severn was swiftly overhauling the flying squadron; in a couple of hours at the utmost she would have it under her guns. What might happen then, Heaven only could tell. Old Malay mariners, who had come aboard with Moray, declared that all along that coast the mangrove jungle was impervious—that there was no possibility of the enemy beaching their boats and beating a retreat by land. But, on the other hand, the sea shallowed so grad-

ually—though they did not profess to report accurate soundings—that it was very possible the piratical squadron might keep beyond reach of the corvette.

So it proved. The Severn cut off the retreat, as it would have taken its natural course round a jutting sand-spit: the Malay squadron was baffled and embayed, but at the same time it brought to in comparative safety. Captain MacDonald, though in the habit of acting for himself, called a war-council on his quarter-deck under these critical circumstances. Or rather, he consulted his two civilian passengers, who had all that was most dear in their lives at stake.

"In other circumstances, I should cannonade the scoundrels," said the captain, "and then pipe away the boats' crews and send them to attack under cover of the guns. But——"

"For God's sake, don't use the guns, Captain MacDonald!" exclaimed the unfortunate father. Then, recollecting himself, he added with an effort, "And yet you must do your duty."

"They have sacked an English settlement," returned the captain, "and doubtless it is my duty to attack at any cost, and to use all available means. Well, —— it all, duty must go to the wall for once. We must attack, I suppose; but whatever it may cost the ship's company, I won't run the chance of harming a hair of your daughter's head. We might blockade them, to be sure, barring changes in the weather, and possibly bring them to terms; and yet I greatly doubt whether, under the circumstances, anything would justify me in letting them go free."

Moray hesitated for a moment; then spoke with determination—

"No British officer could do so; and were I weak enough and base enough to make such a request to you, in your place I could only refuse. But I know those Malays, and if you reduce them to despair by blockading, with the choice between surrender and starvation, they are capable of devising any revenge on their captives. There is but one thing to be done, and we must leave the consequences to a merciful God. If you are willing to send your boats to the attack, get to work without wasting a moment. And God knows how bitterly I regret that, on our account, your brave fellows should have to fight under any disadvantage."

"Chances of war and of the service, my dear sir. I answer for them, that not a man will waste a thought upon that. I am only sorry that duty compels me to remain on board, and that I must hand over the honour and the glory of the rescue to my first lieutenant."

His first lieutenant was far from sharing his regrets. Scarcely had the boatswain's whistle resounded along the decks, than the boats were swinging from the davits, and balancing themselves on the surface of the water. The crews had tumbled over the sides, the men had seized upon the oars, marines and supernumerary bluejackets had stowed themselves away in their places, and ranging rapidly in line, or rather in crescent of battle, the little squadron swept swiftly towards the shore.

The steam-launch led the way in the centre, carrying Leslie, Moray, and some of his Malays as passengers. The pirate flotilla, at anchor in an irregular line, opened a heavy though desultory fire as the English approached. Showers of bullets from antiquated rifles and muskets were mingled with flights of arrows. Gongs were violently beaten, wild war-cries resounded along the waves; there was evi-

dently no thought of surrender. The fire, although hot, was ill-directed, and comparatively little damage was done. Nevertheless Moray, though he still mastered himself with mighty efforts of self-control, winced as if he had been hit himself, when any of the blue-jackets or marines were wounded. They might have escaped had the corvette used her guns, and so it seemed to him that he was personally responsible for each of those casualties. He only longed to be at close quarters with the enemy; but, in the meantime, his attention and theirs was diverted. To his astonishment and disgust, he saw Leslie, who the moment before had been standing by his side, crouching under the gunwale of the launch, out of the way of danger. The sympathy of the rough seamen had suddenly changed to contempt; and now, indifferent to the bullets that came thicker and flew straighter, they were passing their rough jokes on the land-lubber whose nerves had fairly got the better of him. At the sight of his nephew's cowardice, Moray almost forgot his daughter's danger. He sprang forward to lay a hand on Leslie's shoulder, and shook him savagely.

"By the God who made us! I would rather know Grace was dead, than give her to a man who shows the white feather at——"

He stopped short before the sentence was finished. He scarcely knew his nephew's face, distorted as it was by the intensity of suppressed passion. No Malay among those who kept his daughter a prisoner could have worn an expression of more determined ferocity. The gentle-mannered poet seemed transformed, as, turning round sharply and fiercely, he saw who had touched him, and said in hasty explanation—

"One of those stray bullets might hit me, and rob me of the chance of rescue or revenge."

And as Moray, excited and preoccupied as he was, shrank back at the unexpected display of passion—Jack Venables, remembering what had passed at the interview in London, might have been less surprised—he recognised the depth of the affection that was ready to die under an indelible stain, rather than play the *rôle* of a looker-on in the hand-to-hand struggle that was approaching.

There was little time for Leslie's limbs to get cramped in the undignified position to which he had resigned himself. The Malay war-shouts were answered with ringing cheers; the last volley from the enemy's firearms was followed by some groans and a death-cry; and in another moment the boats were grappling themselves to the prahus. Then seamen and marines, who had reserved their fire, poured in point-blank volleys with deadly effect, and under cover of the confusion they were swarming up the sides, with cutlasses and bayonets flashing in the sunbeams. The lustre of the English weapons was speedily dimmed, for the Malays fought gallantly and desperately. But their irregular ferocity was in vain against the British dash and the British discipline. The fight was bloody, but it was soon over; the prahus that had been directly attacked were carried, the defenders being either cut down at their posts or throwing themselves into the water and striking out for the others. And when the flag of the pirate chief was hauled down, and his galley was seen to be in the hands of the white men, there was a general *sauve qui peut* from the rest of the fleet. Brave as the Malays were, they bowed to the force of circumstances; and they

had a wholesome terror of the guns of the big ship, which had not as yet been brought into action. As they could not save their boats, they tried to save themselves; and the glowing surface of the sea was sparkling in a driving spray of diamonds, where innumerable heads and shoulders were seen striking out for the shore.

The struggle had been brief, and no Englishman hung back in it; but Leslie had been to the front in it from the first, among scores of other brave men.

"For heaven's sake, don't be so foolhardy, Mr Leslie!" the first lieutenant had found time to shout in an ear that was absolutely deaf to the well-meant expostulation.

"Hech, sir, div ye see hoo the deevil fechts!" ejaculated a countryman of his own, complacently, as he paused to breathe himself, and to wipe his brow, between the mighty strokes he was laying on the Malays.

Indifferent alike to praise and prudence, Leslie flung himself into the foremost of the *mêleé*, forcing his way towards the barbarian who seemed to be the leader. The barbaric warrior was a powerful man, who might have made one and a half of Miss Moray's lover. He honoured his assailant with a downright sword-cut, that should have "cleft him to the chine," to borrow the language of the chroniclers of the middle age, had not a sailor seasonably interposed a cutlass, when the blow glanced, merely bruising a shoulder, and ere the Malay could recover his weapon, the poet had run him through the body. How little he thought, when he had been "mooning" and dreaming at Glenconan, that he would ever have so dramatic an opportunity of proving his devotion to his lady!

But was the lady safe? that was the next question; and a question neither the father nor the lover almost dared to ask. The Malays cut down, driven overboard, or secured, the next business was to search the boat—no very difficult matter. There was only one possible place of concealment in the half-decked craft; but the hatches were strong, and lashed down with bamboo cordage. There was a call for cutlasses to sever the cords, and the very embarrassment of eager volunteers delayed the business. As we cannot depict the spasm of agonising expectation, as father and lover burst from the sunshine into the blackness of the little cabin, so we must drop a veil over the scene that followed, when the seamen, delicately surging back, dropped a mat over the family reunion. Grace was there, and Grace was safe; quit from the horrors and the fears and hopes of her last twenty-four hours' experiences.

"Her pluck does her some credit, does it not?" said Moray proudly, when he presented her to Captain MacDonald above the gangway of the Severn, as pale as she seemed calm, but none the less pretty for her pallor. "Not that there is much to choose between the two in that respect," as he turned round beamingly towards Leslie, who followed them. "Lucky dog!" was the gallant captain's inward comment, as he received Miss Moray's effusions of heartfelt gratitude, only regretting that this prize of love had been already appropriated by its salvor. And "lucky dog!" was the sentiment that in various language was re-echoed by the ship's company, from the wardroom officers to the powder-monkeys; and so closed that episode of nautical romance, which will long be spun in yarns round the Severn's galley-fires.

CHAPTER XLII.—MARRIED IN HASTE.

The telegrams requesting the despatch of the Severn to Sanga had thrown Mr Venables into extreme perturbation and excitement. That bit of business off his hands, he was doomed to the suspense he detested. Communications between Sanga and the Straits were so precarious, that he might hear nothing more for any number of weeks. Meantime his friends might be massacred, and he could do nothing to help them. That last reflection was so much to the point that it might have reconciled a less impulsive young gentleman to resignation and the exercise of patience. But to the warm-hearted Jack such inaction was out of the question; he felt that it was incumbent upon him to be up and doing. So, silencing the whispers of hard common-sense, and having made up his mind on the subject, he thought it would be a satisfaction to consult some one. Acknowledging his weakness, he did not care to turn either to Lord Wrekin or to one of the Government Whips, or even to his stanch friend and patron, Lord Wrekin's brother. Of all people in the world, he chose Miss Winstanley for his adviser; though, indeed, they had been in the habit lately of laying their heads together on most occasions.

Julia heard all he had to say; but it struck him she was somewhat less sympathetic than usual. She objected very sensibly that he could do no possible good, as he must reach Sanga long after everything had been settled. As Jack could only plead sentiment for his plan, he was less persuasive than usual; but we may suspect that Miss Winstanley attributed his embarrassment to a different cause.

"You see, Leslie saved my life," he wound up. "I vowed and felt undying gratitude, and I can't bear to think of his possibly perishing, without my stirring a finger to help him."

"It seems to me you already discharged great part of the debt, when you so generously resigned the girl you were both in love with," said Miss Winstanley, drily. "Besides," she repeated very pertinently, "though you well know how grieved I should be were anything to happen either to Grace or Mr Leslie, you must feel that your going to Sumatra would be worse than idle in the circumstances."

"I fear that is true; still going would be a relief to my mind, and I should always feel that at least I had acknowledged my debt, which is the next best thing to being able to discharge it. And after all, the Severn may have been in time to save them; and think what a pleasure it would be to be there to congratulate them on their escape. Though, if Leslie got out in time for any fighting, if he has not fallen in the engagement it will be no fault of his. You may take my word for that, Julia."

"My name is Miss Winstanley, *Mr* Venables, and no doubt it *would* be a pleasure to console your cousin."

Hardly had the words been spoken, than Julia was heartily ashamed of them, and she saw, besides, to her infinite confusion, that she had betrayed herself. Jack looked at her steadily, till her eyes sank beneath his gaze; then he spoke very deliberately, but with more diffidence than was usual with him.

"I might remind you, *Miss* Winstanley," and he laid an ironical

emphasis on her name, "that it was you who confirmed me in my good resolution of giving up my cousin when I could not help it. The sacrifice was all the easier, that I knew in my heart she had never cared for me,—never cared for me, that is to say, as she cared for Ralph Leslie. And knowing that, though I shall never lose my affection for her, I was long ago as effectively cured of my passion as any man need desire to be."

Jack watched the effect of his speech, and saw the lady brightening through her blushes, which turned suspicion into something like assurance. "Shall I say something more, now I am in course of confession? Shall I tell you how another idol made that fancy fade?"

Jack was very near saying something of those signs of jealousy he had detected, but he discreetly checked himself. Then, as Julia's silence carried conviction to his mind, he recovered all his natural audacity, and, like the Malays charging home upon Sanga, he went at the feeble defences with a rush.

"What is the use of beating about the bushes? You are far too quick not to have understood my feelings long ago. I love Grace Moray as a cousin; but I would adore you as a wife, if you will only say the word, and give me the permission. Why did I come to you now, in place of going to consult with your father, but because I would have you the mistress of my actions, as you have long been the object of my thoughts—Julia!"

Still the young lady said nothing; but this time she did not object to the use of her Christian name. So Jack stole an arm round her waist, and drew her to his side, softly unresisting. In his anxiety for the answer, no doubt, he laid his cheek to hers. The answer, when it did come, seemed quite satisfactory, though it was merely, "And yet you mean to leave me?"

"Not a bit of it," exclaimed Jack, in an exuberance of spirits, seizing her in his arms, and cutting short any further speech by a short and summary process. "Not a bit of it," he went on, when he had time to take breath. "You know I pride myself on my inspirations, and I have a happy inspiration now."

"And what may that be?" asked Julia, blushingly rearranging her hair.

"Simply that we should get married to-morrow or next day, have our honeymoon on board the steamer, and make our wedding-trip to Sumatra."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Julia, very naturally. She seemed now to take the necessary preliminaries to a wedding-trip for granted, and the marriage as merely a question of time.

"Nonsense, dearest! not at all," exclaimed Jack, briskly. Then he went on more seriously, "I *must* start for Sumatra at once: my feelings are not to be reasoned with; and I am sure you will not attempt it. I know that my—I mean our—future peace depends on it. But you like the Morays nearly as much as I do, and why in the world should we not go and see after them together? I shall look on our marriage as such a blessed omen, that I begin to believe already we shall find them all safe and sound. And what a place for our honeymooning the Spice Islands will be! While, if the worst should have happened, I shall have you by my side: and Heaven only knows how I should need your companionship in that case."

"That might be a reason,"

sighed Julia, softly. "If it were anyways possible," she added, as a saving clause.

But when Jack and Julia did lay their heads together, metaphorically and literally, they were just the pair to overcome apparent impossibilities. Mr Winstanley, though somewhat surprised, was far from objecting to the match; and on second thoughts he rather fancied the idea of carrying it through speedily and unconventionally. It is to be feared that his wife's first indignant protests rather helped to overrule his hesitation; and Julia found means of managing her mother. Possibly Mrs Winstanley may have thought —although there she wronged her daughter—that the young lady might have been persuaded to elope, and she may have deemed that a sensation was preferable to a scandal. And if an immediate wedding were once decided upon, as Julia pointed out, it must necessarily be of the quietest, seeing that the fate of so many of "dear Jack's" near relatives was something more than uncertain. At all events, it is a fact, and an incontestable proof of the energy of Jack's character, though it may seem to violate the credibilities of orthodox fiction, that within a week the settlements were signed, and Mr Venables and his bride were before the altar. The father of the bridegroom, with efficient "assistance," tied the knot; a couple of the bridegroom's sisters, and as many of the bride's cousins, officiated as bridesmaids; and though the wedding-breakfast was a quiet and rather melancholy meal, all things were done decently and in order.

"You are a very fortunate man, Mr Jack, though it is I who tell you so," said Winstanley. "Had any one said that Julia would sacrifice a trousseau, and consent to be smuggled away in a hole-and-corner ceremony, I should have set him down for a lunatic. Believe an old man of the world, that my girl must be passionately in love with you, and the fault will be yours if she does not make you happy."

And, *apropos* to happiness, the bride had had a happy thought of her own, when the bridegroom was bustling through the innumerable preparations.

"I have been thinking, dear, of a man we might take out with us to Sanga."

"Well, as you please, darling," said Jack, doubtfully. "I don't think any fellow we could engage would be much use to us. We can always pick up a native in the East—a salamander, who would be suitable to the climate."

"I was thinking of a Scotchman, not a salamander."

"My dear Julia!"—and there was already a touch of marital authority in the ejaculation, though Jack did gulp down the "are you mad?" which was to follow.

The intonation did not escape the sensitive ears of the lady; but she only smiled, and said, "Donald Ross."

"The very thing!" exclaimed Jack, enthusiastically. "By Jove, Julia! what a head—what a heart you have! I suppose you can manage to square things with his master; so I shall despatch a telegram this very moment, and we can send Mr Ross his marching orders by the evening's post. My word for it, he will lose no time in getting ready."

CHAPTER XLIII.—MARRIED AT LEISURE.

The Severn, after a week passed at Sanga, had steamed back to Penang. For a week the managing director had entertained the saviour of his daughter with all the hospitality of which the circumstances admitted. It was little that the Residency had been sacked and wrecked; they picnicked pleasantly enough in the open. There were sad casualties to deplore, though chiefly among the natives; but the dead had been burned with their dwellings or buried out of sight. The gallant captain of the Severn found himself so comfortable, that had things been different he might have extended his stay. But he was sincerely smitten with Miss Moray, who, although really grateful, seemed to have only eyes and ears for Mr Leslie; so that Captain MacDonald deemed it wise to remember the duty he owed to his admiral. And thus it came about that in a reasonably short space of time telegraphic information was transmitted from the Straits of the onslaught on the Settlement and the punishment of the assailants. And when the newly wedded pair arrived at Port Said, they found news awaiting them which set their minds at ease. Thenceforth the voyage was to be really a pleasure-trip, and they might give themselves over to *rattraper* any time they had lost in the way of billing and cooing. Thenceforward Donald Ross brightened up from the gloom that had made him almost a misanthrope; and not only was he always ready to have "a crack" about the Highlands with Mr and Mrs Venables, or any of the cabin passengers, but he contributed greatly to the cheerfulness of the ship's company forward. As for Jack, he was more and more delighted with Julia in her new characters of wife and constant companion, and congratulated himself hourly on his greatest stroke of good luck. As for Julia, she had been softened by the sweetening influences of the honeymoon, and hung upon her husband with shy caresses in a spring bloom of new-born graces; and as the days glided by upon silken wings, they were both looking forward with growing delight to the surprise they were preparing for their friends in Sanga.

"Grace will give me a warmer welcome than on that memorable visit of mine to Glenconan," said Julia; "all the more so that I have effectually relieved her of those most unwelcome attentions of yours, sir."

"Leslie will know, at least," said Jack, disdainfully ignoring the insulting allusion, "that if I did not turn up in the hour of their extremity, it was the power and not the will that was wanting. And in thinking of their lives being safe, we have almost forgotten the salvage of their fortunes. Yet but a few months ago, how glad my uncle would have been to know that he might keep Glenconan, though at the cost of the rest of his fortune! Our budget of good news will be the best of wedding-gifts for that other marriage which ought to come off immediately."

And on their arrival at Penang, Jack's proverbial good luck still befriended them; for they would have felt the annoyances of an indefinite delay almost as deeply as Leslie had done. A commodious enough trader, bound for Sarambang, was easily persuaded to diverge by Sanga; and fruits and other sea luxuries were shipped in

profusion, that the sail might be made as agreeable as possible to the bride.

Had the colonists needed occupation in the transports of their reunion and recovered happiness, they had plenty of it in the meantime at Sanga. The Residency was to be reconstructed—an easy matter, where bamboos were as abundant as native labour. Beggared families had to be relieved; widows were to be consoled and orphans to be cared for; and in these good works we need hardly say that Grace and her lover went hand in hand with the Resident. Matusin had come back, having saved himself narrowly after a stubborn resistance; and had been duly praised for his gallantry by his chief, with promises of rewards and advancement. Rafferty had recovered, of course, and seemed little the worse for that broken head of his, which came so naturally to the Tipperary man. And Mr Briggs had been rescued with Grace, having been knocked over at his post beside the fireproof safe, and carried bound hand and foot on board the piratical prahu. It was the respectable Briggs, above all, whom the Resident seemed most to delight to honour, though perhaps he felt a warmer personal regard for Mr Rafferty, who had so devotedly attached himself to the fortunes of his daughter. But in the case of Briggs, he could appreciate the heroism, where a clerk-like and conscientious sense of duty had triumphed over the feeble flesh.

So, on the whole, that population of many shades formed a happy and contented family: for semi-savages get over calamities and even bereavements, as severe flesh-wounds heal quickly with the wild creatures of the jungles. Especially as when in the present instance there was a liberal application of plasters in the shape of kindness and cash.

Yet, happily contented as they were, a sensation is a sensation; and there was general excitement when, one day at dawn, a European trader in the offing was seen signalling for a boat and a pilot.

"Had it been a fortnight later," said Moray, "it might have been our new furniture from Penang: as it is, that is altogether out of the question. If it were not that dignity forbids, and that I have an appointment with Matusin moreover, I would go down and see the skipper disembark."

"Dignity does not forbid me," said Leslie, "nor you either, for that matter, Miss Resident: it won't be very hot for an hour or two; suppose you order your palanquin."

Grace was only too willing. She would follow Leslie nowadays as Finette followed her.

The palanquin was halted beneath a clump of cocoa-palms; Grace got out, and, guided by her cousin, sought shade still further out of the sun, where for a few minutes, as was very much the fashion with them, they forgot about the visitors and all the world besides. It was the sound of voices, borne through the still air, that roused them. A boat was pulling swiftly towards the shore: the ship was still lying off in the bay. Leslie negligently unslung a pair of race-glasses, and focussed them on the boat. All at once he uttered a tremendous ejaculation, and thrust the glasses into his companion's hands. "Look there, Grace!—and then tell me if we are waking or dreaming."

Grace looked, and gave a low cry of delight, as if she doubted the evidence of her senses, and yet was unwilling to awaken and be undeceived. And Finette, roused

from her slumber, came whimpering to her mistress's side.

"Well, what do you make of him?" asked her lover, smiling.

"It cannot; and yet it must be. And if old Donald is in that boat off Sumatra, who can the people be on board that ship?"

"Jack Venables for one," answered Leslie, confidently.

But Grace now had only eyes for the boat. After all, as Leslie was delighted to remember, all she held most dear was with her in Sanga. And what she saw was an apparition unprecedented in these seas: the stalwart figure of her dear old friend, in complete Celtic costume. Hardly, perhaps, could Donald have given a greater proof of his affection, than in defying the climate and its plagues, that his young mistress might be reminded of Glenconan. The broad Highland bonnet invited sunstroke, as the unguarded legs were irresistibly tempting to the venomous swarms of mosquitoes and sand-flies. Donald, in spite of his overstrung feelings, slapped and suffered and swore; but his tormentors and sufferings were all forgotten, when he saw "Miss Grace" rushing down with outstretched hands to welcome him. He almost fell and fawned at his lady's feet, as Finette, with her joyful whines, was leaping up and licking his face.

It was a merry dinner that night at the Residency; none the less so, perhaps, that there was an undercurrent of deep and earnest feeling. By way of fillip to its conviviality, Jack had communicated the good news of the unexpectedly favourable prospects of the bank liquidation. According to all appearances, the assets Campbell had placed at the disposal of the liquidators had so far lightened the obligations of the shareholders that there was no probability of further calls. It was possible, on the contrary, that there might be a return of moneys. In any case, if Moray's investments were swept away, he might leave an unencumbered estate to his daughter. The most sensitive conscience might consider any early indiscretions as purged, and henceforward he was a free, and should be a happy, man.

It was a merry dinner, but a merrier ceremony was soon to follow. Mrs Venables had declared that, much as she was enchanted with Sanga, it was indispensable that they should cut their visit short. And even the hospitable Moray had little to say when she gave him her reasons for the decision.

"Jack would start at a moment's notice, and I was foolish enough to consent to come with him. But he has left everything at sixes and sevens: his chief in the lurch—irritated constituents — not that that greatly signifies in the circumstances,—and speculations in the charge of my father, whose ignorance of them aggravates his responsibilities. No, my dear Mr Moray, we must go back very soon; otherwise I should always blame myself for any misfortunes that might happen."

Moray had nothing to object, and could only consent rather ruefully.

"But, before we go, I have a favour to ask, and I fancy you know what I mean."

"*Demande toujours.*"

"As we have come so far for so little, seeing we have found you all safe, we should wish to have the wedding happily over."

"The story of the fox who lost his own tail, Mrs Venables; and so I suppose it was in malice prepense you gave the chaplain of the

Settlement a passage from Penang. Well, what will be will be; and, for my own part, I see no reason for delay. You had best speak to Leslie on the subject, and I don't doubt you will find him amenable."

Leslie so literally jumped at the suggestion, that he scarcely restrained his expressions of delight at the approaching departure of the visitors, as Mrs Venables resentfully remarked; while Grace was too fondly proud to care to play the coquette; and if less demonstrative than Ralph, she was to the full as compliant. Though to him indeed she was outspoken enough, and placed herself as generously at his disposal as any lover need have desired.

"As you will have me, Ralph, you may take me when you will; you have won the right to command me a thousand times over."

And Ralph could have fallen down and worshipped; only he compromised by clasping her in his embrace; a "passage of arms" which had come so naturally to him of late, that there was nothing very novel in it to either.

CHAPTER XLIV.—*L'ENVOI.*

To Leslie the circumstances of his wedding seemed the very irony of destiny. A quiet fellow naturally, of dreamy temperament and unobtrusive disposition, he would have liked to have taken Grace in a village church, with her father to give her away, and the clerk and a pew-duster for witnesses. And here he was to be one of the central figures in a sort of international ceremony, where, in the pomp of oriental display, a subject people were to make holiday.

"You might have been much worse off, old fellow," remarked Jack, consolingly. "You might have been married at St George's, with a bishop to officiate, and a dozen of bridesmaids before a trooping of the fashions."

"Thank you for reminding me of that," answered Leslie, gratefully. "Trust you for always looking at things on their sunny side. Not that there is likely to be any lack of sunshine; and seven in the morning for a marriage seems to be rather an uncanonical hour."

Considering the noise that was made in the Settlement, he might have been married much earlier, for all the sleep he got. The loyal subjects of the Sumatra Company had been wide-awake all night like the mosquitoes, blazing away blank charges from rusty firearms, and letting off all manner of native squibs and crackers. No one would have guessed that, only a few weeks before, the Settlement had been sacked by pirates. It seemed good policy to encourage the people in their rejoicings on so very exceptional an occasion; so Moray had been liberal of largesses, and had served out powder freely. And the Malays of the lower orders had plenty to look at, besides the unfamiliar spectacle of a Christian wedding, and the still less familiar sight of a beautiful and unveiled bride. The chiefs of the country, from the Sultan downwards, delighted to worship the rising sun and the power of the victorious English. The Sultan could hardly condescend so far as to attend the ceremony in person; but our old acquaintance, Pangaran Jaffir, brought presents in his name,—strings of orient pearls, and massive bracelets of gold and emerald. Many a minor chief came with his

train of followers, whom Moray received with the rough old Highland hospitality, finding them free quarters *al fresco*, with any quantity of food and drink by way of bedding and night-clothes. And there was Matusin, at the head of his household and the notables of Sanga, proud of the slash across his cheek, received from one of the piratical *krises*. There, among the Malays, was Donald Ross, in his tartans, dwarfing most of them by his height, broad shoulders and muscle, and looking as warlike as any. And by Donald's side was the facetious Mr Rafferty, with whom the Highlander had sworn eternal brotherhood, since he learned how the Irishman had stood by Miss Grace. By the way, when everybody, whether with a claim or without one, was asking favours, Mr Rafferty had prepared a petition to Miss Moray.

"By all means, Rafferty," she had said, "I think I may promise before you ask. I am certain you will ask nothing unreasonable."

"Unraisonable! and sure thin it is the most raisonable thing in life; for it's sad you would be were your wedding to be a sorrow to me."

"Well, then, Rafferty, tell me what I can do for you."

"Just this, Miss. Divil the drop of drink has passed my lips since the night thim vagabonds broke into the Risidincy. I don't rightly remimber how long I took the pledge for: and 'deed maybe it was the better for me, with my broken head. But I would like to be at liberty to get drunk to-morrow, were it to happen so, with an aisy conscience; and it would only be civil to Mr Ross if I were ready to take a drop with him."

Grace laughed, though she felt the request and the consequent responsibility to be embarrassing.

"Take the drop with Donald, by all means, Rafferty; and as for the rest, I leave it to you. I am sure that, on that day of all others, you would not wish to make me ashamed of one of the best of my friends."

Whereupon Rafferty had scratched his head and thanked her, though only half satisfied. He was bound to keep sober now, under any circumstances; and it seemed to him that it was dishonouring so solemn an occasion. "But, after all," so he consoled himself, "it was herself that bid me do it; and Heaven knows it will be by no wish of my own if I should be as well-behaved as any of thim water-drinking niggers."

So Mr Rafferty kept himself strictly sober; but otherwise the ceremony went off very well. Mr Venables proposed the health of the newly married couple in a neat and appropriate speech, and Leslie acknowledged all he owed to his friend in more effusive and touching language than he dared have used had the *déjeuner* come off in a London dining-room. As for the bride, her eyes had filled with tears, and yet Mrs Venables was so far from feeling jealous that she shared Mrs Leslie's emotion. Perhaps the feature of the proceedings was the Resident's speech, in which he lauded to the skies both Briggs and Rafferty. Briggs broke down, as was only natural, in an almost inarticulate attempt at acknowledgment; and even the Irishman, for once, was covered with confusion, and rejoiced that his humble position sealed his lips. He contented himself with dealing Donald Ross, who was sitting next to him and cheering vociferously, a friendly blow in the ribs with his elbow.

Old shoes were scarce in the Settlement, since the population

wore sandals; but we need not say that, having regard to the latitude and the produce of the country, there was no lack of rice to send in showers after the pair when they embarked in a boat for the improvised bungalow in a clearing, where they were to pass the first days of the honeymoon. Heavenly as was the climate, romantic as were the surroundings, and delightfully as the lovers were wrapped up in each other, they would not have been sorry to have returned from savagery to civilisation, and to have exchanged the volcanic craters of the Sanga chain for the cloud-capped summits of Glenconan. Julia had taken it for granted that if Grace did not accompany her home—and, to tell the truth, she could quite understand that each might prefer to have her husband to herself in the meantime—nevertheless she was sure to follow very speedily. But to that apparently natural arrangement an insurmountable obstacle was interposed. Moray, although again the unembarrassed master of his inheritance, and still sufficiently rich—although far less wealthy than he had been—declined altogether to resign his post. "I may die at Glenconan, and I trust I shall; but God has given me a duty to discharge here in the meantime. I have life enough left, I believe, to settle 'the Settlement'; nor do I intend to turn my back on the task till it is accomplished. It was in the East I erred, and in the East I have the opportunity of atoning, at all events, for early errors."

From that firm decision there was no driving him; and his daughter and his son-in-law knew him too well to attempt doing so. But being infinitely happy in each other where they were, it was no great sacrifice to prolong their exile; and Moray, being willing to concede something on his side, had the grace to acquiesce in the sacrifice. "Everything comes to those who wait," he remarked to Mr Venables; "and when the nursery has to be furnished, they must furnish the nursery at Glenconan!"

As for Donald Ross, we need hardly say that he decided on prolonging his leave of absence indefinitely, sending Mr Winstanley his dutiful respects and his demission as head-keeper. Though in sticking to "Miss Grace" and the fortunes of his former master, like his master he by no means gave up the expectation of being gathered to his fathers in his native glen.

THE IRISH DIFFICULTY: A DIALOGUE OF DREAMLAND.

Persons.

MR GLADSTONE. CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

SCENE.—*Hawarden. A hot day.* MR GLADSTONE *is discovered lying by the side of a tree which he has nearly felled, his axe by his side, and a copy of Horace in his hand.*

Gladstone (*quotes*)—

> "Me truncus illapsus cerebro
> Sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum
> Dextrâ levâsset, Mercurialium
> Custos virorum."

Am I a mercurial man? Well, I don't think the tree, when it does come down, will fall on this side. If it did, it would put me out of my misery. Horace seems to have had his tree very much on his brain; I have Parnell, which is worse. I am at my wits' end to know what I shall do with that fellow. They call him "the uncrowned king of Ireland." I am afraid I have made a sad mess of it by enfranchising the democracy; but I am tired to death. Mr Bass is my truest supporter after all. "Bassum Threïciâ vincat amystide." [*Opens a pint bottle of beer, gulps it, and then sleeps.*

Enter the shade of CARDINAL RICHELIEU.]

Who is this? A Church dignitary in full canonicals! It can't be the Archbishop of Westminster —I mean, Cardinal Manning, more legally.

Richelieu. No; Mr Gladstone. I am Cardinal Richelieu, Prime Minister of Louis the Thirteenth of France, very much at your service. I heard you were in trouble, and being a fellow-statesman, took French leave from Elysium to see if I could not give you some advice, founded on long experience.

Glad. How did you get to Elysium? I thought you were anything but a clerical character.

Rich. I was a great and successful ruler of men; you,—well, you read the lessons very well in church. What have you done as a statesman?

Glad. I helped Italy to become a nation; I gave back the Ionian Islands to Greece, and got the Powers to give her Thessaly, with ultimate hope of Macedonia, Epirus, Crete, and the other islands.

Rich. Very well for Greece and Italy, but what about England—Great Britain, I should say?

Glad. I reduced the duty on French wine——

Rich. A good thing for our winegrowers, but a pearl before swine. Your people don't thank you for it, for they will not understand what wine is. By encouraging adulteration they demoralise our merchants. Why! You yourself drink Bass.

Glad. Because Bass supports me both physically and politically.

Rich. Greece, Italy, and France! Well, I grant you have done something for them; but what have you done for your own country?

Glad. I have given votes to more than two millions of new electors.

Rich. Votes are nothing more than ψῆφοι—"stones," not bread. Electors are "mostly fools," as your Carlyle said. That applies to the old lot. As for the new,

many of them don't know their right hand from their left, far less the difference between Liberals and Conservatives. Some cannot sign their names, but make a cross instead.

Glad. You, as a Cardinal, ought not to object to the sign of the cross. The illiterate voter was the doing of the Tories. When I played against Beaconsfield, he had an ugly habit of trumping all my best cards; and he always made me play out my hand faster than I intended. Parnell stood by watching the game, guessing that the party which lost would apply to him for a loan, and only bent on lending at ruinous interest. I see *his* game, now I am cleaned out; but I fear I can't play any more without his assistance.

Rich. Why not stop? Parnell only wants to ruin both sides. Forswear cards, and put up with your losses. But truce to metaphor. Has not Salisbury, who took Beaconsfield's place, paid you a delicate compliment by adopting in great measure your Eastern policy, and that without insulting either Austria or Turkey? You might now be satisfied with criticism, eschewing open opposition. Why not go up to the Lords, and repose on your laurels?

Glad. I thought you seemed inclined to deny me any.

Rich. By no means. You have done something for Italy and Greece, and something, too, for French trade—although that ungrateful nation still sticks to Protection; and then you must have made yourself a favourite, or you would not have been called "the People's William" and "the Grand Old Man." But to my mind you have not yet proved that you have done much for Great Britain.

Glad. But for Ireland surely. I disestablished the Irish Church.

Rich. In such a manner as to please neither its friends nor its enemies. If English and Scotch bigotry could not allow you to establish as sister Churches the Catholic and Presbyterian bodies, you might have left that business alone. The Irish Church was no real grievance, as its revenues did not come out of the pockets of the people, but it served as a cry for the party of anarchy. I never heard but of one real grievance which Ireland had, which it shared with England, and that was the denial of civic rights to Roman Catholics; but even this, in the first instance, was a rough and ready measure of retaliation for rebellion. This grievance had been removed before your time by an Irishman of some note, Arthur Duke of Wellington, whom it is a shame to speak of in the same breath with Mr Parnell, whose Irish origin certainly ought to be investigated, before he claims to speak in the name of Ireland.

Glad. I guaranteed the tenants of Ireland against the rapacity and tyranny of the landlords.

Rich. Being a Frenchman, I can only speak from general knowledge about Ireland. From my experience I should not say that landlords, as a class, were more rapacious and tyrannical than any other class of creditors. When debtors do not pay, creditors starve, if they have no other means of living; and starving people are apt to exact their dues to the uttermost farthing. If rich creditors remit their just debts, they establish a principle by which poorer creditors suffer. In ancient times insolvent debtors became slaves. The fact that certain people in Ireland cheated their landlords (I do not say they could always help it), gave you no right to fix rents arbitrarily; so

your interference with freedom of contract, and your favour to the Irish tenants, were a positive injustice to the tenants of England and Scotland.

Glad. The matter appears very simple at first sight, but the conditions complicate it. At first sight, the hiring of land to cultivate it and live by it is like the hiring of a house or tenement to live in it — like the hiring of a horse to ride, or a carriage to be carried in. No one would suppose that, by more or less constant use, the house, or the horse, or the carriage can become in any sense the property of the hirer. But the hiring of land to cultivate it is more like investing capital in building a house on some one else's land, and where the rack-rent principle prevails, without the protection of a ninety-nine years' lease. The injustice of the Irish system till I remedied it, was that the landlord could turn the tenant out at any time when the rent was overdue, and confiscate his unexhausted improvements—that is, his capital—in some cases leaving him nothing to begin life again with.

Rich. The remedy was in the tenants' own hands. Why were they so imprudent as to hire land under such unfavourable conditions? Why not leave the landlords to cultivate their own land as best they could, and go elsewhere to hire lands? Surely the Irish tenants were not in the position of serfs bound to the soil.

Glad. Yes, they were—in their own imaginations at any rate; and the pure Celtic race are the most imaginative people under the sun. Imagination is the whole of their intellect, and does duty for logic and common-sense, and all the functions connected with them. They were bound to the soil on which they were born, by poverty, and utter inability to emigrate. And then they were afflicted by the monomania, that however much they multiplied—and they multiply like rabbits—they had a right to stay on the land on which they were born, not only the eldest son, according to the feudal theory of primogeniture, but every one of a prolific Irishwoman's seven boys. They had no notion of colonising on a large scale, till the famine of 1847 drove out a large number of them. Their priests discouraged emigration, because the priests, having no fixed incomes, lived by marriage-fees and the like—that is, by pushing population to its maximum, and making confusion worse confounded. So the people prefer death to emigration.

Rich. Yes; the death of their landlords. It was in a great measure your fault. You are so fond of felling trees, that your fingers ever itch to be hacking at some existing institution. You rubbed your hands when you had cut down the Protestant Church, and thought you had accomplished a great athletic feat. Instead of that, as incumbents died out from parishes where the great majority was Catholic, you ought gradually to have substituted the Catholic priests; and to be fair, Presbyterian ministers where the majority was Presbyterian. Instead of doing that, you made the priests your enemies when you might have made them your friends. You alienated Ulster, as well as the Catholic provinces, and amongst the three classes of clergy you were left without a single friend. So you have no right to be surprised that the last election made a clean sweep of your supporters.

Glad. But England and Scotland would not let me manage the business otherwise.

Rich. Under such circumstances, your sagacious predecessor, Lord Melbourne, could have said, "Why not let things alone?" That disestablishment of the Church, as you managed it, did unmitigated mischief to Ireland.

Glad. I am very sorry. But if I disestablish the Churches of England and Scotland, will not that make it fair all round?

Rich. I consider your question irrelevant. We will confine our attention for the present to Ireland. As things were, the Irish parson without parishioners was a kind of small squire, obliged to residence, and making himself very useful in temporal matters. In many cases he was regretted by the priest, who lost in him an educated companion, and in his house and family circle a consolation for his lonely bachelorhood. Every parsonage was a little local centre of civilisation. Your measure helped the object of the agitators, which, after filling their own pockets with pence extracted from the poor by their abominable terrorism, is to leave the Irish peasantry to relapse into barbarism, perhaps cannibalism, after all the gentry have been chased out of the country.

Glad. But I have a conscientious objection to "squarsons," as the 'Church Times' calls them.

Rich. If you have been bitten by that fatuity of Puseyism, I must give up advising you. It is neither Protestant nor Catholic. It has no roots, and only thrives on the fashionable folly of that vulgar plutocracy which has superseded aristocracy in England. The Church of England's glory is in being an Erastian institution. Without State supremacy it has no *raison d'être.* Though a Cardinal, I was a statesman, and found it quite necessary in my time to keep the Church in her place—for the Church is feminine, and requires masculine control. When I was gone, that lump of vanity, Louis Quatorze, when his old age fell under the influence of the Jesuits and Madame de Maintenon, persecuted the Protestants, and stabbed to the heart the prosperity of France. She has never recovered it even to this day. You have done all you could to barbarise Ireland, and in all conscience she was barbarous enough before.

Glad. I thought I did it for the best.

Rich. So all say who make blunders that are more disastrous than any crimes. Good men, my dear Mr Gladstone—I mean those markedly known as such, men of skinless consciences combined with utopian aspirations—are hardly ever fit to be rulers of mankind. For mankind is bad: your own religion tells you so, and if you believed it all round, you would clearly see it. Above all, mankind at large cannot be trusted. I heard of a statesman who gave his son one piece of advice on his deathbed—"Never say you are a reformer!" I never did. Henri Quatre never did, and he was perhaps our best king,—as a ruler, even better than St Louis, who was too good for this world. St Louis had at one time the chance of annexing England to France by siding with the malcontent barons, just as the French Plantagenets, represented by English Henry V. did afterwards for a short time annex France to England. But Henri Quatre did show he was a reformer in the practical sense by that saying recorded of him, that he should never be satisfied till every Frenchman had a fowl in his pot on Sundays. Henri Qua-

tre was not what good people call a good man, for his gallantries were notorious; but he was a very good king, the best king probably since half-fabulous Charlemagne. Men have to be deceived to a certain extent even for their good. Our Church admits of pious frauds, sometimes in what I privately think questionable cases. But no pious fraud is so harmless as calling yourself a Conservative, and then trying to do all the good in your power to your country and your kind. Your habit of wearing your heart upon your sleeve, verily even on your shirt-sleeve when your coat is off, my dear sir, has gained you a certain popularity in England and Scotland, but failed in Ireland, because the Irish do not admire their own weaknesses in others; and it has done infinite mischief to your conduct both of home and foreign affairs. Let me advert for a moment to your foreign policy. You have earned the gratitude of Italy and Greece; but in your zeal for freedom and oppressed nationalities, you have called Turkey names, and Austria at another time. Both these Powers you might still use for good ends, if only they had short memories. You have abused the Pope in print, when his friendship would be invaluable to you in managing the Irish priests. You have told the Boers that you thought they were in the right, and let them score a triumph over British arms. In Afghanistan and the Soudan your avowed moderation was only interpreted as weakness. I say nothing about Gordon, which is too painful a subject. I forget—for not even ghosts know everything—whether it was Curran, or some one else, who gave his son another piece of dying advice: "Be always ready with the pistol." It was certainly a provocation to lawlessness as applied to individuals, and very Irish. But it was very good advice as applied to a great nation in a lawless world. Never attack without good cause, but be always ready to fight. Never retract or apologise, because you can never count on the generous interpretation of an international adversary. When Lord Beaconsfield wanted to keep the Russians from entering Constantinople, he placed the British fleet in front of it, and Russia drew in its horns—not probably because the fleet could prevent the Russians from going into the city, but because they knew Austria was behind them. He wanted Austria then. But you could hardly have ventured on the same measure, because you had offended Austria. In these days of cheap newspapers, information penetrates every corner of the world, and a statesman can never be too cautious what he says. In these days of democracy the conduct of public officers is judged, not according to the justice of the case, but success or failure. Varro, when he lost the battle of Cannæ, received the thanks of the Roman Senate, "because he had not despaired of the Republic." But that Republic was an aristocracy. Bazaine, after putting 18,000 Germans *hors de combat* at Gravelotte, because he surrendered at Metz, and saved the French army, was condemned as a traitor by the French democracy, which was unable to see, as he did, the hopelessness of further struggle. A few more mistakes, and the somewhat stolid British democracy will be ready to turn and rend "the people's William." As for the Irish democracy, which through all your career you have tried to curry favour with, even at the risk of the ruin of the empire, you know very well that you have been obliged to

have even your peaceful English home guarded by armed policemen.

Glad. There is much in what you say, Cardinal. But what on earth am I to do?

Rich. Release your followers from their personal allegiance by accepting the next peerage the Queen offers you.

Glad. But I am so accustomed to office that I could hardly live without it or the hope of it.

Rich. Then take the Woods and Forests under Lord Salisbury. But remember that scientific forest-culture demands that trees should be planted as well as cut down.

Glad. Not a bad idea; but what title do you suggest?

Rich. The Earl of Flint—symbolical of your resolution to set your face as a flint against popular flattery.

Glad. But suppose my majority of eighty insist on turning out Lord Salisbury, and oblige the Queen to make me Premier again, what am I to do with Parnell?

Rich. If I were Her Most Gracious Majesty, I would strain the Royal prerogative so far as to put Lord Hartington in your place, and leave him to deal with Parnell. Lord Hartington can hold his tongue, and as yet his hands are free. He would probably have a general support from the Conservatives in the extreme peril of the nation.

Glad. You are a wise man, wiser probably than any man of these degenerate days. What would you have done with Parnell?

Rich. That woodman's axe of yours lying idle there, after working your will on your innocent trees, would suggest an answer. I would long ago have chopped off Parnell's head without waiting for a mandate from Louis Treize, or to consult the States-General, even if I had had to do the ugly job with my own hands.

Glad. But that would have produced an insurrection in Ireland.

Rich. Not a bit of it. All Ireland would have jumped for joy at being delivered from Parnell's tyranny. Decisive action is never unpopular with the masses. When, in ancient Rome, Spurius Cassius and Spurius Mœlius were hurled from the Tarpeian rock for aspiring to tyranny, the Roman populace clapped their hands at the overturning of their idols. When Walworth struck down Wat Tyler, King Richard II. had only to tell the mob he would be their leader, and they followed him like sheep. Such drastic acts would have been impossible if universal suffrage had reigned in Rome or London, or unless, for the nonce, certain men had not had the courage to ignore it. Parnell and his gang have virtually declared war against England and equally against loyal Ireland, which you are too apt to forget. Then, perhaps, you would say they ought to be acknowledged as belligerents, and treated with all the honours of war. It has not come to that yet, but may come to that, if you allow them to gather strength. Nations give rebels belligerent rights when they can no longer help it. Until that time, they treat them as rebels. And by nipping rebellion in the bud, you prevent the horrors of war. As yet, Irish rebellions have not been dangerous, except to the loyal inhabitants of Ireland, —the more than ten righteous men in Sodom, whom you would lightly leave to the tender mercies of the fire and brimstone to which rebellious Ireland is doomed. The Irish Celts are a singular people, brave as lions in a good cause, but cowardly as hares in a bad one. They make the best possible soldiers and

policemen, because soldiers and policemen are subject to discipline. They are passionately attached to those who lead them with a true heart. As rebels, they have been always a failure. At the battle of the Boyne, the Irish ran away, and left the only serious resistance to their French auxiliaries. The last Irish rebellion, under Smith O'Brien, collapsed in a cabbage-garden, because his followers had found him out, as they will find out Parnell.

Glad. You lived in earlier times than ours, Cardinal. Your manner of dealing with Parnell is now out of the range of practical politics. Cannot we bribe his vanity with position, or his greed with money? I have sometimes wished to make him a bishop. More than one bishop of late, much decried as a heretic, never gave any further trouble or scandal to the orthodox, when once he had been inducted into his see.

Rich. More formalities are to be gone through in making a bishop in these days than in mine. But you cannot bribe Parnell either with position or money, because if you did, he would be assassinated by the secret societies, and he knows it. He is at once a tyrant and a slave. If you had cut his head off, his party would have given you no further trouble, for it is like the *pieuvre* of Victor Hugo's 'Toilers of the Sea'—cut the head through, and the limbs are paralysed. But since you can't cut his head off, the only thing is simply to outvote him; and then, if he kicks, hand him over to the Sergeant-at-Arms. You have only to form an offensive and defensive alliance with Lord Salisbury, and when you have settled Parnell, you may begin your party fight again, since the fates seem to have decreed that England is always to be governed by a see-saw of party, a "king of the castle" game of overgrown lambs.

Glad. But supposing the parties join for a time, how are we to silence that huge Irish howl for Home Rule? Not Parnell himself, who is too wary, but some of the Parnellites say that if they cannot get Home Rule by fair means, they will get it by foul. By fair means they mean obstructing all the business of the House of Commons, and allowing no Government to be carried on; I should like to know what they mean by foul means?

Rich. And so should I. Their fair means hitherto (for I cannot distinguish them from their allies, the Fenians and Invincibles) have included such trifles as Phœnix Park murders, wayside assassinations, mutilations of cattle, dynamite explosions, arson, boycottings, &c. I suppose they mean by foul means, manly and open insurrection, and taking the field against her Majesty's troops. It will be a happy day for England when they resort to these,—at least, if one spark of military spirit still lingers in your shopkeeping nation. But there is no danger of this. They have too much regard for their mothers' calf-skins. A woman the other day succeeded in putting O'Donovan Rossa in bodily fear. A few more heroines of her temper, even if not quite sane, would make short work of them all. She made a mistake in using a revolver instead of a cart-whip, the best weapon to cow a slave, or break the back of an adder.

Glad. But my sensitive conscience suggests to me that there may be some real grievance after all at the bottom of this Home Rule agitation, and it may not be just to entirely turn a deaf ear to it.

Rich. If I were not an ecclesias-

tic, I would say, "Damn your conscience," as the generally patient Duke of Wellington said "Damn his heart," when, as he was planning the campaign of Waterloo, it was suggested to him that some officer's heart would be broken if he was not allowed to use his rockets. The Home Rule cry translated into French is nothing but "*Vol et Viol*," in English, robbery, murder, and anarchy. Before you give the lower Irish Home Rule they must prove their disposition to submit to rule in any shape. They are yet in the condition of schoolboys. In former times there were rebellions in English public schools, but these only proved, not that the schoolboys had a grievance, but, that discipline had become relaxed. Since the time of Arnold of Rugby, that prince of schoolmasters, there have been no more rebellions. What was his plan? He took the choicest of his scholars, organised them as a sixth form, and made the sixth responsible for the discipline of the school to a great extent. In Ireland you have your ready-made sixth form in the province of Ulster, or, if your mismanagement has forfeited for a time the loyalty of Ulster, it may yet be recovered. Give Ulster provincial self-government first, and put the other provinces on probation. When they have proved they are fit for liberty, give it them, but not before. As long as agrarian crimes continue and the people sympathise with them, they are not fit for constitutional liberty. When criminals are given up, and crimes cease, it is time to ask whether they will bear self-government. Perhaps they may come to their senses through envy, when you have made Ulster a privileged province. Your present system — treating habitual criminals as honest men —is a discouragement to honesty altogether. You will never govern Ireland until you see that one race is not like another, and that to impose your free institutions on the Irish Celts as they are, is like your good people subscribing to send warm clothing to the negroes of Central Africa, who would roll a shirt into a turban. Farewell, Mr Gladstone, till we meet in the Elysian fields,—only recollect that the trees there are allowed to grow till they fall, and when you come, leave your axe behind you at Hawarden. It will be safer.

[RICHELIEU *vanishes.* Mr GLADSTONE *wakes, and takes up his axe.*

Glad. Come, I won't be beaten by a tree. Here goes. Very obliging of a great historic character to give me advice in a dream! The whole Irish difficulty seems to have vanished with Cardinal Richelieu. But there remain as facts the hereditary poverty and hereditary improvidence of the Irish peasantry, and under the stress of these I must not be too hard in judging their hereditary ingratitude. I must do what I can for them still, whether in office or opposition, and try to give them what Liberal and Conservative wisdom combined (and both parties together have none to spare) thinks best for them, and not what they cry for most loudly, for after all they are but

"Children crying in the night,
Children crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry!

GEORGE CARLESS SWAYNE.

MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE.—PART II.

III.—ITALY IN 1848.

Italy has always proved an excellent field for moss-gathering since the year 1848, when, as I entered Rome for the first time, I passed cannon pointed down the streets, and the whole town seething with revolution—to the year 1862, when, as the guest of a regiment of Piedmontese cavalry, I hunted brigands in the plains of the Basilicata and Capitanata. The incidents of my first visit are so long ago now, that I only remember their more salient features, but these are indelibly stamped upon my memory. I shall never forget joining a roaring mob one evening, bent I knew not upon what errand, and getting forced by the pressure of the crowd, and my own eagerness, for I was a youth then, into the front rank just as we reached the Austrian Legation, and seeing the ladders passed to the front, and placed against the wall, and the arms torn down; then I remember, rather from love of excitement than any strong political sympathy, taking hold, with hundreds of others, of the ropes which were attached to them, and dragging them in triumph to the Piazza del Popolo, where a certain Ciceroachio, who was a great tribune of the people in those days, and a wood-merchant, had a couple of carts loaded with wood standing ready; and I remember their contents being tumultuously upset, and heaped into a pile, and the Austrian arms being dragged on the top of them, and a lady — I think the Princess Pamphili Doria, who was passing in a carriage at the time—being compelled to descend, and being handed a flaming torch, with which she was requested to light the bonfire, which blazed up amid the frantic demonstrations of delight of a yelling crowd, who formed round it a huge ring, joining hands, dancing and capering like demons,—in all of which I took an active part, getting home utterly exhausted, and feeling that somehow or other I had deserved well of my country.

And I remember upon another occasion being roused from my sleep, about one or two in the morning, by the murmur of many voices, and looking out of my window and seeing a dense crowd moving beneath, and rushing into my clothes and joining it—for even in those early days I had a certain moss-gathering instinct—and being borne along I knew not whither, and finding myself at last one of a shrieking, howling mob at the doors of the Propaganda, against which heavy blows were being directed by improvised battering-rams; and I remember the doors crashing in, and the mob crashing in after them, to find empty cells and deserted corridors, for the monks had sought safety in flight. And I remember standing on the steps of St Peter's while Pope Pio Nono gave his blessing to the volunteers that were leaving for Lombardy to fight against the Austrians, and seeing the tears roll down his cheeks—as I supposed, because he hated so much to have to do it. These are events which are calculated to leave a lasting impression on the youthful imagination. Unfortunately, in those days newspaper correspondence was in its infancy, and posterity will have

but a comparatively meagre record of the exciting scenes and stirring events of the great revolutionary year.

If it was disagreeable to the Pope to bless the Italian patriots in their struggle against Austria, it was still more hateful to the King of Naples to have to grant a constitution to his subjects, and swear to keep it upon crossed swords, which I saw him do with great solemnity in a church, after a revolution which had lasted three days, and in which at length the troops refused to fire upon the people. It was true that he had no intention of keeping his oath, and broke it shortly afterwards, but the moment was none the less humiliating; and his face was an interesting study. Some idea of the confusion which reigned in all parts of Italy about this time may be gathered from an incident which happened to my father and myself at Leghorn on the day of our arrival in that town. It had been more or less in a chronic state of revolution for some weeks past. The Grand Duke still reigned at Florence, but he had lost control of Leghorn, which was practically in the hands of the *fachini* and the scum of the population. Considering themselves the masters of the situation, the porters who carried our luggage from the quay to the hotel made such an exorbitant charge that we refused to pay it. They accordingly summoned us before the magistrate. After hearing the case, that worthy decided that the charge was reasonable, and that we must pay it. With the instinct of resisting extortion to the last, which is characteristic of the Briton, we persisted in our refusal notwithstanding this judgment; upon which the magistrate said that in that case it would be his painful duty to commit us to prison. We replied that we were travelling for information—moss-gathering, in fact; that we were much interested in Italian prisons; that we could not have a better opportunity of examining into their management and internal economy than by being committed to one; and that we were quite ready to go, provided that he would take the consequences. And we reminded him that we had still a British Minister at Florence. It will be seen from this that we were of that class of tourists who are a perfect pest to unhappy diplomats. We were conscious of this at the time, but reconciled ourselves to it by the reflection that a great principle was at stake. Moreover, we had a suspicion, which proved well founded, that matters would never be allowed to reach that point. Our refusal to satisfy the demands of the *fachini* completely nonplussed the poor judge: he now appealed to them to moderate their claim, but this they sternly refused to do; upon which, after a few moments' sombre reflection, he thrust his hand into his pocket, and, to our intense astonishment, paid them the full amount of their extortionate charge himself. We suggested to the hotel-keeper, who had accompanied us to the court, that the dispensation of justice on these principles must be an expensive operation; but he said that, on the contrary, it simplified justice very much, for the judge always gave judgment in favour of the mob, knowing very well that, if he did not, he would be stabbed on his way home the same evening, and that few ever thought of resisting any demand which was backed by an institution then existing at Leghorn similar to the Camorra at Naples. The course we had taken had left him

no other alternative but to satisfy the claim out of his own pocket. So we gave the amount to our host, and told him at once to reimburse the unhappy functionary.

We had scarcely reached the hotel before we had the satisfaction of seeing our *fachini* friends receive a lesson which our late éxperiences with them enabled us keenly to appreciate. A boat approached the quay containing two young Englishmen. Not only was their nationality unmistakable, but they appeared — what they afterwards turned out to be—university men in the prime of "biceps." On the boat touching the quay, it was boarded by half-a-dozen *fachini*, each one attempting to grab something, were it only an umbrella, for which to claim payment. In vain did the travellers struggle to select two, which was more than enough for all their requirements. Each porter obstinately clung to what he had seized, and refused to part with it. One of them at last sprang on shore, followed by a young Englishman, who, finding he could not regain possession of his property, incontinently knocked his man down. This was the signal for a general assault upon the travellers, who, from the beautifully scientific way in which they handled their fists, must have been pupils of some great master in the noble art of self-defence. In less time than it takes to write it, six porters were lying in a heap on the quay: they were so taken by surprise, they had not even time to draw their knives, and so demoralised that those who were not too stunned to do so crawled off, leaving the two travellers to carry their own baggage triumphantly into the hotel.

I think, however, it is better to be in a town which is completely in the hands of the mob, than in one which is half held by the people and half by the Government. This happened to us at Messina. The Mole and fort at the end were held by the Neapolitan troops, but the town was in the hands of the populace. It was difficult to land except at night, because during the day even a foreign flag ran the risk of being fired upon from the Mole. However, we succeeded in doing so without mishap—though we had not been long on shore before we began to repent of our curiosity, and to wish ourselves at sea again.

We had hardly taken up our quarters at an hotel, before a Neapolitan man-of-war entered the harbour and began to bombard us — one ball entering the wall so near our window, that by making a long arm one could touch it, which illustrates the folly of going to an hotel on the quay of a town which is liable to bombardment. We found all the streets by which the enemy were likely to attempt an assault defended by sandbag batteries, in many of which cannon had been already placed. While the work of fortification was being pushed forward energetically, at one point I came upon a party of Messinese in despair at being unable to haul a gun up to a battery which had been erected on the hillside behind the town, when their difficulty was solved by a party of British tars, apparently on shore for a spree, who laid hold with a will, and in a few moments had placed the gun in position. Pushing my explorations rashly in the direction of the Mole, I heard a shot fired and a bullet whistle past me, and had just time to throw myself flat behind a low wall to escape the volley which followed. I had

strayed unconsciously on to the neutral ground between the fort and the town, and had crossed unobserved an open space which intervened between the wall under which I was lying and the nearest street, which was barricaded. I had not approached the wall from this direction; but this, I observed, was the nearest shelter, and I calculated that it was at least a hundred and fifty yards off—an unpleasantly long distance to run the gauntlet of a heavy fire. So I lay still for at least a quarter of an hour pondering. At the end of that time I saw a sympathetic citizen waving to me from the corner of a house where he was concealed from the fort in an opposite direction. Indeed I now perceived that I was an object of interest to a good many of the townspeople, who had discovered my unpleasant position, and were watching me from sundry safe corners. As the friendly signaller indicated that I was to keep along the wall in the opposite direction from which I had come, although it seemed to slant somewhat towards the enemy, I followed it on my hands and knees to a point where it turned off straight towards the fort: here I perceived a ditch turning towards the town, in which, by lying flat on the bottom and wriggling along snake-fashion, I thought I could escape observation. It took me a long while to accomplish this operation, and as the ditch was muddy in places, dirtied me considerably. At last I thought I was at long enough range to risk a rush across the open for the remaining distance, and this I accomplished successfully, a harmless bullet or two being sent after me by the garrison, who were not expecting my appearance in this direction, and who still supposed me crouched behind the wall. I was warmly welcomed by my rescuer, who was by this time surrounded by a small group of spectators, by whom I was accompanied back to the hotel a sort of mild hero, their interest being increased by the fact that I was a sympathetic Englishman.

I afterwards went on to Catania and Syracuse, and at the latter place was present at the peaceable transfer of the town from the royal to the popular authorities,—all the officials, finding further resistance hopeless, handing over their functions in the most amiable way to those appointed by the people, and the small garrison vacating their premises to the national guard without firing a shot. Indeed, wherever there were sentries posted, they were relieved with all due military ceremony by the new troops; and the royal soldiery, together with the civilians, were embarked in a transport which had been sent to convey them away. So complete was the popular success at one time throughout the kingdom, that it was difficult to believe that in a few months the country would lapse into a worse condition, if possible, than that from which it had emerged, and have to wait for another twelve years for its deliverance.

IV.—GREECE IN 1848.

If, in presenting my moss to my readers, I am compelled to have recourse to personal narrative, it is because at this distance of time I can thereby best illustrate the political and social conditions of the country in which I happened to be at the time. Here is a little

bit of Greek moss characteristic of the year 1848 in Athens. The newly constructed little country which had just before been erected into an independent monarchy, felt a ripple of the wave of revolutionary sentiment which swept over Europe in that eventful year. And in order to overawe the population of the capital, King Otho had quartered in it a regiment of Mainotes —a reckless, dare-devil set of men, recruited in the most lawless province in his kingdom, imperfectly disciplined, and still more imperfectly educated in any moral code. One morning at six o'clock I went with my sketch-book to the tomb of Socrates, intending to take a sketch of the Acropolis from the neighbourhood of that lonely spot, before breakfast. I had not been above a quarter of an hour at work, when a burly figure approached me, and addressed me in Greek. I was sufficiently fresh from school to be able to make out that he asked me what o'clock it was. I looked at my watch and told him, when he put out his hand as though to take it. I instinctively sprang back; upon which he laughed, threw back his big cloak and displayed the uniform of a Mainote soldier, at the same time drawing his bayonet. He did all this with rather a good-natured air, as though not wishing to resort to violence unless it was absolutely necessary; at the same time, he stooped, picked up a rather expensive many-bladed knife, with which I had been cutting my pencil, and put it in his pocket. In the meantime I had folded my camp-stool, which was one of those used by sketchers, with a sort of walking-stick end, and which, in default of a better weapon of self-defence, I thought might be turned to account. I expected every moment to be attacked for the sake of my watch, which he told me to give up, but which I had determined to make a struggle for; but on my pretending not to understand him, he stood watching me while I put up my drawing things with as much *sang froid* as I could assume, with the view of beating a retreat. When I walked off, he walked behind me in most unpleasantly close proximity. I did not like to take to ignominious flight for fear of precipitating matters, as I could not feel sure of outstripping him; but on the other hand, he trod so closely on my heels, that I felt a constant premonitory shiver down my back of six inches of his horrible bayonet running into it. I certainly never had a walk so full of discomfort in my life. Nor could I account for his conduct. He had got my knife, and evidently wanted my watch; then why did he not use his bayonet and take it? As I was thus unpleasantly ruminating, I perceived in the distance the king's coachman exercising a pair of his Majesty's horses in a break. I knew it from afar, for it was the only turn-out of the kind in Athens. I hesitated no longer, but started off for it at my best pace across country. I need not have been in such a hurry, for the soldier did not follow me, but continued calmly to walk towards the town. On reaching the break, I eagerly explained to the coachman, who was a German, what had happened. He told me at once to jump up beside him, and as the plain happened to be tolerably level, put his horses into a gallop across it, so as to cut off the soldier. The latter no sooner saw himself pursued than he took to his heels; but we overtook him before he could reach the town. He did not attempt to deny the theft, overawed by the royal equipage, but at once gave up his plunder.

"Now," I said to my good-natured Jehu, "let us insist upon his accompanying us to the police; the man deserves punishment."

"Rest satisfied with having got your property back," he replied. "In the first place, he would not consent to come, and I doubt whether we could make him; and in the second, it is not my business to mix myself up in such an affair."

So, to my great disgust, we let him walk off.

I then asked the coachman why he had been satisfied with taking my knife: he knew I had a watch, and if he had searched me, he would have found that I had money. I was unable to account for his forbearance.

"I will show you how to account for it," he replied,—with which enigmatical response I was obliged for the moment to be satisfied.

A few moments later we passed a piece of a ruined wall, behind which three or four soldiers were standing.

"Do you see those men?" said the coachman; "they are his comrades. They saw you go out alone to a solitary place—a thing you should never do again while you are in Athens—and they sent one of their number after you, so as to prevent your escaping them by going back some other way; but this was the place where you were to have been robbed on your return, and the plunder equally divided. The thief could not resist pocketing the knife on his own account; but he saw no reason why he should incur all the risk of committing a murder, if he could not keep all the spoil to himself afterwards."

As I felt sure I could recognise the man, I called on the British consul to consult him as to the expediency of prosecuting the matter further. But he took very much the same view of it as the king's coachman.

"If you get the man punished," he said—"which, as you are a foreigner, you will very probably be able to do—you will have to leave Athens the next day, for your life will not be safe—and the punishment will be light, for these troops are kept here for the express purpose of intimidating the population, and as soon as you are gone he will be released. If you are bent upon going to solitary spots alone, take a pistol with you: you might have shot that man, and nothing would have been said."

I was travelling with a young Englishman at the time, who was delighted when he heard of this advice.

"Let us devote ourselves," he said, "to the pleasing sport of trying to get robbed, and of shooting Mainote soldiers. We shall be conferring a benefit upon the inhabitants, and amusing ourselves." So we armed ourselves with our revolvers, and at all hours of the day and night used to prowl about in the most secluded localities, in the hope of finding sport. We were very young and silly in those days; and though we often encountered Mainote soldiers, both alone and in company, a merciful Providence deprived us of any valid excuse for shooting any of them.

But if Athens was in a lawless condition at this time, we had experiences illustrating the reverse of the picture in other parts of the country. In company with an English gentleman and two ladies, and my young friend of sporting proclivities, I chartered a native schooner at the Piræus, and had her nicely cleaned out, her hold partially filled with white sand, over which were spread car-

pets; in fact, we fitted her out as a yacht with such humble appliances as were at our disposal, and started for a cruise amid the Isles of Greece.

After the first day, however, the weather and the accommodation combined proved too much for the ladies of the party. The cook, I remember, always would make the salad in his old straw-hat. So we put into the exquisite land-locked little harbour of Poros, the memory of which still rests upon my mind like a dream, to consider in calm water what should be done—for we men did not at all like the idea of abandoning our cruise. We had happened to cast anchor just off an extensive orange-grove; and when we landed with the ladies to explore its beauties, they became completely fascinated by the ideal charm of its position. There was a delightful wooden summer-house —in fact, almost a summer cottage, except that it had only trellis walls, over which crept heavy vines; and there was a gurgling brook of crystal water rippling past it, and wide-spreading umbrageous trees, besides oranges and lemons, and a lovely view over the Bay and the Island of Poros opposite—for this orange-garden was on the mainland.

"Can't you land us here, and leave us?" exclaimed the younger and the fairer of the ladies. "It will be quite, too awfully quite, delicious!" I don't think those were the words she used, but they would have been had she spoken seven-and-thirty years later. Ah me! she is seven-and-thirty years older now, and has gathered moss of all sorts. We had a most willing and intelligent Greek dragoman, by name Demetri—all Greek dragomans are Demetris—and he assured us that he could guarantee the safety of the ladies, if we liked to leave them under his charge. It seemed rather a rash thing to do; but that was a matter for the consideration of the person responsible for them—and he was willing to take the risk, as were the ladies themselves; so we landed them, bag and baggage. We made a beautiful bower of bliss for them under the orange-trees, with canvas and carpets and shawls, and landed mattresses and cooking utensils, and everything needful for a week's camping. Demetri, with the assistance of a boy, undertook not merely to protect them, but to procure supplies, cook for them, and wait upon them generally; and so, with a parting injunction to these deserted fair ones to betake themselves to the summer-house in case of rain, we sailed away, without having seen a human being during the whole process of their installation on shore. We visited Hydra, and Paros, and Naxos, and sundry other islands, landing at quiet coves where there were no inconvenient officials to ask for our passports, and make us pay port-dues,—shooting and fishing and bathing; and so to Argos, from whence we made an excursion to Tiryns and Mycenæ; and so back to Poros, feeling rather nervous and guilty as we approached that port, and speculated upon the possible chances of mishap which might have occurred to the ladies during our week's absence. Our fears were set at rest as we neared our anchorage, and perceived a great waving of pocket-handkerchiefs; but lo! we discerned also the waving of a hat! This was the more remarkable as the Greek costume was at that time almost universal, and a stove-pipe hat did not form part of it; so we pulled ashore full of curiosity, and were introduced by the ladies to a gentleman in irreproachable Western costume—the proprietor of the garden, in fact. His residence was about two miles distant, and he had been

much surprised, on visiting his garden the day after our departure, to find it occupied by two errant damsels, protected only by a dragoman. Fortunately he had spent some years of his life in Europe, and had now returned to his native land with a fortune; so he was a highly civilised individual, and could appreciate a lady when he saw one — even in unlawful occupation of his garden. So far from resenting it, he was perfectly enchanted with an act of trespass which had procured him such guests, and he had danced attendance upon them from morning till night during all the time of our absence. He had invited them to his residence, where he had a wife and family; but was evidently so relieved at his invitation being declined, that it is probable he kept the whole affair a secret, as he seemed to enjoy the monopoly of his self-imposed service. The result was that the camp was supplied with every delicacy which the resources of the country could furnish in the way of comestibles, and numerous articles of furniture were added to the slender stock of those we had left behind; so that, in spite of the waving of pocket-handkerchiefs, I believe our reappearance, which was to put an end to this romantic sojourn among the Greek orange-groves, was viewed with regret rather than otherwise.

V.—ITALY IN 1862.

The cordial sympathy which the British public had manifested for the people of Italy in their struggle for unity and independence had rendered England very popular about the year 1862, when it was my fate once more to travel through the country, and when the name of Palmerston was a talisman in Europe. I had one or two curious evidences of the extremes of dislike and of affection in which this venerable statesman was held. At Trieste I met an Austrian officer who charged him with having imported guns under his own name into Italy during the Lombardy campaign. On my scouting this notion as absurd, my informant said that he had a gun in his possession which had been taken from the Garibaldians, and which would prove the truth of his assertion. This puzzled me so much that I requested to be allowed to see it, and accompanied him to his house to see a gun upon which "Palmer & Son" was engraved upon the barrel as its makers. A week later I was at Ancona, anxious to drive through the Abruzzi to Naples, with a view of judging for myself of Italian rule in the provinces which Victor Emmanuel had so recently acquired from the King of Naples. The difficulty about the journey was the extreme insecurity of the roads. Upon my mentioning this to the general commanding the troops at Ancona, he most kindly offered to see that an escort was furnished to me through the only district which he said was in the least dangerous. I travelled by post, taking the coast road as far as Pescara, and then turning off to Chieti, a most picturesque town situated on a high hill-top, where I stayed two days, enjoying the hospitality of the officer in command of the troops, to whom I carried a letter of introduction from Ancona, and who was to provide the escort. As I was anxious to travel rapidly and to follow my own devices, I took four horses, and had no travelling companion

but my servant, an Englishman, who had accompanied me in various countries on my wanderings, even to Japan. As he was as intelligent as he was faithful, I often on these occasions took him inside with me; and it was thus that one fine afternoon we approached the town of Salmona, our escort jingling merrily behind, and the four horses clattering over the smooth hard road in most exhilarating style. As we neared the town I perceived that some grand *fête* was in progress. Flags were flying from the windows, which were crowded with spectators, while the streets were lined with soldiers, and the distant strains of a military band were audible.

"We are in luck," I said to B——; "there is evidently some festival in progress."

As we drove along the street people cheered, and the women waved handkerchiefs; but I was unable to perceive any object calculated to excite their enthusiasm. When we reached a square about the centre of the town the band struck up "God save the Queen," the troops presented arms, the carriage was suddenly stopped, and half-a-dozen gentlemen in full evening costume, with white ties and white kid gloves, approached, hat in hand, with profound salutations. Their leader, who I afterwards discovered was the principal civil functionary, with many polite speeches requested me to descend from the carriage, and partake of a banquet which had been provided for me. It now appeared that all these military demonstrations were in my honour, and it became evident to me that I was mistaken for somebody else—an explanation which, in declining the proffered honour, I ventured to suggest to the mayor. He received it with a polite smile.

"We are well aware," he said, "that you desire to travel *incognito*, but we have been unable to regard this wish. We could not allow Lord Palmerston's nephew to pass through our town without making some demonstration of respect, in token of the great gratitude we feel for your illustrious relative."

"But," I persisted, "I have not the honour of being related in the most distant way to the great statesman."

"No doubt; we quite understand that under the circumstances it would not be possible for you to admit the relationship. I will not therefore again allude to it, but simply request you to honour the repast we have prepared for you with your presence, and receive an address, which will accompany one which we will beg you to transmit to Lord Palmerston."

During the time this colloquy was taking place, the mayor was standing bareheaded in the square, where a great crowd was collected, and I was sitting bareheaded in the carriage, feeling it incumbent upon me, when an unusually loud *viva* was shouted, to acknowledge it with a polite bow. The situation was too ridiculous to be prolonged; there was no alternative but to accept the inevitable. I promoted B—— on the spot to the rank of "il Signor Segretario," in which capacity he was taken charge of by a group of polite men in swallow-tailed coats, to his intense amazement, for I had no time to explain the situation to him, and we passed through a lane of spectators to a public building, in a long hall of which a table was spread for about fifty guests. It was quite a sumptuous repast, with champagne and all the delicacies of the season. There was a gallery in which were ensconced the beauty and fashion of the place at one end, and the band came in and

played at the other. The mayor seated me by his side at the top of the table, while the Signor Segretario, still in a state of profound bewilderment as to what was happening to him, sat at the other. When the feasting was over the speeches began, and I was obliged, in my quality of Lord Palmerston's nephew, to reply, in execrable Italian, to the compliments which were lavished upon the policy of England in general and of that statesman in particular, and to receive two addresses, one to his lordship and the other to myself, with a promise that I would forward the former to its destination, which I did at the earliest opportunity, with a full account of the circumstances under which I had received it, to Lord Palmerston's great amusement.

Snugly ensconced in the bay beneath what is known as the spur of Italy, on the shores of the Adriatic, lies the little seaport town of Manfredonia. It is a queer little out-of-the-way place, removed from the line of all travel, and very primitive in its manners and customs—at least it was then. I do not know how far railways and the general march of events may have affected it since. Notwithstanding its insignificance, we had nevertheless a British vice-consul there, to attend to the wants of the stray colliers or English merchant-ships that rarely visit the port. These vice-consuls in the smaller ports of the Mediterranean are usually natives of the place, and at that time their remuneration consisted chiefly of fees, and other little perquisites, not always strictly legitimate, which they derived from their office. It so happened that I had an affair of some importance to transact with the vice-consul of Manfredonia, and I rode over one day from Foggia, where I had been spending a week, to see him. The whole of the Neapolitan States were infested at this time with bands of banditti, calling themselves Royalist troops, and, under cover of a political character which they did not possess, committing the most wholesale depredations. It was not considered, under these circumstances, a very safe proceeding to make the journey without an escort; but I achieved it without mishap, and putting up at a small *auberge*—the only one of which the town could boast—went in search of the vice-consul. A daub on a shield, bearing a faint resemblance to the lion and the unicorn, indicated his residence, and on knocking at the door it was opened by a dishevelled little girl.

"Is the English consul at home?" I inquired.

"Si, signor;" and she tripped before me up-stairs, and opening a door, ushered me into a room in which was a very pretty woman in bed. I started back at the intrusion of which I had been guilty.

"I told you I wanted to see the consul," I said sharply to the little girl.

"Entrate, entrate, signor!" exclaimed a mellifluous voice from the bedclothes. "The girl made a mistake. The consul is out, and will not be back to-day; but I am his wife, and he has left his seal with me. If you are the captain of a ship, and wish anything done, I can do it for you. See!" and she stretched out her hand, and lifted a seal from a little table by the bedside.

"I am sorry, signora," I said; "but I am not the captain of a ship, and my business is of a nature which can only be transacted by the vice-consul himself. When do you expect him back?"

"He may be a week, he may be more; it is impossible to say. I

am sure, signor, I could transact your business if you would only confide it to me."

"I am equally sure, signora, that you could not;" and I explained to her its nature. "From which you will see that it is imperative that I should see your husband. Perhaps you can telegraph for him."

"Impossible, signor!" and with that she burst into a violent fit of weeping. "It is no use disguising the truth from you any longer. My husband deserted me more than a year ago, and I have no idea where he is."

"And have you been transacting the business of the consulate ever since?" I asked.

"Si, signor. There is very little to transact; but it is almost all I have to live upon. Have mercy upon me, and do not let it be known to the English Government. It was I who used to do the consular business even when my husband was here. He was idle and worthless, and used to do many dishonest things, which I never do."

"I have no doubt," I replied, "that you are a far more capable and estimable person than your husband—indeed his present conduct proves his worthlessness; but unfortunately there is still a prejudice in the world in favour of official business being conducted by men. It is one which we shall no doubt get over in time: until then, I think it is the duty of any Englishman who finds that the British vice-consul has deserted his post and left his wife in charge, to let his Government know it, however capable, honest, and, allow me to add"—and I made a polite bow—"beautiful that wife may be."

I threw in the last word to gild the pill, but I evidently did not succeed, for I left her weeping bitterly; and I am afraid she did not remain long after this British vice-consul at Manfredonia.

I had scarcely taken ten steps from the door of the vice-consulate, and was still in a somewhat softened and reflective mood, when I was accosted by another little girl, who thrust a folded but crumpled piece of paper into my hand, on which was the superscription "to English gentleman." Its contents were as follows:—

"Miss Thimbleby requests the pleasure of English gentleman's company to tea to-night at nine o'clock. Old English style."

"Follow me," I said to the little girl, "and I will give you the answer." "Who in the world can Miss Thimbleby be?" I ruminated. "What a name for an old maid in a novel! It is morally impossible with such a name that she can be a young one." At any rate, it was evident that the invitation was one which should be promptly accepted. So I replied,—"The English gentleman has much pleasure in accepting Miss Thimbleby's kind invitation to-night. Old English style."

I gave the girl the note, and accompanied her with it to Miss Thimbleby's house, in order that I might know my way there later, and also because I thought it might give me some clue to the character of its occupant. It was a tumble-down old *palazzo*, with many evidences of departed grandeur, having probably two or three centuries ago been the town mansion of some large landed proprietor in the neighbourhood. Altogether its aspect rather gave me a pleasant idea of Miss Thimbleby, as being in all probability an antiquated respectable old person herself, in keeping with her abode. I refrained from making any inquiries about her at the hotel, as it was more agreeable to keep the edge

of my curiosity whetted by conjecture, than satisfied by information; and at the appointed hour I repaired to tea in "old English style." On entering the house I found myself at the bottom of a very wide handsomely carved oak staircase, at the top of which I could discern, by the dim lamp which lighted it, the figure of a little old woman like a witch, bobbing and curtseying all the time I was making the ascent. She shook hands with me with the affectionate cordiality of an old acquaintance, trembling either with excitement or with old age—for she was very, very old, well on in the nineties, she afterwards told me, but I forget her exact age. She had forgotten much of her English, having been in the country ever since the year 1804, when she had accompanied her brother, who was appointed English consul at Manfredonia in that year, to Italy. And here she had lived ever since. Her brother and his wife had died long ago, but she was in the receipt of a small pension from the English Government, which sufficed for her subsistence, and she was taken care of by sundry nephews and nieces, and by the connections of her sister-in-law, who had been a native of the place. Her brother had been connected with the Duke of York's expedition in some capacity, and her sister was the celebrated Mrs Jordan, the mistress of King William IV. Manfredonia was an odd place to come to, to gather the moss of British history, but I really felt as if I had made a discovery, when I learnt from this most venerable and highly respectable old lady that Mrs Jordan the actress's maiden name was Thimbleby. She showed me a letter from the Duke of York to her brother, and a paper with Nelson's signature, and many ancient curiosities which she had hoarded up. Tea in "old English style" seemed to consist of our partaking of that beverage *tête-à-tête*—for except the little servant-girl, I did not see a soul in the deserted old palace. In fact, the surroundings were so much in keeping with this strange old lady and her reminiscences, that I had a general impression of becoming fossilised. She insisted on talking English, profusely interlarded with Italian, and was extremely garrulous, but her sense of time had become so confused that she seemed in doubt in what century we were living. Thus she asked me at what hotel I was staying. I mentioned the name of the only tolerbly decent one in the place.

"Ah," she said, "that is where the English always go when they come to Manfredonia."

"Why," I replied with some surprise, "I did not know that English travellers often visited Manfredonia."

"Oh yes," she said, "there was an English family staying there in 1829."

The ignorance of the benighted inhabitants of these small Neapolitan towns was something incredible. I spent several days as the guest of the mayors of the towns of Ascoli and Candela, situated in the Capitanata, which at that time was a hotbed of brigandage, and where, in company with a regiment of Piedmontese cavalry, I was quartered, with some of the officers, upon the inhabitants. I found the notions of the principal functionaries crude in the extreme upon all matters affecting European politics. This arose from the fact that during the reign of the late King of Naples they were not allowed to take in any newspapers. The mayor of one of these towns was ignorant that England was an island, and I found it difficult to give him any idea of the British

Constitution. Yet this was a man who kept his carriage-and-pair, in which his wife used to drive about in silks and satins. It is true that her costume in the morning was of the most scanty and primitive description. None of the ladies thought of really dressing for the day until after the mid-day siesta, when they all regularly turned into bed, as if for the night, for a couple of hours. This was rendered necessary by the shortness of their nights, for we generally supped heavily about eleven, went to bed about one in the morning, and got up a little after daylight.

I was interested in inspecting a prison full of captured banditti. Here I saw the beautiful wife of a notorious chief of one of the bands, who had been captured, dressed in man's clothes, and using her pistol with such effect that she severely wounded a soldier before she was taken prisoner. Her husband, who escaped at the time, was afterwards captured; but there were several chiefs of minor distinction, — picturesque, bronzed, hardened-looking ruffians. The one with the most villanous expression, however, was the priest of one of the bands, who, still dressed in his ragged clerical costume, assumed an air of sanctimonious resignation, and who, I was assured, had presided over the roasting alive of a man who had been robbed, and other atrocities, —going through the ceremony of shriving the victims before their execution, and granting absolution to the murderers, in consideration of which his share of the spoil was always considerable. Upon two occasions I was present at an exciting chase after bands of banditti, one of which numbered over two hundred strong. As the detachment I was with was much inferior in force, they seemed inclined to show fight. However, when we charged they thought better of it, and scattering in all directions, gave us a run across country which was as exciting as any fox-hunt, but which only resulted in the capture of half-a-dozen of their number.

It is to be regretted that, owing to the insecurity of the country, Calabria, with its enchanting scenery, is a sealed book to the tourist. The habit of brigandage is so strong in the people, that nearly five-and-twenty years of the more enlightened rule of the Italian Government has been unable to eradicate it. It is engrained in the habits of the peasantry, nearly every one of whom, in some parts of the province, goes out with a band by way of a holiday for some weeks in the year. It was not a country adapted for the operations of cavalry, so I could only get glimpses of the scenery as we followed the enemy occasionally to the foot of the hills—for when hard pressed they invariably took to the mountains; but I saw enough to make my mouth water, and create an intense desire to explore its romantic recesses. Traversing the plain of Cannæ, with its battle-field, I crossed the Rubicon, and so made my way to Bari, and from thence by a very pretty road to Tarento, and so along the coast to Cotrone, both highly picturesque places, and well worthy a visit. From thence I crossed over to Sicily, and posted from Catania through the centre of the island, by way of Caltanizetta to Palermo, arriving there without mishap from brigands, apparently to the surprise of the inhabitants, who had not supposed that the journey was one which it was possible to make in safety. From Palermo I returned to Naples.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

THE CRACK OF DOOM.—PART VII.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHILE all London was talking of the comet that Sunday afternoon, Stephen Millerby paid his promised visit to Kensington. More than once in the course of luncheon, he caught himself wondering whether the mother-in-law had had anything to do with the separation between Mrs Rorke and her husband. He knew nothing about the circumstances — had never inquired and never heard; but somehow it struck him that this was possible. Mr Rorke must have been in fault, of course; the man must have been a brute to have exhausted the forbearance of a woman so sweet-tempered, so spiritually beautiful, and with such strength of good sense beneath the dreamy look in her soft hazel eyes. It was in looking at Mrs Rorke that this sturdy man of business, whose life had been rendered dull and arid by the want of her coveted companionship, first felt what was meant by moral beauty—an experience that to many men is for ever denied. Cynical pessimists may think that the poor man was happier after all, if he had only known it, with his idealised memories and his fond beliefs, than he would have been if the longings of his heart had been fulfilled. Better unsatisfied desire than satiety; better fond belief than dismal disenchantment. Better, is it? But who is to decide? Let those speak who have tried both. It may be presumed that neither is a good thing. But there is not likely ever to be any lack of persons willing to run the risk of the second rather than endure the first. This was certainly Stephen Millerby's case. Any time within the last fourteen years he would gladly have taken his chance of that golden mean in which the pessimist does not believe. "'Tis better to have loved and lost," was a saw in which he found poor consolation, though it may have been that his life was a more interesting spectacle for humanity at large than if he had never loved at all. Some happy people have the knack of looking at their own lives from that point of view.

Mr Rorke must have been a brute to quarrel with such a wife. But the mother—had she been an element in the discord? Stephen was obliged to acknowledge that such a mother-in-law would have been trying even to him. She was so restless, so voluble, so rampant, so touchy and vindictive too, if you showed the slightest symptom of irritation.

"Do let Mr Millerby speak," said her daughter to her, when Stephen was trying, amidst an incessant fire of interruptions, questions, comments, speculations, reminiscences, to give an account of the scene he had witnessed near the Criterion.

Mrs Brockley turned upon her at once like Mr O'Cosh's uncivilised tiger. "Is nobody to speak but yourself? Surely I may be allowed to say something and to know something, though I have not written half-a-dozen three-volume novels. This is a page of real life that Mr Millerby is giving us, about which I flatter myself that I know as much as any novelist."

"For goodness' sake let him give it then," said Mrs Rorke, and

joined Stephen in irresistible laughter at the hot irrelevance of the taunt. Mrs Brockley sulked for a little, but was soon appeased, and began to laugh too, and begged Stephen to go on. "You had just come to the fat man. I like that fat man. He must have known what he was about. Just what I should have done myself."

Her irreverent listeners laughed again, at which Mrs Brockley was in dudgeon. "I don't see what there is to laugh at. There is nothing fat about me." At this Mrs Rorke screamed, and her mother threatened to leave the room. "Why don't you go on with your story?" she said to Stephen, impatiently. Thus adjured, he proceeded, but had not gone far when she broke in with an eager statement of *her* plan for dispersing an uproarious crowd.

"I would soon have cleared the Criterion if I had had charge of the police. But these men are so stupid. They never think of anything but their clumsy routine. Why, they had only to fix a hose to the nearest tap on the main, and souse the mob well with cold water. That would soon have cleared them out. If the nozzle had been put in at one door with a good strong steady stream to play on them, it would not have been long before there was a rush for the other. And the streets too. Bring up a couple of fire-engines and sweep the pavement. That's the way to send them packing. I remember at Duggapore, when the natives were up about something, and came crowding up to the barrack gates, looking as black as thunder, and the soldiers wanted leave to fire on them. Colonel Brockley soon settled them. 'Stop a moment, my lads. We'll try them first with something that's cheaper and easier to carry home than cold lead.' I daren't give you his exact words, but that was the effect of them; and he had the fire-engine out, and at the first spout there was a regular stampede. And there was not the least bad blood about it afterwards, as there would have been if half-a-dozen niggers had been shot. That's the best of the plan. It leaves no bad blood behind. It makes a joke of the whole thing. A couple of fire-engines in Piccadilly Circus every night regularly between twelve and one would soon make Regent Street as quiet as it is outside there now. But there is no invention in these policemen. They think of nothing but shouting 'Move on,' and running in or knocking down people who won't or can't move on: all very well when you have only one or two to deal with, but perfectly useless with a crowd."

The applause bestowed by her hearers on this brilliant idea put Mrs Brockley in very good temper. During a lull in the gusty storm of her talk, Stephen suggested that it was a pity to spend such a pleasant afternoon indoors. "I speak as a countryman," he said; "I hope it is not too horribly unfashionable. But might we not take a walk in the Park?"

"It is one of Cecilia's favourite amusements to walk on Sunday afternoons," said Mrs Brockley for her. "But she prefers Battersea Park. We have even gone on a steamboat to Kew. What she sees in it I don't know, for it seems always the same to me, and never particularly interesting. I hate the common people, with their pushing and their jostling and their musty smell. But you two can go if you like. I know Cecilia likes it, and she can't go alone. I am not equal to it myself. I shall be

glad if you will take her off my hands. I have a headache."

"No wonder," thought Stephen to himself. And he remembered how in the old days she used to worry Mr Rorke, who was an elaborate anecdotist, and how pleased he, the undergraduate rival, used to be when she burst in just as Rorke was about to make a good point which he had carefully led up to. This was in the days of Mr Rorke's courtship, and if he could hardly conceal his irritation then, he was likely to have declared it pretty broadly afterwards. In fact, though Stephen did not know this, Mr Rorke had on more than one occasion applied opprobrious epithets to his mother-in-law, and threatened that if she were not gagged he would leave the house. Mrs Rorke resented his treatment of her mother; but the mother-in-law was not the only incompatibility in the unfortunate match.

They hailed a passing cab in Gloucester Road, and drove to Cheyne Walk. Then they strolled along the Embankment, looking idly at the life on the river. Mrs Rorke was more cheerful than she had been for the last three days. She would have been almost happy if she had felt sure that her brother would keep his word and leave London. As for Stephen, if you remember how long and how profoundly he had worshipped this woman, you will be at no loss to understand what happiness it was for him to be near her now. He seemed, by comparison, never to have lived before, not to have known what life was—such a tide of new emotions filled his whole being. He had been fourteen years in the dry wilderness. Whether it was right or wrong to indulge these new emotions he was utterly incapable of considering; his will was for the moment overwhelmed—his ordinary principles of action in abeyance; if they sought to speak, their voices were drowned—the least hint of an inclination to remonstrate was imperiously pushed aside.

Mrs Rorke was not a thought-reader, but some understanding of her companion's state of mind found its way into hers, and he knew also that she understood him. And this before a word had passed between them, except about the things that lay under their eyes—the broad open space from bank to bank, the buildings on the left, the more jagged outline on the other side, the high clouds, the glancing of the afternoon sun on the river, and the trees, and the faces of the promenaders whom they met moving westwards.

As they crossed Albert Bridge, they saw a little crowd ahead of them. A young man stood in the centre with an opera-glass, gazing intently towards the northern sky. A few people had collected near him, some looking at him with curiosity, some trying to catch the direction of his glass. "Can you see the comet with that, sir?" asked one of the crowd. The man continued to stare, but made no reply. Another young man stood near, with a very foolish tell-tale face for anybody who cared to look at it, uneasily blushing, and laughing, and biting his lips, and trying at times to look as if he had no connection whatever with the unabashed joker. "Do you happen to know a good painter?" said that brazen individual at length, to the man who had addressed him; "the cross on that church over there would be all the better for a touch of paint." Then putting his thumb to his nose by way of illuminating the situation, he strode off with his friend to practise the same delicious "sell" at some other

place. They had brought the opera-glass with them on purpose. Such tomfoolery is 'Arry's idea of recreation. It would have been the height of fashion in the days of the Merry Monarch. After all, there is no great harm in it, if the humour is somewhat elementary for the wits of a highly civilised age.

Stephen Millerby was rather disposed to be amused with this elementary fun. Any form of enjoyment had a hold on his sympathies at the moment. "If these young fools don't take care," he said to Mrs Rorke, "they will find themselves minus their hats before long, or perhaps refreshed by an involuntary dip in the river. There are other young men about here whose ideas of an excellent practical joke may clash with theirs."

"I am afraid I can't enter into their enjoyment of such things. Not to sympathise is not to understand, I suppose. The rudeness of it is simply shocking to me."

"My attention," said Stephen, "was rather drawn by the man who put the question about the comet. There was something comical in the simple confiding curiosity and wonder expressed in his face, and the look of disgust that took its place when he saw how he had been taken in. And the young fools seemed so pleased with their little joke. It is evidently the business of the afternoon with them."

"Yes; but is there not something barbarous in taking advantage of such simplicity?"

"Why do we laugh? and when is it fair to laugh?" said Stephen. "If I accept your challenge to an ethical discussion of this kind, I know I shall get the worst of it. I had rather give it up, and leave you mistress of the field."

This incident by some train of association set them both thinking about the same person—Mrs Rorke's brother; and both having reasons for not speaking out what was in their minds, they walked along for some distance in silence, and turned into Battersea Park. Mrs Rorke found that she could think about her brother with more freedom and less pain than before, and she felt an inclination to lean on Stephen, take him into her confidence, and ask his advice. She felt certain she could trust him. And what if her brother, after all, had not given up his reckless adventure, but only pacified Mrs Brockley by pretending to? A strong sensible man might help her in coercing the foolish youth. She was certain she could trust him. At last she spoke, nerving herself to approach the subject.

"You remember asking me the other day what had become of my brother Tom?"

Stephen remembered perfectly. In fact he was thinking of the circumstance at that very moment. Under the impression, from her agitation on Thursday in the Park when he alluded to her brother, that the boy was dead, and that the event must be recent, he had asked Hugh whether he had ever met or heard of a brother of Mrs Rorke's. Hugh had heard Mrs Brockley speak of him as being abroad. Then Stephen had wondered why Mrs Rorke was so agitated at the mention of his name, and whether this after all was the cause of her agitation.

"You thought from my manner that he was dead?" continued Mrs Rorke. "I remember you spoke as if you did. I—I should like to tell you about him now."

But she did not find it easy. When she came to putting his conduct in words, the old pain and shame returned, and she hesi-

tated. It was difficult to make a beginning. But she had committed herself now. "He is not doing well," she said at last, with an effort.

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Stephen. So it was the mention of his name that had discomposed her after all. "He is somewhere abroad, I believe," he continued, as she still hesitated to proceed.

"He was abroad, in Vienna."

Then, after a pause, speaking hurriedly and firmly, she added: "I may as well tell you all. I want your advice. I am sure I can trust you. He has been here under a false name. He is the Count Ramassy to whom you were introduced the other day."

It was a startling statement to a man in Stephen's idyllic state of mind, reaching back over a dreary interval to sweet memories, and basking in the sunshine of the present. He started in speechless amazement. Suspicion flashed across him. It was driven back before it could shape itself in definite form, but not before it had directed a keen look of scrutiny at her downcast face. She was conscious of it, and coloured, and tears came into her eyes.

"It is shameful, is it not?" she said.

Then his heart reproached him for that look of suspicion, and he was eager to show by his manner that the action was involuntary, and implied no doubt of her.

"But you want my advice," he said. "How can I help you? Can you tell me the circumstances?"

To say truth, he would not have been surprised to hear that Mrs Brockley was a party to this deception, but his respect for Mrs Rorke was too profound to be influenced by any disreputability of accidental connection. It only made him pity her trials, and admire her superiority all the more.

Mrs Rorke told him all the circumstances: how her brother had been in London for some time before she accidentally met him; how he maintained that it was only a freak, and that he did not propose to gain anything by his imposture.

Stephen was reassured, and made as light of the matter as he could. "What an insane freak!" he said.

"I wish I could look upon it only as a freak," she said. "I should be much less uneasy in that case, though at the best it is a great risk, and may easily damage his whole future. But though he is my own brother, I cannot help fearing that he may not be as innocent as he says. I wish I knew that he had left London."

"I might ascertain that for you, and see him and reason with him if he has not."

"That would be so kind. It is the very thing I would have asked you to do, but I hardly dared ask you to mix yourself up in such a matter."

"It is nothing for me, if I can do any good. But it must be very painful for you."

They were seated now on a bench overlooking one of the pieces of ornamental water, and some people were passing in front of them. They sat for some time in silence, and then Stephen suddenly said, in a voice full of emotion, "I am afraid your life has not been a happy one."

The flickering of multitudinous aspen-leaves on the other side of the water caught his eyes as he spoke, and he involuntarily shuddered.

"So very unhappy," she answered, with a laugh, "that when I met you the other day I was in the act

of wishing that this comet would put an end to it."

"Have you the courage," he said, in deep agitated tones, "to end it in another way? I do not ask for your sake, but for my own; but I should try to make you happier."

It was her turn to be suspicious —suspicious of insult. A glance at the man's earnest pleading face and honest eyes showed her that he spoke with no dishonourable intent. She could give but one answer, but she would make it as little painful as possible; and seeing how agitated he was, her woman's instinct counselled her that the answer must not be too serious, although she was far from feeling light at heart. Battersea Park on a Sunday afternoon was not a place for passionate heroics.

"How very kind of you!" she said. "A woman who can't live with her husband, and whose brother seems convinced that honesty is not the best policy, ought to be very much obliged to you. May I ask if your proposal is serious? I need not affect not to understand you. It is a proposal, is it not?"

"Forgive me if I have been too abrupt," he stammered.

"The abruptness of the proposal is its great charm. It is usual, I believe, in such matters to be more circumspect, more cautious,—to feel one's way, not to commit one's self too far till one knows with tolerable certainty how one's proposal is likely to be received. You are more direct. You have burnt your boats behind you. I like directness. Every woman likes audacity."

"You do not suppose that I speak from ordinary motives," he said, sadly.

"Very extraordinary motives, I should say."

"It is not fair to mock at me. You treat me as if I had subjected you to a vulgar insult."

"It does look rather like that, does it not? You are aware that my husband is alive, and you propose to take me under your protection. That is the plain English of it, is it not?"

She spoke in an indifferent tone, such as might be used in discussing any matter of ordinary interest, and rose as she asked the concluding question. He was silent for a time, looking unutterable dejection. Then he said—

"It is monstrous that such a life should be wasted in unhappiness."

"And you would sacrifice yourself out of pity for me. I am not so unhappy yet as to wish that."

"Pity! No, no, not pity," he said, desperately. "If you knew how long I have worshipped you as my ideal of all that is lovable in woman, you would not suspect me of any disrespect."

Mrs Rorke was not unmoved by his earnestness, but she did not alter her tone. "Is it so very long," she asked, "since Thursday last?"

"I did not make your acquaintance on Thursday last. You cannot have forgotten what passed between us years ago."

"And what do you know of me in the interval? A great many things happen in a dozen of years. Characters change in that time; and mine may have changed, even if you were right in your former judgment of it, and I was then the angel you pictured to yourself."

"You have not changed," he said, resolutely.

"Well, then, if that is so, how am I to know about you? A woman who has made a bad choice once should not trust her judgment too rashly a second time. And error this time would be much

more disastrous than before. A choice of a husband may be bad, but—this that you ask me to do is a much more serious matter than choosing a husband. What is left for me if I am deceived?"

Her cool, clear logic was unanswerable, and yet he could not help feeling that she understood him. There was a suggestion of trusting companionship in the mere fact of her arguing the point with him; and he stuck to his guns with all the tenacity of his nature.

"Do you think," he asked, after a little silence, "that I have remained unmarried all those years because I could get nobody to marry me?"

"That is generally the reason, is it not? Is that not the reason in your case? Judging from my experience of you, I should say it was."

"No," said he, laughing at last. "You know the reason as well as I do now."

"Well, then," she said, in a franker tone, dropping her defensive attitude, as if the victory were won, "I will grant you certain things for the sake of argument, just to show you the absurd impossibility of what you have proposed. I will grant you that I made a mistake in my choice of a husband—that my life with him has not been a happy one. I will grant you even that I made a mistake in not choosing you—that my life with you might have been happy and comfortable."

"It is pleasant to have these things granted, if only for the sake of argument."

"You may take them for granted in earnest, if it gives you any pleasure," she continued, courageously. "You come as a friend, and I do not wish to lose your friendship by taking offence when I know you to be honest and true. I am still rash, you see. I say that I know this."

"I trust you are not mistaken. I think I would stand being put to the proof," he said, with a glisten in his eyes.

"I don't think I am mistaken. And the proof I would ask is, that you never allude to this again. Think for a moment of the position in which you would place yourself and me; for I believe you are thinking rather of me than of yourself. Would your friends receive me as your wife?"

"We should be sufficient to ourselves. No friend would be a friend of mine who declined to recognise you as my wife."

"Then you would be friendless. No, no. It is easy enough to imagine such a life possible with happiness, but in fact it would be intolerable misery."

"In Norport, possibly,—in a country town where everybody knows everybody else, and people are more dependent on society for their amusement. But I could just as easily live in London—in fact it would be better in some respects for business purposes."

"And in London I should meet my friends wherever I went, and have to endure their cold looks. And I should mope, and you would get tired of me and dissatisfied. No, no. I am not heroic enough for such a life. It is impossible."

"If you were as sure of your love for me as I am of mine for you, it would be possible."

"Then you do not know me. Let us say no more about it. Look at that boatful of happy people."

She directed his attention to a crowded steamer just passing under the bridge, which they had reached on their way back, conversing in a quiet tone as they walked along, with nothing in their faces to in-

dicate to a passing observer how serious was the matter at issue between them. As they looked at the steamer, a man standing near the stern waved his hat. Stephen averted his eyes, thinking it was another idiotic attempt at a "sell," but Mrs Rorke recognised Hugh Millerby.

"What can he be doing there?" she said.

"Studying life, no doubt," answered Stephen, with a smile. "By the way, going back to it for one moment, you will not let anything that I have said prevent you from coming to Hardhill. It was Hugh's invitation, you know, not mine."

"On one condition."

"You need not mention it again."

CHAPTER XXX.

Stephen Millerby's conjecture that his brother was engaged in studying life was correct. This had been Hugh's occupation, and by this time he was rather tired of it, and glad to see a known face. Directly he caught sight of his friends, he made up his mind with a joyous sense of relief to get off at the next pier, and run down and join them. If he was to continue his study of life any longer for the present, he might as well get Stephen's company; and besides, he was burning to communicate a few of the results he had already collected.

But chance willed it otherwise. Hugh met another friend on the Embankment as he stepped off the pier, and the meeting had important consequences for him. One of the young man's favourite subjects of speculation was the influence of accidental circumstances on the lives of individuals. He attached great importance to them. A chance acquaintance, a chance word from that acquaintance, the chance of finding somebody in or somebody out, of catching a train or missing a train—little insignificant-looking circumstances like these often change the whole course of a man's life.

This was a doctrine on which Hugh would descant by the half-hour, with great multiplication of saws and instances. Several of those instances he could draw from his own life, and this was no doubt the reason why the doctrine had made such an impression on him. The end towards which he was being directed by these successive buffets of circumstance had not yet declared itself, so that he was naturally not as yet a convinced believer in an overruling purpose for the individual. Chance, or what looks like chance, certainly plays a great part in the lives of such men as he was,—men of overflowing vitality, of wide sympathies, of abundant faculty, but without any determined will or way of their own. If such men have enough to live on, they live on it, as chance directs; if they have not enough to live on, chance finds occupation and a livelihood for them, generally the nearest to hand. When they are laid hold of by the spirit of their time, through chance contact with some stronger will or some overpowering material necessity, they occasionally rise to great things. Occasionally, when they are less fortunate, they show an equal alacrity in sinking. Great politicians, great statesmen, archbishops, even great missionaries may be reckoned among their number; you will find them sometimes as the privileged characters of the

billiard-room or the heroes of the village alehouse.

But we must not stop to consider whether chance might have made Xavier the jolly abbot of a monastery, or Shakespeare a humorous alderman of his native town. We must go on with what we have to tell about the young man who believed as much as this.

The excitement into which he had been plunged for the last three days about the comet had swept away for the time all the effects of the snub administered by Mr Quickset. This snub had made him work energetically for a few hours on Wednesday morning, but he had entered nothing in his great note-book since. He thought of this with some shame when he got up on Sunday, and he took the mighty volume from its shelf; but his mind was restless and wandering, and he had not made many entries when he shut up the book and resolved to go out. The comet fever was still on him. He felt somehow responsible for the scene he had witnessed last night, and his conscience tried to persuade him that he ought to be sorry for it. But do what conscience would, it could not get rid of a certain immoral feeling of satisfaction, a certain elation. The effect produced on the mob was partly his: he ought not to be proud of the achievement, but he tried in vain to keep the pride down. In vain he dwelt upon the unseemliness of the spectacle, the hideous din, the revolting gaiety, and laboured to bring remorse home to himself; remorse would not abide with him —it was ousted always by a pleased sense of power, which had never tasted this sort of gratification before, and was proportionately keen of appetite. There was remorse enough in the mixture of his feelings to make him uncomfortable, and prevent him from enjoying thoroughly the new sensation of having moved a great mass of men; yet so little that he could not help feeling that his efforts at a proper sorrow were an artificial sham. The deed was more to him than the moral quality of it. It was not so serious after all. There might be nothing more than a little stupid rowdyism. How were the general public taking it? He would go out and see.

He went out, but where was he to go to find the general public? He laughed at his own quest, and strolled idly on, struck across Regent Street, through devious ways for the Seven Dials, and on and down Drury Lane. The streets wore, so far as he knew, their usual Sunday aspect. There was no sign, at any rate, of any extraordinary excitement, except in the neighbourhood of the public-houses, and there the only excitement seemed to be, from the number of slatternly girls and women with beer-jugs, an anxiety to make the most of the opening between services.

It was so dull, that a little joke which occurred to him, that the best place in which to look for his general public was the public-house, gave him a perceptible amount of pleasure; but he had not the courage to venture in till he had passed several doors in Seven Dials and Drury Lane, and reached the respectable neighbourhood of the Strand. There he found a bar in which he made a sandwich and a glass of ale a pretext for observation. Up to this time the chief incident in his travels had been that a man smoking in his shirt-sleeves at an open window had asked him what o'clock it was, and receiving no answer, had used such strength of language, that several unkempt heads were put out to see what was the matter, whereupon Hugh had retreated

quickly, glad to escape with nothing worse than uncomplimentary remarks on his appearance and character. Not a single reference had been made to the comet. But at the public-house in the Strand he had better luck, and came upon the trail. A young man was leaning over the counter and bragging to the barmaid of his feats in the row of the previous night, how he had knocked a bobby's helmet over his eyes, and what a hot run he had had for it. Hugh had had enough of this, however, so, after a glance into the bottle and jug department, where half-a-dozen sodden-looking individuals were smoking quietly over their ale, he made his way to the Temple Pier, and took a steamer to Wapping Stairs.

No trace of excitement on board the steamer: nothing but young men and their sweethearts, working men and women with their children, going down the river in their Sunday clothes for a breath of fresh air. Very pale and weary many of them looked, as if fresh air would do them good. Hugh thought of entering into conversation with some of the passengers; but he was not used to the work, and felt shy. He amused himself picturing how different individuals would look if he could suddenly convey into their minds a belief that the world was coming to an end in a week. At last a sallow young man in black, who had been unobtrusively trying to deliver tracts, addressed him—

"Did you see the comet last night?" Hugh asked, in answer to his remark that it was a fine afternoon. The young man had not seen it; but when Hugh told him about it, he said, in a hollow lugubrious voice, that it was well to be prepared, and offered Hugh a tract entitled, "Pause and consider!" Hugh politely accepted, and the young man turned away in search of another recipient.

In Wapping our observer had a find that considerably raised his spirits. Near the pier a one-legged imitation sailor was hoarsely chanting a ballad, and Hugh thought he caught the word "comet" in the refrain. He purchased a copy, and found that his ears had not deceived him. Some enterprising ballad-maker had taken opportunity by the forelock with the following doggerel:—

"Oh, I'll tell you of a comet,
A comet with a tail!
Up in the sky it shines so high,
And makes the nations quail.
Singing whack! tooraloo!
Crikey! what a blaze!
It is the biggest comet
Ever seen in modern days.

Says I to my Jemima,
'Oh will you come and look?
For this 'ere lovely comet it
Has quite my fancy took.'
Singing whack! &c.

Some say that it bodes pestilence,
And some say it bodes war,
But none o' them things I believes
About this pretty star.
Singing whack! &c.

I stand and gaze upon it
Without a moment's fear,
For its head so bright and hair so light,
'S the image of my dear.
Singing whack! &c.

Then all young men and maidens,
Come with me and behold
How brightly shines this comet of
The which I have you told.
Singing whack! &c."

But the enterprising balladist had been too prompt for his public. There was no great rush upon his broadsheet. Nobody paid much attention to him. His interjection of the word "carrots!" as an aside at the close of the fourth stanza did more for the sale than the attraction of the comet. Hugh,

however, was delighted with this find. It was the only sign of interest in the comet that he had come across when he was seen steaming up the Thames still on the look-out, but willing enough to give up his quest.

He landed hurriedly at Chelsea pier, eager to catch up his friends; and rushing across the bridge, encountered—Miss Douglas walking down the Embankment. She had been to see an artist friend a little higher up the river, and was in very good-humour. "You seem in a great hurry," she said to Hugh.

"I saw my brother crossing the bridge down there, and was hurrying to catch him; but I may as well walk with you, if you will allow me."

"So your article in the 'Sphinx' has made quite a sensation."

"How did you know it was mine?" said he, not displeased that the fact should be known, and less disposed than before to proclaim Glenville's share in it.

"Count Ramassy told me you were doing it. It was really very good. Why don't you go in for journalism?"

Hugh did not altogether like the way in which Miss Douglas was in the habit of taking him in hand about his career, although it was a sufficiently flattering proof of interest in it. "Why don't I? Why should I? I should spoil my style," he said, with humorous intent.

Miss Douglas laughed. "Now look here, young man, you are simply throwing away your abilities. You might do anything, and you are doing your best to make yourself good for nothing. You want somebody to look after you."

"Why not yourself?" said he, rashly.

"I'll think over it," said she, with just enough involuntary meaning in her tone to show that she thought the proposition worth considering. "I believe I could make something of you. You'll never make anything of yourself, beyond a fairly agreeable dangle, and that is not a very exalted destiny for a man of your ambition, to say nothing of your talents. You evidently can write."

"What would you have me do, my guide, philosopher, and friend?"

"What have you been doing with yourself to-day, for example?"

He gave her an account of his wanderings, and showed her the ballad he had picked up.

"I suppose you delude yourself with the idea that this is business, gadding about in search of something to make a note of. I don't believe in it. I don't believe it is the right way to go to work. It is like looking for a needle in a hay-stack. No—it is worse; it is looking for nothing in a hay-stack, looking on the chance of something turning up."

"You wouldn't have me evolve human character out of my moral consciousness?"

"You will find as much of it there as anywhere else—more of it than you are likely to pick up on a Thames steamboat."

"Then do you think that all human beings are alike?"

"Much of a muchness, making allowance for difference of circumstances. If you make people act as you would act in the same circumstances, you can't be very far wrong."

"I don't agree with you. What one does is determined not merely by immediate circumstances, but by the accumulated result of previous circumstances and by habits of action, even supposing the original bent of the character has nothing to do with it. Habit, no doubt,

counts for an immense deal. Habit is our lord and master."

"Yes, but you can allow for all that. You can guess pretty easily what habits a man or a woman would be likely to form in given circumstances. It is the circumstances, after all, that make the difference, the principal difference, the differences that people remark, and that is what you have to deal with if you want to describe life. I don't give a straw for your profundities. They are mostly humbug."

"You are as wrong, excuse me, as ever you can be. But no matter. Supposing it is the circumstances that make all the difference, how am I to learn the circumstances? You wouldn't have me evolve them as well out of my moral consciousness?"

"You must learn them as you want them, I suppose. Look here. I have to deal with circumstances as well as you, only I put my circumstances on canvas with a brush, while you propose to put yours on paper with a pen. Do you think I should be a—well, a tolerably successful painter——"

"Highly successful — distinguished — eminent——"

"Thank you. Should I be all this now, do you think, if up to this moment I had spent all my time in merely looking at persons, places, and things, so as to have a most learned eye in every conceivable shade of colour and turn of form visible in the British Islands? And all the time, perhaps, not even learning to draw. It won't do, young man. You are quite wrong, and I believe you know it."

"Ah, but there is a great difference between painting and—and—describing life. You have your *technique* to master. Your hand has to be trained."

"And no training is required for describing life. Quite so. You have only to sit down and pour out when you are full. Well, try it, and you will see. Did I not hear you say a moment ago that habit is our lord and master? Well, you must at least form the habit of sitting down and pouring out, and I don't think you have arrived at that stage yet. If I were you, I would sit down at once and find out, by actual trial, how much I had got in my wallet already. I am sure there must be a good deal."

They pursued the argument briskly, as they walked along, with so much animation, that here and there a Sunday idler turned to look at them. He defended his method, and she with subtle flattery sought to convince him that only the method was at fault. They had never been on better terms.

"Now, you know," she said, confidentially, when he had jumped nimbly from a corner into which she had put him, "this is all paradox on your part. I believe you really agree with me. Have I not heard you maintain over and over again that men's lives are the sport of circumstance?"

"Ah, but that is a different matter altogether. It applies chiefly to certain types of character. You can't get quit of original differences of character."

"When you have completed your great work on different types, I may understand more about it. Why don't you give us one little type as a specimen?"

"All in good time," he laughed. "Now look at that crowd," he continued, with a wave of his umbrella in the direction of Piccadilly. They were about to cross at Hyde Park Corner.

"Better wait till we have crossed," she said, as a cabman drew up by the pavement near them. "That circumstance of waving your umbrella has brought a cabman on us."

"Let me take you home in it. You must have had exercise enough, and I am quite tired."

"A beautiful illustration of my doctrine," he said, when they were seated. "Quite providential! "Great is the power of accident! My gesture was not intended to bring a cab, but it has brought a cab, and the cab is very useful. And but for my gesture the cabman might have crawled along the whole of Piccadilly without a fare. And when he sets us down, another accident will give him another fare. Such is life. One might preach a sermon from this text. A whole philosophy of life might be drawn from it."

"But what had the cabman's character to do with it?"

"Now you are really playing into my hands. If he had been a cabman of less enterprising character, he would not have got his fare. If I had been of a less demonstrative character, I should not have waved my umbrella."

"And if you had not been of an indolent character, you would have walked."

"Precisely. Character has everything to do with it. Character comes in at every turn."

"I believe you waved your umbrella on purpose."

"Character again. 'Suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind.'"

"Well, but what of your crowd? You told me to look at the crowd. I have looked. Proceed with your moral."

"Oh, I forget the exact point now. Let me see. Yes. Take such a circumstance as the sudden appearance or the sudden announcement of a comet. There are hardly two individuals in that crowd whom it would affect quite in the same way."

"Stuff! There are scores."

"Well, at least you would find half-a-dozen distinct and well-marked varieties of ways of looking at it."

"Perhaps. Straight, aslant, with one eye, with two eyes, single squint, double squint."

He did not consider this worth replying to, and she continued—"That may be, and yet I don't see how it bears on your argument. You are simply playing upon the word circumstance. Tell me the occupation, profession, trade, and general mode of life—that is what I mean by circumstances—of anybody in that or any other crowd, and I will tell you, with a tolerable approach to certainty, what he thinks about the comet."

"You must include a good deal in general mode of life then, such as the school he has been at, how long he has been at school, what church he goes to, whether he goes to church——"

"By the way," she broke in, "do you know what my brother Bob told me yesterday about Count Ramassy? He takes a very practical view of the comet. I'll bet you never guess what he has done on the heads of it?"

It did occur to Hugh that he might have proposed to Grace Quickset, and it struck him with some surprise that somehow he could contemplate this possibility without the least excitement. But there was no reason why Bob Douglas should be the first to know such a fact. What could he have done about which the City man was specially informed. "Something practical," he said, meditatively. "Perhaps floated a company for erecting a gigantic fire-proof safe—a sort of fire-proof Noah's ark, in which a remnant of bishops and scientists, with their wives and families, might find shelter, and replenish the earth afterwards with a superior race."

"You are evidently very much out in your judgment of the Count's character, if it is character you go by. No; he has sold 'bears' to any amount in anticipation of the effect on the market."

"Really!" said Hugh, who knew just enough to understand what selling a "bear" meant. "That is very cute, surely. Then that accounts for his wishing me to keep it dark for a little. And, by Jove! I begin to doubt whether there wasn't a trick in his sending off Stephen's papers so as not to be able to give the positions."

Quite a flood of suspicious light was thrown upon Count Ramassy in Hugh's mind by this circumstance. If Miss Douglas could also have told him how the Count set the telescope exactly for the comet, the suspicion would probably have gone further. But of this she was ignorant. Miss Quickset had not told her when they met on Friday. Both she and her father did not consider it their part to say anything about the fit he had had in their house. He had mentioned himself to Lady Napier that he had been suddenly taken ill at Mr Quickset's, to show that he attached little importance to it, not feeling at all sure that it would be kept a secret, and judging it best in that case that the fact should come from himself. Possessed of this to start with, Lady Napier had cross-questioned the rest out of Grace. But Miss Douglas knew nothing of it. She was interested, however, in knowing that he had asked Hugh Millerby to keep back knowledge of the comet. This rather confirmed the diagnosis of his character made by Mrs Smith and herself.

"There is something mysterious about that Count," she said. "I should like to know more of his circumstances."

"Certainly speculating on the Exchange shows great breadth of interest for a man whose chief mission it is to reconcile science and religion."

Miss Douglas had not heard of this mission, and Hugh had not heard of the mineral company for Bosnia, so that they compared notes with considerable interest.

"For a disconsolate widower, he is making pretty smart running for Grace Quickset," said Miss Douglas. "You don't seem so sore upon that point now. I believe she is a good bit of a flirt, though you won't allow me to say so. Women are better judges of these things than men."

Miss Douglas's previous insinuations had not been without a certain effect on Hugh, seeing how Miss Quickset had avoided him that afternoon. But he would not allow himself to entertain the belief even for a moment.

"She can't help men paying attentions to her," he said.

"I daresay Mrs Smith has come back by this time," said Miss Douglas, when the cab stopped at her door. "Won't you come in and have a cup of tea?"

Mrs Smith had not returned, but they were far from having exhausted their conversation about character and circumstances, and Count Ramassy, and the proper course to take for a man with an ambition after describing life. Miss Douglas counselled him to make a beginning at once, and see what he could do. He promised in the end, half seriously, to take her advice. Incidentally, he asked her what she would do herself if she wished to find out how people were taking the prospect of the comet.

"I don't know," she answered. "I think I should send a host of reporters to the different churches. It lies most directly in the way of the clergy, you see. It is an occa-

sion for them to improve; and the evangelical clergy, in particular, are not likely to neglect it. Go and hear what Spurgeon says, for example. His sermons are published at once, and a good many will follow his lead."

"I wonder what use the Salvationists will make of it, or if they will make any. I think I will go and see. I was in one of their barracks the other night."

"You will come back and tell me about it," Miss Douglas said, when he rose to go. He did not quite know what tempted him, but somehow, when she said good-bye, there was such a tender look in her eyes, and she looked so handsome, and their *tête-à-tête* had been so agreeable, that he kissed her.

"You must not make a habit of that," she said.

"Why not?" he rashly answered.

It was the merest impulse of the moment. But great things often depend on such impulses. He was caught.

"I am sure I have no objection, dearest," Fanny said, as, after gazing tenderly at him for an instant, she threw herself into his arms.

CHAPTER XXXI.

When Hugh on Sunday evening reached the temporary barracks of the Salvation Army, a hall in the Marylebone district, there were signs outside of unusual excitement. This district had been, to use the language of the movement, "invaded" only recently. The devil's host was strongly intrenched, and tremendous efforts were required to dislodge them. The Army had been only moderately successful, although a few prisoners had been made in every sortie. To raise the drooping spirits of his soldiers, the General had proclaimed an engagement all along the line. A great fifteen hours' battle was fought in Marylebone this Sunday.

It was past seven when Hugh arrived on the scene of action. Groups of men occupied the streets in front. These were representatives of the enemy with whom the Salvationists had to contend, men still under the dominion of Satan. To call them the enemy, is not to imply that they were ready to hustle the Salvation soldiers or pelt them with garbage. A few, perhaps, were bent on active mischief, and were waiting for a sortie from the hall, with the intention of giving as much annoyance as they could. But at present these could not be distinguished, except by a certain restlessness of movement, from the mass who had come simply to see the fun, and were stolidly lounging about with their pipes in their mouths and their hands in their pockets, giving not the slightest trouble to the policemen posted there to maintain order. The hall, from which came fitful gusts of the distant singing, stood a little way back from the street within a railing, and the policemen were guarding the gate, and keeping the pavement clear in front. There was a constant trooping in and trooping out,—this moving population consisting mostly of girls in twos and threes, who had an air of being familiar with the place, and exchanged glances and verbal chaff with the groups of young men as they made their way out and in. The fifteen hours' battle might have been taken for a bazaar but for the look of conscious importance in the faces of these *habituées*,—an importance probably derived from the part they took in the singing.

In the court between the railing and the door of the hall, Hugh found his acquaintance of Thursday night, "the converted bottle-washer," "Bellowin' Bill." Bill took great delight in both nicknames. They made him a personage in the reports of the proceedings. He had been honourably designated by them in more than one staff despatch in the official organ of the movement. Bill had an idea that his voice made Satan tremble, and that the louder he bellowed the more Satan was afraid. He felt himself to be a dangerous and leading antagonist of the arch-enemy, and was elated when a handful of mud was thrown at him, as if it were a direct recognition of his power. One of the secrets of the success of the Salvationists is this absorption and preservation of the individuality of their converts. A notorious bawler, or prize-fighter, or pigeon-flyer, does not find his occupation or his notoriety gone when he joins the army; he still bawls, or fights, or flies pigeons—only he does this in a metaphorical sense, for a spiritual purpose. His functions are spiritualised, but he is as eminent among his fellows as before. Bill's powers of bellowing were as much a distinction as they had ever been. He made great figurative use also of his previous occupation as a bottle-washer and instrument-cleaner—using some figures of speech that would have appeared shocking even to the liberal mind of Mr O'Cosh.

He recognised Hugh at once. "Glad to see you, sir," he said. "We're powerful busy to-night, we are. A rare time we're having, a powerful time. Fifty prisoners already, and the army is still bringing them in. Ten or a dozen in the fountain at once! What a glorious sight! Praise the Lord! Come in and see. It's mainly along of the comet you told me of. It has been a blessed 'arbinger to us. Pull the devil's kingdom down! Hallelujah!"

The scene inside justified Bill's description of it. The air was hot and close almost to suffocation, but the din was furious, the excitement thrilling. Hugh found a place in the standing-room under the gallery, and looked round; but it was some time before he could get any distinct idea of what was going on, so dim and murky was the atmosphere, so confusing the tumult. They were singing a hymn, not a word of which he could distinguish—a hymn of wailing minor tones and sudden thrilling leaps. The music surged in his ears like a wild sea. The hearers and performers seemed to be like driftwood on it. As they joined in the cry of the pack of voices tumultuously attacking the high notes, the more excitable danced and gesticulated, and broke off to shout "Praise the Lord!" "Amen!" then taking breath, started again in a furious rough chase after the melody.

When his eyes and ears were more accustomed to the confusion, Hugh began to be aware of differences in the behaviour of individuals in the body of the hall. It was possible to distinguish cool sightseers and even active mockers, in spite of the overpowering volume of piercing sound. One red-faced, thickset man, directly in front of Hugh, was specially conspicuous in derision. He pattered with his feet, he imitated various musical instruments in a voice that might have excited the envy of Bellowing Bill; he brayed with frightful resonance, he whistled with his hands like a steam-engine. The official soldiers in red guernseys tolerated all this; they knew their man—knew by experience that he was a not unpromising subject. They interfered only when he began

to slily pull the ribbons and tilt the hats of some girls in front of him, and he yielded so far and gave up this diversion. But some of his neighbours were disgusted, and gave him angry looks, which provoked him to wilder and wilder demonstrations. "Behave yoursel', ye rampagious brute," shouted in a Scotch accent a man standing next to Hugh. "Behave yoursel', you fool, or they'll pit ye oot." "What does the man come here for, I wonder?" he said to Hugh. "If he canna contain himsel', he should bide at hame—the daft idiot, look at him. I'm thinking I've had aboot enough o' 't mysel'. There's more fuss nor affection here, I'm thinkin'. But there's a woman going to preach, I believe. I'll just bide a few moments and hear her."

The end of the hymn was reached. Some prolonged the last note, while through the body of the hall ran a hubbub of Amens and other cries. The excitement was increased by the irregular dispersion of these cries; no one knew from what quarter the next fervent cry would come. An Amen from one end of the hall, slightly mellowed by distance, was answered next instant by an unexpected shout from one's immediate neighbour, loud, vibrating, startling, like the sudden discharge of a pistol at one's ear. Presently issuing from these confused sounds, but not at first subduing them, rose a loud clear thrilling female voice, frenzied in its hysterical earnestness.

"Hark! hark! the voice of Jesus is calling, Come to Me! Listen! Hark! Do ye not hear the voice of Him who cometh to save you? He loves you. He pleads with you to come. How long will ye turn a deaf ear to His call? O sinner in foolish security, thou that mockest at the people of the Lord, that tramplest His law under foot, and insultest them that believe in Him, I implore thee, I adjure thee, turn from thine evil ways ere it is too late! Beware, lest thou provoke the vengeance of the Most High! It is a fearful thing to sin against the living God. Even now you may see flaming in the heavens a token of God's displeasure, a messenger sent from on high to warn you to flee from the wrath to come. Beware, thou hardened sinner, insensate foolish mocker, shake in thine inmost heart, and take heed of thy ways. I speak to you, and to you, and to you. Look! see where it shines out there in the firmament, beckoning to you with its fiery finger, a symbol of the eternal fires that will encompass and scorch your soul if you scorn the proffered grace. Down! down on your knees, foolish man, and cry aloud for forgiveness. This night repent! this instant! and call on the Lord for pardon. There may be no morrow for thee. Another week and the whole world may be wrapped in flames, and your soul in hell. Oh, repent! repent now while there is yet time, and call upon the name of your Saviour. He loves you. He will not turn away from you. He will not reject the prayer of your heart for pardon, though it is stained black with sin and steeped through and through with iniquity. Down on your knees, I implore you, and cry aloud for pardon!"

In this strain the preacher proceeded. Her figure was commanding, her gestures swift and startling, her voice of great volume, compass, and flexibility, thrilling in denunciation, touchingly sweet in its pleading tones. The audience was mastered, transported, filled with wild enthusiasm. Even our sceptical onlooker felt a curious catching of the breath, a sensation as of suffocation in the

throat: his head began to swim, and in another moment he would have fallen in a faint, when his attention was diverted by some one grasping the wrist of his right hand and closing his fingers over a cool hard body deposited with a slap on the palm. He started, recovered himself, and looked round. The grey-haired stalwart Scotsman stood by his side like a pillar, a man accustomed to preaching of all sorts, and not easily moved. He looked at the hard body in his hand wonderingly, still half-dazed: it was—a snuff-box!

"Try a pinch o' that. It's good stuff," said this friend in need. "The room's terrible close, and it's a verra exciting kind of preaching; though the lassie has a grand gift, I maun admit. I must admit that. Ay, ye feel better noo. It's a fine thing snuff, a grand thing, when ye feel at all dwaamish. I think I've had aboot enough o' this screamin'. I'm beginning to feel a thought queer kind mysel'. In religion as in all things else it's better aye to keep cool and collected. Look at yon fool. 'Saul, she's sattled him! Well, well, I'm going down the road now, and I would advise you, sir, to do the same. But that's for yourself to consider. Good evening to you."

"Thanks," said Hugh. "I'm really very much obliged to you. I think I'll stay a little longer. Good evening." The Scotsman had been in the nick of time to distract his thoughts from the intense fascination of the preacher. He had recovered his head, and turned his attention now to the audience, among whom the excitement was rising to a prodigious height. All over the floor of the hall men and women were shrieking in the agonies of sudden conviction. The Ambulance Corps, to use the phraseology of the Army, flew about with great willingness to assist, and might be seen in twos and threes through the confusion dragging the mourning sinner to the penitent form. But they were too few in number to cope with the occasion. Such a haul of converts was unprecedented; their hands were too full, and their hurry added to the excitement. Many fainted in the stifling atmosphere, and had to be carried out by their neighbours. By-and-by the first to be struck down were dragged to the platform, and began to bear testimony, making public confession of their evil life, and shouting that they had found Christ and were happy now,—loud cries of "Hallelujah!" and snatches of song greeting every testimony to the power of the Word. Bellowing Bill, who had now come in, was especially active in tending the converts and prompting them to testify. The preacher—Captain Laura Dale she was called—directed the movements of the Ambulance Corps, and soothed the wounded with great calmness and dignity, now that she had stirred her audience to the depths.

The Scotsman had directed Hugh's attention to the red-faced, bloated individual who had been so obstreperous before Captain Dale began her harangue. She had, indeed, settled him, as the Scotsman said — caught him and riveted him with her first half-dozen sentences. He apparently did try for a little to resist the influence, but it was too much for him. Twice or thrice he pattered with his feet, more faintly and feebly each time, and he tried to raise a mock cry of "Hallelujah!" but the word stuck in his throat, and he sat back with his hands on his knees, staring open-mouthed. Presently he leant forward, still struggling against the influence, put his elbows on his knees, and covered his face with his hands.

Then his body began to rock to and fro, and the back of his neck became purple. These symptoms of strong inward agitation were not lost upon the vigilant officer who, with confident hope of a conversion, had interfered to keep him in the room. He went up and touched the struggling man decisively on the shoulder. The touch took effect like the touch of a mesmerist. The man started, jumped to his feet, threw his arms above his head, and with a loud cry sank on his knees and sobbed. The officer signalled for assistance, and still faintly resisting, moaning, screaming, the convert was half led, half dragged, to the penitent form.

Once there, he was speedily assured of salvation, and began to testify with the volubility that might have been expected from his previous excitable behaviour. Poor man! he was a cobbler by trade, and a drunkard by long-established inclination. He gave a rapid sketch of his drunken misdeeds. They were of a kind too hideously common. He had been for weeks at a time out of work; his craving would not allow him to keep any employment long; he had pawned clothes, blankets, furniture, to satisfy it; he had beaten his wife when she remonstrated. What led him astray was his extraordinary power of imitating musical instruments. This drew him to admiring pot-houses, where he was known as Orchestra Joe. He could mimic anything, from a trombone to a fiddle. But, please the Lord, he would dedicate his powers to another service now.

Was it not better for the poor man? Who will say that the Salvation Army does no good, coarse, revolting, and blasphemous as its methods and its language appear to the ordinary Christian, if it can reclaim such castaways, such good-for-nothing loafers and ruffians as Orchestra Joe? But was he reclaimed? you may ask. Did the reclamation last? Not long, perhaps; but if it kept him but a few months or weeks even from his ordinary courses, even this much was distinct gain. He could hardly have relapsed into a worse state than that in which the Salvationists found him. They gave him at the least a few weeks of comparatively cleanly life, and that was something to the benefit of himself and his much-suffering wife. Moralists sometimes sigh over the evanescent character of religious revivals, and pronounce them worse than useless because they create violent unhinging excitement for a time, and have no permanent influence on conduct. But it is hard to believe that all who are thus violently stirred up become backsliders, or that any sink back to greater depths than they would have reached if they had been left alone. There is much waste in all great natural movements. The effect of these revivals on the conduct of the masses is salutary on the whole. The level is raised and not lowered by them; it is at least kept from falling. A few are permanently influenced for good, and this more than atones for the shock inflicted on persons of more refinement by their extravagances,—by the travesty, the burlesque, the profanation of sacred things.

Orchestra Joe was so loquacious in his confessions and his testimony that other eager witnesses broke in upon him, and he was led away by Bill the Bellower, who took to him at once as a brother. The great fifteen hours' battle closed with what the Salvationists love to describe as a Hallelujah Wind-Up. More than 100 witnesses, it was computed, spoke in the course of twenty minutes, amidst indescribable tumult, several speaking at once.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Public excitement about the comet grew very rapidly. When one speaks of public excitement, one speaks of a thing that is very difficult to measure, and always looks bigger in description than in reality. Any great public agitation through the midst of which one has passed, always appears smaller at the time than it does in the pages of subsequent history. The same thing happens in private affairs. A plain matter-of-fact person often learns for the first time from subsequent legend that he has been present at some dreadful orgie or wonderfully brilliant festivity: he was there, no doubt, but he had remarked nothing very unusual at the time. It is not till Fame with her trumpet takes the matter in hand, that it appears in all the greatness of its proportions. The truth is, that history supplies us with an essentially wrong standard by which to measure popular excitements. Political crises, speculating manias, sensational trials, riots, and most of all civil wars, are recorded by the historian as if they had at the time absorbed the attention of the whole population. To read the records of the trial of the Seven Bishops, or of the South Sea Bubble, one might suppose that every member of the community thought of nothing else and spoke of nothing else while the excitement lasted. The reality falls very far short of this. Even in times of the greatest excitement, nine in every ten go about their ordinary business, make their daily plans, and worry over their daily cares, as if nothing particular were happening. Nine in every ten?—perhaps ninety-nine in every hundred would be a more correct estimate. Even in revolutions and civil wars the number of individuals personally affected in any serious degree is small, and all the others give the best part of their time to their everyday personal concerns. The whole nation is aflame—in agonies of fear and hope; but it is only a figure of speech. During the battle of Edgehill, a country gentleman was found on the skirts of one of the armies, following his hounds with as keen an interest in the chase as if England had been at peace. And even in our days of newspapers and telegraphs, you will find in every street, when great excitements are at their highest, hundreds of persons the surface of whose lives is hardly ruffled by the storm.

The magnifying influence of description is inevitable. The writer is himself interested, at least for the moment; and he draws naturally to incidents that support his interest, and neglects the signs of indifference. Even if these are present to his mind, he says nothing about them. He deals in conventional hyperboles, perhaps with mental reservations at first, but gradually allowing these to be consumed by the fire of his own eloquence. The historian of the future who reads the newspapers of our great comet year, will find there abundant evidence of a great wave of excitement. All the newspapers had articles on the subject, and special columns of incidents in the topic of the hour. The tone was generally light at first, but it deepened as the agitation became more serious. But as early as Monday, in consequence probably of the row on Saturday night, and the talk thereupon on Sunday, they all opened fire in articles of one sort

or another. The 'Daily Telegraph' had a column of antiquarian gossip on comets, arranged with brilliant literary skill and full of witty turns. The 'Daily News' writer also revelled in the subject in a historical spirit, quoting from the folk-lore of savage races to show how widespread was the belief in the ultimate destruction of the world by fire. The 'Standard,' like the 'Observer' of the day before, poured ridicule on the fears of the 'Sphinx.' The 'Times' also alluded, but in a more serious vein, to the distrust that had been expressed in certain quarters concerning the teachings of science, and gravely deprecated panic. Monday was a Bank holiday, and the principal evening papers did not appear, but next day the 'Pall Mall Gazette' assailed the 'Times' for deprecating panic, and declared that this was the surest way to cause a panic. On finding that the comet was likely to attract attention, it had despatched one of its representatives to Mr Spurgeon, thinking that his view of the situation would be of interest, and it published a report of the interview with the reverend gentleman. The reverend gentlemen declared that it would not quicken his pulse by a beat to know that the world would come to an end in six days: he never troubled his head about such things; he did not believe in spasmodic religion, and endeavoured to live and to make others live as if each day might be their last upon earth. But he admitted, in answer to a question, that scares are often instrumental in awakening the indifferent. The 'St James's Gazette' laughed scornfully at the sciolists and lunatics who trembled at a wisp of luminous vapour, but was hardly less scornful towards those who supposed that ignorance and superstition were extinct in the land. It specified the conduct of the Radical party as a proof to the contrary, and considered it not in the least unlikely that the scum of the Metropolis would seize the opportunity of a popular scare to wreck the houses of the well-to-do. In the event of any symptoms of such an outbreak of sans culottism, the Government were certain to take no precautions for the public safety till it was too late.

Not one of all these newspapers acknowledged to the faintest fear of any danger from a collision between the comet and the earth. An assumption ran through them all that no educated person could possibly believe in such a thing. Those who were behind the journalistic scenes talked smilingly of the article in the 'Sphinx' as a most amusing exhibition of Glenville's well-known love of contradictory paradox. But though each writer, taking himself as the standard of the normal man of education, considered the belief too absurd to be expressly disclaimed for himself, it was implied in most of the articles, and roundly stated in the 'St James's Gazette,' that a belief in the approaching end of the world was likely enough to take a hold of the half-educated masses. Thus newspaper readers had fixed in their imaginations the dim bugbear of hosts of stupid, half-savage people, scared, desperate, ready for any folly or mad violence,—ready to follow a lead like a flock of frightened sheep. Writers often unconsciously convey to their readers, without putting it in explicit words, a strong impression of something present to their minds when they write—a something that remains with the reader as a deposit when the whole article is glanced through. It was so in this case. Even the historical articles of the 'Daily Tele-

graph' and the 'Daily News' somehow conveyed the impression that society had to be on its guard against an insurrection of scared credulity and superstition. The reason, no doubt, was that the attention bestowed on the comet was mainly due to the riot in Regent Street. But for this the articles would not have been written, the comet would not have been a leading topic, and the articles bore traces of their origin. The humorous sub-editor who put on the placard of the evening paper on Saturday, "IMMINENT DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD," chuckled when the idea occurred to him. He thought he had done two good strokes of business—scored off the 'Sphinx,' which had once refused an article from him, and taken a rise out of the British public. The British public rose to the bait with an alacrity he had never anticipated. But why did all the newspaper editors select a subject to which individually they attached no importance? Why? Newspapers must publish what the public will read. The riot in Regent Street, of which the comet served as the occasion, was the freshest and most curious item of news in the Sunday paper. Thus, although a political crisis was on, as is generally the case nowadays towards the end of July, they had been thrashing away at this all the previous week, and the comet leapt at once into the front rank.

But it might have been superseded in a day or two, although Regent Street continued to be tumultuous at nights, and required special police supervision, had it not been for another circumstance. The agitation was carried deeper down among the masses of the people, who do not read daily newspapers, by another agency—the Salvation Army. This supplied the excitement with an organisation directly interested in the promotion of it. Decentralisation is an article of faith with many excellent persons nowadays, who view with alarm the tremendous and increasing pressure of business upon the centre of affairs. They may be right or they may be wrong, but centralisation has one advantage that is apt to be forgotten. When anything answers specially well anywhere throughout the system, the directors at headquarters may be made aware of it at once; and if the administration is energetic, it can be adopted with the least possible delay over the whole area. The general of the Salvation Army knew next morning how powerfully Captain Laura Dale had moved the Marylebone meeting by her reference to the comet. He saw at once what use might be made of the weapon that had been put into his hands. Here was an incomparable engine to stir the hardened masses. Gentle stimulants would not move them; rough stimulants must be used: what could be more forcible than the fear of approaching physical destruction? It had answered in Marylebone; it had produced an effect more immediate and overwhelming than anything that had yet been tried: it must be tried at once everywhere—the opportunity must not be allowed to slip. Forthwith instructions were issued to every "barracks" in the kingdom. The long nights of summer are the favourite season for the proselytising marches of the Army. Marches, with full-band strength, were ordered for every evening till further notice. Such an opportunity for making war on the enemy, and pulling the devil's kingdom down, had never offered itself before. Anything new and effective is a great stimulus to bodies of men somewhat weary of repeating the old cries. The enthusiasm through-

out the Salvation Army was immense, and their processions were numerous and most hilariously noisy.

Bank holiday would have been an exceptional day with them in any case, but a Bank holiday in such circumstances was a godsend. In the evening there were many rather serious collisions with mobs of roughs, to be reported next day. A hymn had been hastily adapted to express the confidence with which true believers awaited the destruction of the world, if it was to be; and the coming doom was such a prominent feature in the cries of the "soldiers" and the speeches of the orators of the army, that the proceedings of the Salvationists were given in the newspapers in connection with the comet, and letters to the editor about it.

Another little circumstance heightened the prominence of the comet in the public prints. A member of Parliament, on his way to the House in the afternoon, encountered a procession marching across Westminster Bridge and along Bridge Street. He was stopped for a time, and rather roughly hustled by a mob pushing and pressing alongside. When at last he got past, he entered the House fuming, and at once put a question to the Home Secretary. He begged leave, without notice, "to ask the Secretary of State for the Home Department whether he was prepared to take steps to prevent the obstruction of the streets by riotous processions; and whether, if the regular police force was inadequate to the preservation of order, the right hon. gentleman would consider the propriety of swearing in bodies of special constables." The Home Secretary, in reply, regretted the inconvenience that had been caused to the hon. member, but stated that the police had special instructions for dealing with these processions, and that he had no reason to believe that the existing force was inadequate; whereas any exceptional measures, such as the hon. gentleman had suggested, would to a certainty intensify the nuisance. Then an Irishman rose and "asked the right hon. gentleman, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, whether, seeing that he had acknowledged his inability to preserve order in the public streets ——" Before he had got further with his question, he was interrupted by cries of "Order"; but he bawled out above the hubbub the conclusion of his sentence, "whether it was his intention to resign office, and make way for some one with a different sense of the responsibilities of his position." There was laughter at this, and a babel of cries of "Oh, oh," and "Hear, hear," and "Order, order"; and one or two other members, always eager to bait a member of the Government, prolonged the questioning, so that the business of the comet had quite a conspicuous place in the Parliamentary reports. All these things magnified its position in the public mind.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

At Slagsalve, on Monday morning, Count Ramassy was disturbed in his wooing by the arrival of Adam Napier.

He had got up early with a hungry eagerness for news. After their return from Stagcliffe on the previous day, he had made no further effort to see Miss Quickset alone. In fact he rather avoided

it than otherwise, for he was not sure of his self-control, and his judgment told him that it would be premature to speak. If she should say No, he would have to forego all his chances and take his departure; and even if she should say Yes, there were difficulties in the way. Mr Quickset would have a right to demand more satisfactory references than had hitherto contented him. Her behaviour when he ventured on delicate ground yesterday, convinced him that she would run at once to her father like a frightened child if he declared his passion. She would not give him time to develop motives for temporary concealment. The suggestion of romantic mystery has charms for many girls, and Grace Quickset had a strong vein of romance in her; but she was a timid innocent girl, much attached to her father, and she looked to him as her natural protector. Parents who take pains to win the hearts of their children have this advantage over parents who allow them to run wild, when any danger threatens them from unscrupulous adventurers. Grace could hardly remember her mother, but she had been her father's constant companion, and she would not have dreamt of concealing anything from him—though, as she grew into womanhood, she was conscious of a half-mutinous disposition to choose for herself in the matter of a husband. But she leant upon him more perhaps than she knew. The Count divined as much from the hasty move that she made homewards when he began to speak of his yearning for companionship. He did not despair of getting her consent to a secret engagement, but he saw that he must wait. Yet her presence so intoxicated him that when they were alone he could hardly refrain from throwing himself at her feet.

That morning when he awoke, he felt himself a much better man than he had felt the morning before. He had seen her in his dreams smiling on him with all difficulties removed. The quiet life of that day by the sea had stilled his blood, and passed into the creations of his dreaming fantasy. He dreamt that he lay on a grassy bank with the sound of the sea in his ears and white clouds sailing high overhead, and that she suddenly appeared climbing lightly up a precipice, and bent over him and kissed his brow, and told him to have patience and all would be well. The soothing rapture of the dream remained with him for a little after he awoke. "Let me die now," he said to himself, softly; "I can never know such a blissful trance again." He resisted for a time the attempt of biting cares to intrude themselves, but they soon gained the mastery and sharpened themselves against the memory of the happy moment. To extrude them he fastened upon the prospect of such gain from his speculation as would make him independent. Only let that succeed and he might vanquish every obstacle yet. He dressed hurriedly and ran downstairs to ask for the nearest newsagent.

The London morning papers had not arrived, but the newsvendor was opening his parcels from the big towns of the North. The Count bought as many as were to be had, and hurried off with them to the gardens in search of a quiet nook where he might read them at his leisure. In the columns of London correspondence he learnt for the first time the disturbance that had occurred on Saturday night. The correspondents were full of it, and of the sensation it had made in London. In one or two of the newspapers he found also short leaders on the subject.

They were all written in a strain of elaborate jocularity, but it was so far satisfactory that the comet now was certain not to escape a large share of public attention. Some comment of a more respectful kind was made on the fact that a gentleman in Professor Quickset's observatory had confirmed the original computation of the comet's orbit, and it was said that the Professor's announced lecture on comets would now be expected with exceptional interest.

All this did not come to much. There was no sign as yet of that fall in the stocks to which the Count was looking with hungry impatience as the means of making his fortune. And yet the fortune at this happy moment seemed to him as good as made. He luxuriated by anticipation in the possession of immense wealth, and the power that comes from wealth. The sweet freshness of the morning conspired with the good news from London to elevate his spirits. The birds sang from the thickets on the steep slopes above him, a fresh breeze from the west sent the clouds scudding over the blue sky, the sun shot his beams over the edge of the ravine, and the glittering leaves danced as if in a merry contention for the light. The cheerful scent of herb, and plant, and tree in the valley was blown about his face, and the heart of the adventurer was glad. He had no longer the sense of being an adventurer. He stood established on solid ground. The Quicksets, gentle daughter and stern father, must forgive his little escapade. He had done nothing disgraceful after all. He had cheated no man, wronged no man. It was only a bit of fun. It seemed so to him, and the Quicksets must see it in the same light. Then, with his fortune made and Grace Quickset as his wife, he would go into Parliament, become a power in the country, a member of the Government, of the Cabinet. He was speaking from the Opposition benches as the coming leader of a party, with his wife in the Ladies' Gallery, cheers lifting him up from his own side, dismay painted on the faces opposite, when the sight of a figure coming along the walk dissolved his day-dream as with the touch of an enchanter's wand, and made him smile at the impetuosity of his own fancy.

It was Mr Quickset, who had also strolled out to take the morning air. He was evidently not wholly absorbed in the enjoyment of his constitutional. He sauntered along uncertainly, and there was a trace of impatient anxiety in his face as if he were waiting for something. He looked at his watch as the Count went up to him. The truth was, that he had come out partly to leave the way clear for an interview between two young persons who are both known to us. If the Count had been aware of this latter fact, it might have disturbed him, but, not knowing it, he saluted the father with a cheerful gravity. They walked back to the hotel together, and in the coffee-room they found seated at one of the tables, waiting for breakfast, Mr Adam Napier.

He was staring out of window, with his chair pushed back from the table and his hands in his pockets, when they entered. It struck the Count that his manner was rather agitated when Quickset went up and put a hand on his shoulder. Quickset hardly left him time to say, "How d'ye do?" to the Count, and it occurred to the latter, as their eyes met, that his look was not so cordial as it had been. Quickset drew him aside, and they walked out on the balcony together. The Count saw

them pass the windows in earnest conversation. He was a little puzzled at first, but presently an inkling of the situation dawned on him.

Mr Napier had come down by the night mail fully resolved to hazard the question that he had been longing to put for the last six months. He had met Mr Quickset on the stairs as he went down to breakfast, and in answer to the surprised question, "Well, Adam, what brings you here?" had bluntly and at once explained his purpose. Though Quickset had counselled delay before, recent events had convinced him that the time was now ripe, and he gave his consent heartily.

"Grace is in my room now," he said. "I will take you to her if you like. But I forget. You have travelled all night, and have not breakfasted. You looked so impatient that I forgot this material consideration."

"Thanks. My strength is equal to it," he answered, with a ghastly attempt at a smile. "I have been thinking about it all the way down, and would rather have it over at once, if it is not too early for Miss Quickset." He added, mentally, that he would go back by the next train if the answer were unfavourable.

"It is not so bad as hanging," said the Professor, tickled by the desperate seriousness of the young man's countenance.

"I hope not," he said, with another wry smile.

"But the condemned man is generally fortified with a good breakfast."

"Don't unnerve me with disagreeable parallels," he said, with an effort to enter into the Professor's good-natured humour. "Lead me to execution."

"You know, at least, that you have my best wishes," the father said seriously. "But I will on no account force Grace's choice."

"I should be sorry to do that," the young man said. In spite of his night's journey and his want of breakfast, he acquitted himself in a very manly fashion, and said the little he had to say straightforwardly. Grace knew what he had come for as soon as she saw him, and was much more agitated than he when it came to the point. Her father's wishes on the subject were well known to her, and duty urged her to say Yes; but inclination was not yet wholly subdued. The desire to remain free sprang up in her heart stronger than she had ever felt it before. She discovered, too, that the image of Count Ramassy — sad, intense, mysteriously impressive, full of a strange vitality — stood between her and the more homely everyday man who sat pleading before her and tried to take her hand. Hugh Millerby also came before her, with the earnest disconsolate aspect he had worn when last she saw him: she thought with a certain sense of shame of the letter she had sent him. But could she grieve her father, and send away the man of his choice? His transparent honesty and truth pleaded strongly in his favour. She longed for time to think. She faltered out, after a short inward struggle, that she would rather not answer now.

This crumb of comfort overjoyed her suitor, and he stood up erect and self-possessed. He was eager to keep her thus uncommitted against him.

"I have no right to press for an answer," he said. "I hope you will forgive me for coming upon you so suddenly. But you must know that I have long been anxious to speak to you. It was at Mr Quickset's desire that I did not sooner. But I could keep silent

no longer. When will you tell me? And do let it be as I wish," he added, in a voice of tender pleading.

She contrived to convey to him that she would like to have a fortnight for deliberation.

"Make it ten days," he said. His humour was more unforced now.

"Yes, I will make it ten days," she answered quite gaily, feeling her heart lighter now that she had a respite and her freedom was still unfettered.

"What a beautiful morning it is!" he said, going to the window. "And what a splendid view you have from here! It is really rather a superior place this Slagsalve. Are you coming down to breakfast?"

"No. I think we shall breakfast here this morning."

He kissed her hand respectfully and withdrew. His joy rapidly fell from the boiling-point, and fears began to intrude: still his mood, though troubled, was far from unhappy when Mr Quickset and the Count found him staring meditatively from the window.

The Count divined something of what had passed from the manner of the father and the would-be son-in-law, and the private conference between them. Napier had proposed, and his face was not the face of a man who has been accepted. This much was tolerably obvious, and it was not displeasing to the Count. Napier returned from his conference with Quickset alone. The Quicksets then were to breakfast in their own room. This was another sign that agitating business had been transacted.

When Napier entered, the Count felt towards him something of the magnanimity of a victor. Napier nodded to him, but made no advance towards shaking hands, whence the Count concluded that he was suspected of being a rival. The Count had taken his seat at another table from that which Napier had engaged, as if he did not wish to force his company on him and Mr Quickset when they seemed to have private business. Napier, when he came back, did not make any move to the Count's table, but went straight to his own, as if he were not disposed to converse. They were within talking distance, however, and the Count presently opened conversation in bland unconcerned tones,—

"I did not see you here yesterday. I suppose you have come down, like me, to get a little fresh air before the meeting of the Association?"

"Yes," he answered slowly, mastering a rush of colour to his face; "I feel rather seedy."

The Count looked at him steadily, smiled, and said: "The air is rather keen here, but very bracing."

"Very, I should think." Napier was so angry at the impertinence of the smile that he felt tempted to say, "Good for your complaint? Had any more fits?" But he thought it would be brutal, and said instead, "Are you going to the Association too?"

"For a day or two, yes. I shall go up at least for Mr Quickset's lecture. I have promised to help him with the slides. There seems to be a good deal of excitement in London about this comet?"

"Tremendous fuss. It is really too absurd."

"Have you seen Glenville since his article appeared?"

"Oh yes. I saw him yesterday."

"He must be pleased with the sensation it has made."

"I don't know. He tries to look as if he were not ashamed of himself."

At this point Napier absorbed

himself in a newspaper, and made decidedly dry responses to the Count's attempts to engage him in conversation. The Count was persistently suave, but he had most of the talk to himself.

Meantime up-stairs Mr Quickset was applauding his daughter for what she had done. "That is my own good sensible Grace," he said, patting her head. "Much the best to take some time to think over it."

"It is a very serious matter, is it not, papa?"

"Very serious—so very serious that you must use your own judgment."

"But I don't know how to. I don't seem to have any judgment."

Mr Quickset was pleased to find his daughter in this diffident frame of mind, but the Count himself was a mere baby compared with him in point of astuteness and wariness. He knew that the least overt sign on his part of a wish to decide for her would be the signal for resistance. "You little puss," he said to her mentally, "I am not to be caught by your mock humility. I know that you have a will of your own." Aloud he said, "Well, at any rate, remember that you are perfectly free. I should like to have a consultative voice, because I know more of the world than you; but I don't wish either to initiate or to veto."

"But you vetoed Hugh Millerby, papa—you know you did."

"Ah, well, that is only till you are of age. I must retain my power of veto till then, I suppose. You will find, if you wait long enough, that I am right about him. I am never wrong in my judgment of a man. He is as fickle as the wind."

"I think you do him injustice, papa. I am sure he is not." She spoke rather warmly for a young lady who had just professed to have no judgment of her own.

Mr Quickset took no notice of this little inconsistency, but quenched a sly smile to himself with a sip of tea. Presently she said,—

"Hadn't I better wait till I am of age before I decide?"

"As you please. I shall be glad of your ladyship's company as long as you are pleased to give me the privilege. I shall be sorry to part with you."

"O papa, I am so happy as I am," she said, with an affectionate look.

"You do me too much honour."

"But, papa," she said, laughing at his flourish of mock ceremony, "suppose I go on refusing them because I can't quite make up my mind, I may miss the right man."

"There is some danger of that, if you carry on the process of refusing long enough."

"It is so bewildering to have so many of them on hand at once."

"Why, girl, who else has been making love to you?"

"Nobody, papa."

"Then why speak of having many of them on hand?"

"I mean nobody since Mr Millerby."

"But two don't make many. Who else is there?"

"Nobody else has spoken to me."

"Well, as it is not quite a week ago since he spoke, that is not to be wondered at. But somebody else has looked as if he would like to speak? The conceit of you girls! Ah!" he cried, an idea suddenly striking him, "you don't suppose that Count Ramassy is in love with you?"

"No, papa." She not only supposed it, but knew it—only the Count had said nothing tangible,

nothing that could be repeated as evidence of the state of his mind, and she did not like being laughed at. A blush, however, cast suspicion on her disclaimer.

"But perhaps you are in love with him?"

"Oh no, papa. How can you?"

"Such things have happened before." He resolved to keep a sharper eye upon the Count. As the Count had never paid his daughter any attentions beyond those of ordinary politeness in his presence, his previous blindness was excusable. But, indeed, he would have had no objection to the Count as a son-in-law, so far as he knew him. Only he would have considered it a duty to make inquiries; and besides, he felt himself bound in honour to support as much as he could the cause of Mr Adam Napier, seeing that he had dissuaded the young man from urging his own claims sooner.

"I daresay, now," he said aloud, "the Count is rather what you would call a fascinating man?"

"He has not fascinated me, papa. But I do find him interesting, I must admit."

"He is certainly out of the common. But I don't think I should care myself, if I were a young woman, to marry a man who has so much to say about his late wife. It would be trying to find one's self constantly compared with such an angel and a prodigy."

"He hasn't spoken to you about his wife, has he, papa?"

"No; but your friend Fanny Douglas seems to have heard a good deal about her. It seems to be his way of giving young ladies to understand that he is not eligible."

Mr Quickset had forgotten for the moment his purpose of discouraging his daughter from everybody but Adam Napier. Otherwise it might have occurred to him that the mind of woman is ambitious and daring and compassionate, and that to such a mind there might be something attractive in the mission of consoling an interesting man for the loss of an angel, and proving herself a still more admirable angel. Even the wisest of men make mistakes, when they speak without sufficient thought.

"He must have been very much attached to her," Miss Quickset said.

"That does not follow." He was a reserved man himself about his deepest feelings. He had been deeply attached to his own wife, but it had never been his habit, even when his sorrow was fresh, to speak about it promiscuously as Count Ramassy seemed to do. "Foreigners are more communicative than us about such things," he added, after musing with rather a sad expression for a little. When Mr Adam Napier had heard of the Count's sorrow-laden confidences about his wife to other women, he had set him down at once as a sentimental humbug, but Professor Quickset had lost the intolerance of youth. Besides, he was not jealous.

"What are you going to do with yourself this morning, Grace?" Mr Quickset presently asked. "The Count and I are going to try some slides of comets with the magic-lantern, and we shall want this room. There would be no harm, I suppose, in your taking Adam to see some of the sights of Slagsalve?"

"I would rather stay and see your experiments," she said, and this was agreed upon. Adam Napier preferred to stroll out alone.

WHAT THE COLONIES THINK OF US.

MR FROUDE'S 'OCEANA.'

THE Tory, the Imperialist, the Jingo—call him what you like—who feels that the stable equilibrium of the empire has been disastrously affected by recent events, but who is treated at home by our parochial Radicals as an imbecile or a lunatic, will experience considerable satisfaction in learning what the Greater Britain that circles the globe thinks of the adventure on which, under the guidance of Windy Egotism, we have so confidently embarked. Mr Froude has been round the world. He has visited our greatest, wealthiest, and most prosperous colonies. He has spoken with governors, with ministers, with merchants, with parsons, with farmers, with peasants, with natives. And apparently they are all of one opinion. The British nation, for several years now, has been bewitched. A malign enchantment, inimical to our glory and our greatness, has been in the air. And to one fatal figure the mischief is universally attributed. The Grand Old Man, round whom even in his decline legions of hero-worshippers rally, has brought this great empire not only into disrepute, but to the very brink of ruin. *That*, at least, is what the colonists think. The opinion of the Metropolis—of the richest and most populous city in the world—does not count, as we know. The Scotch Radical, the Cornwall miner, and the Irish moonlighter are the oracles of political wisdom in these islands. It may be so; yet it is rather unfortunate, to say the least, that the moment we get outside the narrow seas this theory of the geographical distribution of public virtue requires to be revised. The colonies are quite at one with the capital. The political madness which seeks a saviour at Hawarden, and finds a new religion in Chamberlainism, simply excites their astonishment. Isaiah was in his bitterest mood when he told his countrymen, "We have, as it were, brought forth wind." Wind and wind only; no honesty, no veracity, no anchorage in, or appreciation of, *fact;* empty words inflated like bubbles or bladders, and driven about by every movement of the waves! In a private man, a not altogether promising venture, one would be inclined to conclude; for a man intrusted with the destinies of an empire, a venture, it would seem, altogether ruinous. However it may be with meaner persons, the eminent being who undertakes to govern his fellow-creatures cannot, it is to be hoped, entirely escape the penalties of rhetorical and vainglorious ineptitude. The politician who sows the wind will reap the whirlwind. So they say at Sydney, at Adelaide, at Melbourne, at Auckland,—quite overlooking apparently that *his* share of the punishment must be, in any event, ridiculously inadequate.

The delightful volume[1] in which Mr Froude has recorded his impressions of "the long wash of Australasian seas," and the characteristics of our Australasian kinsfolk, will be eagerly perused by all

[1] Oceana: or, England and her Colonies. By J. A. Froude. London: Longmans.

sorts and conditions of readers. Although in form a record of travel, it is in substance a discussion of the great question of colonial federation and imperial supremacy. The relations between the colonies and the mother country involve (according to the view taken) the maintenance of an empire stretching across the globe, or its rapid resolution into a number of independent, but second-rate or third-rate States. A vivid sense of national unity is the basis of that patriotic sentiment on which the intimate cohesion of the units that form a people ultimately depends. Other motives—motives of expediency, of convenience, of economy, of material gain—are no doubt more or less powerful and operative; but where the feeling of a true and real identity is absent or feeble, the national life must always be to some extent *artificial*. Countries colonised by the British race, and attached to the British Crown, are to be found in every quarter of the globe. Is it possible that this magnificent and world-wide empire can continue to hold together? It is difficult to answer the question; for no such experiment has been tried on such a scale before. "Mountains divide us and a world of seas," and the colonial dependencies of Athens or of the Hague were insignificant when compared with ours. It was the fashion at one time with Liberal philosophers and Liberal statesmen to proclaim that our dependencies were costly and cumbersome, and might be advantageously dispensed with. Others held that colonial dependencies, when they became capable of self-government, naturally cut the tie that bound them to the parent State,—just as the fruit when it is ripe falls from the tree. This was considered so axiomatic a proposition indeed, that in many cases those anxious for separation insisted on giving popular institutions to a community which did not desire them, and for which they were obviously unsuited. The troubles at the Cape, for instance, can be traced directly to this pious enthusiasm for dismemberment. There is no reason to doubt that, if we had continued to govern the Cape as a Crown colony, one of the most painful and humiliating pages in our recent history would not have been written. Mr Froude was one of the earliest serious writers in this country who clearly recognised that our colonies were a source, not of weakness, but of strength. His earliest plea for the maintenance of the union must have been written at least a quarter of a century ago; he has never ceased, in season and out of season, to maintain this thesis; and in 'Oceana' he enforces it once more, with all the authority of mature experience.

The preservation of the unity of the empire has suddenly become to all of us one of the biggest questions of the day. We ourselves have always held that what may be called the root-principles of Liberal dogma involved the disruption of that extraordinarily complex growth—the British nation. To carry out consistently all over the world the proposition that one man is as good as another, was impossible if we intended to retain command of the forces which were essential and indispensable to our existence as a people. Liberalism regards the will of the individual as the conclusive test not only of political fitness, but of political truth, and resents (theoretically, at least, though in practice it is often as intolerant as Calvinism or the Inquisition) any pressure, legislative or other, that re-

strains its freedom and limits its action. Such a doctrine is absolutely unworkable, except under very exceptional conditions; and in our case these conditions are conspicuous by their absence. To recognise in practice that a peculiar political sanctity attaches to the will of the individual in a society which comprehends among its members Hindoos, Mohammedans, Dutchmen, Kaffirs, and Irishmen, could lead only to anarchy. But this is what we have done—what we are doing. We decline to lay down any absolute rule of right and wrong to which every member of the society is bound publicly to conform. It is not the general welfare or the common good as defined by the wisest which is the object of our legislation; the object of our legislation, on the contrary, appears to be that no whim however puerile, no prejudice however insane, no passion however violent or vindictive, shall be prevented from obtaining not merely the freest expression, but the most unfettered play. The Irishman must be allowed to shoot his landlord, the Boer must be allowed to flog his nigger, simply because he likes it; and a democratic Government is false to its principles when it puts any impediments in his way. We are free to admit that on such conditions the empire cannot be maintained.

On the other hand, when the inhabitants of any part of the empire have demonstrated to our satisfaction their fitness for self-government, it is really a matter of comparatively little importance where the seat of government may be. The colonies of New Zealand and Australia have established their constitutional capacity —have, so to speak, attained their majority; and it is obvious that, for many reasons, the less we interfere with them the better. The mere fact that they are on the other side of the globe must make the constant meddling of a British Minister in their internal affairs alike inexpedient and ineffective. But as regards what may be called their international life, if they are not to become political pedants and the narrowest sectaries, some sort of imperial federation, however loose and flexible the tie, would appear to be indispensable. The dweller in the most wretched shanty on an Australian sheep-run knows that he is a citizen of no mean city; and he is stronger and better and fitter for his work because he feels that he is still a subject of the English Queen. Take away this sentiment from the motley crew who are multiplying with such incredible rapidity in these distant dependencies, and we remove one of the bonds of true social order, and one of the incentives to high political development.

Mr Froude is one of the great masters of English prose, and 'Oceana' is as brilliant and persuasive as any of its predecessors. There is no writer of our time whose style is so easy and colloquial, yet so charged with the light and heat of the imagination; and for a trip round the world no better company could be wished. On all the subjects to which we have alluded he has something valuable to say; but the passages in which he assists our cock-sure Radicals to realise the aspiration of Burns,—

> "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as ithers see us!"—

are to our thinking specially enjoyable. Even the most advanced Liberal cannot resist the wicked fascinations of 'Maga'; protest as he may, we see him ogling her at

the club—when he fancies he is unobserved; and for his benefit, more especially, we propose to bring together some of the choicer passages. He will be gratified no doubt to learn what the colonies think of him.

Mr Froude begins his survey of our colonial maladministration by one or two excellent anecdotes, relating experiences of his own with typical Liberal statesmen :—

"Our people stream away from us. Out of the hundreds of thousands of English, Scots, and Irish who annually leave our shores, eighty per cent have gone hitherto to the United States, and only the remaining fraction to the countries over which our own flag is flying. I once asked the greatest, or at least the most famous, of modern English statesmen whether, in the event of a great naval war, we might not look for help to the 60,000 Canadian seamen and fishermen. 'The Canadian seamen,' he said, 'belong to Canada, not to us;' and then going to the distribution of our emigrants, he insisted that there was not a single point in which an Englishman settling in Canada or Australia was of more advantage to us than as a citizen of the American Union. The use of him was as a purchaser of English manufactures—that was all. Sir Arthur Helps told me a story singularly illustrative of the importance which the British official mind has hitherto allowed to the distant scions of Oceana. A Government had gone out; Lord Palmerston was forming a new Ministry, and in a preliminary council was arranging the composition of it. He had filled up the other places. He was at a loss for a Colonial Secretary. This name and that was suggested, and thrown aside. At last he said, 'I suppose I must take the thing myself. Come up-stairs with me, Helps, when the council is over. We will look at the maps, and you shall show me where these places are.'"

The Bay of Biscay was as unpleasantly demonstrative as usual; but Mr Froude is an excellent sailor. The ship was in charge of a clever and experienced captain; and passengers and crew (in spite of the universal suffrage and vote by ballot which they enjoy on shore) judiciously refrained from undertaking a business of which they were profoundly ignorant. Hodge, as we know, is competent to steer the Ship of State; but Hodge himself would probably have been the first to acknowledge that the Australasian needed wiser guidance :—

"On Wednesday we were outside the Bay of Biscay, far to the westward of our course, as traced on a flat chart; but the captain tells us that we should see it to be right on a spherical one, and we entirely believe him. In all healthy work that is done as it should be, we live and move by faith. Had the passengers been required to give their independent opinions, they would have voted that we were going wrong and must change our direction, especially if they suspected that the captain and officers were interested in the matter. They were not asked for their opinions, and did not wish to give them. They were contented, being ignorant, to be guided by those whom they supposed to know; this is the universal rule, and when it is observed our sums work out clear, without fractional remainders. Times were when it held in all departments of human things — when the supposed wise taught us what to believe, and the supposed ἄριστοι taught us what we were to do, and we kept in temperate latitudes in politics and theology. In these two singular sciences every one now makes his own creed, and gives his vote by his own lights as to how he wishes to be governed. We could not help it, and we had but a choice of evils. There is no success possible to any man save in finding and obeying those who are his real superiors. But to follow mock superiors, and to be cheated in the process! who could wish that we should submit to that? If captains and officers were discovered to have never learnt their business, to be doing nothing but amuse themselves and consume the ship's stores, the crew would have to depose them and

do the best they could with their own understandings; but if the crew were persons of sense, they would probably look out at their best speed for other officers, and trust to their own lights for as short a time as possible."

Mr Froude had his Virgil with him, and between the Bay of Biscay and the Cape one has plenty of time to moralise. Musing on the spiritual and political insubordination of his age, he found that it was no new phenomenon,—that the epidemic, though, like the plague, it may have undergone modification, is as old as the old world :—

"Even Virgil was sighing after a knowledge of the material causes of things. He, if he had felt the strength in himself, would have sung, like Lucretius, of earthquakes and eclipses, of the moon's phases and the lengthening and shortening of the days—of all the secrets, so far as they were then penetrated, of the processes of nature. He complains of the weakness of his intellect, which could not soar amidst these august mysteries. He abandons the vast inquiry with a sorrowful sense of inferiority. He says:—

'Sin has ne possim naturæ accedere partes
Frigidus obstiterit circum præcordia sanguis,
. . . .
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.'

Could he have foreseen the blank vacancy in which science was to land us, he would have been better contented with what the gods had bestowed upon him. But even in Virgil's time the Olympians were growing mythic; sincere belief in them was no longer possible, and nothing in which he could believe had as yet risen above the horizon. By the side of spiritual negations, democracy, their inevitable comrade, had rushed in upon his country. He was consoled to feel that this monster of anarchy at least had been grappled with by Cæsar, and lay chained and powerless.

'Furor impius intus
Sæva sedens super arma et centum vinctus ahenis
Post tergum nodis fremit horridus ore cruento.'

"Civil order at least was upheld, though it was order maintained by the sword; and in that compelled interval of calm, religion passed from nature into conscience and struck root there. Spiritual belief revived again in Christianity, and renewed the face of the earth and kept science at bay for another era of eighteen hundred years. It seems now that this era too is closed; Science has come back upon us, and Democracy along with her—what next?"

The Australasian's passengers landed for a few hours at the Cape; and then, attended for six thousand miles by the albatross—the Southern Cross hanging overhead at night—they swept through the Southern Sea. Melbourne was reached after a rapid voyage. The first impressions are commonly the most vivid; and Mr Froude's first impression seems to have been that the colonists do not cease to be Englishmen, and that Victorian society is very like our own.

But the colonists have one enormous advantage—the fertility of a new continent and a virgin soil :—

"If English farmers and farm-labourers could but see what I saw that day, (and I am informed that other parts of the colony were as much richer than this as this was richer than my own Devonshire), there would be swift transfers over the seas of our heavy-laden 'agricultural population.' The landed interest itself—gentry and all—will perhaps one day migrate *en masse* to a country where they can live in their own way without fear of socialism or graduated income-tax, and leave England and English progress to blacken in its own smoke."

The Victorians appear to take more interest in our political misadventures than we do at home. The mismanagement of the Liberal Government had excited the keenest anxiety in Melbourne as elsewhere :—

"With the gentlemen whom I met

at the club I had much interesting talk about colonial politics—federation, the relation of the colonies with the empire, &c.—the results of which I shall sum up further on. There was anxiety about England too. When English interests were in peril, I found the Australians not cool and indifferent, but *ipsis Anglicis Angliciores,* as if at the circumference the patriotic spirit was more alive than at the centre. There was a general sense that our affairs were being strangely mismanaged. The relations of large objects to one another can be observed better at a distance than close at hand, when we see nothing clearly except what is immediately next to us. New Guinea was half forgotten in our adventures in Egypt, and men asked me, and asked themselves, what, in the name of wonder, we were about. It began to be perceived, too, that the disease was in the Constitution. The fault was not in individual Ministers, but in the Parliamentary system, which placed the Ministers at the mercy of any accidental vote in the House of Commons, laid them open to be persecuted by questions, harassed by independent resolutions of irresponsible members, and thus incapacitated them from following any rational policy, and drove them from insanity to insanity. There lay the secret of the mischief. The remedy it was less easy to suggest; but it was felt even there that a remedy of some kind would have to be found, if the empire was not to drift upon the rocks. One individual, indeed, did fall in for an exceptional share of blame. The second morning of our stay at the club came the news of the fall of Khartoum and Gordon's death.

'Upon the king—all falls upon the king.'

With singular unanimity the colonists laid the guilt of this particular catastrophe at the door of the Liberal leader. They did not love him before, and had been at a loss to understand the influence which he had so long exercised. His mighty popularity they thought must now at least be at an end. It could not survive a wound so deadly in his country's reputation. They were deceived, it seems, yet perhaps they were only forming an opinion prematurely, which hereafter will be the verdict of mankind. He, after all, is personally responsible, more than any other single man, for the helpless condition into which the executive administration of the English empire seems to have fallen." [1]

Mr Froude crossed the watershed to Sydney, and witnessed the despatch of the colonial contingent to Egypt amid enthusiastic demonstrations of popular sympathy. It must have been a sight to stir the blood, and the patriotic motives of Mr Dalley and his friends are very graphically put before us :—

"The New South Wales colonists cared nothing about the Soudan. They were making a demonstration in favour of national identity. Many causes combined to induce them to welcome the opportunity of being of use. There was a genuine feeling for Gordon. There was a genuine indignation against Mr Gladstone's Government. Gordon was theirs as well as ours. He was the last of the race of heroes who had won for England her proud position among the nations; he had been left to neglect and death, and the national glory was sullied. There was a desire, too, to show those who had scorned the colonists and regarded

[1] The intelligence that Mr Gladstone's Government was *in articulo mortis* was received everywhere on the other side of the water with a burst of thanksgiving:—"The pilot who joined us in the offing had brought a newspaper; we learnt about the vote of censure, and the Government majority reduced to fourteen. I fear no one regretted the end which seemed rapidly approaching. The universal feeling, outside England, towards the leader of the Liberal party, who has been, and perhaps is, so adored at home, has become blind in its animosity. He once fallen, people seemed to expect that all the woes of which the empire was sick would vanish like an unwholesome fog. Unfortunately they will not so vanish. When men sow the wind, the seed will grow, though others may have to reap the harvest."

them as a useless burden on the Imperial resources, that they were as English as the English at home. In their estimate of the strength, present and future, of Great Britain, the great Powers had left the colonies unconsidered. In that quarter, at least, the effect of Mr Goldwin Smith's theories was well understood. Other nations would grow. England, if it shut itself within its own limits, could not grow, or would grow only to her own destruction. They would increase and she would decrease, and they despised her accordingly. They had taken the political economists as the exponents of the national sentiment. They had assumed that if war came the colonies would immediately fall off. In this spontaneous act of the Australians the great Powers would see that they would have to reckon not with a small island whose relative consequence was decreasing daily, but with a mighty empire with a capacity for unbounded expansion, her naval fortunes duly supported in the four quarters of the globe,—a new England growing daily in population and in wealth with incredible speed, and all parts of it combined in a passion of patriotism, with the natural cord of affinity to which the strongest political confederacy was as a rope of straw. A contingent of 700 men was nothing in itself, but it was a specimen from an inexhaustible mine. To India, too, a lesson would be read, if any there were dreaming of another mutiny. It would be seen that the British rulers of India had a fresh reservoir of strength within striking distance."

Mr Dalley, who organised the expedition, and Sir James Martin, are two of the leading men in New South Wales. Mr Dalley appears to be a man of quite exceptional force and individuality (the Disraeli of the new continent), and one of the most interesting passages in the volume is devoted to Sir James Martin :—

"Sir James Martin, though one of the chief persons in a progressive and democratic community, did not seem to believe that either progress or democracy was about to work any miracles in the alteration of human character. They had to be accepted like all other facts, when brought on by the nature of things, but were not therefore either to be particularly rejoiced over or particularly hated. On the whole, democracy worked like galvanism in disintegrating the existing conditions of human society; but human society occasionally fell into a state when disintegration could not be helped. Constitutional government in the colonies was full of anomalies. It might have been better if, instead of leaving the colonists to govern themselves, we had been careful to send out efficient governors, who would have attended to colonial opinion, and ruled firmly with no consideration of anything but each colony's good. A monarchy when there was security that the monarch himself should be a wise man, was the best of all forms of government. But as things stood at present, this was out of the question. As long as the colonies were under the authority of Downing Street, and Downing Street was under the authority of the British Parliament, it was impossible that the affairs of the colonies would receive anything like fair and impartial consideration, or that the persons selected to conduct their affairs would always be the wisest that could be found. The policy which would be adopted would be measured, not with a view to the good of the colony, but to party advantage at home. In fact, a country under a parliament could govern itself more or less ill, but could not govern other countries, and the system had to end. All causes of disagreement between the mother country and its dependencies were now removed; nothing but goodwill need exist between them, and the closer union on another basis, which so many practical men regard as a dream, Sir James seemed to look at as the natural outgrowth of our present relations. He not only had formed considerable hopes that confederation would be brought about, but he anticipated that it might turn to the spiritual advantage of the whole of us, and help to disenchant us of the empty wind and nonsense to which we were at

present given over. So long as 'progress,' et cætera, was mere talk, it was contemptible, but might be borne with; but issuing now as it was doing in Soudan massacres, Irish anarchy, and a second Ireland growing in South Africa, it deserved the hatred and indignation of all serious men. The celebrated person whom we have chosen as our chief leader and representative in this adventure is no favourite in Australia. He and his amazing popularity were mere subjects of astonishment to Sir James, as they are, so far as my travels extend, wherever the British language is spoken. Leaders of another type would rule in a United Oceana."

Mr Froude dismisses the notion of a Federal Parliament as chimerical and absurd; though he is of opinion that much may be done in a quiet way to strengthen the ties between the colonies and ourselves. Here are some suggestions which ought to be attentively pondered. The problem is a very difficult one; and, whenever a check comes, we shall of course declare that it is insoluble. A people whose accepted leaders are ready to say (as Mr Morley said quite distinctly the other day) that it is better to submit to the dismemberment of the empire than to run the risk of "Liberal" legislation being temporarily arrested, cannot, we fear, be good for much :—

"Is there then nothing which can be done? Must we drift on at the mercy of man or the mercy of circumstances, drift as we always do drift when we abandon the helm on the lee shore of disintegration? Everything may be done which it is fit and right to do if we know our bearings, if we know the ocean currents, and the capabilities of the ship which carries us. But we must look at the facts as they are, not as in our imaginative enthusiasm, or equally imaginary alarms, we may wish or fear them to be. What, then, are the facts, and what is our object? We say that we desire the colonies to be united to the empire. They are united already, united by the bond of nature. The inhabitants of Victoria and New South Wales are as completely subjects of the Queen of Great Britain as any of ourselves; they are as proud of their sovereign, they are as heartily loyal, they as little dream of throwing off their allegiance. Nay, perhaps they have more part in David than those who are nearer to the throne. Their attachment is enhanced by the emotional enchantment of distance. Well, then, let this identity be recognised in all communications which are exchanged with them. They complain of the coldness of tone and almost estrangement with which they have been hitherto addressed: and the complaint is not without reason. When they make impetuous demands upon us, when they require us, as in the case of New Guinea, to challenge one of the great Powers of Europe on account of injuries which to us seem visionary, we may be right and wise in declining; but we might so decline as to show them that we understand their feelings, respect their ambition, regard even their impatience as a sign that they are zealous for the greatness of Oceana. Kind words cost nothing, and kind words would be precious to these far-off relations of ours, for they would show that the heart of England was with them.

"Again, they are passionately attached to their sovereign. The Queen is present with them through the Governor; and the Governor might and should be worthy always of the dignity of the great person whom he represents. The indirect influence which a really able and trained Englishman who has moved in a larger sphere can exercise in a constitutional colony is necessarily immense. His duty is to abide by the advice of his ministers; but his ministers and the colonial public will pay the voluntary respect to his judgment which his wider education and mental superiority command. He will lead without commanding. The presence among them of first-rate men is a compliment which the colonies appreciate as an evidence of the estimation in which they are held; just as when some mere man of rank or some hack of party is sent among them, they resent it as a

sign of disrespect. If we value the attachment of the colonies, we are bound to furnish them with the fittest chiefs whom we can provide; and there will be no difficulty when the situation of governor of a great colony is recognised as of the importance which really attaches to it."

These hints are modest but suggestive; whether our friends at the Colonial Office will accept them remains to be seen. Mr Froude's experience of Government departments does not lead him to expect much :—

"Some years ago a colonial premier spoke to me on this subject. I said that thousands of boys and girls would now annually be leaving our board schools with a rudimentary education, who had no parents, no friends, no prospects. I asked him if his colony would take some of them, fetch them out, and apprentice them, till they were twenty-one, to colonial farmers and artisans—the colony to be responsible for their good treatment, and to bear the expenses, in consideration for the services of these boys and girls while under age. I conceived that it would be a means of providing the colony with the most valuable recruits that could be found for it, while to the children themselves, if they behaved well, it would assure a happy future. My friend answered that we could do nothing, absolutely nothing, which would be received more warmly and gratefully by his colony. He promised everything—co-operation, supervision, any securities and guarantees that we liked to ask. I laid the matter before the home authorities. After a few weeks I received a reply, covering a quire of foolscap paper, proving to the satisfaction of the writer that nothing of the sort could or ought to be tried. Miss Rye and other generous women have proved that it can be done, and have provided hundreds of destitute children with homes in Canada. Government officials can only answer—Impossible."

Mr Froude devotes his closing chapter to the future of "Oceana," the empire on which the sun never sets, and of which Harrington said, "the sea gives the law to the growth of Venice, but the growth of Oceana gives the law to the sea." The Americans by desperate sacrifices have preserved the unity of their empire: unless the old English spirit is altogether broken, we must follow their example. The colonies are intensely loyal, and the Irish anarchist need only succeed if we are cowards :—

"The Americans, as I said, have settled the matter for themselves. Can we settle it for ours? It is *the* question for us, on the answer to which the complexion of our future depends. We, if we all please, can unite as they have united, can be knit together in as firm a bond, and hold the sea sceptre as lords of Oceana in so firm a grasp that a world combined in arms would fail to wrest it from us. As the interests of America forbade division, so do ours forbid it. United, we shall all be great and strong in the greatness and strength of our common empire, and the British nation will have a career before it more glorious than our glorious past. All wise men know this. Yet it is called impossible, because we have taught ourselves to believe that there is no other reliable motive for nations or individuals than a narrow selfishness. With that conviction, of course it is impossible, and all other great things are impossible. We are a lost people. Faith in a high course is the only basis of fine and noble action. 'Believe and ye shall be saved,' is as true in politics as in religion, and belief in the superior principle of our corporate life, is itself its own realisation. Let it be understood among us, as it is among the Americans, that we are one—though the bond be but a spiritual one—that separation is treason, and the suggestion of it misprision of treason, and all is done. Divorce between husband and wife is always a possibility, for divorce is a consequence of sin, and men and women are all liable to sin; but a married pair do not contemplate divorce, or speak of it or make preparation for it, either when they begin

their lives together, or tread through their daily round of duties and enjoyments side by side. Talked of and debated, it is already on its way to realisation; and a family would be fit for an asylum of idiots, where the rending of natural ties was a permitted subject of thought or conversation. Let it be the same in Oceana. Let separation be dismissed into silence as a horrible thing, 'not to be named among us,' and the union is already made, and the form or forms which it may assume may be left to time and circumstance to shape and reshape. Nature could make no organic thing—not a plant, not a flower, not a man—if she began with the form. She begins with the life in the seed, which she leaves to work, and what the life is in natural objects, the will and determination is in the arrangements of human society."

This is all very delightful, and we might go on quoting whole pages of sound sense and brilliant writing; but it is time to close. We do not know to what political party Mr Froude belongs, nor do we much care. For it seems to us that the time is close at hand when a broader division will have to be made,—when those who agree with the *spirit* in which this book is written must rank themselves on the one side—when those to whom that spirit makes no appeal must rank themselves on the other. It is ceasing to be a question of Tory and Whig, or even of Tory and Radical; it is coming to be a question between those who think that the English Empire is worth preserving, and the good name of England a precious possession, and those who have been deceived or have deceived themselves into thinking that "after all" it does not much matter what happens to England, if hungry animosities are gratified and wounded vanity cured.

We have just one crow to pick with Mr Froude. He repeats more than once or twice that he is growing an old man. We don't believe it. The man who wrote this volume is in his intellectual prime. When a mature politician, indeed, takes to turning the Book of Genesis upside down, we are reminded of Dogberry's—"An old man, sir,—he will be talking, as they say: when the age is in, the wit is out. God help us! it is a world to see!" But the Froudes and the Huxleys are of another metal; the years only sharpen their logic and brighten their wit. It is the fashion at present to grow old; but fashions change; and the nation is beginning to find that distinguished elderly gentlemen are an expensive luxury. We have got one Grand Old Man. We really cannot afford another.

A PSALM OF [POLITICAL] LIFE, 1885-86.

Now and then—not very often—
Read I the 'Pall Mall Gazette':
'Twere enough one's brain to soften
Every day a dose to get.
But 'tis well to watch the rolling
Of the Communistic eye;
So I took it through the Polling—
"Gladstone *versus* Salisbury"!

2.

First, the Battle of the Boroughs—
Knowledge and Experience *there;*
Next, we got among the furrows—
Inexperience everywhere.
"Talk of bullocks" in confusion
With concerns of State they mix—
"Up with every stale delusion!"
"Perish Foreign Politics!"

3.

What's a Vote?—Who cares a button
For Conservatives or Whigs?
Will it buy cheap beef and mutton?
Bread and butter? currants? figs?
Beer and spirits? eggs and bacon?
Coffee? cocoa? sugar? tea?
Pipes and baccy?—Let *him* take un
Who did *give* the Vote to we!

4.

Stop! I am anticipating,—
Let us, then, our steps retrace;
Look at hungry William waiting
For the starting of the race.
Hear him "Order" cry—and, presto!
From the Wizard of the North
Issues out a "Manifesto,"
Thrilling all the Firth of Forth!

5.

Time and patience both would fail us
To enumerate its "Points,"
All well sharpened to assail us,
And to pierce our armour-joints:
Peace, Retrenchment, Reformation,
One and all excluded are;
In their stead fierce Agitation,
Bribery, and Waste, and War!

6.

Not to seek to thread the mazes
Which delight our G. O. M.;
Land-Dispersion and like crazes—
Anything that's not *ad rem;*
Re-reformed Procedure, which is
Clôture, with a brand-new name;
Anything to put some stitches
To his rags, and hide his shame!

7.

Let us listen to the Leader,
When he takes in hand his Church;
Such a special Special-Pleader
Need not leave *her* in the lurch!
Need not—surely, will not—nourish
Thoughts of treason in his breast;
Join the rogues who bid her flourish—
Robbed of all things—*on the rest!*

8.

Sure, her William will not tell her
That her hour, at last, is come;
That his Hawardened hand must fell her,
As he fells, around his home,
Oaks, elms, beeches, planes, and ashes,
That have braved full many a storm,
Doomed to fall, with endless crashes,
Just to keep an old man warm!

9.

Surely, he who loves to figure
At the lectern of his son
Will not go and pull the trigger
Of the Communistic gun!—
Will not, fresh from Stephen's Bible,
Join the Bradlaughitish ring!
Surely, 'twere an awful libel
E'en to hint at such a thing!

10.

Stop a minute!—I'm suspicious,—
Very naughty though it be
To suspect of being vicious
Such a G. O. M. as he!
But I cannot help suspecting
Men whose food is fulsome praise;
And I cannot help reflecting
On the lessons of past days.

11.

So I *am* suspicious—very;—
By the company men keep
Prudence bids us judge them—wary,
Lest they rob us while we sleep:

And, alas, there's no denying
That our pious G. O. M.
Condescends to lead a lying
Thievish crew,[1] and herds with them!

12.

Liberals wild and Communistic,
Democrats, Agnostic Whigs,
Radical-High-Churchmen mystic,
Spurgeons, Parkers, Halls, and Riggs,
Holy Nonconformist creatures,
Far too good for this vile world—
Lank of locks, with lantern features,
Or Bulls Assyrian, oiled and curled!

13.

Liberationist transgressors
Of the law—"Thou shalt not steal!"
Dispossessing all possessors
Merely for the robbed one's weal—
Atheists, and grim Malthusian
Wretches of corruptest breed,
Spurning Faith as a delusion,
Ridiculing every Creed!

14.

Hartingtonians, sadly shaking
In their very shoes for dread,—
For they see there's no mistaking
That the tail will wag the head;
And they know that vertebration
Joins all heads and tails in one,
And they wriggle with vexation
At the thought of *their* backbone!

15.

Never, since the days of Babel,
Have things come to such a pass;
And the old man in the fable,
Meekly carrying his ass,
Never will again be pitied,
When compared with our Old Man,
Writing manifestoes fitted
For this miscellaneous clan!

16.

He a Churchman is—devoted—
Lesson-reading is his forte;
His "appointments" may be quoted
As good samples of their sort;
But the dear Dissenting brother—
"Generous" creature! must be won;
So his spiritual mother
Goes to the wall for Korah's son!

17.

Still, he dares not speak out plainly,—
Nets must not be *seen* by birds,—
So he strives, albeit vainly,
In a multitude of words,
So to mystify his meanings
As to hoodwink, till too late,
Liberal Churchmen with slight leanings
To the cause of Church and State!

18.

Man of manifold resources,
Thus he writes—
"Mid-Lothian, hear!
In the dim and distant courses
Of the Future—never fear—
Churches will be liberated
From the chains that gall them now,
Disendowed—Disintegrated—
Disestablished;—all must bow
To the overwhelming torrent
Of a slow-advancing wave—
Not with *my* help, thing abhorrent!
But when I am in my grave."

19.

Nothing, surely, could be better;
Speechifying's risky work;
But 'tis easy from a letter
To exclude the awful Turk—
Awkward questions about Bruin—
Holy Figure from the North—
Afghan tribes reduced to ruin—
British treaties nothing worth!
Quettah rails torn up and scattered,
Scientific Frontier gone,
All by jealous Gladstone shattered
That Disraeli had done!

20.

England's colours—England's honour—
Stained, disgraced, mud-trailed, and torn,
Degradation heaped upon her,
And the Dutch Boer's withering scorn.

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[1] "*Lying thievish crew;*" rather strong language, it must be owned, to apply to a Party which, undoubtedly, still contains many good men and true. But these cannot complain as long as they are weak enough to swallow their convictions systematically, merely because they cannot make up their minds to abandon the fetich-worship which is destroying them. Outsiders, looking on, must be pardoned if they see only one pot of *tar*, and one *brush!*

Arabi lured on to ruin,
  Challenged, conquered, none knew why;
Osman Digna left to stew in
  His own juice right merrily!

21.

Garrisons, on us relying,
  All abandoned to their doom,—
A little more or less of dying
  Hurts but few and gives more room!
Alexandria bombarded,
  At safe distance, out at sea;
Gordon shamefully discarded,
  Martyr to home-treachery!

22.

Expeditions ever starting,
  Tiny forces hurled at great,
Then recalled—each hero smarting
  At the fell reproach, "Too late."
War, red ruin, desolations,
  Squandered treasure, wasted life,
Coolly called mere "operations"—
  Just a little harmless strife!

23.

Orphans lone and widows tearful
  Fill the land from end to end;
And, of course, the bill was fearful—
  But, then, money's made to spend!
So there was an awful Budget,
  Millions up to *centum* ran;
And, at last, John Bull cried—"Trudge it
  Back to Hawarden, Grand Old Man!"

24.

Shrewd old codger! None knew better
  That "Mum's the word," and so he wrote
That wondrous "Manifesto" letter,
  Asking Mid-Lothian for its vote.
"Let the dead past its dead bury—
  Dead men tell no tales, I ween!
Try us again, and shortly—*very*—
  You shall see—what shall be seen!

25.

"Come then, comrades, be contented,
  All is safe, you know, with me;
Only Church folk, quite demented,
  Ever doubt my fealty!
Hush, sweet Backbone—*this* '*sub rosa*'—
  Through yon vista look, and see
What you shall see! Don't suppose a
  G. O. M. can take in thee!

26.

"Don't forget that sight and measure
  Now and then are *short*, not long,
Dim and distant, at my pleasure,
  Near and *clear*,—and right is wrong!
Vistas crumple up before me,
  And with magic wand I mix,
For the duffers that adore me,
  Practicable Politics!"

27.

But "without his host" he reckoned!
  In his Party mutiny!
Perky Joe came forth and beckoned
  To his Caucus jauntily!
Blinker on one eye displaying,
  Orchis set in button-hole,
And—it goeth without saying—
  William shuddered in his soul!

28.

"Stuff and humbug! Up and at 'em!"
  Joe exclaimed, "and spare 'em not!
'Twon't take very long to scat 'em,
  If we strike while iron's hot.
Borrow Bismarck's blood and thunder,
  More than half the battle's won;
Cleave the Tory hosts asunder:
  Follow *me!* 'twill soon be done!

29.

"Salisbury an awful bore is;
  Randolph's neck is stiff to bend;
Come, we'll clear the land of Tories,
  From O' Groat's House to its 'End'!"
Straightway, up and down the counties
  Wandered weird uncanny men,
Promising unheard-of bounties—
  Not just now, of course—but *then!*

30.

"Wages higher still and higher!
  Beef for nothing! Bread for less!
Fuel free for Christmas-fire!
  Free material for dress!
Land *ad libitum*—three acres
  At the *least*, and eke a cow!
Come, expectant butter-makers,
  You may bring the *halters* now!

31.

"Free as air all Education
  Of your little ones shall be!
No more pennies! For this nation
  All the three R's must be free!

Trust your Joe to find the money,—
There'll be plenty to be had
When the Church drones lose their honey,
And their hive goes to the bad!"

32.

William heard it, and he trembled,
And his knees together smote,
And his countenance resembled
That of which the Prophet wrote;
For he knew that prematurely
From the bag had sprung the cat,
Though he thought he'd so securely
Hindered blunders such as *that!*

33.

Done, the deed could not be undone,
And forthwith the fray began,
And the citizens of London,
Rose in fury, man by man:
Westminster, the Strand, the City,
Hampstead, Hackney, Lambeth too,
Gave no quarter, showed no pity
To the yelping, cringing crew!

34.

Then each big Provincial Borough
Smote the Liberals hip and thigh;
Never was defeat more thorough,—
"'Twas a glorious victory!"
Gladstone raves and tears his collars,
Rends his garments past repair;
Rushes to the South, and hollers
All the way till he gets there!

35.

"Come, new voters, come my darlings,
Come and save your Grand Old Man;
Come in flocks, like your own starlings,
Vote, and—thanks to me—you can!
Vote and overwhelm the traitors,—
Vote; you shall have *all* things *free!*
Free fields, houses, turnips, taters,—
Not that I mean *Bribery!*

36.

"Only 'bribing operations'
Quite another thing, you know,—
Though my pious aspirations
Bad men misinterpret so;
Just as when we 'operated'—
'Twasn't *war!*—along the Nile,—
Oh, that I should still be fated
To be scourged by tongues so vile!

37.

"Come, my darlings! come, my beauties!
Who but Gladstone seeks your good?
Come, I think you know your duties—
Vote, at least, from gratitude!
Come, oh come, from every quarter,
North and south and west and east;
Oh, we'll have a splendid slaughter,
And the ravens *such* a feast!

38.

"Down with Parnell and his Tories,
Rebel Leaguers every one!
Who will wreck old England's glories,
And the realm where sets no sun!
We can do it, dears, believe me,
If your hearts are only true;
Ah, I'm sure you'll not deceive me,—
Come and vote, then! Well done you!"

39.

Then from dark and distant regions,
Far from busy sounds of men,
Hodge poured forth his loutish legions,
Dick, Jack, Joe, Tom, Bill, and Ben;
But in Sussex, Kent, and Surrey,
Berkshire, Herts, and Middlesex,
Few were found in any hurry
Meekly to bow down their necks.

40.

But they looked, with gaze most careful,
At his collar's awful tips,
Saintly eyes, upraised so prayerful,
Solemn movement of his lips,—
Recognised that naughty leer, and
Cried, "This gentleman we know!
He's a pretty saint and queer"—and
"Not for Joe, sir; not for Joe!"

41.

Oh, 'twas wormwood—who can doubt it?—
Gall, too, to our G. O. M.;
But he made small fuss about it—
He could manage without them.
For votes are not weighed, but counted,
And the few with wit and sense
Are quite easily surmounted
By abounding insolence.

42.

And th' enfranchised ploughboys, knowing
Simply nothing—up to date—
All old barriers overflowing,
Swamped the old electorate;
Crushed th' enlightened population
'Neath their big clodhopping boot,
And "the verdict of the nation"
Trod and trampled under foot!

43.

Not *exactly* what he wanted
Was his great majority;
But our hero, nothing daunted,
Set to work forthwith to see
How to get back quick to power,—
For, you know, he's growing old,—
Not one single needless hour
Stopping outside in the cold!

44.

See him counting up his beauties—
Quaker John and perky Joe;
Grinning Granville—to his *duties*
Ready, with light heart, to go.
Arch, three Aclands, sage Trevelyan,
Labouchere and Bradlaugh, too;
Heaps of members "for the million"—
Cheap and nasty, unwashed crew!

45.

"Some are not!" he sighs in sadness,
Thinking of the luckless Twelve,
Whom "those Boroughs" had the madness—
Mean malicious things!—to shelve.
"But enough remain, by Jingo!
What they're like one needn't see;
Needn't hear their vulgar lingo;
'Beggars must not choosers be!'

46.

"Ay, *enough!* just half 'the number
Of the Beast' abide with me;
Salisbury's confounded lumber
Leave me top by 83!
True, they won't all keep together,
Or the common good discern;
But in stormy, dirty weather,
My umbrella 'll serve my turn!"

47.

Lo, a voice—not quite from Heaven—
Stops the old schemer's reverie,—
"This child tots up 87,—
What about your 83?
Do my bidding, or when you, sir,
Say to the Tories — 'There's the door!'
All your doings I'll undo, sir;
Salisbury shall win by 4!"

48.

'Twas a very awkward question,
'Twould have stumped a common wight,
But our Grand Old Man's digestion
E'en an ostrich envy might:
Not alarmed, but quite elated,—
As his own words, what so nice?—
Gladstone never hesitated,
But devoured them in a trice!

49.

Rang the bell; and, when the flunkey
Brought his axe, cried, "Hang the trees;
Go and call the Castle monkey,
Call the Infant Hercules;"
Herbert came—astonished rather,
When he saw King Parnell there,
Chatting blandly with his father—
Such an interesting pair!

50.

"Ah," thought he, "there's something in it;"
But, before he could sit down,
Cried the G. O. M.—"This minute,
Herbert, dear, be off to Town;
Tell the people that the curtain
Shall be lifted very soon;
And, by way of making certain,
Just send up a small balloon!"

51.

Need I tell the doleful story
Of that "pilot's" airy flight?
How each naughty cruel Tory
Saw it rise with rare delight?
How the Moderates, in a flurry,
Turned their backs upon the thing;
Refuge took, in headlong hurry,
Under the great Cecil's wing?

52.

Need I tell you of the ruin
Of those two companions queer—
Left their own sweet juice to stew in,
Uncrown'd king—uncrown'd career?

* * * * * *

Lives of Grand Old Men remind us
We may make our lives a bore,
And, ballooning, leave behind us
Murky tracks unknown before:
Tracks that, let us hope, another,
Lost in Party's per'lous race,
Some strange, shifty, shuffling brother,
Seeing, may take heart of grace!

R.

ON A FAR-OFF ISLAND.

We arrived at Karpathos a wreck—that is to say, a gust of wind from the mountains struck us when sailing on an almost glassy sea, carried away our sail and our mast, and reduced us to our oars. Where is Karpathos? and why did we go there? are always questions put to us; and we reply that it is one of the most lost islands of the Ægean Sea, lying between Crete and Rhodes, where no steamer touches, and that my wife and I spent some months on it last winter with a view to studying the customs of the 9000 Greeks who inhabit it, and who in their mountain villages have preserved through long ages many of the customs of the Greeks of old.

Our island delighted us immensely for its own exceeding loveliness: sharp-peaked mountains rise 4000 feet out of the sea, deep clefts lined with fir-trees run down to the water's edge. Near one of these, where nestled a tiny fishing hamlet, to the north of the island, we deserted our wreck, and hired a boat manned by four wild-looking Karpathiote oarsmen to row us along the coast for seven hours to the chief village. Their oars were like great branches, and with each stroke they pulled they rose from their seat, jumped on the seat in front of them, and kept time by repeating in a shrill voice little rhyming distiches, commenced by stroke and carried on by the others. These sailors know hundreds of these rhymes, which have been handed down from father to son. As a specimen I will give this one: Stroke commences by shouting, "Everything from God;" number two, "assistance;" number three, "and supervision;" bow concludes the couplet by, "and our bark shall proceed well." When not singing, the sailors were chiding and chaffing one another, so that for the whole of the seven hours they were scarcely silent for a moment—not even stroke, a grey-haired man, who will not see sixty again.

The Governor of Karpathos is a Turk, his treasurer is a Turk, the custom-house officer is a Turk, and there are five Turkish soldiers on Karpathos to uphold the Government of the Porte. Except these, all the inhabitants are Greek, and the villages up in the mountains are allowed almost complete self-government, provided their annual tribute is paid. It is absurd to see how keen party spirit is in these tiny village communities over the election of the *demarch*, or mayor of the place. We attended one of their annual Parliaments, at which the election takes place. Eighty members of the village were assembled and seated cross-legged in the church, wild unkempt shepherds, with rough goatskin cloaks, and priests with long hair flowing loosely over their shoulders. Suddenly would arise a perfect pandemonium of voices in eager dispute, and as quickly would it be hushed, when the oldest man of the village arose, Deacon Saint George as he is called—Deacon, because he can read and write, and Saint, because his grandfather once had been a pilgrim to the Holy Tomb. "He is the most honourable man of all Karpathos," they whispered to me in mute admiration; but a few days after this I had an opportunity of testing his honour, for he always tottered after us on his stick, with

his long tasselled fez and long blue coat. One day my wife dropped a trifling ornament, value sixpence, which our old friend saw fall. He picked it up, looked at it, looked to see if my wife noticed her loss, held it in his hand for some time, and eventually consigned it to his pocket. Thus for this trifling loss we gauged the standard of honour of the most honourable councillor, the Nestor of Karpathos, at the sound of whose voice the hubbub of the village Parliament was for the moment lulled, though only to break forth again with redoubled vigour when Deacon Saint George sat down, until weary of dispute another lull ensued, during which the village schoolmaster was called upon, as the only decent scribe of the place, to write down the minutes of the meeting. A psalter was fetched from a stand in the church, pen and ink were produced, and, amidst a torrent of advice from all sides, the schoolmaster wrote down—well, I expect, pretty nearly what he pleased. Such is home rule amongst the mountains of Karpathos.

After our long and lovely row, we landed in the most populous corner of the island, where a group of villages run up a fertile gorge far into the mountains, down which a stream dashes, called the Chaos, leaping and boiling through chasms scarcely two yards wide. It is considered a most uncanny stream, which no man durst approach at night for fear of Nereids and other water-sprites. In the chief village the Turkish governor lives,—the Kaimakam, "the superior lord"—*kaimak* being the word for anything superior. Cream, of which we got an endless supply in Karpathos, is called *kaimak*; so, for the sake of simplicity, we soon took to calling the governor "the Cream."

With a view to a prolonged stay in one of these villages, we tried to secure for ourselves a house, but experienced much difficulty; for we had three introductions with us, and soon we discovered that three families were quarrelling amongst themselves for our possession. Old Koubìs was a very talkative, desponding member of society, who came to visit us later than the others, apologising for his delay by saying that his "bride" was ill. We could not imagine what so old a man could be doing with a bride, until we learned that his son had lately taken a wife, who was for the time being the family bride.

We spent the two first nights in the house of the Greek interpreter to the governor; and here we might have continued to dwell had not our third friend made us feel uncomfortable by privately insinuating that we were making ourselves inconvenient to "the interpreter," and that he could secure for us an empty house up in the village of Volà. By this plan he got us out of the interpreter's house. Not till later did we discover that our third friend had lately been studying Turkish hard, and aspired to the post of interpreter himself; so that a few weeks later he actually attempted the life of our first host.

Housekeeping at Volà was difficult. We had to send to the mountains for meat and milk whenever we wanted it; for the good Karpathiotes are most abstemious, rarely eating anything but bread and olives. As for groceries, save coffee and sugar, they were not to be had for love or money; and no vegetables, except onions, existed in the island. Our house consisted of one large room. Half of it had a mud floor; half was a raised wooden

platform for our beds, below which were store cupboards for oil and wine. The windows had no glass in them; and some days, when the mountain mist came down upon us, we crouched over our charcoal brazier and shivered again. Our servant dwelt in a tiny kitchen adjoining, where his struggles to light a fire with damp wood, and to cook without utensils, used to call for our keenest pity. Every evening a party of old women would come to keep us company, with their faces enveloped in handkerchiefs. They told us local customs and beliefs of an extraordinary nature. One evening I tried to sketch these old crones, and was discovered so doing. I thought my eyes would have been scratched out and my handiwork destroyed for my impudence, so infuriated were they; for they believe that if their portraits are taken they will waste away and die.

Six months before our arrival, the owner of our house had died, and the sister, Sebastà by name, had inherited it; but she had kept it closed ever since, until our third friend, a relative of hers, had persuaded her to open it for us, on the condition that we should not sing or hold festival therein. We were not informed on taking possession of the delicate nature of our tenure, and in an unlucky moment we invited "the Cream," his interpreter, his treasurer, and our two other friends to a meal, and were prepared to put forth all our limited resources to do credit to our nation on the occasion.

The evening before our party Sebastà rushed in, in great distress. "You are going to give a table in this house of mourning," she cried. "You will sing, you will get drunk, and the neighbours will sneer and say how soon has the memory of the dead been forgotten." Our position was an awkward one, for it was too late to make other arrangements. In our extremity we protested that we would not sing, nor would we get drunk, though I felt inward misgivings on this latter point with regard to one or two of our guests. Sebastà wept and stamped with rage alternately. The old grandmother expostulated, and our third friend, who came in to our assistance, argued. The point was not settled when we retired to rest that night, nor did we obtain leave to hold our party until a short time before the guests were due. Then arose another difficulty. Our kid and our milk, for which we had despatched a special messenger to the mountains, did not reach us until two hours before the time appointed for "the table," and an agonising two hours we spent, literally tearing our kid limb from limb to prepare it for the pot. Of course the milk got smoked, and our English pudding was a disgrace to the nation. And then, to our horror, an hour before they were invited our guests arrived, bringing with them two others for whom we were not prepared. No party that we shall ever be called upon to give in civilised regions will appear formidable after this, and it really passed off remarkably well, with the assistance of a bottle of brandy for the Turks, who get over their vow not to drink wine by this subterfuge, and plenty of wine for the Greeks. We did not sing, and I don't think any one got drunk: at all events, Sebastà came in afterwards to thank us for having thus far respected the memory of her departed sister.

Only a few weeks later our third friend attempted the life of the interpreter; but when sitting at our table, no one would have guessed their animosity. They re-

lated how once they had together, at one sitting, eaten seventeen new-born lambs, so plentiful are they in Karpathos, after which they had consumed forty sardines apiece, and got drunk by going round from house to house asking for wine. When they came to the doctor's house, he gave them some wine, but placed in it a drug which was very beneficial to them after their debauch. Our third friend, the would-be interpreter, is very poor, and glories in his poverty, for it has come to pass as follows: he gave his eldest daughter so large a dower, that she was enabled to marry the schoolmaster of a neighbouring island. It is a curious feature in Karpathos, where romance is unknown, and, as our friend the interpreter said, "All our marriages are for substance." Firstborn sons inherit their father's property, firstborn daughters their mother's, and no girl can marry without she can provide her husband with a house. The result is excellent in checking the population, and in producing old maids; but we could not help thinking it was a little hard on the second daughter of our third friend, a plain girl, who went about without shoes and stockings, and was ready to earn a trifle by carrying our luggage on her head.

As a return for our "table," "the Cream" and our other friends arranged a sort of picnic for us, to a lovely spot called Mrs Madonna (Kera Panagià), where a church contains a miraculous picture, and is looked after by a well-known old hermit-monk called Vasili. The church is at the foot of a narrow gorge down by the sea, amidst tree-clad heights, which culminate in Mount Lastos, the highest peak in Karpathos, 4000 feet above the sea-level. Close to this church there is a water source, which springs right out of a rock: it is icy cold and clear, and all around its egress the rock is garlanded with maidenhair; mastic, myrtle, and daphne almost conceal it from view. To this spot, the most favoured one in the island, our friends took us. In 1821 a Cretan refugee, whose flocks and possessions had been destroyed by the Turks, vowed a church to the Panagià if she would lead him to a place of safety. So, says the legend, she conducted his boat here, where he found water, fertility, and seclusion, and here he built the church he had vowed. Once a year, on the day of the Assumption, the Karpathiotes make a pilgrimage to this spot; for the rest of the year it is left to the charge of poor old Vasili, who told us the very sad story which had driven him to adopt this hermit life. A few years ago he lived in the village, with his two sons and one daughter. She married a sea-captain, a well-to-do sponge-fisher, who owned a boat and much money, he said. On one of his voyages, the sponge-fisher took with him Vasili's two sons, and on their way they fell across a boat manned by pirates from Amorgos. The pirates shot the captain, boarded the caïque, and strapped the two brothers to the mast. After they had cleared the boat of all they could find, they sank it, and shortly afterwards some other sponge-fishers found the two brothers fastened to the mast at the bottom of the sea. They gave notice to the Government, and a steamer was despatched from Chios in pursuit of the pirates, and the bodies were brought home and buried. It was but poor satisfaction to old Vasili to hear of the capture of the murderers. His daughter shortly afterwards married again, and left Karpathos,

and he, with his broken heart and tottering step, donned the garb of a monk, and came to end his days at Kera Panagià, where he lives in a little stone hut alongside the church, and tills the ground, lights the lamps before the sacred pictures, and rings the church bell.

Our picnic meal was the greatest possible success, for "the Cream" brought with him one of his soldiers, an Albanian, who spoke no language but his own. This man was despatched to the mountain for a lamb, which he cooked for us after the fashion of the Albanian "klephtes." A wooden skewer was passed through the body, and it was roasted whole before a smouldering fire of brushwood, and basted with cream and salt. When ready, it was served on a table of sweet-smelling herbs—mastic, rosemary, &c. We all squatted around on the ground, and the lamb was rent in pieces, and to each guest was handed a bone, which we picked with more or less dexterity, according as we were accustomed to such procedure. We were very jovial over our meal, and our friends foretold pleasant things for us from the shoulder-bone of the lamb, according to their custom; and then we drank a large bowl of cream, "the flower of milk," as they call it, which, with native honey, is truly delicious, and afforded us the opportunity we wished of making a complimentary pun, by comparing the governor to the beverage before us. After our meal, we smoked cigarettes under the shade of a carob-tree—the tree which the peasants tell you was the only one which the devil forgot to spoil, for all others shed their leaves and fruit, but the carob-tree is for ever green and fructifying. It is better known to us as the locust-tree, the pods of which are sweet and like honey to eat, and made us not pity St John the Baptist so much for his desert fare. Late in the evening we returned to our home at Volà, on excellent terms with our friends.

A young married woman of our acquaintance died when we were at Volà, and the melancholy ceremonies attending her death will remain fixed on our memories until our turn comes to die. A few hours after her death the corpse had been washed in wine and water, when it was dressed in a richly embroidered robe, and placed on a bier like a low table, with handles for carrying, in the one-roomed house. Around stood the family groaning and screaming and lacerating themselves in their demonstrative grief, awaiting the arrival of the hired mourner, a woman of commanding but repulsive mien. Her first action was to fall upon the corpse and weep; then she stood erect at the foot of the bier and lifted up her voice to sing her dirge in a shrill, heartrending key. "How can the sun dare to shine on a scene of grief like this?" she began, "where the children are deprived of their mother's care, where the hearth is left desolate for the husband on his return from toiling in the fields. Would that I could descend to Hades, and see my darling once more, to give her a parting kiss from her dear ones, whose minds are troubled like the sea, when it rolls in after a mighty storm on to the shore."

These pathetic strains drove the relatives into an agony of grief, which continued with more or less vehemence for two hours, until the priest and his acolytes came to convey the corpse to the tomb. Before the procession left the house, a jug full of water was broken on

the threshold: it is customary here to spill water at the door when any one starts on a journey, as an earnest of success. To-day the traveller had gone on her last long journey, so the jug was broken. The family tomb was at some little distance from the village, and on their way thither the priests chanted offices, interrupted frequently by hideous wails from the lamenters who headed the procession; and as the mournful company passed, women came forth from their houses to howl in concert.

Every Karpathiote family has its tomb on the hillside, with a tiny chapel attached, in which the corpse is placed before interment. Here the final offices for the dead were chanted, and the mourners ceased to wail, until the very solemn *stichera* of the last kiss came, which begins, "Blessed is the way thou shalt go to-day," whereat each in turn advanced to give their last kiss to the cold face of the corpse, and then, with one accord, they burst forth again into loud and uncontrolled grief.

They never put the body into a coffin in Karpathos, for there is a popular impression that a spirit enclosed in wood cannot escape. One year after the death the bones are taken out, placed in an embroidered bag, and thrown into a charnel-house below the chapel. They believe that if the flesh is not decayed altogether off the bones, the spirit does not rest in peace; consequently this ceremony of opening the grave is a very anxious one for the survivors, who consider that they can thereby tell the destination of their lost friend's soul. When there is any suspicion that the defunct is not at peace in Hades, the name is without delay entered on the "soul paper," or the priest's memorandum-list of the souls for which he has to pray during the divine mystery.

Many superstitious practices are carried on in connection with the inquietude of souls. Sometimes the ashes are removed to an island rock, for ghosts cannot cross water; sometimes they are burnt and scattered to the winds; and a dying man must never be covered with any material made of goat's hair, for it will detain the spirit, neither must anything be handed across a corpse for the same reason; and they never button the clothes they put on after death: finally, they remove all rings, for the spirit, they say, can even be detained in the little finger, and cannot rest.

The tomb was a plain square building of stone: into it the corpse was laid, a few handfuls of earth were thrown on by the relatives, and here the body was left to decay, and to pollute the vicinity with a terrible stench during the summer heat. When closed, they placed on the grave the axe and the spade which had been used in opening it, in the shape of a cross, for twenty-four hours.

It was truly heartrending to hear the wails of the relatives all that evening by the grave. The old mother of the deceased, with dishevelled grey locks, knelt there for hours with her other daughters, working themselves from one paroxysm to another, with short intervals to gain breath; and then next day, and on stated days afterwards, they brought the boiled wheat adorned with raisins to place on the tomb, and each time their wailings were renewed. Yet with all this excessive grief, it is surprising to see how evanescent is the respect paid to properly denuded bones. Many of the family charnel-houses have fallen into ruins through neglect, and the embroidered bags, which I was almost

tempted to steal, were scattered about, with the bones peeping out. One particular instance struck us forcibly: it was the charnel-house belonging to the chief priest of the village, which had been almost washed away by the winter's rain. All around lay the skulls and bones, in hideous confusion, of his deceased relatives, amongst which of an evening old witch-like crones would wander to collect such bones as they deemed of use for incantations. For example, a skull set upon a post facing the direction they wish the wind to blow from, is considered efficacious in producing the desired current of air, and it does not strike them as a hideous notion that the skull of some dear departed one should be used for this purpose.

The Karpathiotes live in the depths of superstition, with their soothsayings and incantations. A doctor does exist in the chief village; but he told me that his practice was almost entirely confined to the Turks and a few of the more enlightened Greeks. In the mountain villages they never think of calling in anybody to the sick but the old witches, who mutter incantations and wave a mysterious sickle with weird gestures over their patient; or sometimes a priest is called in, for they profess to be able to bind diseases, especially fevers, to trees by writing on a scrap of paper the mystic words, "Divinity of God, divine mystery." This they tie with a red thread round the neck of the sufferer; next morning they remove it, and go out on the hillside, where they tie it to a tree, and imagine that they thus transfer the fever from the patient to the branch.

At Volà we witnessed several of those curious customs by which the priests manage to extract money from these benighted people. They exorcise rats and mice by sprinkling holy water and by saying a prayer under the tree or barn which the vermin frequent. At Easter they sell candles from the church, by burning which and saying some mystic words in their houses, they think they will drive away beetles from their dwellings.

At the neighbouring village of Othos there lives a portly and well-to-do prophet, who has grown rich and very sleek on his soothsayings, for seldom do marriages or voyages take place without consulting him, and he does not give his advice for nothing. We visited him one day, and heard him prophesy as he lay in bed with a many-coloured coverlet over his inspired limbs. It was a cheery little house, the walls of which were hung with holy pictures, sacred olive twigs to keep off the evil eye, a vial of sacred oil from Easter, and scraps of meat preserved from the last Easter lamb, now nearly one year old. There were crowds of people in the room, including a priest, who joined devoutly in the prayer to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, before the soothsaying began. From beneath his pillow the prophet produced his books of magic art, out of which he professes to expound the future: one of these is an ordinary psalter, which he opens, and from the first line on which the eye falls he reads his divination. Again, he has a list of numbers, one of which you select at haphazard with a pointed bit of wood: this number corresponds to a prophecy in his book of magic, which he reads to you as the decree of fate. People come from all parts of Karpathos to consult this strange man, and, said the priest, "the utterings of this oracle are seldom at fault." We clearly ascertained by experience that the priests, the prophet, and the old

crones who cure diseases have it all their own way, and play into one another's hands in the game of extortion.

I think the time we enjoyed most during our stay in Karpathos was Easter, and the opportunity it afforded us of seeing the amusements of these primitive islanders. By that time we felt quite at home amongst them, and were welcome visitors in most houses. Furthermore, the uncertain spring had settled down into delicious summer weather, and the slopes at a stone's throw from our house were carpeted with lovely flowers.

Amusements in Karpathos certainly are not numerous, and may be summed up as consisting of music and dancing in a variety of forms. In every occupation they sing: the very washerwoman, as she kneels at the brook, is practising death-wails for the next funeral. It is a curious sight to see women treading their homespun flannel to get out of it the long hairs. Two of them sit at either end of a sort of trough, with their legs bare, and leaning their backs against the wall: here they tread wearily away from sunrise to sunset, singing as they do so little idyls, the poetry of which is peculiarly quaint and pretty—*mantinada* they call these idyls in Karpathos; and sometimes, to assist them in their drudgery, a man will come and play the lyre,—just one of those lyres which their ancestors played, a pretty little instrument about half a yard long, with silver beads which jangle attached to the bow. Besides this they have the *syravlion*, a sort of pan-pipe made of two reeds hollowed out, with blow-holes and straws up the middle, and placed side by side in a larger reed. A third instrument is the *sabouna*, a species of bagpipe, being a goatskin with the hairs left on, which palpitates like a living body when filled with air. These instruments are romantic enough when played by shepherds on the hillside or in the village square as an accompaniment to the dance, but they are intolerable in the tiny cottages where women tread their flannel.

Singing is the accompaniment and conclusion to every feast, for the feasts in Karpathos are merely the symposia of ancient days, in which men only take a part, and are attended upon by women. Co-operation in labour is customary here. If a man plants a vineyard, builds a house, or ploughs a field, he has but to call upon his friends and relatives to assist him, and the only payment expected is a handsome meal, after which the men sing *mantinada* with their arms around each other's necks, and reel home dead-drunk at night. Many of these took place during our stay at Volà; and when we learned that the giver of the feast looks upon it as a positive insult if his guests do not get drunk, we ceased to feel shocked when our slumbers were disturbed by the shouts of the revellers on their homeward way. Our third friend gave one to the men who had assisted him in tilling his fields, and he invited me to it. I fear I insulted him by leaving before the entertainment had reached its height, for we saw little of him after that; and we did not regret this when we learned about the desperate attempt that had been made on the life of our friend the "interpreter." All Volà affirmed that our third friend had hired the assassin, for was he not a relative of his, and was it not to his interest to remove the object of his dislike? At all events, the wrong man got killed in the fray,

and our third friend was present at the funeral; the murderer escaped, and the interpreter never went out without a soldier with a crazy old musket to attend upon him. Such was the "murder at Volà," in which we shall always feel that we were more or less implicated.

During the Sundays of Lent at Volà the people got very much excited over the game of swing, which took place in the afternoon in a narrow street. Damsels hung from one wall to the other a rope, and on this they put rugs to form a swing. Two of them generally sat together, and sang *mantinada*, and took a toll from each man who passed by, the fine being a penny, a swing, and a song. Some of the young men came primed with ditties, which looked as if romance was not so wholly unknown to them as the "interpreter" had told us.

"Your figure is a lemon-tree,
Its branches are your hair;
Joy to the youth who climbs
To pluck the fruit so fair."

Whilst another favourite ditty is, "Your lips are honey, mine are wine; come, let us eat honey and drink wine. But here the flirtation ended; the young men kept together, and the young women kept together. We never saw a case of "keeping company" whilst we were there.

Before Easter we went up to a mountain village called Olympus, whether from its exalted position or not I cannot say, where customs of an exceedingly quaint nature existed, and where we tarried in the house of the schoolmaster. They began their preparations on Palm Sunday; and at four o'clock on that morning our slumbers were disturbed by a herald, who went round to summon every one to church. In his hand he carried a reed called the *nartheka*, and in this he had a light, for the morning was windy; and, like Prometheus of old, who thus brought down fire from heaven, he went to the houses of all the priests to light their candles, they having for this purpose left their doors open the night before. Then he lighted the candles of the chief inhabitants, after which he shouted from a commanding height his summons to worship; and as a reward for his services he was presented with a loaf of holy bread. The church was very crowded at this early service, the women remaining outside in the *proavlion*, where they could get a glimpse at the performance through the door. They have no pews to sit in, but each mother of a family possesses one of the stone slabs which form the pavement: on this she performs her devotions, and brooks no encroachment. This slab she leaves, together with her jewellery and her embroidered dresses, to her eldest daughter.

That afternoon every household was busy making "the candles of the resurrection;" and very quaint they looked, squatting on the floor close to a fire of embers, with lumps of honeycomb, which they were moulding into candles on the low wooden tables used for making macaroni. During the next few days everybody went about with exceeding gay fingers, as each household had been dyeing their Easter eggs, some purple, some golden, some green; for eggs have been forbidden by the Lenten fast, and every egg that has been laid during Lent in Olympus has been hard boiled for Easter, and was now being coloured with dyes made from their mountain herbs.

Every house and church had to be whitewashed, inside and out; and every evening the labourers

returned from their work groaning under bundles of brushwood, for Thursday was the great baking-day, when every oven was heated, and nothing was seen at Olympus but women running about with long boards on their heads, carrying twisted cakes covered with sesame seed and a coloured egg in each; also pasties of green herbs—horrible things, which we were frequently offered, and had a difficulty in disposing of. The baking day was a very gay scene. When the ovens were sufficiently heated with burning brushwood, and the embers had been swept out, these boards were shoved in; and after seeing a baking such as this, it was easy to realise the popular enigma which asks you what a black-faced heifer is which consumes brushwood, and without hesitation you answer, an oven.

On Saturdaybefore Easter all the shepherds come into Olympus from their mountain dairies — in most cases mere caves in the rocks — where many of them pass the entire year. On their backs they carry goatskins full of cheese and milk and cream, which they distribute as presents to each householder, receiving in return a sufficiency of bread to last them many a month, —for most of this Easter bread is not consumed till it has acquired the consistency of biscuit. On Easter eve we looked out upon householders rushing hither and thither with bowls of cream and milk, whilst we poor strangers could buy none at all, so intent was everybody in providing for the morrow's feast.

We did not attend the Easter-night service at Olympus, nor did we receive the kisses of peace which are distributed broadcast on such occasions, for having experienced the sensation before, we did not wish to repeat it; but we arose early enough to see the women roasting their lambs in their ovens. In one oven we counted as many as twelve lambs roasting and stuffed with rice, — unpalatable things enough, with distorted limbs, looking as if they had been thrust in alive and died in agony; and at each house we visited that day, we were presented with a most embarrassing limb of lamb.

We did attend the afternoon service, and got our clothes well covered with wax for so doing. Every worshipper carried a lighted candle, and ignored the angle at which it was held. We assisted at the merriment in the churchyard after service was over, when the young men shoot a Guy Fawkes erected on the wall, popularly believed to resemble Judas Iscariot.

On Monday the good folks of Olympus danced in the space before the church, resplendent with barbarous jewellery and quaint costumes. These dances interested us much, as being genuinely archaic in character. A circle was formed, in the midst of which we and the sober-minded who did not dance sat like sardines in a box, everybody eating something, and everybody asking his neighbour to have a bite at the delicacy which he was consuming. Mothers had their babies strung like bundles on their backs. Every child had a gorgeous Easter egg, with which it was dyeing its cheeks and lips; and here we sat, whilst the dancers never ceased to revolve in the weary circle of alternate men and women with arms intertwined, so that each alternate dancer held the hand of the next but one. Sometimes it was fast, and the leader performed feats of agility; sometimes it was slow, when the men smoked cigarettes, and the women sang ditties; but the dancing never stopped for a single moment, nor

did the grinding of the lyre, or the girgle of the bagpipe, till darkness drove them to drink and to dance in their stifling houses.

Early on Tuesday morning the head of each family solemnly repaired to his tomb with his offering of bread for the dead: this he placed on the stone pedestal in the midst of every chapel, and about nine o'clock the priests went round with acolytes and large baskets to collect the same for their own consumption. At eleven commenced the annual procession to the tombs, which wended its way up and down rugged paths along the mountain side, and was composed of the most energetic inhabitants, carrying the sacred pictures from the Church and the banners: at each tomb they passed on their route guns were let off, and prayers were said. We were content to watch them from a distance, as they wended their way like a gigantic caterpillar along the hills for many a mile. Finally they descended to the stream, into which was put the most revered of their pictures, that the Madonna might bless the waters. In the afternoon they returned to Olympus, where the priests blessed the multitude before the church, and the bearers of the pictures and banners grew exceeding wroth with the priests for not giving them as much money as they considered their labour deserved.

On Thursday we went down to the tiny port of Diaphane, where the men of Olympus own a few cottages and a few crafts, and where a church is built, containing a miracle-working picture, to worship which the Olympites make a private pilgrimage once a year on the evening of the Thursday after Easter. I have attended pilgrimages before in Greece, but none so quaint and simple as this.

We started before the pilgrims down a lovely gorge clad with fir-trees, down a road which was a succession of tiny waterfalls, the worst of the many bad roads of Karpathos, and we found the few inhabitants of Diaphane busily engaged in preparing for the feast, cutting up lambs and kids into hunks, decorating the church floor with myrtle, and opening barrels of wine for the night's debauch. We found quarters with the priest, and from his roof had an excellent view of the proceedings. Towards evening the pilgrims, with their mules and their baggage, came down, letting off guns to announce their arrival, and greeting every one they met with "Christ is risen!" which they continue to do in Karpathos for forty days after Easter is past; and at sundown they tinkled a goat's bell as a summons to the evening liturgy.

It was a pretty sight to see the pilgrims squatted in merry little groups along the shore, "breaking their bread," and refreshing themselves for the dance, which commenced at ten. Such a night of revelry I have seldom heard: dancing and singing went on without cessation out in the courtyards, and sometimes inside, so that whatever rest we got was haunted by the heavy tramp of the dancers, and the piercing voices of the singers. The sun was high in the heavens before the sound of the lyre and the bagpipe ceased, and the goat's bell once more tinkled to summon the revellers to their devotions. I went to the liturgy, and found but few inside the church, for the male pilgrims, wearied with their nocturnal orgies, were either washing in the sea or stretched on the shore to secure a few moments of repose; and the women have no place allotted to them inside this edifice, so that they have to crowd at the

door and hear what they can of the sacred mystery.

Meanwhile the hunks of lambs and kids were boiling in a huge caldron outside a house where planks on boxes had been improvised as tables for the pilgrims' meal, and the savoury smell of the stew must have been keenly appetising to their nostrils. When the liturgy was over, an old man with a large wooden ladle took up his position by the caldron, ready to fill the bowl each pilgrim had brought with him and to receive the coppers; and as each was supplied, he retired into the house to consume his portion, and washed it down with wine, which now flowed freely. Seldom have I seen a merrier company or a nastier meal more thoroughly enjoyed; and then they fell to dancing again in an open space by the sea, not a few by their antics demonstrating the potency of the beverage they had imbibed. It was a curious scene, —the women in their gay festival garb, the men in their embroidered waistcoats, red fezes, blue baggy trousers, and gaudy stockings. The steps of the women were now more active; and as for the male leader of the circle, his acrobatic feats were of extraordinary vigour: and as they danced their local dances and sang their local songs by the side of the waves, under the shadow of the mountains, accompanied by a blind old bard who played the lyre in their midst and sang songs to infuse them with merriment, I thought that dancing like this could not have altered much since Homeric days.

The last act in this pilgrimage was to us an interesting one. The chief priest of Olympus had just built a large caïque down at Diaphane, which he had settled to launch this afternoon, and to christen her the Madonna of Diaphane. He was wise in thus doing, for the crowd of pilgrims assisted nobly in the weary process of dragging her to the sea; and as she glided into the water, all stood eagerly to watch the manner in which she righted herself, for in this they see an omen as to the future of the craft's career. Then came the benediction by the chief priest and his colleagues: with the blood of a slaughtered lamb a cross was made on the deck, and the chanting of the service sounded quaintly over the waves. We looked to obtaining a passage for ourselves on the Madonna of Diaphane when we left Karpathos, so we joined heartily in the wishes for success; and when all was over the captain-elect jumped off the bows into the sea, with all his clothes on, and came dripping to shore amidst the laughter of the lookers-on. The priest gave the pilgrims a farewell repast after the ceremony was concluded; and ere the day was very old, we were left in quiet enjoyment of Diaphane, a very paradise, for a few days of repose amongst the pine-trees and craggy heights overhanging the azure sea.

LONDON IN JANUARY.

When we write these words we seem to hear the murmur in our ears of the excitement, of the uncertainty, of the endless rumours and surmises which hum and buzz about that palace of Westminster where, before these pages can come to the eyes of our readers, so many things may have happened. That is the exhibition which, above all others, will distinguish January 1886 in the eyes of the world. The living scenes that shall be seen in it, the combinations that may occur, the movements of attack and of defence, have all the interest which, at a critical moment in the national fate, concentrates all eyes and every attention. But unfortunately, of that exhibition there is no private view. We cannot anticipate what will be, or, with the pleased superiority of the privileged, afford private glimpses of what is not yet revealed. The good and evil of the future can only be determined by the event. Even those who pull the strings cannot be sure how the puppets will dance. Something great may spring from the most unconsidered beginning. Something infinitesimally small may follow the largest preparations. Life of all kinds, even the humblest, is beyond the skilfullest efforts of mapping out. Before February begins, the simplest non-politician will know more of what is going to happen to England, than the wisest and most powerful of statesmen does now.

It is needless to say that no intention of peering into that near yet so mysterious future is in our mind in this grey, dark, and half-developed day, when all the country is forlorn with snow, and the atmosphere of London, always unfortunately so dingy at this time of the year, has turned the whiteness into blackness, and the passing of thousands of feet have trodden into slush and half-congealed mud, indescribable and intolerable, what for a little while was the most ethereal of all the coverings of earth—the flaky, downy, elastic breadth of the new-fallen snow. It is a pity that its results are often so disastrous, and always so disgusting, for even in a London square, in the arcades of Kensington Gardens, or by the banks of the Serpentine, how beautiful is the snow! The first morning when one wakes up to the consciousness of a world all new and changed, the landscape is an enchantment. The trees turned from their black anatomy of branches into fairy visions of trees, all shining white, with here and there a great surcharged bough whiter still, the high light of the picture: the great round column of the trunk firmly indicated, the multitudinous twigs going back in every gradation of soft white and grey upon the background of distant interlacing branches, against the mystery of a cloud-horizon, dim, indefinite, infinite; beneath the spotless surface of snow, above the faint blue breaking out of the clouds, a spectacle almost more perfect than any other in nature. Alas! upon this fairy scene come down the smoke-flakes of an atmosphere tainted by a thousand fires; and even the misty yellow sun which gives a vivid light to the picture helps to profane its short-lived beauty. We will not descend from the contemplation of that perfection to repeat the bitter complaints with which London

soon rings over the paralysed management which cannot get her thoroughfares clean, and leaves her streets impassable. We are, everybody says, a highly practical nation—only not so in those insignificant public matters which are nobody's business in particular, and which no one expects to be called upon to do.

It is the time of year when, according to the formula, nobody is in town. Bond Street and Regent Street are traversable at the most crowded hours of the day, and Belgrave Square, not to say various less noble regions, reposes in the decent solemnity of closed shutters, until the moment of reawakening. But, nevertheless, it is not an uncommon opinion that this wintry season is, for those who are not enamoured of a crowd, the most pleasant time of the London year. Not to speak of the millions who are altogether unaffected by fashion, there is an ever-increasing population which habitually lives in London, yet which is near enough to the fine people to get somewhat thrown off its balance, submerged in the flood which rises in May. It is swept from its landmarks by that inundation. If its respectability is unimpaired, its steadiness of brain is certainly affected, and its habits broken up by the rush which carries it off its feet. The whirl tells even upon the most composed. The everyday estimate of varying magnitudes is broken, and those who at other times prize their friends for a hundred solid qualities, not to say for mere friendship, which is the best quality of all, are carried off by the eddy caused by a duke, or the fantastic cross-current of a lady of fashion. But in January the influence of Lady Araminta is scarcely felt, and the cosy dinners, the pleasant evenings, the society which is genuine and natural, and which consists of many of the finest elements of English life, has a period of quiet enjoyment which is more desirable than all the fever of the season. In such circumstances, even November has its charm. But, to our own thinking, the last months of the year are better spent anywhere than in London. The darkness, both moral and physical, of December, the heavy skies and brief daylight, and that internal consciousness of a year hastening to its close which heightens the effect of all the influences outside, require a very strong personality, or very bright surroundings, to balance their depressing effect. Want of light is perhaps the most discouraging of all purely physical influences: and the æsthetical doctrines which have made a more or less permanent impression upon the mind of our day, have added—by the very folds "that hang so well" of the curtains in which all our windows are enveloped, and the softened tones of the papers with which our walls are hung—to quench out what little radiance there may be in the dim atmosphere. A narrow street perhaps outside, and hangings which obscure half of your window, while dimmed glass subdues the upper panes within, is a sort of discipline which takes the heart out of the daylight. And how little daylight there is at best! The occasional excitement of a genuine yellow fog, which makes it unsafe to go about the streets, and lights the lamps at mid-day, is a wholesome sensation in comparison with the low grey skies, the thick dull air, the absence of all light in the pale monotonous day, which rises with a grudge, and goes grimly to its end without a single relenting gleam. The parks are like draw-

ings in sepia ; lawns, waters, trees, all done in different shades of languid and pallid brown. If now and then a pale sunshine envelops the shadowy scene, it only brings out more clearly the absence of colour, the black trees, the pools that cannot afford even a reflection where the water but repeats the blank of the surrounding soil.

The sentiment changes with the New Year. Why it should be that, of two exactly similar days in mid-winter, one should droop with the sense of conclusion and failure, of dying and loss, of a shortening future and an interrupted career — and the other have all the spring of new beginning, the hopes of reviving life, who can say? There is not the least reason in it, and yet there is something at once more sane and more effectual than reason. To the fanciful it means much even that they can say, "There will be summer this year." The corner of despondency has been turned, there is hope abroad, the old blunders have been buried and had their tombstones engraven, and all that we are about to do is new. Though to-morrow, in the experience of most of us, has generally turned out to be very like yesterday, yet it is never necessarily so, and the heart that can still believe in to-morrow is the strength of humanity and the hope of the world. January has in it an element that is as different from December as night is from day. Let us all begin again, says the calendar : and already there are a few minutes more of additional light to do it in, of additional time (as it seems) in the working day. Who can tell that this will not be the *anno venturo*, the year of good omen, the best of all that have been promised us? The Italian poet Leopardi, the saddest of all pessimists, has among the strange and powerful eclogues of which so little is known in England, a conversation between an almanac-seller and a passer-by, in which the philosopher pushes the poor shouting vendor of the new *lunario* into a corner, demanding of him whether he has ever known a new year which did not sink into the same dimensions as the old ; whether he ever has had a happy one ; whether he expects the next to be different from all the rest,— to which the hoarse merchant of the streets can give no reply. Yet he goes on shouting his almanacs and his happy prognostications while the musing prophet of evil passes on. The new year may always be better than those that are past. So long as it is to come, it is better. When the world ceases in spite of experience to hope so, then the world had better come to an end.

The first things to be thought of in the beginning of the wintry season are the great exhibitions which open with the New Year. In one is a great art biography on a very large scale, complete and full of interest, with many active questions in contemporary art in full conflict within it, and calling for discussion. In the other is a region of peace, full of the works of those upon whom the final word has been said, and whose claims have been fully established and recognised. The exhibition of pictures by old masters has become an institution among us, and few better means of cultivating the love and knowledge of art have been devised. It has been now in existence for fifteen years, and during that time the numberless private collections in which England is rich have given forth freely their wonderful stores.

Whether after so many exhibitions the supply shows indications of failing, or if it is only the fastidiousness that grows with use that makes us more critical, there can be no doubt that the present exhibition will strike the spectator as in many respects less rich than many of its predecessors. Sir Joshua Reynolds, notwithstanding his extraordinary productiveness, cannot last for ever, nor are there an unlimited number of provincial schools like that of Norwich to reintroduce to public recollection. The present deceased master of the English school (an uncomfortable sort of title) who meets us on the threshold of the exhibition, is the once well-known Wright of Derby. It may be doubtful whether it was worth the Academy's while to produce these faded works, unless in a chronological sense, and to afford the means of comparison. But for that purpose it would perhaps be wiser—and we offer the hint to the living masters of English art—to devote one exhibition entirely to the English school, so that a sort of history of English art, with all its developments, local and historical, might be placed at once before the eye of the student. Such an exhibition would have high value historically, and would be of the greatest interest to all who love art, and especially to the many who love it without technical knowledge. The present example will not be received with any enthusiasm, nor do his works take us back into the middle of last century with anything of that delicate warmth of living which belongs to his great contemporaries. The image of the pensive young poet with his eyes raised to heaven, in a fine abstraction which is too mild to be called poetic frenzy, the "young Edwin"—who was "no vulgar boy"—will probably tempt the gazer to a smile. It is not Angelina who hangs opposite to him (for to be sure this is not the Edwin of Angelina, but an entirely different personage), but another too fine and superlative image, the Maria of Sterne, who has all but faded out in the long soft curves of her faintly coloured drapery, and the pensive pallor of her poetical countenance. The ashen hue of the composition generally, has gone even to her hair. It is curious to remember that Wright was Reynolds's contemporary, and that art was still in its first full flush of inspiration when these mild images were painted. His chief picture is no mild image, but a scientific group, which, were examples needed, would show how impossible it is to combine the exquisite (but hideous) machinery of science with the methods of art. The group surrounding the Orrery, like the other kindred group surrounding the Air-pump in the National Gallery by the same artist, confuse entirely, with their wheels and circles and uncompromising elbows, those inalienable necessities of beauty and expression without which Art cannot exist.

The Reynolds', we have said, are few; and in the great room they are cast sadly into the shade by the superb Vandyke, which occupies the chief place in it,—the magnificent mother and child, in all their splendour of costume and execution, which turn the slim ladies of Queen Anne's time into feeble and pallid ghosts. It was scarcely fair to subject the great English painter to such a comparison—a comparison which even his strongest work would have found it difficult to bear, and which these specimens, in themselves without any special charm, the models being commonplace and

the colour faded, cannot support at all. The elaborate portrait of the Duchess of Gordon, "in her peeress's robes, holding her coronet in her hand," looks like a waiting-maid trying on her mistress's finery in presence of the serene Grand Duchess, who needs no coronets, and who stands with a complete yet suave indifference to anything the spectator may choose to think, altogether above pride as she is above self-consciousness. The picture is a noble one, without over-refinement, and splendid in execution and tone. The best of the Reynolds' in this exhibition seem to us the smaller ones in the first room, the sweet and graceful young mother, with her child on her back—Mrs Payne Gallwey and her son—and the spirited and delightful portrait of Mrs Abington as Roxalana. Here is no fading or feebleness ; the eyes shine with life and humour, the colours glow: and one pauses to ask one's self fantastically, whether, perhaps, the character of the sitter has something to do with the permanence of the portrait? There seems a certain propriety in the dying away of the sentimental fine ladies, who have not life enough in themselves to counteract that fatal medium which has in so many instances failed and betrayed Sir Joshua. But the sparkling countenance of the actress defies such effects : there is life enough in her to overcome any traitorous element that may have mingled with the oils.

There are several very charming little pictures in the room which is almost exclusively given up to the Dutch school—one or two delightful cool Hobbemas, inviting us to walk under the shade of his trees, along that road which never ends ; and Van Hooghes with their glowing red brick, and perfect placidity of *bourgeois* life—but upon these we have no time to dwell. More interesting than anything Dutch is the delightful comparison which the spectator may make between the exquisite little Claude which hangs on one long wall of the great room, in softest, fullest, mellow perfection of southern atmosphere and tone, and the two great cloudy honest English Constables opposite. The Claude is a delicious little poem, a vision of skies instinct with light, of foliage softly receding in infinite variations of tone and distance, of tranquil water which scarcely flows, for pleasure of the soft transparent shadow which spans it from bank to bank. To hang such a picture upon the wall of one's room must be like establishing a little sanctuary of light and peaceful loveliness. Imagine coming in from the London fogs and finding this tiny lamp of living radiance, which needs no replenishment, more soft, more brilliant than any electric light or the highest invention of science, serenely waiting for us! It is one of the highest points of imaginative luxury.

The English landscape is very different. There the winds are blowing, the clouds flying, the waggon fords the stream. No liquid light of imagination is there, but the real English day, not perfect, full of wholesome life. It is like the workday existence in comparison with the poetic vision ; so fresh, one smells the healthful air, the sensation of growing and living — so honest, no difficulty tided over, but all the shadows and roughnesses and realities of a genuine landscape. The power of the southern artist veils itself in a soft perfection ; but the Englishman paints by main force, throwing his very thews and sinews into the picture, not even ignoring the vul-

garities of fact, working in everything that is real into a representation which is nobly ideal also in its way, a picture and not a portrait of the scene. Perhaps there is a little too much of the paint, a fault which is characteristic, but which gives the effect of the rougher model, the larger vigour of existence,—just as the mellow smoothness of the other gives the sensation of the southern landscape, the beatitude of warmth and balmy air and delicious calm. The two methods, so different, yet each in its way so perfect, could not be better expressed, and no description could equal the advantage of moving from one of those beautiful examples to the other, from Italy to England—a privilege for which alone the intelligent observer may well be grateful.

We will not linger upon the little room where the Italian painters have their temporary dwelling, for there are many of the pictures here which are very unsatisfactory—copies or mutilated examples not tending to the credit of the older schools. One alone, a Botticelli, in which that master appears with more natural beauty and less archaic peculiarity than usual, we may pause to note. The Virgin kneels against a background of roses in a garden, and looks down with adoring love upon the slumbering infant, who lies wrapt in the deepest unconsciousness of sleep, yet with something in His baby face that betrays a knowledge of all that is to come. It is usually in the face of the mother that this painter places that profound mournful consciousness of the future. His Mary is always pondering in her heart the wonderful incidents of her son's childhood, questioning with herself what they can mean, foreboding trouble. But for once the mild Madonna has been delivered from her fears. She kneels with folded hands, looking down upon that wondrous child, adoring Him, not with the smiles and joyful complacency of a mother, with gravity and awe, but not mournfully, like one who is absorbed by the miraculous sense of something too great for comprehension, a soft solemnity without fear. The expression that is usually in her face has shifted somehow to the child, who lies profoundly asleep, yet with the look of a dreamer touched by some profound and awful knowledge. The picture is beautiful beyond the wont of this painter, and nearer the comprehension of the unlearned than his productions usually are.

All the time there has been one waiting for us who would ill have borne in his lifetime to be postponed to any, either ancient or modern. We have a whimsical sense that it is a little unsafe, after so open an adoration of Claude, to intrude ourselves into the presence of his self-appointed competitor—his posthumous rival: and, indeed, there are very few in the world to whom the claims of Turner can be postponed. Speaking as one of the unlearned, a heathen man and a publican, we yet shudder at ourselves when we say that not all the Turners even in this select and splendid collection commend themselves to our uninstructed judgment. There are a great many combinations of rock and water and magical air, before which we stand dumbly making no response, and which say little to us, except that the man who drew them is as far above our criticism as sometimes he is above our comprehension. Sometimes, too, when we feel ourselves on safe ground, and able to understand as well as admire, we have a painful consciousness, as often happens

with a simple-minded amateur in music, that we have chosen what is least characteristic in the master for our approval, as in the large picture of Geneva, and in that called Chryses on the Sea-shore. Let us make amends, however, by pointing out to the admiration of the reader the wonderful little drawing of Lancaster Sands, where the coach and its passengers are overtaken by a driving storm. The picture is small, the colours are almost monotone, the performance is marvellous. In so small a space the waste of the sands and sky is illimitable; the yellow-greyness of the distance sweeps away so that the few inches of colour become a forlorn and desert-world of mist and storm and desolate shore. It is, as in so many other drawings of the master, impossible to say how the effect is produced. To reduce that vastness to a handbreadth, and yet to increase not diminish it, is a work of wonder at which we can only gaze holding our breath, and feel that genius is of all things in the world the most wonderful, — the great worker of miracles, inferior only to the universal Maker to whom these effects of nature and the elements owe their primary birth.

After this we will venture to criticise no more. The collection is extraordinarily fine, and contains many examples of the highest beauty. In many the effects of rock and water, with all their marvellous aerial perspective and magical power, are so little like anything that an uninspired imagination can see in mountain and flood, as presented to the natural eye, that a higher amount of technical knowledge than we can boast of is necessary to see all that is in them. Our humble comments are for the ignorant, and not for the *cognoscenti.* We return with all the pleasure of understanding to the sweet sunlit slopes of the Vale of Rest, to the radiant sea with its yachts at Cowes, and to those poetic renderings of mountain sunrise and sunset, the two little poems of the Righi, one rose-tinted with the hues of opening day, the other all splendid against the evening lights.

The exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery is of a very different character. It is the autobiography of a great artist; and not only so, but of one who has so changed his methods that the style of his youth is often in flat contradiction to that of his maturer days—a change which gives endless ground for comparison and discussion, and in which, indeed, the question remains quite unsolved whether Sir John Millais has departed from his earlier principles, or only, with the strong practical sense of a good man of business, found that they would not do. There is so strong an admixture of this practical faculty, popularly but often erroneously supposed to be alien to the artistic character, in this painter's genius, that we ourselves incline to the latter view. The exhibition itself is greatly injured, and the spectator's mind, intent on following out the thread of historical succession, is hampered by the absence of any principle in the way in which the pictures are hung—a mechanical blunder which nevertheless is most confusing and unsatisfactory. No system seems to have been followed in this, save that of size and shape —the date, and indeed in many cases the tone and style, of the pictures being equally ignored. Another mistake which makes the appreciation of more than one great work impossible, is perhaps due more to the caution of the

exhibitors than to the executive—the glass which protects many of the pictures making it absolutely impossible in some cases, very difficult in others, to form any real idea of the painting behind. One, at least—"The Parable of the Tares"—is to all intents invisible as it is hung, owing to the glass in front of it.

The pre-Raphaelite school may now, we think, be fairly considered as a thing of the past. Mr Holman Hunt, who has never abandoned its principles, has, like Millais, so matured and developed, that his work of to-day, if not differing, like that of his great contemporary, from the productions of the beginning of his career, has yet taken an individuality which probably, in a character so self-reliant and obstinate, it would in any case have taken. The peculiarities, however, of Millais' earlier works sprang not from determined eccentricity, like those of Rossetti or Holman Hunt, or from an individualism more strong than any laws, but were rather the essays of a candid spirit, temporarily impressed by the first teaching which seemed to him really good and true. When we look back upon the reigning powers which gave tone and shape to art at the time his career began—the Maclises, Mulreadys, Leslies—all excellent painters, all bringing out year by year acres of highly respectable canvas, fine, bright, and clean pictures, with more or less skill of grouping and brilliancy of colour, and more or less truth to costume and the accessories of scenes historical—we may the better estimate what effect upon a generous young imagination the lamp of truth, which Mr Ruskin had just begun to light for architecture, and which a new, austere, and self-devoted band were setting up in painting, with the firm conviction that nobody, or at least nobody since before the days of Raphael, had known anything about it before—would naturally have. His first steps were altogether guided by this novel and very polemical inspiration, and it is interesting to go back to these early efforts.

The remarkable catalogue which is issued at the Grosvenor this year, and which exhibits a power of composition and scathing vigour of phrase highly edifying to the reader, gives, with much indignant comment, extracts from the journals of the time, from which it appears that those first pictures were received with unusual interest, though very generally condemned for their extravagance, and, by dint of the most anxious attempts after the real, their unreality. In many of these comments we still heartily agree. Most people will have forgotten the "Isabella," the "Ferdinand," the "Christ in the house of His parents," which were the pictures then most hotly discussed. We are surprised rather that they should have called forth so much discussion, than that they should have been so warmly objected to. In the "Isabella" the line of vigorous faces on one side of a too narrow and uncomfortable table are all strongly characterised and firmly painted, and the work is a wonderful work for a young man of twenty. But it remains unquestionable that the youthful pair themselves, the lovers in whom the interest ought to centre, are both unlovely and undignified, without any charm to attract the spectator, which is a more grievous falsity in art than were the smooth and meaningless groups of attendant figures with which painters of the reigning school were in the habit of surrounding their central interest. An ugly Isabella with sleek hair smoothed upon each side of a

lugubrious countenance, though she might be the true portrait of the painter's model, was untrue not only to every genuine canon of art, but to the poet's conception, which his brother artist was bound to carry out. This is the mistake which lies at the bottom of everything that calls itself realism. The pre-Raphaelites were essentially pure, almost even Puritanic in their work, and M. Zola, as everybody knows, is the very reverse. But still it is the same error which actuates both. The determination not to select, to paint what was real, led Millais into the mistake in which Holman Hunt perseveres, of giving to the shavings of the carpenter's shop, and the tools on his bench, an importance as great as to the highest development of human character and feeling—which is an essentially false conception,—all the more that in raising such trifles to the same level, the painter gives them in reality a greater and most exaggerated importance, as being in themselves absolutely insignificant. Neither is it even true that the principle of selection is left out,—it is only perverted. When Millais painted for his Virgin an old and worn woman, exhausted with toil and suffering, he was true only to a fantastic ideal, and not to any probable reality. His type affords evidence of a painful and strained selection. To imagine such a woman as the mother of a young child, and the wife of a man in the full vigour of manhood, is a freak which it is very difficult to understand. Such a woman in everyday life would be at least under thirty, with all the curves and rounded outlines of youthful matronhood at least, instead of an ascetic matron, with no tangible body at all, with thin hands hard with toil, and the lines of coming age in her face. When all this is said, there remains a sweetness and pathos which, in spite of the disapproval of our judgment, goes to our heart, and we can understand the mastery of human emotion which afterwards, when his hands got free, inspired this painter to so many fine studies of passionate feeling.

"Ferdinand lured by Ariel" remains to this day, with all the revising effect of tamed opposition and softening time, an unspeakable production. The action of the figure, and its drawing and expression, may pass without criticism; but the extraordinary green bat which does service for Ariel (Prospero's dainty Ariel!), and the prismatic spectre in front of the principal figure, are beyond all forgiveness. Ferdinand, who supposedly has his hands up to his ears to catch the better the whispering music about, has the air of holding up something like an inflated air-cushion behind, which billows against his shoulders. Had it been a cloud of vicious mosquitoes who had descended upon him, led by some locust general who attacked his face, while the others closed in around, the picture would have been more comprehensible. As it is, the enchanted prince in an enchanted world could not have had a less satisfactory representation. "Sir Isumbras at the Ford" is the only other notable picture in which the same inspiration is visible (for it is unnecessary to note the "Return of the Dove," or any such); and here there is so much that is delightful that we forget even the laughter (which was not ill-natured) of the moment. Though the horse is a *cheval de bois*, the knight himself, and one at least of the children—the little fellow clinging on behind—are painted in the very best style of the artist. The knight's face is equal

to some of Millais' most famous portraits. The mixture of humour and tenderness, and the warmth of human kindness which lights up the rugged countenance, are as nobly real as the perverted types of the earlier pictures were fantastic and untrue. It is a simpler Quixote, a humble-minded Sir Bors, who has picked up the little ones, and, delightfully amused with himself and pleased with them, jogs along, wondering, if the gay Gawain chanced to ride by, what he would think of the group, and how it would be told at the Round Table, and call forth a gust of stormy laughter, at which thought our knight laughs too. Mr Sandys' caricature, which represented Millais himself in this position, carrying Rosetti and some other members of the brotherhood, was certainly clever and very amusing, and was rather a compliment to than a satire upon the painter, who then alone of all the brotherhood had secured a real hold upon the public. This, like many other things, has changed since these days. The few men who have outlived the ravages of the years have each gained for himself an individual reputation not unworthy of their early ambition. And whether the elaborate and lingering labours of Mr Holman Hunt, so instinct with symbolism and pitched so high above the common understanding, or the monotonous worship of a peculiar and not universally appreciated type of beauty which was the soul of Rossetti, or the melancholy loveliness which breathes out of every composition of Mr Burne Jones, will in the long-run be more or less immortal than the productions of their less persistent, more adaptable and practical-minded brother, can only be settled by Posterity, that solver of all such questions, who as yet has not addressed herself to the decision.

The culmination, and perhaps also the point of departure from the early tradition which dominated Millais' youthful work, is to be found in the picture of "The Huguenot," which is perhaps as well known and widely diffused in print and photograph as any picture has ever been. We remember well the puzzled uncertainty and unwilling enthusiasm with which at the time of its first exhibition this picture was received. There was a feeling of something like disappointment among the partisans of the older school that the eccentric features of the new departure were so little apparent in the touching and beautiful picture, which overcame all their prejudices and compelled them to acquiesce in the general verdict. The picture is one which we have now no temptation to criticise: as a matter of fact, we feel sure that the Huguenot's arm must have strangled the lady had it been held long in the position delineated; but such trifles do not call for consideration in the presence of an unquestionable work of genius. We hear from younger critics who have known the picture so long by engravings, that its actual presence startles and unsettles their belief, that it is better in black and white than in its natural garb; but this is a judgment which we are slow to accept, although the dark unshaven countenance of the lover, as of a man who had been already in hiding and forced to neglect his toilet, belongs to a low tone of colour which is perhaps more easily represented by the engraver than more brilliant work. The pictures which, if our memory serves us, followed this in successive years, —the "Rescue" and the "Order of Release"—the last of which

is absent from this exhibition, —indicate, we think, a moment when the painter's faith had failed him, and when, in disenchantment and uncertainty, groping after supreme effects which he no longer felt his early method capable of achieving, he rushed into the sensational, and made an effort to keep the favour of the public which he had secured, by representations of the intense and impassioned, such as are perhaps beyond the reach of the pictorial art. The "Rescue" is a bold but far from attractive picture. The glare of the flames, the huddled heap of the children, all left, it seems, to be rescued by the fireman, and descending from his arms in an avalanche upon the mother, half delirious with joy, is an unlikely subject for a great picture—and the explanations in the catalogue, of the methods employed to secure the necessary effect, are scarcely calculated to enhance its merit. This is not nature, nor true to any theory of art. To live in the same room with a picture in which violent action is suspended at such a moment, would be, we should imagine, unendurable. The first point, and probably the object of its composition, is the face of the mother, where emotion has reached that unutterable climax in which joy and pain are almost one, and where the height of passionate feeling trembles on the verge of idiocy. A moment more, one feels, and the woman's brain would have given way. An effect somewhat similar (though not at all resembling) is in the fixed and rigid inexpressiveness of the woman in the "Order of Release," half dead, and altogether stupefied with anxiety and fatigue, who thrusts the letter which saves her husband into the jailor's hands with a blank face, out of which all power to feel has for the moment departed, standing up straight with the mechanical stiffness of utter exhaustion, and gazing before her without seeing anything—a picture almost grim in its painful meaning and power.

It is hopeless to attempt to wander from wall to wall of the exhibition in search of a chronological succession which memory fails to recall, and equally hopeless to make our harassed way through the polemics and apologies of the catalogue for the information we want; so we may add simply that, after these somewhat violent efforts, Mr Millais fell into the ways of the painter we know, producing year by year an astonishing number of pictures, some good, some indifferent, with now and then a flash of such exceptional excellence as gave him temporary elevation into the very highest rank. The works in which he has perhaps attained his highest level are the portraits, four or five of which may rank, we think, with the very finest productions of art. Mr Gladstone, with all his subtle character in his face; Lord Salisbury, with his intense and thoughtful animation; the Laureate, standing like a tower; the keen and self-concentrated countenance of the physician, Sir Henry Thompson; the painter Hook, with the freshness of the sea-breezes about him—are such portraits as illustrate a generation. We need not fear to hang them by the side of Titian or Tintoret. They are not graceful enough, perhaps, in their modern clothes, to stand by the fine gallants of Vandyck. But in the gravity of a life less ornamental, nothing can surpass their unostentatious power. Sir John Millais cannot compete with Sir Joshua Reynolds in the beauty and delicacy

of his female portraits. No one of the many ladies he has painted will bear the comparison; but there is no comparison which these five portraits of highly marked and representative men need fear.

There is another branch, however, in which comparison is still more obvious. Millais must have felt, when he began the many studies of children which fill these walls, that he was entering the lists with Reynolds, and that it was no common competitor with whom he measured himself. We will not say that the latter master has attained the individuality of the former. There is a great family likeness between his delightful little girls. They are a bewildering succession of charming little sisters, all with the same dazzling fairness, and a similar character: perhaps because he had a constant supply of exquisite little models always at hand, or perhaps because the children of a generation are even more like each other than its grown-up members are said to be. But notwithstanding this similarity, how attractive and sweet they are! One of the most delightful pictures in the exhibition is that of the startled little girl called Miss Muffet, though the verses printed in the catalogue show a reprehensible variation of text from those which used to be the study of our youth. The charming little personage in the "Minuet," the lovely little group called "Cuckoo," the wistful child with the rabbit in her apron, one of the most characteristic and most like Sir Joshua of all, which bears the name of "Orphans,"—are all beautiful, true representations of living and happy children, over whom there need be no controversy. Others, no doubt, are more conventional, and there may be now and then a little too much lace and ribbon and silk stocking; but these are defects into which we need not enter. Sir John Millais, like almost every great artist, has had work to do which no doubt was not always work which he would have chosen. The finer theory of art which dictates a fantastic fastidiousness and occupation solely with the highest of self-selected theories, has not held in practice with any of the greatest painters; and there are inequalities both of subject and design which cannot even be attributed to this cause.

The picture of "Chill October," his first landscape, remains to our eyes unrivalled among all his works of this description—a noble piece of painting, full of sentiment as well as of material truth; but what can be said for the tea-board composition called "Flowing to the Sea," with the tall red Highlander in the corner, the pale-blue river, blue as Tay never was in the memory of man? It is almost impossible to believe that this flat and bald production could come from the same hand which made the evening breeze blow chill through the thinned foliage over the wintry river, and breathed into colourless sky and stream so perfect a realisation of the season and the feeling of the landscape. Such anomalies are not to be explained, especially as the tea-board picture with that Highlander, who appears to be getting his shoes cleaned as he stands, has been placed, presumably under the superintendence of the painter himself, in one of the best positions in the principal room.

There is but one picture more to which we wish to refer, and that is the picture of the old Yeoman of the Guard, the veteran Beefeater, to use a name more endeared by use, with his beautiful old head so

delicately, carefully painted, in all the fine refining tints of old age, like a fine carving in ivory—nay, like nothing else but itself, a marvellous piece of work, which is at once a triumph of execution and a perfect piece of human sentiment. The red dress of Sir Joshua's lady in Burlington House, in her harsh riding-habit, kills her not particularly interesting countenance; but in the portrait of the old Yeoman there is no such effect. The old man's head, with its delicacy and exquisite sentiment of age, is as entirely unaffected by the mass of colour underneath, as are Titian's senators by their crimson robes; and the scarlet of the soldier's coat must have been still more difficult to tone. This is one of the greatest triumphs of the painter's skill, as well as one of the most touching and delightful pictures in the room.

We turn again with renewed admiration to the portraits as we leave the gallery. It is unfortunate that Sir John Millais has had no woman-sitter worthy of taking her place beside the noble group of men with which he has illustrated his age; but we comfort ourselves with thinking that this is not the general contemporary opinion, and that probably, were the multitude polled, there might be nearly twice as many votes for Mrs Bischoffsheim and Lady Campbell, or the brilliant beauty in the red dress and blue beads, as for the more powerful images. We cannot help thinking that it is a pity that the painful unfinished portrait of Lord Beaconsfield should have been sent here for exhibition, when there are so many other examples to sustain the master's credit without offending our susceptibilities: those to which we have already referred are sufficient evidences of his power to seize upon the characteristics of the most eminent men of his time,—and to fill up the circle with an uncompleted study, which is almost ghastly in its present condition, must be painful to all beholders, and almost cruel to the many who hold in affectionate veneration this great statesman's name.

Space prevents any attempt to analyse or even refer to the numerous secondary exhibitions. They are scarcely an exhilarating study for the lovers of English art. One, the Institute of Painters in Oil, magnificently housed in the beautiful rooms in the new building called Prince's Hall, in Piccadilly, has an incongruity almost ludicrous, and at the same time not a little pathetic, which is like to make the spectator smile and sigh. The rooms are delightful, softly warm, airy, light, and, in the close neighbourhood of all the traffic of Piccadilly, as quiet as an Italian palace; and the decorative effect of the crowd of pictures, which do not leave an inch of space uncovered, is charming. We could imagine nothing better than a conversazione or reception given in this roomy airy space, divided by those well-covered walls. When we paid our visit to the exhibition, there were three people besides ourselves straying, mere specks in the silent vacancy, intent on purchase, we hope, for they examined minutely, catalogue in hand. Alas! sincerity compels us to add that the three spectators were quite as many as the pictures were worth. The thought expended, the human sentiment felt, in all this waste of labour, is infinitesimal; and as the poor artist without genius, without any special aptitude, who toils to produce by common rules something that will represent the creation which only uncommon faculties can achieve, is one of the saddest objects in existence

—so a whole school, nay, half-a-dozen schools of conscientious workmen and workwomen, trying hard to do their best in this melancholy effort, is more pitiful still. Here and there, no doubt, there breaks in a bit of landscape truly felt, a simple idea tolerably rendered; but by far the greater majority of the pictures are naught—a mere waste of aspiration and toil. If this is the result of the multiplication of art schools and other modes of artistic education, it is one most deeply to be deplored. The young ladies and gentlemen who think they can be artists are not yet perhaps quite so plentiful as those who think they can be authors—the easiest trade, requiring no training at all. Let them be seamstresses and cobblers, in the name of heaven! and free us from these unhappy little essays, no doubt compounded with many a hope which can only meet with disappointment, and many a brave impulse and honest endeavour, things far too good and noble in themselves to be wasted in the making of little pictures, which have little or nothing to say to Art.

From the pictures to the theatres is but a step; indeed it is now a shorter step than ever, since the actor has come to rely upon the scene-painter for so many of his effects. The chief event of the theatrical year brings this new development of Art into more even than its usual prominence. There has been great talk for some time back of the splendour with which the new play at the Lyceum was to be brought out. A special translation of one of the greatest of poems, a reproduction of famous localities which carried artists and actors into the heart of Germany to see and study their scenery, a perfection of historical costumes and accessories such as should leave scarcely anything for the imagination to make up,—this was the promise which was made. And there can be no doubt that it has been fully carried out. A finer spectacle has perhaps never been put upon the stage. A more picturesque and striking background than the old town of Nuremberg could not have been chosen; and the tale of magic and wonder, with all its medieval accessories, fits well into the unchanging perfection of that antique place. To show how fully it is put upon the stage, we need only say that there are six or seven changes of scene in one act, each presenting a characteristic nook of the old city. In one scene we have a general view of the red-roofed and picturesque town, with its crown of quaint towers; another gives us the fine doorway and porch of the Sebald's Kirche, opposite to which, rather unsuitably, comes the *cabaret*, with its bench and table out of doors, which represents Auerbach's cellar. Then we have the garden of Martha, with a fine background of picturesque towers against the evening sky; the cottage of Margaret, with the garden where she sits at work, the interior of her chamber, and that of Martha, &c. These are all extremely striking and effective as scenery; and the later view of the church and fountain, where Margaret is mocked by her companions, where Valentine's death occurs, and in which, further on, by some sleight-of-hand, or rather of machinery, which looks like magic, the side of the cathedral is suddenly, invisibly removed, and the interior, with all its kneeling worshippers, becomes apparent — a triumph of artistic skill and sublimated carpentry. But all these changes, occurring at intervals of a few minutes in the midst of the events of a drama so

serious, naturally destroy all possibility of illusion, so that not the simplest of spectators has time to be carried away by the interest of the tale. This great drawback of stage effects has perhaps never been so fully exemplified; for how are we to hold our breath as the web of fate gathers about the feet of the hapless maiden, when, with a sudden breach and division, the very earth is taken from under these feet, the walls glide asunder, the painted towers give way? It may perhaps, in an optimist point of view, be taken as representing the phantasmagoria of the wild and terrible story, which does not lay claim to any solid structure of human probabilities; but this is scarcely the point of view of the dramatic artist, whose desire no doubt has been to give a double force of reality to every separate scene.

This being said, we have the far more important part of the play, its conception and carrying out by the actors themselves, and their power of calling up before us the meaning of the story they represent. And here we are met by the misfortune which is too common on the English stage—the fact that there is one actor surrounded by a series of incompetent supporters, who, so far from supporting him, throw upon his shoulders their incompetent selves, as well as the whole weight of the representation. It was to be expected that 'Faust' at the Lyceum, with Mr Irving in the character of Mephistopheles, would turn into a play which might be more fitly called "Mephistopheles" surrounded by his victims. And this is the case, but more even than could have been expected. For Mr Irving in this character has almost for the first time found a part in which he is supreme. We are not usually among the admirers of this remarkable actor. The singular and very striking position which he has gained, as a player whom only a few do heartily admire, but whom everybody hurries to see, is one which we fully acknowledge. A man must have a great deal of power, individuality, and character to gain such a position, and is probably indeed a more remarkable personage in consequence than if he were a better actor; but it is very difficult to believe, after seeing him in a great many parts of every conceivable description, that a great actor he could ever be. It is a great thing, however, to get possession of the ear of your time, to force the frivolous of society into a sort of awed subjection to an autocracy of the stage, which is vowed to higher aims than the general, and intent upon coercing that harassed but obedient public for its good.

All this we willingly acknowledge, even while holding that Mr Irving's Hamlet, Othello, Shylock, and the rest (and his ambition and all-embracing spirit are exemplified by the conjunction of these names), are so many fine failures, made by a man determined to succeed, and so effectually imposing himself upon the world that he must seem even to himself to have done so. But in his present effort it appears to us that he has more wisely calculated his capacity than ever before. The philosopher devil, the cynic and mocker, yet fine-spoken casuist of Goethe's great poem, is not an easy conception to carry out. His plausible and heartless villany has to be kept in check upon the stage, as it is scarcely so necessary to do in a book, lest the very audience should rise up against the hateful impersonation of evil; and the

smooth reason and grim humour of the tempter, his amused perception of the human self-deceiving which furthers all his devilish schemes, rising into contempt for the slight human creatures with whom he has to do, and now and then into a flash of spiritual grandeur and diabolical self-assertion, make such a combination as very few could realise. Mr Irving, we are bold to say, shows himself capable of embodying this highly organised and all-capable spirit. His usual peculiarities, which have so often marred his impersonations, are singularly subdued, or when they are retained, help rather than hinder the conception. The subtle spirit which mocks at learning, when in the mantle of the philosopher he breathes strange counsel in the ear of the astonished student; and at vice, when with careless prodigality of magic he supplies the drunkards; and at virtue, in the demure person of the dove-like maiden, who is so easily led astray; and last and more keenly still at the hesitations of his pupil, the neophyte in wickedness, whose inclinations go all the way, but whose humanity shivers at the results, — finds no unfit representation in the rugged impressive features and sidelong look which were ridiculous in Romeo, and little consistent with the nobler youth of Hamlet. The tripping gait, however, which he assumes in place of his usual stride, has an elfish character unworthy of the arch-tempter, who in Mr Irving's hands is no secondary spirit, but the very master-devil, the Prince of Darkness himself. Once or twice in the play, notably after the murder of Valentine, when Faust makes an attempt to defy his diabolical master, the attitude and tone of the actor rises into high and tragic power: the tall, red figure seems to grow and fill the stage, towering over his puny human opponent; the red hood and cloak surround him as with an atmosphere of fire and terror; and the high and rugged profile stands out in the prevailing redness with a concentrated force of expression and effective paleness of colour, like mellow ivory tinged with the prevailing hue yet impervious to it, which are extremely impressive,—mind and aspect alike strengthening the tone of the scene.

Mr Irving, however, is alone in this play, as he has never been before. The accomplished partner of his successes, Miss Ellen Terry, always so graceful and touching in parts that suit her, is here entirely out of her element. The inherent difficulties of the character, which are great—for never surely was spotless maiden so easily tempted to her ruin, or by means less elevated—are rendered doubly difficult by the uncongenial nature of the part to an actress far more fitted to express the conventional graces and arch vivacity of modern life than to embody a more poetical conception, especially one which demands the most absolute simplicity and ignorance of life and all its snares. The scene in which the jewels are found would require a very rare art to make it tolerable, and perhaps that was a wiser election which left its difficulties to be solved in music. We can imagine the possibility of a girlish Gretchen, who would regard with awe, and linger, half frightened, half attracted, over the mysterious ornaments with which she has no acquaintance, the very use of which must have been but partially known to her—trying one timidly, alarmed at the flash and sparkle, only by degrees finding it possible to adorn herself with these unwonted and magical gifts. But

this is what Miss Terry has not imagined, nor anything like it; and if Margaret was not a village coquette prepared for anything that might come in her way, with her convenient confidant at hand, her representative does her injustice. The later scenes are better, and the appearance of illness and anguish, languor of body and misery of soul, with which at the fountain she listens to the malicious gossip of her former companions, is very striking and effective. This, we fear, is all that can be said: her trouble calls forth no sympathetic tear. The audience was interested and attentive; but, even at the dreadful moment when the unhappy heroine falls back tottering and trembling under the curse of her dying brother, was little touched by the situation. It was to all appearance much more struck by the really amazing legerdemain by which the side wall of the church is removed, and the congregation revealed instantaneously. Here again the pale figure of Margaret, hearing in the midst of her prayers the diabolical suggestions made by the tempter, who half envelops her in the flame of the red cloak which he holds between him and the altar, makes a singularly powerful scene. But Margaret, writhing at her prayers, still fails to call forth the tribute of a tear. What with the machinery and the perpetual changes, and the high pictorial effects, we are all perfectly convinced that Miss Terry is Miss Terry and not Margaret, and that as soon as the curtain falls she will be all right again—which, no doubt, in any case the actress would be. But it ought not to be permitted to the audience to feel this, and the absence of all illusion on the subject is little less than a public wrong.

While talking of these very striking scenes, we may pause to remark what, among so much splendour and costliness of detail, is a very trifling economy, unworthy the magnificence of the *mise-en-scène*, and which throws a minute yet very apparent gleam of ridicule upon what ought to be the pathos of that address to the Mother of Sorrows, which certainly wants either poetry or music to give it full force. Margaret brings with her a little offering to the shrine, in the form of a small flower-pot, containing the most incredibly shabby of artificial flowers, as guiltless of all attempt at illusion as are some much more important parts of the performance. This she gravely waters in the midst of her plaints and prayers, and places at the feet of the statue—a very poor offering indeed at the shrine of Our Lady. Might we be permitted to point out that for nine honest pennies of the realm or thereabouts daily (and no doubt there would be a reduction on taking a quantity), Miss Terry might be supplied with a fresh primula, let us say, or other flower of the advancing spring, which would deduct very little from the profits, and add a touch of nature to the scene?

The other characters call for very brief notice. Mrs Stirling, whom no one would willingly do other than praise, makes Martha much too old. We do not say with unnecessary brutality that she is too old for the part; for it would be a mere manifestation of ignorance to suggest that so accomplished an actress, and one so thoroughly habituated to all the expedients of the stage, could not assume the age that suited her. She has not thought it necessary, however, to defer to ordinary prejudices in this respect; and the character of Martha, which is very little attractive at any time, does

not give due scope to her powers. Faust himself is the occasion of the whole drama; and everything that occurs is but an episode in the story of his damnation, which ought to give him a very marked and terrible character in the phantasmagoria of passion and misery which crosses his path. But even the poet himself has not succeeded in making the hero worthy of this *rôle;* and where Goethe failed it could not be expected that Mr Alexander, or for that matter even Mr Conway, could succeed. What these gentlemen do succeed in is to give us a very tolerable representation of a medieval gallant, handsome and *debonnaire*—quite equal to the task of turning the head of a village maiden without any help of magic, and making love very prettily. The qualms of conscience with which he is seized are but feebly expressed. They are the mere hesitations of a weakling, whose courage is inferior to his selfishness, and whose momentary struggle is not worth reckoning. But here, indeed, it would be necessary to find an actor who should put more in his part than its creator had intended, were these defects to be remedied, and the hero made worthy of half the trouble that is taken to accomplish his perdition.

In all this we have spoken of the play itself, the adaptation of a work of the highest genius to the stage, and the manner in which a select company, standing very high in the ranks of their art, carry it out,—which is what the reader will expect from us in a review of Faust as performed at the Lyceum. What, then, shall we say of the act which is interposed between the climax of the tragedy and its *dénouement*, the astonishing scene upon the Brocken? It is, we again allow, as episodical and has as little to do with the action of the piece in Goethe as in Irving. But what the poet can do with a splendour of cloudy words, with a confusion of dialogue and changing measures, an occasional sharp ring of rhyme, or deeper note of solemn verse, becomes a very different matter in the hands of the stage-manager, who has to deal with flitting figures instead of words, and to substitute for the roll and crash of rhythm the scenic effects of a pantomime. Accordingly, it is with the utmost surprise that we pass from one of the highest points of the tragedy—the church with its kneeling worshippers, and those temptations of despair which the scarlet fiend pours into the anguished ear of his victim—into the artless tumult and uproar of a Boxing-Night spectacle, the crowd of grotesque figures, and the climbing convolutions of a dance, in which there is neither beauty, which perhaps was not to be looked for, nor horror, which was. How the great intellectual demon, the scorner of human follies, should get there at all, and still more, how he should find himself at home amid this senseless row, is quite incomprehensible to the ordinary intelligence. Goethe has so managed that this does not startle us at all. He has left in the character of Mephistopheles that curious principle of immoral intellect which in its entirely unsympathetic superiority sees little difference between the human play of mirth and revel and the grotesque, fantastic, and meaningless contortions of disembodied riot. The poet was himself in a position not dissimilar. He was so much above all the puppets he dealt with, that the semi-bestial and joyless pranks of insane fancy interested him as much as those sports of humanity into which at

their poorest some gleams of higher feeling must come in. It is as if Milton (could we imagine any such possibility in the nature of that austere and lofty genius) should have enjoyed and exhibited with equal prominence the amusements of Circe's rabble rout and those of the spotless lady and knightly gentlemen of his great poem.

Goethe himself would have done so. The swinish crew would have tickled his fancy. In his unapproachable elevation of mental power, the fair and graceful human creatures would not have been appreciably nearer to him than the transformed human brutes of the enchantress. Bulwer says somewhere, with sublime impertinence, that the question whether his wife is a clever or a stupid woman is virtually indifferent to a man of genius, the difference between one and the other being scarcely perceptible in view of the immense difference between her at her best and himself. This was Goethe's point of view in respect to mankind, and it is the view of his great impersonation. We can even believe that Mephisto on his passionless elevation might prefer, if contempt has any preference, the altogether soulless riot, the sensations of the nameless and horrible, to any higher sport of fancy. We remember—across the mists of many years, the first time of reading Faust, in a very imperfect translation—the moment when Faust returns suddenly, in the midst of his conversation with a beautiful young witch, to the protection of Mephistopheles, who asks him why he breaks off so interesting a conversation. "A little red mouse jumped out of (or into) her mouth," says the horrified hero. "Oh, if that is all!" says the fiend. We have not the poem at hand to correct our recollection; but the shock was as vivid to the young reader as to the hero. This startling and tremendous refinement of diablerie is, however, impossible on the stage. No such manner of expressing the horrible, the suspension of all human conditions and riot of every fantastic element, can be attempted. Nor has Mr Irving succeeded in showing the baser intellectualism of his cynical and philosophic demon: and the effect of finding so powerful a spirit in the midst of the commonest and most grotesque of pantomimic effects, oversteps altogether the thin line between the sublime and the ridiculous. We feel no horror, but only a sense of ludicrous downfall. A still more absurd incongruity comes in when a group of small demons in the form of monkeys lay hold upon Mephistopheles, and he unexpectedly discloses himself as, according to the comment of a humorous observer, "a family man" of the most paternal aspect, about whom the imps cluster in the most endearing way. This amiable mistake strikes the last note of absurdity in the grotesque scene, which has neither meaning nor adaptation, and looks like an attempt, which we can scarcely characterise as other than unworthy, to combine the familiar attractions of a Christmas spectacle with an ambitious and poetical tragedy. Such conjunctions cannot be.

We are bound to add, however, that the applause, which was continuous throughout, was never so enthusiastic as after this Brocken scene. Society, always more or less represented at the Lyceum, loves a spectacle as much as Whitechapel; indeed, perhaps Whitechapel would be the better critic in this case, and would resent the introduction of so much irrelevant nonsense into the heart of the

story. Whether to characterise it as a mistake on the part of the actor, giving way to the supposed necessities of his original, or an astute calculation and intuition of what pleases the public, is difficult. In either case, though a highly successful expedient for the satisfaction of the vulgar, and apparently the profit of the theatre, it is an almost unpardonable blunder in art.

We have lingered long upon this representation, which is indeed the one remarkable dramatic event of the moment, as well as, we think, the most striking and unobjectionable of all Mr Irving's impersonations. His personality lends itself with singular force to the conception, and there is something in the perpetual activity, almost ubiquitous, of the slim and elongated figure, the smiling self-command, the soft suggestion of intolerable villany, which really impresses the imagination — an effect far more difficult than anything producible by all the paraphernalia of changing scenery. In this particular Mr Irving has not sufficiently reckoned upon his own importance, which, so far as the world is aware, is not a fault into which he is apt to fall.

The other theatres in London content themselves with going on in old methods which have proved successful for the amusement of the public. At the St James's Mr Hare and the Kendals find nothing better to do than to repeat the stirring but commonplace play called "Impulse," in which, however, the latter pair find characters so thoroughly agreeable and satisfactory both to themselves and their audiences, in the delightful foxhunter (though now perhaps a little broad) and his lively and admired widow, that their faithfulness to the otherwise indifferent play is easily accounted for. The same has to be said for Mr Clayton and Mr Arthur Cecil at the Court, who still keep the public not very worthily amused by the (almost) screaming farce of "The Magistrate." And "The Candidate" continues in full career. When that disruption of everything that is Irish (and especially agitators) from England, which is promised us, takes place, it is well that Ireland should be provided with one young ready-made dramatist of merit in the person of Mr Justin Macarthy; but as he will not be able to take Mr Wyndham with him when that exodus occurs, his success may be less assured in his island of the blest than it is among the oppressors of his people. But let us not utter any forebodings of evil: rather a hope that the Irish *littérateur* may find his native audience pay. By the way, it is to be hoped that when Home Rule is granted, and the landlords and the constabulary and all other little difficulties settled, the humble claims of literature may not be altogether overlooked. In the days before the Union, as our lawgivers have no doubt forgotten, the Dublin booksellers carried on a lively and profitable piracy of books, as bold and as well rewarded as that which is now pursued across the Atlantic. If it is somewhat exasperating to the helpless author to be robbed of the product of his brains on the other side of the Atlantic, it would be still harder to bear were he pirated within sight of his own shores. It is a trifling matter in comparison with the many more important things that have to be done; but still it is worth a little attention, and we recommend it to the consideration of the first Irish novelist who shall be Home Secretary or Minister of the Interior at College Green.

We will remark further only the one performance which, as far as we know, has at once novelty and excellent acting to recommend it. The French plays at the little Royalty Theatre in the depths of Soho have not been, so far as we can judge, up to this time a great success. The taste for them, which no doubt was entirely artificial, has died away; and it is no longer the fashion, save perhaps when Sara Bernhardt visits London, where Society once made itself so ridiculous *à son égard*, to furnish a crowded audience for the foreign players. The company which filled the theatre the other evening to see the "Doctoresse" was curiously compounded. A great number of the French inhabitants of London, residents under our grey skies, who no doubt were too happy to avail themselves of any exhibition of the finer wit and better art of their native drama, not tortured into an English disguise, but frank and free in its natural aspect, brought a sympathetic atmosphere into the place; and the rest of the audience were true lovers of the drama, drawn from all classes, but chiefly the higher—people to whom French was no mystery to be furtively followed from a book, as so often happened to the crowds, more awed than amused, whom the impulse of a moment brought together to listen to Molière. Nothing could be more bright, amusing, or perfectly executed than the little play of the "Doctoresse." It is not a great play in any sense of the word, but one of those trifles, light as air, that embody with a momentary spontaneous effect, as light as a flower yet as well poised and perfect, a phase of daily life, an amusing complication of humorous incidents, such as never happen, yet might happen anywhere or any day. It is the particular ways of professional women which is the subject; and there is genuine humour in the manner in which all the difficulties of a situation, in which the wife is the bread-winner of the house, are set forth without a morsel of unkindly satire, or any suspicion of those cheap and facile sneers which are the commonplaces of criticism, upon this subject. The Doctoress is the most delightful, calm, unexcited, and capable of professional images. She takes her character with an easy familiarity, as though it were the simplest thing in the world. "Suis-je femme, moi?" she asks with no polemical air, with an indifferent good-humoured smile, as one who has no time to discuss the position, or go back upon such a simple fact. Nothing could be better than the quiet humour, the easy good-nature, the *bonhomie* and simplicity of Mdlle. Magnier in this *rôle*, which she has, as it is common to say, created. She is all physician, yet a delightful sensible woman at the same time, without a shade of exaggeration or staginess. The husband is more comic, but equally natural. The quiet, easy, and unstrained, but extremely funny travesty of duties, he falling necessarily into the feminine part, coaxing his much-occupied partner for money, suggesting "Ma dot!" when she good-humouredly objects to the expense, and, finally, when they have quarrelled, appearing *tout éploré*, with his portmanteau and the half-weeping statement, "Je vais me retirer chez ma mère," is pure comedy of the most amusing kind. That the little man would be naughty if he could, and is proposing marriage to somebody else merely for pastime—for he loves his wife all the time—is inevitable; but there is really no harm in the story, or anything which need shock the severest

spectator, and virtue itself could not have proposed a more proper ending. We regret, however, to lose our doctoress, who is charming throughout, and good enough to make us wish for more, not fewer, professional women.

It is impossible to see this easy, equal, and sparkling performance, in which not one or two, but all the characters are so cleverly and successfully filled, without making an involuntary comparison of this perfectly trained and universally adaptable company with the state of the actor's craft among ourselves —for these are not *sociëtaires* of the Français, but performers of much lower pretensions, who may be fairly enough compared with the ordinary level of the dramatic profession. Let us take, not to descend to the level of the "Private Secretary," which is little more than buffoonery, the lively and amusing play which Mr Wyndham supports by his own versatile and delightful talent. He is as good as can be, with much of the ease and cultured spontaneity of his French competitors; but he is alone on his brisk and bustling stage. One young actress of promise, Miss Rorke, adds a pretty element to the cast, but of the rest there is nothing to be said. The play succeeds in spite of them, and because Mr Wyndham has much the larger share of work to do. But in this little foreign settlement in the heart of London everything is equally well done. And here the illusion is complete. It might be an episode of actual Parisian life which goes on before us. The subject is of course a humorous exaggeration of anything that is possible in real existence, and yet we lose sight both of exaggeration and improbability,—all is so easy, spontaneous, and natural in the perfection of the art, that it seems no art at all.

In the meantime, other entertainments are preparing, not only for London but for the empire in general, which will be more exciting, more absorbing, than anything that Art can do for us. What may be the transformations, the modifications, the words that will stir the country from end to end, and affect throughout Europe the progress of human affairs, the acts that may change the very existence of the nation, who can tell? They lie as yet in the bosom of Fate, in that supreme theatre where history is made, and the fortunes of the race are shaped. Soon the imprisoned wranglers will be let free, and what is to be done will be done. May it be done well! No doubt, whatever the issue may be, this wintry season in London is great with significance both to England and the world.

OUR MILITARY POLICY TOWARDS THE NATIVE STATES OF INDIA.

The recent tour of the Viceroy of India through the principal Native States has been signalised by an important event—the restoration of the fort of Gwalior to the ruling prince of that country. The act is important, still more so the policy which underlies it. For it is, in fact, a first step towards the reconstitution of our relations with the feudatory States of India, the time for entering on which has now arrived. There is, indeed, in some quarters an idea that the Native States of India and their armies are a source of danger to the British authority, and by those who are imbued with this feeling a measure which may appear at first sight calculated to enhance the power and independence of those States might perhaps be regarded with apprehension. And no doubt every political measure carried out in India contains its potential element of danger. Even the Calcutta Baboos, who now make themselves so loudly heard, may become a source of danger, if suffered to carry their agitations beyond due bounds; although there is no class in India whose interests, if it understood them, are more thoroughly bound up in the welfare of the British Government. But as regards the Native States, we believe that it is much more dangerous to stand still than to move forward, and that to take them into our confidence, which may be done without any relaxation of proper precaution, is a policy as wise as it is just. This policy, which Lord Mayo would probably have followed out if the circumstances of his too brief term of rule had enabled him to do so, and which, under more favourable auspices, has been so graciously and opportunely inaugurated by Lord Dufferin, far from tending to weaken British authority in India, is an important step towards strengthening it, by knitting the great assemblage of States interspersed through our own territories into a federation bound by the ties of self-interest equally with loyalty to the paramount power, — a federation which shall offer the conditions of strength and stability in a much greater degree than is presented by the existing state of things.

The origin of our present position in regard to the feudatory States of India is to be found in the policy pursued by Lord Wellesley at the beginning of the present century. The subsidiary treaties which he made with the various native princes with whom he had to deal, either as allies or adversaries, contained, in every case where he could succeed in enforcing it, a stipulation for the establishment of a "Subsidiary Force" within the territories of the State concerned. This Subsidiary Force consisted, in each case of those established in his time, of regular troops of the Indian army, which was thus increased without addition of charge to the East Indian Company; but in later times this force has sometimes taken the form of a "Contingent" for local service only, either in addition to the Subsidiary Force or in place of one. Thus, at Hyderabad, in the territories of the Nizam, what is called the Subsidiary Force is a division of the Madras army, comprising infantry, cavalry,

and artillery, British and native, stationed at Secunderabad, a Cantonment adjacent to the capital of the State; and there is also a local force called the Hyderabad Contingent, which is quite apart from, and independent of, the Madras Division, being directly under the orders of the British Resident. Both of these forces are paid for directly or indirectly by the Nizam. At Gwalior, British authority used to be represented by a local Contingent; at Baroda there is a detachment of the Bombay army. These are mentioned as instances; they do not exhaust the list. These Subsidiary Forces and Contingents were thus established, ostensibly and primarily, for the purpose of protecting the Government of the State concerned in each case against both external and internal enemies: thus, for example, the Subsidiary Force at Hyderabad was available to assist our ally the Nizam against what was at that time our common enemy, the Mahrattas; and, as a matter of fact, this force co-operated with the division under the Duke of Wellington, then General Wellesley, in the campaign against the Mahrattas, which was illustrated by the battles of Assaye and Argaum. But another and equally important object served by these forces was, that the British Government had thus a force at its command for the coercion of the Native State itself, and this without extra cost, because the charge for the troops so employed was in each case defrayed by the State, either by an assignment of territory or by actual money payment.

This is the origin of the various contingents and local forces throughout India; they represent a relation between the British Government and the Native State of professed amity and mutual distrust, and the time has now arrived when this policy may advantageously be replaced by one, not only more generous and more in accord with the actual present condition of India, but which would also, from a military as well as a political view, be much more safe and stable. We make no apology for discussing the subject thus plainly. For although, just as in private life it is not usual to assume the possibility of relations falling out until the quarrel actually arises, and every one who has to deal with Indian subjects must be sensible of the bad taste, to use the mildest expression, of even so much as referring to the possibility of conflict with princes whose professions of loyalty for us are so strongly expressed and for whom we in return always profess unbounded confidence, still the mischief in this line has been done already. The Indian press, and indeed the English press too, are in the habit of discussing these questions without the smallest reserve; and the princes of India, who are kept thoroughly informed of everything that is written about them, both here and in India, are so accustomed to see their private feelings towards us discussed with brutal frankness, and to hear motives imputed to them of supposed hostility to us, that there is no room for harm by discussing the question in a friendly spirit: it may be hoped that the proper attitude to be assumed towards these feudatories only requires to be understood to bring about, not only a sounder political condition, but also a more just and courteous way of writing and speaking on this important subject.

And, first, to deal with the par-

ticular case of Gwalior. This State is of comparatively recent origin. The Mahratta empire, a mushroom growth, but at one time threatening to overspread the whole of India, arose out of the decay of the Mogul empire, and again running in turn the ordinary course of oriental despotism, the at first strong Mahratta rule soon grew weak, and the Mahratta empire became the Mahratta confederacy, of different chiefs who had achieved independence of their common head, and who were held together by only the weakest bonds. Their hand was against every man's, and they ultimately fell to quarrelling among themselves, and in ordinary course their predominance in India would have had a short duration, giving way to newer and stronger forces. They have been stereotyped in their present form by the order-compelling power of the British Government, under which the shifting and unstable elements of rule which happened to be uppermost at the time when we appeared on the scene have been crystallised into permanence. Three of these States formed a coalition against the British in 1804, and were overthrown by the armies of Generals Lake and Wellesley, in what is known as the great Mahratta war. One of these was the recently formed State of Gwalior, the first founder of which was a military adventurer of obscure birth. The treaty made with Lord Wellesley secured the chief in his possessions, and what up to that time was a territory of fluctuating extent, according to the ruler's capacity of holding it against all comers, became a recognised principality, with a fixed boundary guaranteed by the British Government.

In 1843, on the death of the ruling prince, the Council of the Gwalior State, under the influence of a palace intrigue, setting aside the infant legitimate heir, the present Maharaja, the British Government marched an army on Gwalior, in order to make good his right. The Mahratta troops sided with the Council, and were put down only after fighting the well-contested battles of Maharajpoor and Punniar. The infant prince having been reinstated and order restored, the Mahratta army was largely reduced, and a Contingent, comprising nine regiments of cavalry and infantry with four batteries of artillery, was raised in lieu of it, and stationed in close proximity to the capital. This force, like the other similar bodies already established, was commanded by British officers, and at the complete disposal of the Government of India, although available, with the concurrence of the Resident, for settling local disturbances in the interests of the Gwalior Durbar. The force, although thus local, and occupying the Mahratta country, contained few if any Mahrattas, but was composed of precisely the same elements as the old Bengal army, mostly high-caste sepoys from the North-Western Provinces and Oudh, and it was almost the first to join in the great mutiny of 1857. The Contingent, after murdering as many of its officers as it could lay hands on (the survivors escaped to Agra), was retained at Gwalior by the order of the Minister (Scindia himself was a minor) until the winter, when it broke loose from restraint and marched against Cawnpore, just at the time when the garrison of that place was weakened by the absence of Sir Colin Campbell at the relief of Lucknow; and, as will be remembered, the rebel force

surprised General Windham, who was in command there, and pressed him rather hard. On Sir Colin Campbell's return to Cawnpore, the Contingent was defeated and driven away, and finally broken up as an organised force. Meanwhile the army proper of the Gwalior State had remained faithful to its government, and, by the influence of the Minister, it was restrained from acting against the British Government throughout the most critical times of the Mutiny. But in June 1858, on being overawed by the rebel forces under Tantia Topee and other leaders, Scindia's troops deserted their chief and went over to the enemy, and the Maharaja himself was forced to escape as a fugitive to Agra. A few days later, however, the combined force of rebels and Scindia's army was defeated and driven off from the city of Gwalior by Sir Hugh Rose. The famous hill fort which overlooks the city, of which the rebels held possession, was carried by assault next day; and before the end of the month the Maharaja was reinstated in his palace.

On the pacification of the country, the Contingent was not reconstituted; but a garrison from the Indian army was, for the first time, established at the Cantonment of Morar, the old quarters of the Contingent, about five miles from the city. The brigade thus stationed at Morar was established there in pursuance of a treaty entered into with the Maharaja Scindia in December 1860; it is therein styled a Subsidiary Force.

The famous scarped hill known as Fortress Gwalior, which lies about a mile on the other side of the railway, three miles from the Morar Cantonment, and overlooks the city and palace, has also been occupied ever since,—first under the understanding that the occupation would be temporary, but later as a permanent arrangement. During the negotiations which ended in the treaty above cited (No. CVI. of Aitchison's Treaties)—

"Lord Canning promised that the fort should be restored to Scindia when this could with safety be done. This promise was repeated to Scindia by Lord Elgin. Its fulfilment depended on the withdrawal of the British force from Morar to some more eligible station, which was at that time contemplated. It was finally decided, in 1864, that the Cantonment of Morar should be maintained, and it therefore became necessary that the Gwalior fort should continue to be garrisoned by British troops. Scindia agreed (Treaty No. CVIII.) to give up his right to the restoration of the fort on receiving an increase of twelve guns to his artillery, and on condition that his flag should fly on the ramparts of the fort; that he should be saluted from its guns; and that if at any time the British Government should withdraw from its occupation, he should be allowed to occupy it with his own troops. The documents recording these arrangements—viz., Scindia's letter of 29th March, and the Governor-General's letters of 12th April and 21st December 1864, which modify the 9th Article of the Treaty of 1860—are held to constitute supplementary articles of that treaty (No. CIX.) The twelve guns referred to were supplied in the shape of two complete batteries of 9-pounder guns. In 1865 Scindia was permitted to receive two 18-pounder guns, on the condition that he paid the full cost of the pieces and caused two of his guns to be destroyed."—Aitchison's Treaties, vol. iii. p. 264.

Such is, in brief, the history of the situation. And although one object served by the establishment of a Cantonment close to the capital of the Gwalior State, and the occu-

pation of the hill fort which overlooks it, was to support the authority of the prince, still the attitude taken up was the same as that exhibited in so many other parts of India, of mutual distrust—a distrust not disguised by the condition stated in the treaty of 1860, that the Subsidiary Force is to cost *not less than* 16 lakhs of rupees (£160,000) a-year, as if it were put there solely to protect the Maharaja; whereas every one on both sides understood perfectly well that an object fully as much kept in view by the arrangement was to coerce the ruler of the State, and put down his army if necessary. The occupation of the fort in particular, with its guns in position, ready if necessary to bear on his own palace, could not be otherwise than most distasteful to that prince—although as a salve to his feelings he was allowed to increase his own army when it was finally determined in 1864 that the occupation should be continued. The very fact that our occupation of the fort was assigned as a reason for permitting this increase, sufficiently disposes of the notion that we were there solely to protect him.

This was the state of things which Lord Dufferin's recent act has put an end to. Not only has the hill fort been restored to Scindia, but the adjacent Cantonment of Morar is to be abandoned, and the troops now stationed there are to be transferred to other places, part to Jhansi; and it is important to observe that the new policy is justified fully as much by military as by political considerations. The military situation at Jhansi has hitherto been equally as objectionable as that at Gwalior, though in the opposite way. The district of Jhansi is British territory. The town and fort of that name was in 1857 the scene of one of the most terrible episodes of that year. The reigning princess, who had murdered the British residents after obtaining their surrender under promise of safe conduct, and set up the standard of independence, escaped from the fort when it was besieged and stormed by Sir Hugh Rose in 1858, but was killed soon afterwards in action at the head of her troops, and her territory was confiscated; but the town and fort of Jhansi were bestowed on Scindia. Here, then, the military situation is as equally objectionable as that at Gwalior; for the fort which is thus held by Scindia overlooks and commands the British station and its small Cantonment. Jhansi will shortly become a point of strategical importance, as the junction of three main lines of railway now under construction; and the new treaty, which has just been notified as concluded with Scindia, provides for the restoration of the fort to the British Government, a very necessary condition under the circumstances, and it may be assumed that the present small garrison at Jhansi will be strengthened.

As regards Gwalior itself, the withdrawal of our troops, so far from constituting a military danger, will decidedly strengthen our military position. The withdrawal does not imply that the British Government renounces its obligation to maintain peace and order in this part of India; but the real danger in the case of both this and every other Native State is not that the reigning prince would deliberately go to war with the British Government. His resources for such a purpose are quite insignificant. A good

deal has been written about the large forces maintained by the Native States, and it has been asserted in certain quarters that Scindia evades the treaty conditions which limit the strength of his army, by passing men quickly through its ranks and so creating a reserve of trained men, after the fashion of European armies, with which he could suddenly augment it. We believe that there is no foundation for this imputation; indeed, such a systematic organisation is quite inconsistent with the unmethodical habits which characterise an Indian Native Government. The danger is not of a deliberate act of war, but that in time of excitement the troops might get beyond the prince's control, and that a conflict might ensue between them and the British troops, invited by their close proximity to each other, and which might involve grave ulterior consequences. The way to avoid such an obvious cause of disturbance is to keep the two bodies at a distance from each other. The fact is, that the construction of railways has entirely altered the conditions under which military operations in India are undertaken. At the time when these Subsidiary Forces were established all over India, our troops could be moved only by road marches, and the collection of the needful transport was a work of time: a revolution or rebellion might therefore gather head before the means could be forthcoming for suppressing it, if they were kept at any distance. But nowadays, with railways, a force can be concentrated in a few days upon any part of India, sufficient to put down any opposition which might arise. The true way, therefore, of maintaining peace among the Native States is not to scatter our troops all over the country, in places where their presence might give rise to the very disturbance which it is our object to prevent—and where a small detached body might be seriously compromised before it could be reinforced—but to hold them at hand at convenient military centres within our own territories, especially commanding the trunk railways, whence they can be swiftly moved with crushing force upon any point. We are not unmindful, indeed, that while pressing the policy of concentration as against that which has hitherto been observed, of a wide-spread distribution of troops, there is something to be said on the other side. Indeed, where we have to deal with such diverse elements as are met with in India—where danger from one cause or another always lurks below the surface, and where a sudden outbreak of fanatical feeling, if not at once suppressed, may lead to wide-spread consequences—it is very necessary not only that the means for preserving peace should be available, but that they should be apparent to the people. The more fully Government is represented by the visible means for ensuring obedience, the less danger is there of the need arising for those means being set in motion. It is not only that military force may be required to maintain our own authority,—it is often wanted to suppress the outbreak of race and class hatred between the people themselves. Only a few months ago a British regiment was patrolling the streets of a large city, during several days, to keep the Hindoo and Mussulman population from cutting each other's throats; and with such warnings frequently occurring to keep it in view, the principle of ensuring

tranquillity, and providing the power for immediately suppressing disturbance, by a wide distribution of the army, has always been wisely observed. But, after all, the Indian army is so small compared with the country it holds, that this distribution has only a relative signification. There are districts as large as many European kingdoms in which an armed soldier has hardly even been seen, and scattered and distributed as are the troops, for the most part in small bodies, the military stations are yet few and far between. Many considerable towns have no military garrison—a single battalion constitutes the garrison of many large cities. And although this principle of dissemination may be a sound one as regards British territory, we believe that it no longer holds good for the Native States, and that both policy and prudence point to the withdrawal of our troops from their territories. The governing princes fully understand the obligation which rests upon them to maintain peace and good order in their own territories; and although the ostensible reason for which the British forces were quartered upon them in the first instance—namely, to maintain them on their thrones and help them to preserve peace, which their own resources alone were inadequate to ensure — was good at that time when the elements of stable rule were altogether wanting, this is no longer the case: the peaceful condition of British India is necessarily reflected on the adjacent Native States, in most of which a more or less regular system of judicial and fiscal administration has been established, adopted in great measure from our own; and where, too, a growing public opinion, to say nothing of the watchful supervision of the British Government, keeps within bounds the tendency to oppression and arbitrary misrule which has been so often the cause of disaffection and rebellion against native rule. These States no longer require to be kept in leading-strings as heretofore, and the time has certainly come when the full and complete responsibility should be placed upon them for conducting their own administration.

It may therefore be claimed for the policy inaugurated by Lord Dufferin that it introduces a system of self-government which really deserves the name, on a footing as wise as it is comprehensive. Hitherto the rulers of Native States, while left in the full enjoyment of their revenues, and secured in complete immunity from the encroachments of their neighbours, have been relieved from the greatest incentive to good government, by the presence of British troops to help them in maintaining themselves in power. They will now be furnished, supposing the principle to be extended to other States besides that of Gwalior, with the strongest stimulus to good government: they will be put on their mettle to show that the confidence in them is justified by the result.

And by carrying out this policy, the military position, far from being weakened, is strengthened. The armies of the Native States are not increased; the army of British India is not reduced, but it is distributed in a much more effective way. For whereas the danger now most menacing to India is not from within but from without, these brigades, the different Subsidiary Forces, which heretofore have been completely locked up, so far as the general defence of

the empire is concerned, are now set free for whatever duty may arise. Were they allowed to remain as at present, bound down by treaties to be permanently quartered on the Native States, they could not be withdrawn in time of emergency. To withdraw them then would be a confession of weakness. If you cannot trust a Native State without a British garrison in time of peace, still less can you do so in time of peril, when India is threatened by a foreign foe. We believe, then, this policy to be as sound and safe as it is generous. As regards the restoration of Fort Gwalior, it may be observed that the intrinsic value of this rock is by no means to be measured by the value which the Maharaja, whose palace is raked by its guns, attaches to it. It is true that its scarped precipitous sides afford the appearance of great strength; and although it has been twice taken by assault—once in the last century by a detachment under the gallant Captain Popham, and again in 1858 by Sir Hugh Rose—these enterprises do not measure the difficulty of carrying it against an obstinate defence. Popham took it by surprise, and the small garrison from which Sir Hugh Rose wrested it was a detachment from the army beaten the day before, which had taken refuge in the fort, dispirited by defeat and without supplies for sustaining the siege. But the history of Indian warfare shows that these hill-fortresses, so numerous in India, never are defended with tenacity. If a show is made of surrounding the place and blockading it, the garrison, fearing to be cut off, almost invariably evacuates it. The famous fort of Assirghur is a much more formidable place than Gwalior, but as soon as General Wellesley occupied the town below it after the battle of Assaye, the defence was abandoned, although the British General had no means of making a regular siege. Moreover, the relative value of Gwalior has been greatly diminished by the modern development of artillery-fire, for there is another hill even higher within a few hundred yards of it, from which a battery of rifled guns would completely sweep its bare rocky plateau and render it untenable.

We have said that the armies of the Native States need not be increased by this arrangement; neither, in our view, need they be reduced. There is an impression in some quarters that these native armies are already on too large a scale, and figures have been published which bring out a formidable array of men and guns. But in the first place it would be quite a mistake to regard these forces, even if they were really existent on such a scale, as representing a body which could be collectively arrayed against the British Government. The Native States of India comprise a variety of discordant elements differing in race, in religion, and in language, whose relations with each other, until they come under the controlling authority of the British Government, are a dismal record of barbarous warfare. Rajputs and Mahrattas, Mussulmans and Sikhs, have only too good cause, from the cruel records of the past, for the mutual antipathies which there is no reason to suppose are yet extinguished; and anything like a combination among them for united action against the paramount power is not a thing to consider as within the range of practical politics. There are quite enough real dan-

gers always present to the Indian statesman without taking into account what is only possible, but not probable. Such a solidarity of the Indian peoples as this would imply, is only a fit subject for a Quaker's dream. In the next place, these large numbers have been arrived at only by counting in every old hereditary watchman who carries a worn-out matchlock, and every honeycombed gun mounted on some desolate hill-fort. The troops which deserve the name, and which have any real military organisation, are very much smaller in number; and although collectively even these make up a considerable total, each individual force, with the exception only of that of the Hyderabad State, is on a small footing, and armed only with the old Brown Bess and smooth-bore gun; and it may be observed, although it is to be hoped so Machiavellian a policy will never be called for, the Native States form in themselves a ready means of maintaining the political power of India. In the case of a rebellious State, you have only to invite its neighbours to help themselves each to a slice of it, to put an effectual end to the difficulty.

While, then, we believe this new policy, which is based on trust without any relaxation of real safeguard, to be as sound and safe as it is wise and generous, no occasion could be more appropriate than the present for giving effect to it, when India is at peace, and when it comes as a response to the ardent protestations of loyalty and desire to co-operate in the general defence of the empire, which have come up to the foot of the throne from all its reigning princes. The wish so unreservedly expressed for the employment of their military resources in the common object of the defence of India against aggression from without, should not be treated as a mere matter of form, for undoubtedly these States are under a deep obligation to the paramount power for the security which they enjoy; but the difficulty at present is to make any practical use of their armies. They are neither trained nor armed up to the necessary point; nor, even if such a measure were expedient on other grounds, would it be practicable to bring the whole of them into the necessary state of efficiency—the cost would be too heavy a burden on the States. But it is at least worthy of consideration whether some of them, at any rate, should not be invited to furnish each a small proportion of its troops for active service, to be properly drilled and equipped, and brought into a state fit to be placed in a line along with our own army. We fail to perceive any substantial source of danger in such a course, which would unquestionably be gratifying to the feelings of the States concerned; and while tending to unite them in a real bond of union with us, would furnish a not inconsiderable addition to the British army, without cost to the Imperial Government.

Such an arrangement would moreover provide for a difficulty, the need for meeting which is daily becoming more apparent. While year by year the employment of Indians in the civil administration is extending, nothing has been done to afford them a military career. Yet in no country is the profession of arms held more in esteem, while to a large and influential class, the old nobility of India, this is the only profession it cares to follow. It is surely, then, not only just but ex-

pedient that while a career suitable to them is freely afforded to the literary class, the product of our own schools, with their almost gratuitous education, the aristocracy of India should not be left out in the cold. Yet at present the highest post obtainable in the army is the so-called native-commissioned grade, the senior in which takes rank below the youngest British officer. This rank, which is peculiar to the Indian army, forming an intermediate class between the British officers of a regiment and the native non-commissioned officers, is suitable enough for the old soldiers raised from the ranks, uneducated and of humble birth, of which, with rare exceptions, it is composed; but a native gentleman of family, even if he were prepared to accept so subordinate a situation, would not care to associate with these men. Yet there are undoubtedly difficulties in the way at present of appointing Indians to the commissioned ranks of our own army on a footing of equality with the British officer, although in this, as in all the other problems of administration, the difficulties will have sooner or later to be faced; but a ready way of at least making a beginning in what is a measure of the first importance is afforded by the armies of these Native States. Supposing, for example, the force of a State to comprise half-a-dozen regiments of infantry, the suggestion already made is to the effect that (say) one battalion of the whole should be supplied with arms of precision and trained up to the point which would fit it to take its place alongside of our own troops; the further suggestion now made is, that the battalion so selected should be officered by Indians of rank in place of the old men of humble birth who now command it, who are for the most part of the same class as the present native officers of our own army, and in fact many of whom have actually served in it as private soldiers. In this way a military career would be created for the military class, in immediate connection with our own army, although apart from it, and without interfering with our own military organisation.

It may be objected that, admitting the soldierly qualities to be found among the Indian nobility, they are deficient in the knowledge necessary for officers, which is true at present; but so the natives of all classes were not long ago deficient in the knowledge necessary for the duties of civil government. It is we who have educated them up to the required point; and in the same way, the cadets of noble houses, who have now no career, should be given the necessary military training, which could be readily supplied in India. It may be objected, on the other hand, that the change would come too late,—that the class in question has degenerated in warlike qualities from want of means for exercising what was in past times their hereditary profession; but at any rate, in justice to them and as a matter of policy, the experiment ought to be tried. That power should be gradually passing into the hands of the class which is now so noisily putting forward its claim to represent the people of India,—a claim the absurdity of which, although perfectly understood on the spot, has imposed on Mr Bright and a few others, whose confident prescriptions for the political treatment of India are quite unsupported by any knowledge of that country,—is nevertheless a source of political danger. It is a real danger that the class whose rule of India has been succeeded

by ours, should now be passed by and neglected in favour of the caucus-working wire-pullers, whose suffrage is based on the knowledge of the English language which they have gained at the expense of the heavily taxed ryot. For after all, it is the unfortunate ryot who pays for everything, the English schools included, although the scholars turned out from these confine themselves to pressing their own claims on public notice.

If, on the other hand, the danger be pressed of doing anything to revive a taste for the career of arms among the Indian nobility, and it be objected that we thus may be furnishing a weapon which might some day be turned against ourselves, we reply that, while admitting, as we have already, that every course which may be pursued contains its potential element of danger, our first duty is to be just; and justice demands that every class in India should receive equal advantages from our rule: while we are strongly of opinion that to take the nobility into our confidence, and make them feel that their interests are bound up with our own, is really a policy as wise as just. The time, in short, appears to have come for something more than toleration of the bare existence of the Native States. These now understand, indeed, that the time for annexation has gone by, and that each chief is assured in secure enjoyment of his possessions; but something more than this toleration is to be aimed at. They should now be brought into a more comprehensive federation, as an integral part of the Indian empire, taking a share in the burden and responsibility of defence.

We may illustrate our meaning by what has taken place in Germany. Until the war of 1866, every little German State kept up its own army; and although there was a strong feeling of German unity as against other nations, still civil war was recognised as being as much a possible employment for German troops as a foreign war. It was always felt that these armies might, and on the occasion arising would be used against one or other of the two principal German States; and it was a matter of uncertainty against which of them the arms of each particular State should be turned. Until 1866, then, the relations between these German States were based on the policy of mutual distrust; now, however, the whole of Germany has been welded into one homogeneous whole, and the armies of the smaller States, instead of being a source of danger to Prussia, have become a source of strength. Of course this analogy must not be pressed further than it will go; but we think it may with propriety be cited as serving to illustrate the sort of relations which, with great advantage, might be brought about between the Native States of India and the British Government. And just as there is no longer any question about Hanover or Hesse siding with any other Power against Prussia, so the various States of India should be made to feel that their best interest lies in cordial union with the British Government, and that while they will be trusted, they will be also held responsible for fulfilling their share in maintaining the peace of the country and the integrity of the Indian empire. The first step towards this desirable end is to modify that part of our military policy which now takes the form of keeping a small force at the capital of each Native State, watching its army, and ready to fly at it when-

ever it shows its teeth. As we have endeavoured to show, this preparation against a danger is full of danger in itself; and towards this sounder policy the restoration of Fort Gwalior to the Maharaja Scindia, and the withdrawal of the British garrison from the Morar Cantonment, as lately announced by Lord Dufferin, is a first and great step.

As regards the armies of the Native States, it is not proposed that they should be amalgamated with the Indo-British army as the various small German armies have been amalgamated with that of Prussia. But these native armies, if kept within their present reasonable dimensions, may by a wise policy be rendered very useful, first by being set to do their own proper work, which we now profess to do for them, of keeping the peace within their respective territories, and thus setting free our own army for other operations; and secondly, by furnishing each a small contingent in the manner above suggested, to be properly armed, trained, and commanded by educated native officers, to remain in peace-time within the territories of its own State and be maintained by it, and in time of war to be available for employment by the British Government.

G. C.

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OUR NEW EASTERN PROVINCE.

With scarcely any opposition, and with the loss of only a handful of men in regular fight, we have, within the last few weeks, gained possession of a province which is more than five times as large as Scotland, and which, though by no means an El Dorado, is yet sufficiently rich both in minerals and products of the soil to make it an enviable acquisition. That its transfer from the oppressive tyranny of the "Sun-descended King of Ava" to English rule should have been so easily effected, is of itself evidence that the pear was ready to fall. It has long been foreseen, not only by European observers but by the Burmese officials themselves, that a state of affairs would before long be reached which would compel us to take action of some kind in Upper Burma. It was quite impossible that the chaotic confusion and oppressive rule of King Thebaw's Government could continue side by side with the civilised administration of Lower Burma. There are still, however, some people, as was shown by Dr Hunter's amendment to the Address, who, by the strangely narrow light of Radical opinions, regard this beneficent change as an unrighteous aggression. If to the minds of such people the Blue-book just published does not carry conviction of their error, they must be curiously impervious to reason. The history there told of Thebaw's reign, contains, in the plain and unadorned style of official despatches, a record of such infamous cruelties inflicted on his subjects as rival the atrocities of the worst monarchs of either ancient or modern times, and of such outrages on the property and persons of Englishmen as compel our admiration for the patience, if not of the courage, of the Indian Government.

Happily the country is now rid of this despicable monarch, whose best excuse for his inhumanity is that he was the tool of the harridan who shared his throne; and a new

era of peace, justice, and prosperity is dawning upon the land. For a time, no doubt, the outlying districts will continue to be disturbed by dacoits. When once sections of a community have become habituated to the irregular and not altogether unprofitable trade of brigandage, the evil propensity dies hard; and under the rule of Thebaw such ample encouragement was given to dacoity by the feebleness and corruption of his administration, that it will take some time before we shall be able to restore law and order to the distracted country. The configuration of the province is all in favour of the brigands; and the tribes who inhabit the mountains which encircle it on three sides will continue to find a congenial employment in the pursuit of booty, until the country shall have been opened up. The present outbreak of dacoity has nothing abnormal about it, and it owes its prominence entirely to the greater publicity which the presence of special correspondents now gives to affairs of all kinds in Burma. It so happens that a seemingly political aspect is given to the movement by the presence of pretenders to the throne among the dacoits. But this is a mere accident, and does not supply any motive to the marauders, who are guided by no higher instinct than the love of plunder. Unquestionably, however, one of the first efforts of the new administration should be directed against that prevailing brigandage which has so long interfered with the trade, and harassed the industry, of the people. We have experienced and solved a like difficulty in the central provinces of India, and there is no reason to suppose that the same disease in Burma will not yield to the remedies which have been so successfully employed in those districts. There is no need to delay dealing with this question until we have developed a complete system of administration in the country. Rough-and-ready means are best adapted for the cure of the disturbed state of Burmese society; and it would perhaps be well to set aside for the moment many of the complex theories of justice, in order to reach those elementary laws of equity which best suit the present requirements of the people.

Practically, the new province consists of the valleys of the Irawaddy and its tributaries, and is separated from the neighbouring states by mountain-ranges which, in the shape of a pointed horseshoe, wall it in on the north, east, and west. Taking its rise in the north-eastern portion of the delta of the Ganges, a lofty range of mountains stretches eastward, separating the valley of the Brahmaputra from the head waters of the Irawaddy. From this range strike southward two great systems; one consisting of the Lushai hills, the Chittagong hills, and the Arakan Yoma range which skirts the eastern shores of the Bay of Bengal—and the other embracing the mighty ranges which separate the valleys of the Irawaddy, the Salween, and the Mekong rivers on the confines of China. The territory thus marked off by nature is, especially in its northern portion, broken by mountain-spurs and sudden ridges of hills. For the rest, it consists mainly of rolling uplands and rich alluvial plains. Though the soil is exceedingly fertile, the miserable system of government which has shortened the arm of the law for so many

centuries, has resulted in confining the areas of cultivation to the neighbourhoods of towns and villages, where sparse populations have striven for existence, leaving the outlying districts untouched and uncared for. It is probable that the whole population of Upper Burma does not exceed two millions; and though, under British rule, this number will doubtless increase by leaps and by bounds, yet, if we were compelled to look to the natives alone for the development of the country, we should be destined to a long period of expectancy. Fortunately the experience of Siam has shown that it needs but a settled government in any country bordering on China to induce the overflowing population of that empire to pour into its territories. Already, in Siam, Chinamen have, by means of their thrifty and methodical habits, added enormously to the productive wealth of the country; and if this process is found to be in operation under a rule which, though comparatively enlightened, has not emerged from some of the vitiating influences of Eastern monarchies, what may we not expect to see in Burma, where we can offer to immigrants security of life, equitable laws, and a just administration?

Under the native rule the whole country was divided into *myos* or districts, which were subdivided into *taiks*, and again into *yuwas* or villages. The principal taxes were the house-tax and a tax on agriculture. Both these were of uncertain assessment, and were levied in accordance with the wealth of the districts and the requirements of the "town-eaters," as the officials to whom the revenues were granted were descriptively entitled. The house-tax varied from about fifteen shillings to upwards of £3, and in time of hostilities a further levy brought home to the consciousness of the people one at least of the evils of war. The tax on agriculture affected not only the principal crops, but even the vegetables grown in the cottage-gardens, and thus combined both our tithe system and the "*decimæ garbarum de leguminibus*" of the Norman kings; with this difference, however, that anything ranging between 12 and 100 per cent was considered a legitimate exaction. A further uncertainty was imparted into the incidence of the tax by the fact that the *pé* or acre, like the ancient "hide," was measured by no fixed standard, but extended and shrank in accordance with the sense of justice possessed by the "town-eater." A part of the revenues derived from these sources was apportioned among the official classes, and the rest was lavished on Court favourites with a prodigality which was stinted by no fear on the part of the royal giver that, however open-handed, it would in any way interfere with his own resources.

During the reign of Mindohn, the father of King Thebaw, and during a portion of the reign of his son, a system of trade monopolies, together with the customs revenues, brought in sums to the privy purse which were large enough to make the mouths of minor European potentates water with envy. By a stroke of the pen the trade in cotton, cutch, teak, timber, lead, and rubies, was created a royal monopoly, and direful punishments were prescribed against any one who should dare to infringe it. By common consent all monopolies are bad, but the evils attending them are aggravated tenfold

when they become vested in the hands of the ruler of the State. It was the custom of King Mindohn, and latterly also of Thebaw, to fix his own prices both for purchase and sale. In this way it used to be his royal will to buy the entire quantity of cotton destined for the China markets at £2, 10s. per 100 *viss* (a *viss* = 3.6516 lb.), and to sell it to the exporters at £6, 5s. As the annual quantity so dealt with, before the outbreak of the Panthay rebellion, was estimated at about four millions of *viss*, the royal revenue from this one item must have been about £150,000. In the same way lead was bought at 12s. 6d. per 100 *viss*, and sold at £2, 10s.; and about this proportion of profit was secured on all the other articles which fell under the bane of the royal prerogative.

In addition, however, to these sources of income, the king derived a considerable private revenue from the customs. The effect of these exactions was, as might be imagined, to keep the trade of the country within the narrowest possible limits; and it was with the professed intention of widening these bounds, and of inspiring confidence into the mercantile community, that Thebaw, on ascending the throne, yielded to the advice of European counsellors, and consented to abolish the monopolies. But with the speedy renewal of native procedure, which was heralded by the massacre of eighty of his nearest relatives, this wise resolve was given up, and Thebaw returned to the system of his forefathers. As the force of early habits grew upon him, his wilfulness and cruelty increased, until the whips of King Mindohn became scorpions in the hands of his son. Not only were the monopolies re-established, but, as the proceeds from them proved insufficient for the wants of the Court, Thebaw hit upon the expedient of founding lotteries to supply the deficiency. Offices for the sale of the tickets were opened in every part of the capital, and Ministers of State did not think it beneath their dignity to preside over them. As those presidents who could return the largest amounts to the exchequer were those on whom the light of the royal countenance shone, every art and contrivance were adopted by the competing officers to attract subscribers. Temptingly cool drinks and attractive refreshments were displayed in the ante-chambers of one agency, while bands of music and dancing-girls performed in the compounds of rival establishments. The proprietors of gambling-houses were coerced into taking large consignments of tickets, and timid people were frightened into subscribing by hired ruffians who went about threatening all who refused with the terrors of the law! By these and other means a genuine *furor* of speculation was artificially superinduced. Tradesmen neglected their business, and farmers left their fields untilled, in the vain hope of winning fortune by a cast of the die. Gamblers who had lost their all, sold their wives and daughters for the chance throw of one more hazard; and when, as was generally the case, fortune finally declared against them, they commonly tried to make good their losses by resorting to plunder. In this way another crop of evils sprang from the dragon's teeth scattered by the king, and the neighbourhood of the lottery-offices became the favourite recruiting-grounds of the dacoit leaders.

So long as the rage for this kind

of gambling lasted,—that is, until all the available cash had been swept into the royal exchequer,—the profits were enormous. But an end soon came, and with it widespread ruin throughout the country. Matters now assumed so serious an aspect, that even Thebaw saw that some measure of relief was absolutely necessary. Possibly the knowledge that it was no longer possible to squeeze money out of the people, inspired him with a longing for legitimate dues on an increasing trade. But however that may be, he suddenly became a convert to the principles of political economy, and in deference to an urgent remonstrance from the Viceroy of India, forswore his monopolies. The short breathing-space allowed him between this sign of returning reason and his deposition, left unsolved the question of how the new system would have answered. Nor need we trouble ourselves to consider the probable course it would have run until the king, impatient for larger gains, would have adopted some new form of confiscation. The days of monopoly in Burma are now, happily, amongst the things that were; and it is our duty, as newly succeeding heirs, to turn up the soil, test the mines, and inspect the woodlands, that we may be able to gauge, however imperfectly, the resources of our latest inheritance.

We need not go beyond our experience in Lower Burma to be aware that the soil of the valleys of the Irawaddy and its affluents is extremely fertile. In those favoured regions, where genial rains and a temperate climate are part of the stock-in-trade of the farmer, it is but necessary to scratch the surface of the ground, and throw in the seed, to secure rich and abundant crops. In these fortunate circumstances, cotton, rice, wheat, and other cereals are grown in large quantities. As has been already mentioned, about four million *viss* of cotton are annually exported from Upper Burma into China; and from a memorandum published in the latest Blue-book, we learn that in 1878, 1280 tons of wheat, and 12,680 tons of other grains, found their way southwards into Pegu. Rice is the only grain which is not grown in sufficient quantities to supply the wants of the people; and about 67,500 tons of this, the staple food of the inhabitants, have been imported yearly into Thebaw's dominions. When, however, it is remembered under how great disadvantages agriculture existed under the native kings, it is a matter for surprise that the yearly yield of most of the crops was in excess of the needs of the population. For one other necessary article of food besides rice the Upper Burmans are, and must remain, dependent on the outside world. Unfortunately for them, the country does not produce salt; and they, together with the people of Eastern Yunnan, are compelled therefore to look for their supply from Rangoon.

But foremost among the richest products of the soil stand the magnificent teak-forests, which lately have figured prominently in connection with one of the main indictments against Thebaw. For many years certain of these forests have been leased to the Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation, who until 1884 paid rent at so much per log "worked out." In the case of the Ningyan Forest, on the Sittang river, this arrangement was, after that date, converted into a fixed annual rental of four and a half

lakhs. At the beginning of last year, however, causes were at work at Mandalay which induced the king to try to extort a further revenue from the Corporation. Prominent among these were a deficiency in the royal exchequer, and the intrigues of M. Haas, the French consul, who seems to have considered himself designed by Providence to establish the French power in Indo-China. It is possible, also, that the meaner passion of individual spite prompted certain dismissed native officials to bring charges against the Corporation. But however that may be, the king was led to accuse the Corporation of having falsified their accounts, and of having bribed the Governor of Ningyan with 60,000 rupees to connive at depriving him of his just revenue. It is needless to say that the charge was utterly false; but it served the king's purpose, and gave him a colourable excuse for demanding a fine of 10 lakhs from the Corporation. Against this attempted exaction the Corporation appealed to the Chief Commissioner, and in course of the consequent investigation it was discovered that certain Frenchmen had propounded a financial scheme to the king, by which it was proposed to place the revenue of the country under their control, and incidental to which was an arrangement entailing the transfer of the British forest leases to their names. The main points in detail of this scheme were,—(1) concessions to make a railway from Mandalay to Toungoo; (2) control over the levy of customs duties on the Irawaddy; (3) a monopoly of pickled tea; and (4) the establishment of a bank, with a mortgage on the ruby-mines as security for the money advanced on this undertaking.

For the construction of the railway, £2,500,000 were to be advanced by the French Government, in four instalments, on which interest at the rate of 7½ *per mensem* (!) was to be paid. For a period of seventy years, all fares and moneys received were to be paid over to the French Government, and the customs duties collected on the Irawaddy, as well as all dues on the petroleum-wells, were to be levied conjointly by agents commissioned by the French and Burmese Governments. Further, the bank was to be established with a capital of Rs. 25,000,000, and was to accept the obligation of making all advances required for the use of the royal household on the payment of interest at 1 per cent. As security for the moneys thus lent, the revenues arising from the ruby-mines and the tea trade were to be held and worked as monopolies by the bank.

The mere statement of these proposals is enough to show that, had they been adopted, French influence would have become supreme, the king would have degenerated into nothing more than a puppet in the hands of the agents of the Republican Government, and the other European Powers would have been met with the warning cry of "hands off." The position was critical, for the king was in urgent want of the money which was held dangling before him, and the framers of the scheme were restrained by no scruples of justice or honour. Fortunate indeed was it for mercantile England that her destinies were at this juncture in the hands of administrators who were capable of deciding upon a definite policy, and who had the courage to act up to it. As a foreign

diplomatist remarked at the time: "If Mr Gladstone had been in power, he would have halted the English troops on the frontier until a European Congress had been called to decide whether they should cross or no; and, meanwhile, Thebaw would have blocked the channel of the Irawaddy, fortified his capital, and concluded his arrangements with the French." As it was, the swift advance of Prendergast's force took the Burmese and their foreign advisers so completely by surprise, that they had no option but to surrender at discretion, and the campaign resulted in one of the most rapid and successful conquests of modern times.

The ruby-mines referred to in the "bank contract" have always formed an irresistible attraction to French greed. To the imaginative minds of Frenchmen, a royal road to wealth is always discernible somewhere; and the less that is known about it, and the more distant the El Dorado, so much the more are its riches and glories magnified. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* is especially true with Frenchmen. It was the baseless belief that the mineral riches of Tungking were inexhaustibly abundant, which induced the Government, at the instance of speculators, to enter on the profitless campaign in that country; and the expected wealth which was to flow from the Burmese ruby-mines elevated the tricky conduct of M. Haas at Mandalay into an act of splendid patriotism. But though the ruby-mines exist, and the Tungking gold-mines do not, it may be doubted whether, if the contract had been carried out, they would have added very materially to the value of the guarantee given by the Burmese Government. The principal "diggings" are situated at Kyatpen, about seventy miles to the north-east of Mandalay, and cover an area of a hundred square miles. The system of mining at present employed is extremely rude. Square pits are dug in the ground until the gravel-bed is reached in which the gems occur, and from which they are extracted by a rough-and-ready mode of washing. Besides rubies, the gravel yields sapphires, oriental topaz, oriental emerald, transparent corundum, spinel, and zircon. The rubies are generally small, and are very commonly disfigured by flaws. The sapphires found are for the most part larger than the rubies, and are more perfect. From the only returns which it has been found possible to consult, it appears that the annual value of the stones of all kinds taken from these mines is from about £12,500 to £15,000. Rubies and sapphires also occur at the Sagyen Hills diggings, sixteen miles from Mandalay, but they are of an inferior quality. It is quite possible that the ignorance of miners is mainly accountable for the small returns secured from these mines, and that, by the aid of European skill and machinery, their yield might be vastly increased; but judging from the actual condition of the workings, their practical value falls very far short of the expectations formed about it on the Paris Bourse.

In the estimation of orientals, the jade-quarries in the Mogaung district, to the north-west of Bamo, are of greater value than the ruby-mines. Though not so productive as the Karakash quarries in Turkestan, the Mogaung workings yield equally good if not finer kinds of the mineral. The apple-green species, which is considered the most valuable, is met with in

considerable quantities, and commands a ready market at high prices both in China and Burma. In connection with the jade are found amber and a pink spar, from which the cap-buttons worn by Chinese mandarins of the highest rank are made. Most of the products from these mines, being peculiarly adapted for the China market, find their way into that country by a direct route which crosses the frontier ranges to the north of Bamo, and thus avoid the detour necessary by the Manwyne road.

Silver and petroleum are also found in considerable quantities—silver at Baudwen, and petroleum at Yenan-Gyoung. At the Baudwen mines 10,000 Chinese are constantly employed, but, probably owing to the absence of machinery, the quantity of metal yielded is, after all, comparatively small. On the other hand, large supplies of petroleum are procured from the wells; and though the estimates of early travellers that 90,000 tons were yearly drawn off, are probably exaggerations, the fact that in 1860 60,000 pounds' worth of the oil was exported to Lower Burma, proves at least that the trade is a brisk one. Iron, coal, platinum, and sulphur, all add to the mineral wealth of Upper Burma.

On the whole, therefore, it may fairly be expected that our new province will yield a full and speedy return for the money expended on its acquisition. It is certainly richer than Lower Burma, both as regards the productiveness of the soil and the wealth which is hidden beneath it; and though the possession of the ports of Rangoon and Maulmein gives an advantage to the older province, the neighbourhood of the China markets may, to a certain extent, be considered as a set-off in favour of the newer. At all events, there is no room for the gloomy financial prognostications which were commonly entertained when we took possession of Pegu, Arakan, and Tenasserim. Our experience in those provinces has taught us what the country and the people are capable of. We have learned that the soil of the river-valleys is eminently fertile, and that the natives need but the encouragement supplied by commercial freedom and equitable laws to turn the resources of the country to the best account. In all business relations they have shown themselves to be far ahead of the natives of India; and some of the results of this are reflected in the facts that the annual consumption of British produce and manufactures per head in Lower Burma is four times as much as that per head in India, and that the railway from Rangoon to Prome yields larger returns per mile than any of the other Indian Government railways. At the present time a surplus of £1,000,000 a-year is paid by Lower Burma to the Indian exchequer; and it is not too much to expect that, when the northern province partakes of the advantages of its southern neighbour, the surplus revenue of the two will be quadruple that sum.

In this calculation, the trade with China naturally forms an important factor. The juxtaposition of the two kingdoms has naturally united the two peoples by the bonds of commercial relations, and for centuries Chinese merchants have carried their silk, gold-leaf, sycee silver, iron pots, &c., to the Burma markets, and have brought back in exchange cotton, jade, gems, and other produce of the kingdom of Ava. The great

obstacle in the way of close intercourse between the two countries is the system of mountain-ranges separating the valleys of the Irawaddy, the Salween, and the Mekong, which line the frontiers. The work of traversing these lofty and precipitous chains is of so arduous and difficult a character, that the pack-animals and coolies employed in the transport of goods are able only to accomplish the journey with a minimum weight of merchandise. From Bamo to Tali-fu the distance in a direct line is about 250 miles; but Messrs Colquhoun and Holt Hallett consider that if a railway were constructed between these points the necessity of getting the required gradients would add 350 miles to this distance. Several of the passes which it would be necessary to cross within the Chinese frontier are 8000 feet above the level of the sea, and even the valleys leading through the ranges on the Burmese side vary in altitude from 2500 to 5700 feet. From Têng-yueh Chow, which stands at a height of 6300 feet, to Yunnan-fu, the ranges gradually rise to the highest point, and the chasms between them become proportionately steeper and more difficult. Speaking of his journey over this part of the route, the late Mr Margary wrote:—

"The road is dreadfully rough, and passes over high mountain-barriers, which try the strength of the chair-bearers greatly. They have to be supplemented by six or eight rope-tackers, who are harnessed to the chair and help to haul it up. You can hardly imagine what incomparably bad roads they have to traverse. It is a perfect marvel how they manage to carry a heavy chair along. I was lamed, and therefore could not relieve them by walking, though mandarin dignity would forbid so *infra dig.* a proceeding, and verily so would the roads, for I could defy any European to walk on such a track. It is a very chaos of deep ruts and jagged pointed stones, either mounting to the sky or diving towards a valley, not to speak of narrow banks, precipices, and horizontal slopes. Often it seemed but an effort of balancing skill which saved a sudden collapse."

To the general difficulties of the route, Mr Baber adds his testimony in these words:—

"The trade route from Yunnan-fu to Teng-yueh is the worst possible route, with the least possible trade. It is actually dangerous to a cautious pedestrian. . . . By an improved system of paving, and a better selection of gradients, the route might be made convenient enough for carriage by mules or coolies; but it seems hopeless to think of making it practicable for wheel-carriages. The valleys, or rather abysses, of the Salwen and Mekong, must long remain insuperable difficulties, not to mention many other obstacles. I do not mean that it would be impossible to construct a railway. A high authority has informed me that if shareholders will provide money, they will always find an engineer ready to spend it. By piercing half-a-dozen Mount Cenis tunnels, and erecting a few Menai bridges, the road from Burmah to Yunnan-fu would doubtless be much improved."

Such being the difficulties of the route, it is a matter for surprise that traders should be found venturesome enough to risk their goods and animals along its perilous paths. But, as a matter of fact, it is "Hobson's choice" to those merchants of Eastern Yunnan who are anxious to exchange their goods for Burmese merchandise. The other routes as known to them, *viâ* Theinee and Sze-mao in the south of the province, may be less precipitous; but what they gain in smoothness they lose in distance, and habit has so familiarised

the Yunnanese with the towering heights and deep abysses of the ranges, that they know little of the awe felt by those who cross them for the first time. The conditions of the trade in Yunnan, also, are necessarily peculiar. The province is unusually rich in minerals, and its climate and soil are in many parts such as produce abundant crops; but by its geographical position as a kind of *cul-de-sac* in the extreme south-west corner of the empire, and cut off as it is from the neighbouring provinces by physical obstacles of one kind or another, the inhabitants have to choose between leaving the natural wealth locked up in the soil, and forcing a passage for it into the outer world through the barriers which surround them.

If the Burmese had been specially created to desire the products of Yunnan, they could not have answered the purpose more completely than they do at present. To Burmese of all ranks except the lowest, silken attire amounts to a social necessity; the employment of gold for personal adornment, and as an architectural ornament, has become everywhere habitual; and the use of tea has permeated through all classes of society. For these things the Burmese are entirely dependent on Yunnan; while, on the other hand, the Eastern Yunnanese are under the necessity of either drawing their required supplies of cotton and jade from the kingdom of Ava, or of obtaining them in smaller quantities and at greater cost from other quarters. The provocations to trade between the two countries are therefore great; and it is due to the wants which press on either people for the products of the other that the passes, notwithstanding the difficulties of the route, are constantly traversed by long strings of merchandise-bearing mules and struggling coolies.

The construction of such a railway as that proposed by Mr Colquhoun *viâ* Zimmé to Sze-mao would to a great extent alter the conditions of the Chino-Burmese trade. It no doubt would draw away from the Bamo route the products of Central and Eastern Yunnan, which, in default of another line of communication, now find their way through the Kakhyen hills into Burma. But though the amount of trade might thus be diminished, it would never be entirely destroyed. It is generally a long time before commerce can be induced to follow any particular channel; but when once it has adopted a course, it is only by stress of circumstances that it can ever be turned aside. But besides this, with the increase in trade which must follow on the development of Yunnan, there would be more than enough traffic for a single railway such as Mr Colquhoun purposes. For our own purposes the Sze-mao and Zimmé line, with branches, as suggested, to Maulmein and Rangoon, would fulfil all requirements for at least some time to come; and this being so, the maintenance of the Tali and Bamo route is primarily of more importance to the Chinese than to ourselves.

It is necessary that this should be borne in mind, since the Chinese, in their recent negotiations, have attempted to use their influence over a part of this route as a lever by which to extract from us great and important concessions. They claimed, in the first instance, that as we had taken possession of Thebaw's kingdom, we were bound to continue to pay the tribute to

China with which he purchased the protection of his more powerful neighbour in case of attack. It must at once occur to the most ordinary observer, that as we have no desire to slink under the petticoats of Chinese warriors at the sight of our enemies, there could be no need for us to pay the price which secured to Thebaw that inestimable advantage. But besides this, any tyro in jurisprudence, who understands enough of his subject to know the difference between real and nominal suzerainty, would not hesitate for one moment to declare that, with the fall of Thebaw, China's nominal suzerainty over him fell to the ground. But the Marquis Tsêng has shown a talent for diplomacy which places him in the fore rank of Ministers-plenipotentiary; and, if report be true, he has succeeded in persuading the Foreign Office to send what is euphemistically called "presents" instead of "tribute" every ten years to Peking.

We much fear that this concession will be found to be fraught with future difficulties. By the 300 million inhabitants of China, with the exception of the chosen few who are aware of the true nature of the agreement, the "presents" will unquestionably be regarded as tribute, and in their eyes our position as a nation will sink to the level of the more powerful countries subject to them. One of our chief endeavours, through the whole course of our relations with China, has been to destroy the assumption of superiority which she has persistently attempted to display towards us. We have introduced articles into our treaties regulating the terms in which foreign officials are to be addressed, and the positions in the lines of despatches in which their titles are to be placed. We have insisted on having a resident Minister at Peking; and he, after infinite negotiations, has succeeded on one solitary occasion in gaining admittance to an Imperial audience on terms which were not derogatory. Twice has war been forced upon us by insults begotten of Chinese pride and assumption; and after all this, we are now beginning to cut the web which we have woven with so much labour.

Like the Irish, the Chinese are bad people to run away from, and they are bad people to yield to. Of this the Foreign Office is already having experience. Even the most pro-Sinensian counsellor must admit that, apart from the suzerainty question, we are under no obligation whatever towards China. That, however, is not the view of the Marquis Tsêng, who knows well enough that a half-opened door is easily pushed backwards. Acting on this principle, he has now gently advanced the question of the boundary between the two countries. In this connection he has striven to point out the advantage which would accrue to English interests if his countrymen were invited to take possession of Bamo, together with the country as far southwards as the Shwey-li on the left bank of the Irawaddy. This we are blandly told was an old boundary of the province of Yunnan. Possibly it may have been; but another old boundary of the province of Yunnan was one of which Momien marked the limit. If, however, the real facts connected with the frontier were known, there would be no need of any rearrangement. For many years the Nam-poung river, which runs into the Tapeng, about fifty miles to the east of Bamo, has been recognised as the frontier

between the two countries. In a despatch, dated August 20, 1875, and addressed by Sir Thomas Wade to Prince Kung, with reference to the attack on Colonel Browne's Indian expedition to Western China, the writer says:—

"The river Nam-poung is regarded by the Chinese as the boundary of China. Colonel Browne was informed that when, some time ago, the Burmese were erecting guard-houses to protect the road from Bamo, Li-hsieh-t'ai and other Chinese officials protested against their construction on the Chinese side of the river. There are five of these guard-houses between Bamo and Nam-poung. Manwyne is the nearest town in China to the Burmese frontier by this route, and when Chinese officials proceed by this route to Burma, it is at Manwyne that they are handed over to a Burmese guard for protection."

This description of the boundary was confirmed by an Imperial edict, which appeared in the 'Peking Gazette' of December 9, 1875, and in which it was stated that "on the road between Yunnan and Burma there intervenes the territory occupied by savages and the tribes (of the Shan States)." But circumstances alter cases, and our present yielding mood has been skilfully taken advantage of by the enterprising Marquis Tsêng to resuscitate the particular old boundary of Yunnan which suits his purpose. It will readily be admitted that it is to the interests of all concerned that we should arrive at a thoroughly friendly understanding with China on the subject of our new relations with her. But it is possible that we may pay too dearly for the benefits we may derive in the future from her benevolence. At all events, our present experience does not afford a good augury for future concessions, but rather teaches us that in our dealings with her it is well to be just before we are generous.

But, quite apart from our relations with China, our chief concern should now be to develop the resources of Burma, and to unite it as closely as possible to our Indian possessions. It has been lately stated by Mr Holt Hallett, that "in 1884 the value of the exports and imports of British Burma amounted to upwards of 20 millions sterling. The value of its trade with the United Kingdom amounted to 6 millions; with the Straits Settlements, 3 millions; with India, 4 millions; with Upper Burma, 3 millions; and with Siam, the Shan States, Karenni, and the Chinese province of Yunnan, about 1 million. The sea-borne trade had increased in the thirteen years between 1871 and 1884 from £7,798,038 to £19,174,751. British Burma, with one-fiftieth of the population of India, has one-tenth of its trade."

These figures are sufficient to show the directions in which we may look for the chief development of Burmese trade. These will unquestionably be towards India and the countries to be reached by sea. It behoves us, therefore, to consider how these branches of commerce can best be fostered; and as improved means of communication are the first steps towards this end, the question of railways presents itself at once. Here we have to consider the double question of how best to promote the interests of Rangoon, and, at the same time, to draw closer the bonds which should unite the new province with India. It is beyond cavil that the existing line of railway from Rangoon to Allanmyo should at once be extended to Mandalay and Bamo.

M. Haas's advice to his countrymen to invest money in such an undertaking was guided by far greater wisdom than characterised most of his recommendations. He had been an envious witness of the extraordinary success which had attended the Rangoon and Prome railway, and he was keen-witted enough to see that an extension of the line would be successful in direct ratio to the distance it was carried.

Unquestionably, therefore, the railway should be continued up the valley of the Irawaddy; but it is also deserving of consideration whether it might not be possible to open such a line of communication with Assam as would facilitate the exchange of the rice and tea grown in that province for the products of Burma. Fortunately for the success of such an undertaking, a pass has lately been discovered at the head of the Kyendwen valley, which presents no greater obstacle than an altitude of 2000 feet. By an easy gradient over this pass, a railway might without difficulty be made, which, starting from the junction of the Kyendwen with the Irawaddy below Mandalay, would join the Dibrugarh line at Makum. Burmese goods would thus be carried direct to the waters of the Brahmaputra, down which river they would find their way to Kuragham, and from thence by train to the markets of Calcutta and of the other trading centres in India.

One other advantage which would arise from more intimate relations between Assam and Northern Burma would be the encouragement which would thus be given to the extended cultivation of the tea-plant. There is every reason to believe that the southern and eastern slopes of the Patkoi and Lushai mountains are well adapted for this industry; and as the natural growth of agricultural ventures is promoted rather by example than by independent experience, it is probable that the existence of the tea-plantations of Sylhet and Cachar, which are separated from the Burmese slopes by only a short interval, will exercise a powerful influence on the introduction of the tea-plant within the frontier. On this, then, as on all other sides, the auguries with regard to our new province are propitious; and, as events have turned out, we can afford to think lightly of those acts of folly on the part of Thebaw, and of unfriendliness on the side of France, which have forced so goodly an inheritance on our acceptance.

THE CRACK OF DOOM.—PART VIII.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SOMETHING happened which very much surprised and agitated Grace Quickset in the darkened room where her father and the Count were rehearsing their magic-lantern illustrations.

The shutters were closed and the curtains drawn to exclude the daylight, and the gas was lit. Then, when any of the slides had to be tried, the gas was turned down. Half-a-dozen experiments had been tried with complete success, the Professor greatly admiring the dexterity of his assistant's manipulation; and Grace was standing near the Count, who had more than once touched her hand lingeringly as she handed slides to him from the box, greatly pleased to be of service, when suddenly an arm was thrown round her, and she was held for a moment in a passionate embrace. She was surprised and disturbed, but she had too much sense to make a scene by screaming. After a little she said that she would see the rest of the illustrations at the lecture, and went out.

Such a flagrant liberty might have offended the girl more if she had had the advantage of a mother's advice concerning the ways of impertinent men. If she had told her father of it, he would probably have knocked the offender down, or otherwise dismissed him with contumely, and given him to understand that such were not the ways of English gentlemen. But somehow she felt that it was not a thing to take a man's advice about. She had to apply her own unaided understanding to it; and as it was her first experience of the kind, it presented itself in very contradictory and confusing lights the more she turned it over. It was an insult; but then she remembered how desperately he looked when he spoke of his loneliness, and the action took a softer colour. It seemed like the hurried impulsive action of a man desperately in love. But if he was in love, why did he not say so, as her other lovers had done? On the whole, however, she was disposed to find excuses for him. The fast "girl of the period," if we are to believe everything that is written about her, would think nothing of such an incident, except that it was absurd to make a fuss about an everyday occurrence. But Grace Quickset, though deprived of a mother's guidance, had been carefully nurtured, preserved like a plant in a sheltered garden from every possibility of rough handling. The bold adventurer had thrilled and agitated her as man had never done before.

She remained in her own room for a little, and then went down with the intention of going for a solitary walk by the sea. She found Adam Napier stretched on a seat in the balcony in front of the hotel smoking a pipe. He had not gone farther.

"I am rather tired," he explained, "after travelling all night; and I thought it was just possible you might soon have enough of the magic-lantern, so I lay in wait."

"*Lay* literally," she said, with a laugh. "I am going for a walk on the shore. Of course you are too tired to come."

"I think I might with an effort be equal to the exertion," he said, lazily rising. "You will promise not to walk too fast."

"But pray don't let me drag you from your seat."

"You speak as if I were a limpet. I couldn't think of depriving you of the pleasure of my company." The hard-working student was like a boy out for a holiday, and amused her all the way with droll remarks. On the beach he was among the objects of his special study, and he was able to show Miss Quickset what the jackdaws found to eat when the tide was out, and to tell her the names of the shells and the sea-plants. Once—and once only—he ventured to hint at the peculiar relation in which they stood to one another, and then in a way so humorously audacious that she could not take offence.

"I once belonged to a club," he said, upon some casual suggestion, "where they had a curious rule—a very sensible rule it was. When you had succeeded in getting fellows to propose you and second you, you were allowed to come to the club as a member till you were balloted for and rejected, if that should be your fate. It was a curious sensation, I remember, to feel that everybody was sitting in judgment on you when you ventured to make a joke. I believe many men never made themselves so agreeable during the whole course of their lives as during that fortnight."

"Perhaps because they didn't try to make any jokes," Miss Quickset suggested.

"I hardly dared to open my mouth except to laugh at other people's jokes."

"What a penance!"

"I feel something like it now," he said, with an elaborate sigh; "like a parcel of goods sent on approbation."

"Mr Napier," she said, in a severe tone, "if you make any more remarks or allusions of that sort, I will send the parcel back without opening it."

At this awful threat he promised to offend no more, if this little fault were forgiven. It was well that the sea was handy, he said, if the worst came to the worst; but he would steel himself against every temptation.

Meanwhile, the Count had some uncomfortable moments when he reflected on the possible consequences of his indiscretion. He tried to brazen it out at times, and said to himself, with forced jauntiness, that after all there was no great crime in putting one's arm round a pretty girl's waist. But how had she taken it? Would she complain of it to her father as an insult? The father of the pretty girl could not be expected to take quite the same view as the too forward lover. The Count turned cold as he thought of what the father might say.

It was a great relief to him when they all met at lunch as if nothing had happened. Miss Quickset was somewhat grave and reserved in her manner to him. He looked at her earnestly, and she turned her eyes aside with a faint blush. That was all. He breathed freely again, and began to deliberate on his next move.

But the spirit in which that move was to be received was destined to be affected by one of those circumstances, trifling in the eyes of an outsider, which often give a powerful bias to the feelings of girls at the impressionable age of expanding sensibilities. The party of four proposed to go for a drive inland after lunch, and a walk in certain grounds, beautiful in them-

selves, and memorable as the original seat of a great family. But before they started the London mail arrived, and, among other letters, the following from her friend Fanny was put into the hands of Miss Quickset:—

"Dearest Grace,—You did not say what hotel you meant to stop at, but I am told there is only one at Slagsalve where the good tourist goes; and besides, the postman is sure to know where Professor Quickset is to be found. Now, guess who told me about Slagsalve? Guess who has been with me this afternoon, jabbering sixteen to the dozen, drinking tea, and not at all indisposed to flirt? Not in the least lugubrious, not in the least forlorn—quite the contrary. Why, none other than your disconsolate lover, Hugh Millerby. Poor blighted being! And you, dearest, vexing your little heart to think that you had made him miserable for ever. Such is man! I told you he would soon reappear with a smiling face to tell you that he was engaged, and ask you to wish him joy. I gave him three weeks, and now it is not quite one since he was grovelling in the dust and vowing that he could never know another moment's happiness upon earth unless you took pity on him. I daresay he meant it at the time, but—Self-deception, thy name is Man! He is quite pleased with himself again, and willing to accept consolation from another—willing to put up with such a very poor substitute for a ministering angel as your humble servant. And yet they say *we* are inconstant!!!

"Talking of disconsolates puts me in mind of our melancholy widower, the Count. How is the interesting mourner? Willing to have his wounds healed yet? I have news about him too. Bob tells me he has gone in for a huge speculation on 'Change. My judicious brother admires him greatly, as a prodigiously deep one. I am inclined to agree with Bob for once. My good gossip Millerby and I have been putting our heads and our knowledge together about him, and, taking one consideration with another, have come to the conclusion that he is a mystery. I should like to get at the bottom of the relations between him and Mrs Darby Rorke. I hope soon to have an opportunity of seeing them together again, and I shall use it. Bye-bye, Grace, dear. Put not your trust in man.—Ever thine, Fanny."

It was a cruel letter for the girl to receive at such a crisis. Its cynical freezing tone seemed to irritate every fibre of her being. Was Hugh Millerby really so fickle, or was it only Fanny's conceit and spite? Miss Douglas, it will be observed, did not definitely say how far matters had gone between her and the young man. She was afraid there might be a slip after all between the cup and the lip, in which case she would cut rather a ridiculous figure. She was cautious, therefore, and confined herself to giving strong hints. But the hints were very strong; and when Grace Quickset read the letter again, she could not help believing that her late lover's feelings had been much shallower than he pretended. To think that she had written to him—to soothe the pain of her rejection! The thought was torture, and yet she could not get rid of it. Her heart was hot with alternate fits of shame and indignation. This was the man who had vowed himself ready to wait for her all his life long, and on whose behalf

she had almost quarrelled with her father.

Such experiences make a great impression on girls of quick feelings, just stepping over the threshold into the life of men and women, and putting their ideals to the rough test of facts. Her father had said that Hugh Millerby was fickle; he was right apparently, and she was wrong, but the fact did not dispose her to rely implicitly on his judgment. Rather it produced a revolt of self-will, a mutinous desire on the part of the deceived judgment to vindicate itself in other instances. Was Fanny right, who seemed to think that all men were alike? A certain vindictive revengeful feeling mingled with her curiosity on this point. Why should she spare them in her inquiries? Why not play with them at their own cruel game? They deserved no consideration. The generous high-spirited girl felt herself transformed for the moment into a dangerous animal.

At another time she would have resented Miss Douglas's insinuations about the Count, but she received them now with half belief and angrily awakened curiosity. A mystery of man lay within her reach, the door invitingly open. Should she venture in? Should she tempt the Count to disclose himself? Her breath came quicker at the thought, but her courage was quickened by revengeful impulse. She trembled, but she would do it. And a certain sense of exultation filled her at the prospect of the knowledge that she would gain not by hearsay. If she had known all the dangers of the game, they would not have deterred her in her present temper.

She did not think she had cared so much for the fickle Millerby. She would not have believed anything he could do would so disturb her. But some people say that love begins with the fear of loss, that a woman does not return the love she is sure of. It is only when the lover goes away that she becomes aware of the state of her mind. Had Grace Quickset then been in love with Hugh Millerby? She said to herself, No! a thousand times no! But she had been painfully deceived in him. And that letter to him! It was this that disturbed her. Anyhow she was disturbed and distempered, "like sweet bells jangled, harsh and out of tune."

Adam Napier she had known since she was a child, and they had been so much together, and he was so kind and unaffectedly humorous, that she had something like a sisterly affection for him. Somehow the declaration he had made this morning gave her greater confidence in the resolution she had taken to let the mysterious Count unfold his designs. With such protectors as him and her father in the rear, there could be no danger in venturing, though with beating heart, some little way into the maze. This consideration banished all her remaining fears and scruples. She could return when any danger appeared. She had no doubt of Adam Napier's honesty. Yes, he was honest and trustworthy, whatever else—straightforward and true. But there would be no harm in teasing him a little. It is the usual lot of your plain honest man in his dealings with women who, however honest, are not plain.

Come what come may, Grace Quickset was on the war-path, ready to revenge her own wrongs and the wrongs of her sex. The Count was not aware of this, and when they next met he interpreted her renewed cordiality

and increased mirthfulness in terms favourable to himself. That afternoon, when they had left their carriage and were strolling about the grounds of the old castle, it was some little time before he could manœuvre an opportunity of speaking to her alone. The professor was careful, and Napier was jealously suspicious. But he bided his time till a friendly but keen argument sprang up between them, and gradually with Miss Quickset fell into the rear. Could it be fancy on his part? She showed no reluctance to fall behind. On the contrary she seemed to concur at once with his impulse to loiter till the others were out of earshot of the low tones of a confidential conversation. It was a happy surprise to him after what had passed this morning. The hope that it suggested mounted to his brain with such force that he had to make an effort to steady himself.

"You seem to have made Mr Napier very happy," he began.

"How?"

"Is he not to be congratulated?"

"Because I have not consented to marry him?"

There was a trace of bitterness in her laugh which puzzled him.

"He would not be here if you had declined."

"I think you will see, Count Ramassy, that I cannot satisfy your curiosity on this point." Her father could not have snubbed him with more formal correctness.

"Forgive me," he said, humbly. "It does interest me, I admit." He was silent and looked sad for a little. Presently he repeated, "It does interest me. Can you not guess why?"

She cast her eyes down before his earnest gaze, and her lip trembled.

"I would not leave you to conjecture," he said, when she gave him neither word nor look in response. "But I am under a strange vow."

She shot a sceptical look from under her long eyelashes. He saw the distrust it expressed, and answered it at once.

"You think me theatrical, do you not? a sentimental pretender about my late wife and her injunctions to me?"

She did not answer. "Do you not?" he repeated. "I do not wonder at it. Every time I have been tempted to say anything about her, I have said to myself that I should be misunderstood, and that I would keep silence another time. But again and again my feelings have been too strong for me. You think it affectation, do you not? You English are accustomed to be more reticent."

This was what her father had said to her, and gave her something to take hold of for an answer. "We make allowance," she said, "for difference of national manners. We do not expect foreigners to be as reticent as ourselves."

"May I tell you what my vow was? It could hardly have been made in England."

She gave her assent, and he proceeded—

"You would naturally suppose that it was that I should never marry again, would you not?"

"I have no opinion on the subject," she said, coldly. She was somewhat irritated by his way of putting awkward questions to her.

"But you must not treat me unsympathetically, or I cannot proceed. Why should I? Why should I annoy you with the confidences of one who is virtually a dead man, without a hope." The coldness of her last words had in-

deed so depressed him that he felt what he said, and the sincerity of his tones moved her. She said with timid kindliness—

"I should like to hear what you wish to tell me; but you must not ask me such questions."

"Forgive me for asking them. It is a foolish trick I have. It was very stupid of me."

It was indeed very stupid on the Count's part to waste the precious moments in beating about the bush, for the other two, having finished their argument, became aware of the separation that had been effected, and waited for them to come up. The Count had only time to say, in the tone of one asking an ordinary favour which will be granted as a matter of course—

"If you will meet me in the gardens to-morrow morning before breakfast, I will tell you the whole story."

He did not ask for an answer this time, and she did not say whether she would come or not; but there was a certain guiltiness in her look, though she tried to look unconcerned, which attracted her father's attention. Poor Grace! she was not used to deceit.

The result of the incident was that Mr Quickset asked his daughter, the first time they were by themselves, what the Count had been saying to her.

"When, papa?" she asked, in the most natural innocent way imaginable. The most artless girls have an instinct for parrying disagreeable questions.

"This afternoon, when you were together." The reserve increased his suspicions.

"Oh, you mean then. He was prosing about his dead wife as usual."

"He was not making love to you?" he said, with a kindly smile.

She did not like this inquisitorial examination. "How can you ask such questions?"

"Why did you look so guilty, then?"

"Because you looked at me so suspiciously," she said, showing a disposition to cry.

If he had continued his investigation further, she might have made a clean breast of her troubles to him. But not having the least suspicion of the real state of the case, having no idea of how his girl's feelings had been wounded and disturbed in the course of the day, he only laughed, patted her head, said they mustn't begin to suspect each other, and dropped the subject.

But, in spite of himself, he found that the subject haunted him. If he had been able to reflect dispassionately, he would have seen that wisdom lay in one or other of two courses,—that he should either let the subject alone, or probe it to the bottom. But the acutest of men may go very far astray when their feelings are deeply concerned, and Mr Quickset was subject to a double bias in this matter. He was almost dotingly fond of his daughter, who centred in herself all his capabilities of affection. Hence, though in theory he considered it the wisest course to leave her choice free, at least from all open control, he was very far from being able to act perfectly up to his theory. His love for his daughter was too strong. But he was prejudiced also in favour of the Count; the stranger's manners were so simple and ingratiating, his respectfulness so constant, his knowledge so extensive, his modesty so graceful. The Count had never been off his guard for an instant in his dealings with the Professor; the *rôle* of ingenuous student was a simple one, and he played it to perfection.

The problem of the Count and his daughter haunted Mr Quickset; but double banks of prejudice stood between him and the thorough tackling of it. The Count was interested in her; that much was obvious. How far the interest went, he could not tell; and he could not tell how far the interest was reciprocated. But the circumstances were such as to make it his duty to inquire into the antecedents of the stranger. He felt this, but how was he to set about it? The Count had done nothing to warrant direct inquiry. Besides, if anything unfavourable should transpire, it would be a reflection upon his own judgment, and Mr Quickset justly prided himself upon his diagnosis of men. He would not allow to himself that he could have been taken in. He masterfully dismissed the supposition.

Still he was uneasy, and caught himself more than once speculating on the Count's character. He led Adam Napier on to talk about him that evening as they were smoking in the balcony, after Grace had retired for the night and the Count had gone for a solitary ramble in the moonlight.

"Your friend Ramassy is a very remarkable man."

"Yes," said Adam, drily. "You call him my friend, but I really know very little about him."

"But you introduced him to me."

"Yes; but I had only just picked him up on the Calais boat, and I have not seen a great deal of him since he has been here. He seems to prefer ladies' society for the most part." Adam remembered also that the Count was without luggage when he picked him up, and that Thackeray speaks of the suspiciousness of travellers in that predicament; but as he now looked upon him as a rival for Grace Quickset, he thought that it would be ungenerous to emphasise the fact.

Quickset put down even what he did say to jealousy, and remarked, "Then I must have seen more of him than you. He certainly knows something of astronomy, knows it well."

"Very well indeed, I should say, if he can find a comet by telepathic instinct."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, don't you know?"

"Know what? What conundrum is this? Explain your little jest."

"There is no conundrum or jest about it. Don't you know how the Count professed to find the comet?"

"Nothing beyond the fact that he found it."

"You surprise me. Miss Quickset told my mother all about it."

"She mentioned nothing extraordinary to me. It is true she was a good deal excited, and no wonder, for I heard an appalling scream, and when I went up I found Ramassy in a fit. But what is your strange tale about the finding of the comet?"

Much to his astonishment, Adam explained how the Count, acting on unaccountable impulse, had set the telescope exactly on the position of the comet. "You see," he added, "gentlemen with such advantages in the way of telepathic sympathy have a great pull over the likes of us."

"It is strange that I should have heard nothing of it," said Quickset; and mentally resolved to question the Count on the subject. Perhaps he had better say nothing to his daughter, but he did not like this appearance of confidences between them. "Has he said anything to you about his

late wife?" he asked Adam, after smoking for a time in silence.

"I am just aware that he is very much attached to the memory of such a person. A very remarkable woman his sainted Maria seems to have been," he continued, as Quickset smoked without saying anything. "Your telepathists are generally strong in their relations with women. But they seldom begin so young as Ramassy."

Quickset threw away the stump of his cigar and withdrew. He was reluctant to admit to himself that he had been imposed on, but he must have this telepathic business explained. Meantime, he must take care that Ramassy and his daughter were thrown as little together as possible. It was awkward that he should have arranged to get his assistance for the lecture.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Grace Quickset gave a good deal of consideration that night to the question whether she should comply with the Count's request to meet him in the gardens next morning, and hear the story of his strange vow. She was still undecided when the morning came, but she rose and dressed in good time. Even while she was dressing, she changed her mind more than once. Her conscience, of course, was strong against meeting a man without her father's knowledge. But pride and self-will joined in whispering that her father was not treating her well. He professed to leave her free to choose, and yet he was after her and down upon her at once, if she showed any disposition to make a choice different from his own. She knew that it was his love for her that made him so anxious, still it was herself that was chiefly concerned, and she surely had some right to an independent voice in the matter. How could she choose freely, if he was always prompting her whom to choose, and watching her as if she were certain to choose wrong if she were left to herself? It was too irritating of him. She would take her own way for once and see how it would end. Where was the danger? If the Count had asked her to meet him in the moonlight, it would have been another matter. But in the daylight, in the gardens, with plenty of people about, who was to know that the meeting was not an accident? She almost persuaded herself that she had intended to take a morning walk in the gardens before he spoke to her. Then the strange vow! What could it be? She was half convinced, in the cynical distemper of her mind, which was renewed in the morning by another perusal of Fanny's letter, that the vow was some ridiculous pretext: still she was curious to know what it could be. He was, or professed to be, in love with her; he had made this as plain as possible without saying it; what vow then, except a vow never to marry again, could possibly keep his lips sealed? There could be no harm in hearing from himself what it was. She was not such a fool as to be caught by any man of mystery. She would see through his humbug, and laugh at him as impostors deserved to be laughed at. And there might, after all, be something in it. But no, she did not think this. There could be no vow in his way but one. It must be a sham. And when she had drawn it all out of him, she would

punish him for it, and for the insolent rudeness that still made her thrill with mixed feelings when she thought of it.

She adjusted her hat in the glass, but still hesitated; took a turn through the room, opened a book and turned over some leaves mechanically, looked in the glass again, looked out of window, consulted her watch, made up her mind with an impatient start, and sallied out. The expedition seemed nothing but an amusing adventure as she crossed from the mirror to the door; but her heart beat quick with fearful anticipation as she turned the handle and hurried along the corridor and down the wide stairs. It was more cheerful out of doors—another fine morning, with skies of soft lustreless pearl, white fleecy clouds floating over them with a slow teasing motion, the wind still blowing fresh and cool from the west to temper the heat. She walked with defiant deliberation across the road under the windows of the hotel and down into the gardens, as one who would rather not be seen, but is prepared to brave it out if she is. Down in the gardens, sheltered from sight by the steep banks, she quickened her pace involuntarily, remembered herself, and walked more slowly, began again to consider whether she had done right to come. The solitary explorer of some savage coast, who has left his ship and his companions, and ventured alone into the interior, does not advance with greater trepidation or more high-strung courage.

She was not kept long in suspense. The paths in the pleasure-gardens of Slagsalve wind, as has already been mentioned, along the face of a precipitous wooded bank, and turning a corner decorated with young oaks, not far from the entrance, she found Count Ramassy seated on a bench, a bundle of newspapers on his knees, staring straight before him, with a very gloomy countenance. He had begun to despair of her coming, and the news from London was tantalising. The correspondents had much to say about the excitement over the comet; but there was nothing about the effect of this excitement on the stock market. It had been bank holiday and an off-day on the Exchange. The Count had forgotten this fact; it had not occurred to him that the crowd at Slagsalve was other than normal; he had been eagerly and confidently expectant of decisive news, and was proportionately disappointed when he opened the paper. He had another weary day to wait before he could know the result of the speculation on which so much depended. "Curse bank holidays! Curse Saint Lubbock! What beastly grey skies!" he was saying to himself, when round the corner, fresh as the morning to whose charms he was indifferent, came his divinity, and gave the skies a new colour.

His face lighted up at once. "It is very kind of you to come," he said, when he had wished her good morning.

"I generally take a walk in the morning before breakfast when I am in the country," she said carelessly, as if her coming had no connection with his request of the previous day. She felt mistress of the situation, treated him as a subject, and assumed the lead in the conversation. She was somehow anxious now to keep him off his sentimental revelations. "Anything in the paper this morning? You seemed deeply absorbed in something — money-market news, I suppose?" she added, taking advantage of what Fanny had

told her about his huge speculations.

The Count was surprised and not a little startled by this reference; but in the course of the last fortnight he had schooled his nerves into something of the impassiveness of a diplomatist's. It was not easy to flurry him about any of his own transactions. He was ready with an answer.

"Ah, so you know about my interest in the money market," he said, with a smile as of faint amusement. "Who told you?"

"Miss Douglas," she answered, simply. He had turned the tables on her. She felt as if she had got her information by unfair means, had betrayed an interest in his doings, had been prying into his secrets.

"It is a dreary pastime," he continued, "a poor, artificial, factitious excitement. But one must do something for distraction. It was not news from the money market that absorbed me," he said, gravely turning his dark eyes on hers; "I thought you were not coming."

"But I thought you had more serious things to occupy your mind?" She had almost said that it was a shock to her to find that he could waste his time in gambling, and lower himself to anything so sordid.

"But my serious plans are so hopeless. I told you so the other day. All the heart is gone out of them since I knew you." He remembered the interruption of the previous day, and was determined not to let this second opportunity slip. But let us not be too hard on the adventurer. The man was really in love, and had aspirations to a better life through it, though the road at first was bound to be crooked. Perhaps all scoundrels have similar aspirations. Crime is a madness, a disease, curable or incurable.

"I am sorry," she said, with a nervous laugh, "that I should have had so bad an influence. You never gambled before?"

"Never," he said. "I had no temptation. My life was one of uninterrupted happiness till the catastrophe came."

She felt a touch of pity for him in spite of herself. Men were deceivers ever. This specimen was thorough-paced.

"Your influence bad!" he continued, in a voice that thrilled through her; "who could connect the idea of badness with you? I, of all men? But I have been depressed since I met you, because you are so hopelessly out of my reach, and I feel how different my life might be if it were otherwise. It almost maddens me, and there is very little relief in this poor excitement of gambling. But you said," he continued, in a quieter tone, "that you would let me tell you of the promise I made to my poor wife."

He paused for a moment as if to curb his feelings, and she waited with breathless curiosity, but with senses strangely awake to certain features of the scene, to the swish of the leaves in the wind, the play of the light on them, the fleecy cloud that rolled and curled and uncurled itself on its passage across the dim sky.

"She did not wish me not to marry," he resumed. "There was not an atom of selfishness or jealousy in her disposition. In fact she urged me to marry again. All that she asked for herself was not to be forgotten. 'Only,' she said, 'you must be sure of the love of the woman you marry. You must subject her to the same test to which you subjected me.'"

He paused. Grace was silent,

impressed, agitated, painfully eager to hear what the test was, but unable to speak. He waited for a moment, marked the effect he had produced, and resumed in the same grave voice of repressed emotion—

"I was foolish and romantic when I made her acquaintance and fell in love with her, and I asked her what I suppose I had no right to demand of any woman, that, to show her confidence in me, she would marry me without saying a word about our love to her parents or any living creature. I had no right to ask such a proof of her love. It was foolish and romantic. But I had the idea then that between husband and wife there should be the most perfect trust, and that this could not be unless the woman of her own free judgment chose the man, and had full faith that her choice was right. I asked no man or woman what they thought of her, and I believed that, unless her election was equally free and uncontrolled, our marriage might be built on a shifting foundation. It would not be a marriage of true minds. It was a fantastic notion, was it not?"

"I don't know," she murmured. A light net seemed thrown over her as he spoke, and a pleased dreamy feeling filled her brain. His voice sounded in her ears after he ceased to speak.

"I beg your pardon," he resumed, with a sad apologetic smile. "I am at my old trick of asking questions. Well, as I said, my wife made me promise to require the same proof of any woman I should seek in marriage. 'No woman,' she said, 'who has not the courage to do that, will stand by you when you try to carry out my last wishes.' I made the promise willingly, because then I never thought I could ever again meet a woman to move me as you have done. And now you know why I am dejected and desperate," he concluded, with a sigh. "I dare not ask you to make such a sacrifice, and I cannot break my vow."

It was merely a variety of the familiar confidence trick. But somehow the commonest and simplest of tricks seem to be the most infallible. New dupes are always found in plenty for old lures. Poor Grace was seriously impressed by his mawkish rodomontade. Still, she made an effort to break the spell and return to her hastily assumed cynical view of life. "Men don't, as a rule, let vows stand in their way."

"Some men do."

"But why did you not tell her it was foolish and fantastic, as you say now?"

"I did not think then I should ever be in circumstances where such a promise would be a burden. Her heart seemed set on it. I can see her look of entreaty now, poor Gratiana! How could I refuse her, or argue the point with her? But, indeed, it was only to please her that I consented to her wish that I should marry again; for I dismissed as absurd the idea that I should ever see another woman whom I could love, a woman capable of inspiring any man in heroic enterprise."

Had Grace been overrating her strength when she said to herself that she could make the Count speak, and pierce at once through any pretence that he tried to palm off upon her? If she had overheard any other woman addressed in this strain of audacious flattery, she would have called her a simpleton to believe it. But there is nothing in which fortune favours the audacious more than in flattery, when the flattery is merely the overstrained expression of a feeling

genuinely entertained at the moment. Most people have penetration enough to distinguish this from the flummery of insincere pretence. Grace had a woman's defensive instinct of suspicion, but the compliment pleased her nevertheless. There was another inward struggle to throw off the charm.

"How long is it since your wife died?" she asked, in tones which reflected the conflict between scepticism and conviction.

"It was in the beginning of last winter. But it seems years ago."

"Your memory of her is so faint?"

"Oh no! My memory of her is as fresh as if I had seen her yesterday. A moment ago she seemed standing by me to remind me of my promise, with the old look of entreaty. It is the interval between that seems so long and dreary."

"Was her name Gratiana?"

"Yes," he said mechanically, and seemed absorbed in painful reflections.

"But I am sure," Grace said after a pause, trying to speak in a light tone, "that you entirely misjudge my character. I am not at all fitted for a heroic life. Quite the contrary. I delight in frivolous amusement."

"That does not appear in the verses Miss Douglas made you show me the first night I came to your father's."

"I don't think one puts one's real feelings into verses. At least I know I don't. One feels like it for the moment no doubt, but it is only a passing mood."

"But it is those passing moods that reveal the depths of the character."

"All the same, you are quite wrong about me."

He shook his head. "We never know our own character."

She looked at her watch and said she must go in now. She had no idea that she had been out so long. "Papa will wonder what has become of me."

"One moment," the Count said suddenly. "Have you the courage?" He looked at her with burning eyes, and made a step forward, as if he would repeat the offence of yesterday.

"You must not do that," she said firmly, stepping back. Then on the spur of the moment she added lightly, "I will tell you in a few days," and hurried off.

What possessed her not to say "No" at once? Was it a mere whim, the offspring of a girl's pride in having two lovers waiting for their answer at once? Grace, we fear, was, as she said, no heroine, but only a woman, with some of the failings of the more frivolous of her sex, and an imprudent love for playing with edged tools. At any rate, she was exercising her own judgment now, and found not a little delight in the new sensation of freedom and independence. She admitted to herself as she hurried back that she had not been as successful as she had intended to be in plucking the heart out of this mystery. But the little she had learnt tempted her to try and learn more. She had unclasped the book, she found it extremely interesting, and she would read a little further before she shut it. She could shut it whenever she pleased. Against every uneasy thought of danger, there was absolute comfort and support in this consideration.

Still, it was not without a certain sense of guilt that she faced her father at breakfast. Was it right to deceive him? But she was not deceiving him. She would

not deceive him. She would not marry this lover without his knowledge. She would tell Count Ramassy so on the first opportunity. But there was no harm in keeping the Count in suspense for a little, and seeing what he would do next. Surely this was within the limits of her father's own mandate of free choice? Without some study of character, choice was a mere leap in the dark.

Mr Quickset was anxious to interrogate the Count about his extraordinary insight into the position of the comet, and arranged that Napier and Grace should walk out together after breakfast. A little blunder that the young man made was decidedly favourable to the Count's interests. His dislike to the mysterious foreigner had reached an acute stage; and although Adam considered his mouth sealed on the subject by his position as a rival, he could not refrain from letting fly a disparaging remark, when Grace, with a woman's delight in teasing, said something that might be construed in his favour. She thought this ungenerous, and defended the Count. Adam retaliated, and they had quite a little quarrel.

Meantime the Count was being tackled by the Professor about his telepathic powers. He was not in the least taken by surprise, although the artful Professor purposely introduced the subject abruptly. He had expected the question to be raised some time, and considered the best way of meeting it. True, he had asked Grace not to mention the circumstance to her father; but he was too cautious to trust to any woman's, or, for the matter of that, any man's, power of keeping a secret.

"By the by," Mr Quickset said, as they were talking over the selection of illustrations, the Count straining every nerve to make himself agreeable, and display his acquaintance with the subject, and his eagerness to utilise the opportunity of getting knowledge from the fountain-head—"by the by, Grace never mentioned to me the extraordinary way in which you sighted the comet."

"Oh," replied the Count promptly, with an easy smile, "have you heard of that? I asked her not to tell you."

"Quickset will find this out in any case," he thought to himself, "so I had better volunteer the information."

"Lady Napier seems to have wormed it out of her," said Quickset, favourably impressed by his candour and entire absence of embarrassment.

"It was a curious circumstance, was it not?" the Count said.

"Very curious indeed. So there was no mistake. You really set the telescope exactly on the right spot?"

"Certainly. Miss Quickset was the first to look through it and the first to see the comet. There was a cloud over the field before. It happened in this way. I was fiddling about with the telescope after you went down, when the fancy came into my head, a mere idle fancy, to fix it in a certain position and set the clock going. It was the merest whim, and when Miss Quickset came in by accident to say good night to you, just to carry out the fancy, I asked her to look through."

"It was a funny coincidence. You don't suppose it was anything more than a coincidence?" he asked, looking at the Count keenly.

"Yes, I do," answered the imperturbable Count.

"Indeed," said Quickset, drily. "I didn't know you were a believer in telepathy."

The Count laughed. "No more I am. I believe as little in such humbug as you do. But there is a simple way of accounting for it," he continued, meeting Quickset's inquiring stare with an ingenuous countenance.

"What can that be?"

"I think it must have been a trick of unconscious memory. I saw the positions once, you know, on Millerby's ephemeris, and what I took to be a capricious fancy must have been really an involuntary recollection of what I could not remember when I tried."

"No doubt," assented the Professor, much pleased to find that he had not been mistaken after all in his judgment of his young friend and admirer. "Our memories constantly play off illusions of the kind upon us." His confidence was completely restored. The Count had come out of his cloud of suspicion with flying colours and increased prestige. "Your explanation is most ingenious," he continued; "I own I should not have thought of it myself."

"You would have thought of it," the Count said, modestly, "if you had remembered that I saw the ephemeris before."

"Perhaps, perhaps. But it is very ingenious, and as satisfactory as it is ingenious. I should have been content with the hypothesis of simple coincidence, which is not always so satisfactory."

"It may have been but a chance coincidence after all."

"No; I think you must be right, though only people who know the extent of our liability to illusions would accept your view. We are liable to them in our healthiest state, and your state was probably abnormal at the time, judging from what followed. You feel all right now?" he added kindly, willing to atone for his previous suspicions. "I am afraid I have never asked."

"Perfectly, thank you. It was very considerate of you not to ask. I might then have thought I was looking ill, and imagination goes a great way in other matters than telepathy."

Thus the question of telepathy was settled, and the Professor's admiration of the young man's accomplishments was further increased by another little instance of his usefulness. He happened to smash one of his slides, a representation of a very fine and singular cometary tail, very effective for a popular audience. It vexed him to such a degree that he used strong language about his own clumsiness.

But the Count came to the rescue. "There must be a glazier," he said, "in Slagsalve; and if I had a piece of glass of the same size and some paint, I think I could produce a tolerable makeshift."

These requisites were procured, and, much to the lecturer's delight, a makeshift was turned out quite as good as the original.

"I am really very much obliged to you," he said. "If it were not asking too much, you might help me to improve my lecture greatly; for, to tell the truth, I have not all the slides here that I could wish, and I am hampered by having to lecture up to such as I have got."

The Count really undertook to do anything in his power.

Soon after mid-day, while the Count was in Quickset's room busy over his new-found occupation, a telegram was handed to him. A pleased expression came over his face when he read it, and after a moment's deliberation, he handed it to Quickset.

"What is this?" said the astronomer. And he read: "From

Douglas, City, to Count Ramassy, Grand Hotel, Slagsalve. Considerable fall this morning. You stand to win forty thousand pounds if you buy in now. Shall I buy? Wire reply."

"Shall I buy? Wire reply. This is the poetry of business, I suppose. But you must explain."

"I have been amusing myself by speculating a little."

"You don't call this a little."

"It has turned out bigger than I expected. But there is not much amusement in these things unless you play for tolerably high stakes. I believe I had so arranged, however, that I was certain to lose very little."

"Gamblers always say that."

"But I am not a gambler. This is my first venture, and it will be my last."

The Professor shook his head. "The taste is more easily acquired than lost. Anyhow, you are to be congratulated on your luck."

"What would you advise me to say in answer to this?" he asked, holding up the telegram. "What 'reply' shall I 'wire'?"

"I am really not competent to advise anybody in these things. I don't know about them. But if I could make sure of a hundredth part of the amount by 'buying in' or whatever it is, I should buy in at once without a moment's hesitation."

The Count, however, telegraphed in reply: "I am inclined to hold on till to-morrow; but use your own discretion."

He had followed his usual bold policy in taking Quickset into his confidence about this gambling venture. It was better that the information should come from himself. This looked as if he were making no secret of it. He was pleased to find that Grace had not told her father what she knew on the subject. It showed that she did not tell him everything. Still, if the fact was known to her, it was certain to have come out somehow, and it might have looked suspicious. His explanation that it was only a casual amusement was much less likely to be taken as true, if he had waited to be interrogated. He did not regret showing the telegram to Quickset. He congratulated himself on it as a stroke of policy. And he had reason. The apparent success of the speculation more than covered the Professor's disapprobation of gambling. He had not the slightest suspicion of the real state of the case.

"I believe it is the custom of the City," he said at dinner, by way of entering into the spirit of the thing, "for lucky speculators like you to stand all their friends champagne."

Miss Quickset was delighted with her father's good-humour, and smiled on the fortunate adventurer. He was the hero of the hour. Poor Napier felt quite thrown into the shade. He had had a letter from his mother that afternoon, in which she informed him that she had made inquiries of the Austrian ambassador, and that he knew nothing of Count Ramassy, had never heard the name before. But after his rebuff of the morning, and Quickset's assurance later on that he was quite mistaken in supposing that Ramassy pretended to telepathic powers, and after all the congratulations on the Stock Exchange haul, he resolved to hold his peace. He was irritated and jealous. "If they are so infatuated about the d—d foreigner," he said to himself, "I can wait till they find him out."

The Count was very unobtrusive all day in his attentions to Miss

Quickset. But he contrived to get an opportunity of whispering to her—"Take your own time, darling, to make up your mind. But don't decide against me rashly."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Hugh Millerby was already more than half doubtful of the bargain on the night of his engagement to Fanny Douglas, but he was a cheerful youth, and it did not disturb his sleep. He awoke next morning with a vague consciousness, which gradually became sharper as his brain cleared, that he had done a very rash thing. But his second thought was that there was no good in regretting it now. It was done. He was in for it. He could not get out of it if he would, and he would not allow himself to think that he had the slightest wish to draw back. "Fanny is not the woman to let a man go once she has got hold of him," he said to himself. He pictured himself going to her and asking her whether it would not be wise to reconsider the situation, and the imaginary interview gave him much entertainment. After all, she was not a bad sort. There was no denying her amusing qualities when she liked. Yes, when she liked! But would she like? She could make herself very disagreeable also. But she was not ill-natured at heart. She undoubtedly had the saving virtue of humour. What sort of a married life would it be? He pictured a scene or two from the connubial future, in which she appeared a lively companion and a helpmate in his literary schemes. Then his thoughts wandered to the very different future which he had dreamt of with a very different companion. Had he not been too ridiculously precipitate? Was there not a hope if he had waited? What would Grace say when she heard—Grace, who could now be only the sweetest of memories to him? She seemed sweeter than ever, now that she stood fixed and far away. How her father would exult! But this was not a pleasant vein of reflection, and when he caught himself at it, he flung resolutely out of bed, in a mood of humorous resignation, determined to make the best of it.

"Hugh Millerby," he said to himself, "you have played the fool, my fine fellow, and not for the first time in your life. But it doesn't matter. Nothing matters very much."

With which cheerful reflection he proceeded to shave. "I don't feel the slightest temptation to make a tragic end," he soliloquised, as he raised the glittering blade. "After all, one must marry somebody, and it is well to have the business settled."

For a young man who had a fancy for acting on fixed principles, it was astonishing how often he acted in defiance of his own theoretical creed. If there was one point in the ethics of marriage on which he held a strong opinion, it was that people should not marry unless they were deeply and seriously in love. Marriage on any other ground was certain to be a failure. Marry a woman for money without love, and she will make your life a burden. You must either beat her or be her slave; and neither alternative is pleasant to a well-regulated mind. Marry a woman because she seems steady

and sensible, and your fate is still worse. You don't want the wife of your bosom to remind you perpetually of the weak points in your character. True, a sensible woman would be silent about such points; but if she knew them, and you were not really in love with her,—and as a woman of sense she would know this weak point among others,—she has ways of bringing home the knowledge to you quite as effective as speech, and much more irritating. Even if he had met with a cynical disputant who argued that love was but a blind animal instinct, the philosopher was prepared to argue the question on that ground. Man, after all, was an animal, and reason was not a safe guide in this matter. Man must trust his instincts in choosing a mate. Marriage against instinct was bound to be unhappy. But instinct determines the tendency; reason must be used in the choice of the individual. No, no; he would not admit this. Instinct was the only safe guide to matrimonial felicity. Cases to the contrary, cases of miserably unhappy love-matches, he met comprehensively with the axiom that the majority of people were too selfish to live happily in the married state with anybody. Such was Mr Hugh Millerby's theory. But his practice? He had been guided neither by reason nor by instinct. He had bound himself irrevocably, in obedience to a mere temporary incontinent impulse. He was not in the least in love with Fanny Douglas. He was bound to admit this when he examined himself, and to admit also the still more awkward fact that at times he had felt a positive repugnance to her.

Here was a dereliction of principle for a philosopher! But it did not dishearten him long. Another principle came to his aid in the hour of need. A bad situation is often better for a man of energy than a good one. It stimulates him, makes him use his powers, instead of lying idle and taking what fortune sends. In making the best of a bad situation, a man with a reserve of energy is likely to fare better than if everything had been as he wished from the first. This was not very complimentary to Miss Douglas; but the fact that the philosopher was alive to the necessity of exertion for his own comfort augured well for the proposed union.

"At all events," he said cheerfully to himself, "a marriage of inconvenience is better than a marriage of convenience. Fanny has neither money nor good sense. She can't lord it over me with either of these advantages."

Thus Hugh stuck loyally to his bargain, and put as good a face upon it as possible with the help of his philosophy. After a light breakfast, he took down the great note-book and set to work. The novelty of his own position as an engaged man, and the numerous reflections induced thereby, had rather superseded his interest in the comet; but he read the newspapers with industry, and made copious extracts about it, besides recording at length his own observations of the previous day. He felt quite as if he had done a good day's work when he went out to an early luncheon; and his self-satisfaction did not abate as he walked across towards Bloomsbury to see the affianced one, though once or twice it did strike him that he was not unlike a sheep going to the slaughter. On the other hand, so practised a self-analyst could not fail to detect in himself a sense of increased importance, an anticipation of the gravity of his position as the pros-

pective head of a British household—no longer an unattached and drifting unit. This also amused him.

"So you have come," was Fanny's greeting. She had sent Mrs Smith out.

"You didn't expect me to run away, did you?"

"I thought it was possible you might change your mind."

"If there is one thing I pride myself upon, it is my inflexible constancy. How little you know me! Besides, if I had thought of taking flight, I should have postponed it till to-morrow. The trains are so crowded on bank holiday."

"But I thought you liked crowds. Why did you not come to lunch?"

"You didn't ask me. And besides, I have been very busy all the morning. You see I can give two reasons for everything."

"Making more observations?"

"No, recording. But I am equal to making more observations now, if you will come. Shall we go and see the Salvationists, or the crowd at the Crystal Palace?"

"By-and-by. This industry of yours is quite appalling. You must really take breath now and then. Let us have a little quiet conversation first."

Fanny felt that she was being defrauded of her rights in this *tête-à-tête* on the first day of her engagement. It was a little too cool of her accepted lover to propose to drag her out into a rough crowd, after she had arranged for a much more pleasant way of spending the time. And it occurred to the young man, too, though he found himself more amused than repentant, that there was a want of lover-like ardour in his behaviour. So he sat down, and submitted with a good grace to her affectionate attentions. But he had not thought that he would find them such a bore. More than once he was conscious of a certain impatience to be off on his career of observation.

"Have you heard from your mother, dearest?" she asked, after a time.

"Bless me, how stupid on my part to forget! Of course I have. I had a telegram from her this morning to say that she would be glad to see you, and had sent a formal invitation by post."

"You look rather rueful over it."

He laughed. "I? Nonsense." But the truth was that his face had not been expressive of that radiant delight which a young man should feel at the prospect of introducing his intended bride to his parents. Her suspicion came opportunely to remind him of his resolution to make the best of the situation. He hastened to repair his mistake.

"Why should I look rueful? I was thinking what a nuisance it must be for you to be so hurried. It is very kind of you to come. You see, I really had no choice. I was bound to take Mrs Brockley and Mrs Rorke down on Tuesday. They could not go alone, as they don't know my people. They are practically my guests."

"Your mother must be very indulgent to let you use her house in that way. She must be very fond of you."

"Well, you see, they don't know any Association people themselves, and they wished to be hospitable on the occasion, so my mother offered to ask any friends of mine I liked."

"It will amuse her to find you coming with such a convoy of women. She must have expected you to ask men friends. Why did you ask Mrs Rorke?"

"It was quite an accident. Mrs Brockley happened to say one day that they would like to see an Association meeting, and I was puzzling my brains at the time to think whom I should invite."

"Do you know what I thought when I heard of it?"

"I think I can guess from that very sly smile."

"I felt quite jealous."

"I am sure you had no cause."

There was, perhaps, a slight trace of involuntary emphasis on the pronoun "you." At any rate she fancied so. "Perhaps somebody else had cause. You are a nice specimen of constancy."

He laughed frankly at the accusation. He could rebut it in no other way.

"You are quite sure you have no hankering after Grace now? I believe you would rather have taken her down to introduce."

"Don't bother about Grace," he said, and laughed again, but much more uneasily.

"I believe you are as much in love with her as ever."

"What if I am, so long as she is not in love with me?"

"But are you?"

"Stuff," he said. "Let us talk of something else."

"It is evidently a sore subject with you."

"Not in the slightest." He was fairly driven into a corner. Poor Hugh was not so accomplished an actor as the pretended Count; but it looked very much as if he would have to acquire equal facility in lying before he could fulfil his intention of making the best of the circumstances.

"It will become a sore subject with me, if you pester me about it so," he said, laughingly.

"She is rather a flirt, you know."

"I don't know; but if you say it I will believe you. But why harp on Grace?"

"To see whether you have regrets. I am sure she could never have loved you as I do."

She was easier to deal with in this vein. He gave the answer that the emergency required.

"I do love you sincerely," she said, with languishing eyes on his. "I will try to make you happy. We shall be very happy together, shall we not, darling?"

He could not do less than profess equal confidence in the future. Perhaps the confidence was justifiable. Love, it is said, is generally on one side. There could be no doubt on which side it was in this match; but if it is on either side, the case is not hopeless. He was sufficiently cool to be struck by the oddity of patronising offers of loving care and tendance coming from the woman that generally come from the man, at least before marriage. The ordinary relation of the sexes in courtship was reversed. She spoke as if it rested with her to protect and watch over him, as the weaker vessel. And although she would herself have laughed at the assumption, if it had been formally expressed, she really made that assumption. She was a self-confident and independent young woman. She had held her own with men in the battle of life, and her naturally robust character had gained in robustness from the circumstance. She could treat with the first-class power man on equal terms. . Her love for Hugh was more like the love of a man for a woman than the love of a woman for a man. She was strong enough to become a suppliant without any loss of self-respect, strong enough to feel like taking to herself a husband.

The oddity of this struck him as he heard her vow to make him

happy, and as he made a suitable response. Such situations may become more common in a future generation, when women are in a less dependent position than now. The conventional style of courtship may change, and people may find it difficult to understand why Hugh saw anything amusing in the amorous protestations of the mannish Fanny. But the young man, with all his philosophy, could not shake off the fetters of convention. He saw her in a comic light as a usurper of the prerogative of man. Still, it was pleasant to be made love to. Love begets love. If she were always like this, his efforts to make the best of it need not be superhuman.

She was more or less like this for the rest of the afternoon. They did not go to see the Salvationists together. "Are you very anxious to go, Hugh?" she asked, after a spell of billing and cooing.

"Not so very anxious. But one may never see them in such a state of excitement again, you know."

"But don't you think you must have exhausted it pretty well last night? It will be very much the same thing over again. Tell me all about what you saw."

He gave her an account of the scene, and she listened with admirable patience, though the subject did not interest her much. Her thoughts seemed to be more occupied with the manner than the matter of the narration. Now that she had fairly taken Hugh in hand, it was her duty to consider seriously what he was good for, and as she listened she formed a critical estimate of his powers of description. She was really desirous to be of use to him.

"You must show me your notebooks," she said, with a tolerably well-satisfied air, interrupting him in the full flow of his account of Orchestra Joe. "I might be able to tell from looking over them what you are strongest in. A second person can often do that better than the writer himself."

"Thanks," he said; "I will take one of them down with me to Norport." But as, like most untried writers, he at heart considered himself equally strong in all kinds of composition, the remark was not, perhaps, as encouraging as it was meant to be. Besides, it revealed the unsuspected fact that she was listening to him as a critic, and this rather chilled him and dried up the flow of his unconscious eloquence. He did not resume the narrative till she said—

"Well, go on. It must have been very amusing. What was Captain Laura Dale like? Ugly, of course. All women who take to that kind of thing are ugly."

"No, she was rather good-looking; a tall woman, with good features and very expressive eyes."

"Of course, that sort of evangelical cant is very easy," she said, tempted to disparage the speaker's intellect, if her person was not open to criticism.

"Come and hear her," cried Hugh. "She is sure to be at it tonight again. She is really very interesting. She struck me as a born orator."

"Well, you are a susceptible individual. Did you ever see a woman that was not interesting?"

"Come now, you tempt me to ask whether you ever heard a woman praised without being jealous. I assure you this female captain is really a very fine speaker—a born orator."

"Any woman can speak who is not a fool. And every woman is a born orator who gets excited and allows her feelings to run away with her."

"I doubt whether that was Miss Dale's recipe. She seemed to keep her head remarkably cool all the time. She had all her wits about her when it came to 'dragging in the net,' as they call it."

"Well, don't let us wrangle over it. You don't want to hear her to-night again." She said this coaxingly.

"Why, you don't suppose that I go to hear her. But won't you come and have a look at the whole concern?"

"It's rather too rough for me, I am afraid, dear."

Of course it was too rough for her. He almost blushed at his own stupidity, and at the consciousness that he had for the moment forgotten that Fanny was a woman. There was so much of the equal comrade in her manner of talking, that her disqualification of sex did not occur to him when he proposed the enterprise.

"I daresay they wouldn't tread on my toes, or knock me about," she said. "It would no doubt be quite safe. But I have not your passion for crowds. I'm not squeamish, but the heat and the racket and the odour of the 'mutable rank-scented many' are rather too much for me. Even in a well-dressed and clean crowd it's bad enough. It's all very well for an ardent student of human nature like you to go through it. You have an object—I have none."

"Don't say that. 'Where thou goest I will go,' and where I go you ought to come, to bear me company and look after me, if I am as susceptible as you say."

"I draw the line at Salvation Army meetings. I think I had rather take my information at second-hand about such subjects. Not that I believe you pick up as much as you think. It's like going down into a coal-mine or walking through the sewers, so abominably disagreeable that you fancy you are somehow the wiser for it. A bad headache, I believe, is the most instructive part of your experience. You can only say you have been there, and I hold with Sheridan that you can say that just as well without going. So few have been that nobody is likely to ask particulars, and you can easily invent a few if anybody is so rude. But you can go if you like, when Mrs Smith comes in."

Before this event happened, there were more tender passages between them, tender enough to obliterate any disagreeable impression the lady might have made in her less melting mood. They seemed so happy together when Mrs Smith came in that she gaily asked them — "Well, is the day fixed yet?"

Strange to say, Hugh had not yet consulted Fanny on that point, and though she had thought of it, she had hesitated to take the initiative. For once the companion had proved herself of substantial service. Fanny could have hugged her for this well-timed question.

For the second time in the course of the interview Hugh positively blushed. She kindly came to his relief, though inwardly not a little irritated at his backwardness.

"We have not been talking of anything so prosaic," she said.

He felt that he must make amends and assume an eagerness for the happy day, if it did cost him an effort. "It must be soon of course," he said, "that is to say, I hope."

"I think I had better drag you to the altar without any unnecessary delay, otherwise you may give me the slip."

This gave him an excuse for covering his confusion with an idiotic laugh.

"He doesn't look as if he would need much dragging," said the good Mrs Smith, always willing to be agreeable.

"I don't know," Fanny said. "He has already begun to show symptoms of bolting after an interesting female preacher, Captain Laura Dale."

"You mustn't be jealous, you know, dear," said Mrs Smith.

"That's precisely what I said to her. You have no idea how jealous she is."

"You have no idea how good reason I have to be jealous."

"No," said Mrs Smith, shaking her head with a kindly smile; "I know him better. He's everything that's good."

"But seriously," said Hugh, now awakened to a sense of his duty, "we must fix the day for that little ceremony. When shall it be? The sooner the better."

"Better wait till we go down to Norport."

"Good," he said. "That will be as well, as I have some business arrangements to make with my father."

"What if your father does not approve?"

"No fear of that, when he sees you." This came so promptly that Hugh was quite pleased with himself.

"I am sure I shall like them very much from what you tell me, and for your sake, too, dearest."

Hugh was a little embarrassed by this display of affection before Mrs Smith; but he manfully kissed her, the discreet companion turning away her head.

Before he went, she reminded him of the note-book. "Don't forget to bring it, now. We must get that great work begun."

"Don't you forget to be punctual to-morrow," he answered. "Come in good time. Ten o'clock from King's Cross."

Fanny went down to open the door for him. "He is very nice," said Mrs Smith, when she returned ten minutes later. "Yes, I think he'll do. I wish he had a little more fire. He is not a very strong man. But I think I may make something of him."

A DIARY AT VALLADOLID IN THE TIME OF CERVANTES.

Some time ago it was announced in the 'Athenæum' that Don Pascual de Gayangos had discovered among the Spanish manuscripts in the British Museum a diary kept by a Portuguese gentleman resident at Valladolid in the spring and summer of 1605, in which there are references showing that the writer was personally acquainted with Cervantes. A more welcome literary treasure-trove could scarcely be imagined, for of the personality of Cervantes we know if possible less than we know of Shakespeare's. We do not even know what he was like, except by his own playful description. The Stratford bust, the Droeshout engraving, and the Chandos picture may not be altogether satisfactory; but they are unimpeachable presentments compared with the extant portraits of Cervantes. Besides, if there is any one period in his life of which we know less than we do of any other, it is that between the time he left Andalusia and finally took up his residence at Madrid. All we know, indeed, is, that during the latter part of it he lived at Valladolid, and published 'Don Quixote.'

In the intervals of his labours at the 'Calendar of State Papers,' Señor Gayangos was able to make a thorough examination of the MS., the results of which, together with a Spanish translation of the more interesting portions of the Diary, he gave in a series of articles in the 'Revista de España'; and with the help of the distinguished dramatic critic, Señor Menendez Pelayo, and of a Portuguese *savant*, Dr García Peres, he succeeded at length in identifying the writer of the Diary. The first leaf or two of the British Museum MS. are missing, but fortunately Dr García Peres had in his possession another, and also an abridgment, which furnished the desired clue. The diarist proves to have been Thomé Pinheiro da Veiga, Doctor and Professor of Civil Law in the University of Coimbra (born 1571, died 1656), a man of considerable mark in his day, who rose to the highest judicial posts in Portugal. He is mentioned in Barbosa Machado's 'Bibliotheca Lusitana' as an uncompromising champion of the independence of the courts of justice, and it is to his zeal in that cause that we owe the Diary; for he was at the time *ouvidor* or local judge at Esgueira; and the object of his journey to Valladolid in 1605 was to appeal to the Crown against the encroachments upon his jurisdiction attempted by the Duke of Aveiro, the lord of the district. Nothing of this, however, is disclosed in the Diary. There is not a trace of the traditional gravity of the judge in its sprightly pages. To all appearance it is the production of a man who had no object in view but to see life and enjoy himself at the gayest capital in Europe, as Valladolid then was.

It is a severe test, no doubt, to compare it with books like Count de Grammont's Memoirs and the Countess d'Aulnoy's Travels; nevertheless, the comparison may fairly be made. It would be unreasonable, of course, to look for the same finish in a thing of this sort as is to be found in the polished workmanship of Anthony Hamilton; but Dr Pinheiro had no small share of De Grammont's

vivacity and wit, and could sketch a portrait or a scene with a light free touch not very inferior to the brilliant Frenchman's; and it will surprise no reader of the extracts quoted by Señor Gayangos that the writer has been suspected by good critics of being the author of the wittiest book in the Portuguese language, the 'Arte de Furtar' (Art of Stealing), generally attributed, but on insufficient grounds, to the great Jesuit preacher, Antonio Vieyra. Any comparison with Madame d'Aulnoy must be to the advantage of the diarist. As a Portuguese he could look at things from a foreigner's point of view, while at the same time he was perfectly at home among the Spaniards; and, of course, a man's opportunities for studying life were far better than any woman's, however keen her thirst for knowledge might be. And then, Valladolid under Philip III. was a very different place from Madrid under Charles II. Society was disposed to indemnify itself for the gloom and austerity of the last reign, very much as society was at the Restoration in England. The young King loved pleasure and hated business. It seemed, the diarist says, as if he and his ministers were striving to get rid of the ascetic gravity and aversion to every kind of human pleasure that had distinguished the late King and his ministers. Valladolid, moreover, was especially gay at the time of Pinheiro's visit. Shortly after his arrival, the prince, afterwards Philip IV., was born and baptised amid great rejoicings, and at the same time the Earl of Nottingham, better known as Lord Howard of Effingham, came at the head of a splendid and numerous retinue—700 persons in all, we are told—to ratify the treaty of peace with England; and the Court, in its satisfaction at the event, resolved to spare nothing to give the foreigners a reception befitting the dignity of the Spanish Crown. The dullest of diarists could hardly help leaving a lively record behind him under such circumstances.

It may be as well to say here that the hopes held out by the original title in the 'Revista de España' ("Cervantes en Valladolid"), and in the notice in the 'Athenæum,' are not realised. Of Cervantes personally we learn absolutely nothing from Thomé Pinheiro. The name occurs only once in the diary; and though Don Pascual still clings to the idea that the reference may possibly be to the author of 'Don Quixote,' this is somewhat more than doubtful. The reader shall judge for himself. The diarist says, in his abrupt way:—

"I will tell you a most charming story about Lope García de la Torre, whom you know. His wife, who is of high family and extremely handsome, sits up all night gambling and losing two or three hundred ducats in her own house, without troubling herself in the least about her husband. He goes to bed early, and if by any chance he calls her and tells her to come, she answers, 'Hold your tongue, and let me play, Lope García. You won't? Cervantes, give me here that taws' (*palmatoria*, an instrument made of leather thongs fixed to a wooden handle, used by schoolmasters), 'and we'll see if I can't make him hold his tongue. Señor Don Lope, so long as I play with what is my own, hold your tongue; when it is with what is yours, scold away.'"

From the use of the present tense, and from the words "by any chance," *por casualidad*, it is clear that this refers, not to some solitary incident witnessed by the narrator, but to something of repeated occurrence in Don Lope's house, which had apparently come

to be a standing joke. Now it is, to say the least, highly improbable that Cervantes could have been night after night dangling in the *salon* of a gambling lady of fashion. He had something else to do of an evening. To judge by the depositions taken in the Ezpeleta affair, it is more likely that his occupation at such hours was balancing accounts or drawing up petitions or memorials. It by no means follows that the Cervantes called to by the lady must have been the novelist. The name was a common one enough in Spain at the time, though now it seems to be almost confined to Mexico and Columbia, and it is far more likely that in this instance it belonged to some page or attendant. At any rate, this is the only instance in which it seems to be mentioned; and it is going rather too far to found upon it the theory that Pinheiro numbered Cervantes among his acquaintances.

Per contra there is his silence with regard to the Ezpeleta affair, though he was in Valladolid at the time, and for a month afterwards. On the 27th of June 1605, one Don Gaspar de Ezpeleta received a wound in a street brawl near the door of the house in which Cervantes lodged. He was taken in, and died there shortly afterwards, in consequence of which Cervantes and his family were haled before the authorities, and he, his sister, his daughter, and his niece kept in custody for two days—the theory of the officers being that the quarrel in which the dead man had received the wound arose out of a love-affair in which one of the young women was involved. Surely if Pinheiro had known Cervantes personally, however slight his acquaintance might be, he would not have passed over in silence an incident so noteworthy as this, and in itself much more so than many he has recorded.

'Don Quixote' is referred to once or twice. Although only two or three months published, it had already taken the public fancy so much that Don Quixote and Sancho Panza figured in a kind of street harlequinade, just as to this day Don Quixote and Dulcinea parade the streets of Saragossa at the October *fêtes*. It is true that some ladies near the diarist did not quite take the allusion, for he heard them asking, "Is this the Portuguese ambassador, or who is it?" As it so happened, the Don Quixote was a Portuguese gentleman, which leads Pinheiro to observe, "This is how we Portuguese come to be despised here." Considering how newly born the book was, it is very significant that he himself does not think any explanation called for, but always assumes that the friend for whose amusement the Diary was written knows all about the characters of the romance. It is one more proof of the rapidity and completeness with which 'Don Quixote' established itself as a popular work. It is not, however, quite so marvellous as Don Pascual de Gayangos seems disposed to regard it. He calls attention more than once to the strange fact that the characters and incidents of 'Don Quixote' were familiar to the people of Valladolid "perhaps before the book had been published at Madrid," and accounts for it by referring to the story of Cervantes reading his MS. at the Duke of Béjar's. There is, no doubt, ample evidence that 'Don Quixote' was pretty well known before it had been sent to the press; but at the time the diarist is speaking of it must have been some months in print and in circulation. The list

of errata is dated December 1, 1604, and the *tasa*, or assessment of the price, December 20, showing that it was then printed. The additional privilege for Portugal, prefixed to the *second* edition, bears date February 9, 1605, which proves that the Portuguese booksellers must have already received copies of the first, and were proceeding to pirate the book; and, in fact, two Lisbon editions were licensed by the Holy Office in February and in March. If, then, copies of the first edition reached Lisbon—as it is clear they did—by the beginning of February at the latest, *a fortiori* they must have reached Valladolid, the capital, and not one-third of the distance, by March or April. The wonder, after all, is not that 'Don Quixote' is mentioned; but that in the diary of a man of wit, culture, and reading, as Pinheiro undoubtedly was, there are not more numerous and sympathetic references to a book that had already so distinctly proved its quality. The explanation probably is that, though not insensible to the merits of 'Don Quixote,' he was in the opposite camp. There are certain indications in his style suggesting a leaning to the "culto" school, which from the outset was hostile to 'Don Quixote'; and he was evidently a reader and an admirer of the romances of chivalry, and perhaps not very favourably disposed to a book that turned them into merciless ridicule. The Diary, it may be observed, affords ample evidence that the taste for these romances was very far from being on the wane when Cervantes delivered his onslaught, as Bouterwek and others have said.

There is, however, abundant matter in the Diary to compensate for any disappointment as regards fresh facts bearing on 'Don Quixote' and its author. To English readers, of course, the most interesting parts will be those that refer to the sojourn of the English Embassy. The northern heretics were evidently objects of curiosity, no less to the diarist himself than to the people of Valladolid; and at first, indeed, of something more than curiosity, for he confesses to certain misgivings as to the consequences of admitting such a number into Spain. "They are all," he says, "sacramentary heretics, and of various sects in rebellion to the Church of Rome. God grant that the preachers that accompany them may leave no evil seed behind them in our Spain." And he gives an awful example of the consequences of consorting with heretics. The ambassador in England (Count Villamediana) had written home to his wife to send him two chaplains of correct life and morals, because of the three he had brought with him from Spain, one was dead, and the other two had gone and married, so that for two months no Mass had been said at the Spanish Embassy. On the other hand, he says, when they landed at Corunna, great numbers of them went into the churches to hear Mass, which vexed the Admiral (Lord Nottingham) so much, that he shipped off thirty of them back to England. And at Valladolid, he himself has seen one or two at Mass; but this, he fears, was more out of curiosity than devotion. After a little, however, his apprehensions give way to a more hopeful feeling, as he observes the respectful bearing of the Englishmen to the ceremonies of the Church. He was rejoiced to see how the Admiral and the most distinguished of his retinue followed in the procession and entered the church on the occasion of the baptism of the

prince, and how they all made a point of uncovering whenever the Host or images were passing; and he was the more pleased because he had been told that they had resolved not to do so. In short, he admits that "although of the proudest and most presumptuous nation in Europe, and moreover heretics, they on the whole behaved with the greatest modesty and moderation, and with as much respect for the images and Holy Sacrament as if they had been Catholics;" so much so, that he says, "there are hopes they will in time return like strayed sheep to the fold of the Church." The Spaniards, on their part, were equally careful to avoid offence. When after a splendid banquet, at which the Duke of Lerma entertained the Embassy, Lope de Vega's comedy of the "Caballero de Illescas" was performed, the Duke called Rios the actor aside and charged him to keep to love-making and fighting, and not to meddle with sacred subjects or miracles, for fear of offending the English. "You understand?" said he. "Perfectly," said the actor; "even if I sneeze I'll take care not to cross myself."

The Admiral evidently made a great impression on Pinheiro by his stately appearance, his dignity and his high-bred courtesy. The only fault he had to find with him was that he was so attached to his Church, with regard to which there is the curious and characteristic observation that in the time of Philip and Mary he was *muy católico*, but turned Lutheran afterwards in the reign of Elizabeth, and became head of the heretics of the kingdom. His "Lutheranism" displayed itself particularly when the Duke of Lerma and he came to settle where the treaty was to be signed, the Admiral insisting that it should not be in a church. "What a pity," the diarist exclaims, "that such a man should be damned!" He did not know that this was one of the points on which the Earl had received special instructions before leaving London. Of the other members of the Embassy his approval is qualified. "They are all good-looking," he says, "but cold, melancholy, and sombre, and they seem all the more so, with their long cloaks and long hair; for they wear their hair after the fashion of the Nazarenes, reaching, with most of them, down to their shoulders. There is not one of them that has not most beautiful hands, of which they take the greatest possible care; and they are for the most part tall, much more so than our people." This he found out to his cost; for whenever there was anything particular to be seen they always put the English in the front rank, and if he happened to stand behind them, he could not make out what was going on, so big were they. We must not, however, flatter ourselves that any compliment to the stalwart proportions of the English was intended. Huarte, in the 'Examen de Ingenios,' had years before pointed out that the greater bulk of the Germans and English was, in fact, a proof of inferiority; it was the result, simply, of dilution, the consequence of living in a moister climate. One of the Embassy, Milord Guillobi (Willoughby), seems to have made something of a sensation at Court by a *gallarda* which he danced before the King, "with such bounds and capers, and in such good time and measure, that he was rated next to the King, who is the best and most accomplished dancer of the whole Court."

One day at church he overheard

one of a group of ladies say to the others, "What do you say if by way of a frolic we go and see the Admiral and his Englishmen at dinner?" and he followed them and thus had an opportunity of observing the manners and customs of the English at table. They eat, he says, in a very cleanly and decorous fashion, like gentlemen: they eat little and drink less than is the custom with us at a banquet, but the fare is coarse, great quantities of boiled and roast meat; and he remarked they said no grace either before or after dining. A scene of lively *badinage* followed between the Admiral and the ladies, who were all veiled; he requesting them to uncover their faces, that he might be assured no treachery was intended—they protesting that they were there as his guard of honour; until the Admiral checkmated them by calling for a cup of wine and drinking to them, which compelled the leader to pledge him in return, giving him an opportunity, while she did so, of lifting a corner of the veil and catching a glimpse of a very handsome face. A painter of historical *genre* might have a worse subject than this passage of arms between the fair Spaniards and their old enemy, the stately English Admiral who fought the Armada.

We know, as a matter of history, that the Earl of Nottingham defrayed most of the cost of the Embassy out of his own pocket, for the sum of £15,000 granted by the Treasury was wholly insufficient; but the Spanish Government was nevertheless at heavy charges. At the high table for the Admiral and the gentlemen of his retinue, sixty-two covers, we are told, were laid daily; and a thousand mules, six hundred of them for riding, were placed at their disposal, at a cost of a thousand ducats a-day. There were some grounds, therefore, for the sonnet beginning—

> "The Queen was brought to bed, the Lutheran came
> With heretics and heresies six hundred,"

in which the Court is sharply attacked for its lavish expenditure on behalf of the enemies of the Faith. The sonnet is generally attributed to Gongora; but Señor Gayangos considers it doubtful that he was the author, as it is not to be found in the original printed collections of his poems, and is not included in the MS. list of pieces attributed to him made shortly after his death; and still more doubtful that the official 'Relacion' of the rejoicings at Valladolid on the occasion of the prince's birth, which is sneered at in the last lines, was written by Cervantes, as the sonnet suggests, when it says that the commission to write the account of these doings was given to "Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and his ass." There is no other reason for supposing that Cervantes had anything to do with it; there is not a trace of his hand perceptible in it; like the letter to Don Diego de Astudillo discovered in the Colombina library at Seville by Señor Fernandez-Guerra, it might just as well have been written by any one as by Cervantes; and he was not in such favour with the Government that he would have been likely to have the task assigned to him. As for the sonnet, if it is not Gongora's—and the style, sentiment, and workmanship are very like his—it unquestionably comes from his school, and shows the animus against Cervantes and 'Don Quixote' in that section of literary society.

The festivities, which, the poet hints, were more in honour of the heretics than of the heir to the

throne, fill a considerable space in the Diary. The English, we are told, looked forward with great anxiety to the bull-fights, such things being unknown in their own country. English tourists in Spain, it may be observed, show much the same eagerness at the present day; the Diary, however, does not tell us whether, after they had seen the bull-fight, King James's courtiers made it right with their consciences, and asserted their British virtue by inveighing against the brutality of the entertainment, and the barbarity of those who could enjoy it, as the English tourist is given to doing at *tables d'hôte* and in books at Mudie's. To be sure the bull-fights they saw were not exactly the same thing as the tourist describes with so much gusto, and denounces with such vehemence. The modern *corrida de toros* is a purely democratic institution. Everybody who has any knowledge of Spain knows that among the cultured classes there is a strong feeling on the subject, and that a great many of those whose presence the foreigner regards as an anomaly are present only because they cannot afford to run counter to the popular will. It is "The People," in the platform sense of the word, who will have the bull-fight, and will have it as it is now, a display of horse-slaughter and a performance by professionals of the Tom Sayers and Tipton Slasher type. In 1605, *los toreadores*, we learn from the Diary, were nobles and gentlemen of the Court, who encountered the bull lance in hand and mounted on high-mettled steeds. Horses were indeed sometimes killed. We read here of the Duke of Alva having one that had cost him 1000 ducats killed under him; but such accidents appear to have been exceptional, and the bull seems to have been given a fair chance of his life—not as in these days, when, if the Espada cannot kill him, he is hamstrung with the *medialuna* and then despatched with the dagger. If it was a cruel sport, at least it was a chivalrous one in 1605. The King did not figure as a *toreador*, but in the *juego de cañas*, the javelin games, that followed, he did, and by universal admission made the best figure among all who joined in them. From Pinheiro's account he seems to have had as good a seat on horseback as his son Philip IV. The arena was the Plaza Mayor of Valladolid, perhaps the most picturesque old *plaza* in Spain; and Pinheiro waxes eloquent over the spectacle it presented, with its windows and balconies packed with people and radiant with beauty. He estimates the number of the spectators at over 40,000, nearly four times as many as the present Plaza de Toros at Madrid holds. The landlords of the houses round the *plaza* always, in letting them, reserved the right to dispose of the balconies and windows on these occasions; and though they were obliged to find places gratis for the town council, municipal officers, and officials of the palace, nevertheless they made more in one day than the rent of the houses for a year. Each of these bull-fights, he says, cost at least 30,000 *cruzados* (about £3000, but representing, of course, a much larger sum now); but the Valladolid people seem to have thrown their money about pretty freely. "In a matter of pleasure," he remarks, "these devils never think about what it costs;" and in the Diary he gives repeated examples of the lavish expenditure he observed on all sides. In particular, he is severe on the absurd prices paid for bad pictures, and for horses that

he himself would not have given 200 ducats for. He notes, by the way, the horses presented to the English, who, he says, took away with them a great number of choice horses and mares of the best breeds, and in exchange sold the "wretched hacks" (*ruines rocines*) they brought with them from their own country and think a great deal of. Apparently English horse-flesh had not yet made a reputation on the Continent in the reign of James I. It would be interesting if some one versed in its history could ascertain whether this infusion of Spanish blood in 1605 produced any effect upon the breed. *Apropos* of the extravagance of the nobles, he has a curious remark, which very possibly has a modicum at least of historical truth embedded in it: "They say it was the late King, the father of this one, that encouraged the grandees to indulge in expenditure of this sort and to run in debt, no doubt in order that, being short of money, they might not recover their old spirit." Of course it was a matter of vital importance to Philip II. to maintain the policy of his father and great-grandfather, and keep the nobles from regaining any portion of their old power; and a device of this sort was not unlike the man. The State itself, however, was not much less reckless. It is clear that in Pinheiro's opinion the only thing that kept Spain from financial ruin was the silver poured into the country from the mines on the other side of the Atlantic. "But for this," he says, "you would very soon see the Spanish supremacy disappear; and it was this that supported the Emperor's armies, the wars of Flanders, and the other monstrous expenses of the last century." He quotes a current saying, to the effect that arms and letters ennoble and enrich kingdoms; but the arms of Flanders and the letters of exchange of Genoa had ruined the Spanish monarchy. If it was not for these two "mouths of hell," as he calls them, that swallow all, the roads of Castile, he says, might be paved with silver, so much comes into the country annually from the Indies.

The portrait he draws of the all-powerful Duke of Lerma is curious and not unfavourable. It bears out the character for good-nature which all historians give the Minister of Philip III. Nobody, we are told, ever quitted his presence dissatisfied, and had he not been so inaccessible he would have been idolised. His own reason for being difficult of access was, that he was unable to refuse when favours were begged of him. According to Pinheiro, he owed a portion of his vast wealth to a singular custom that obtained at the Spanish Court. When the doctors ordered any great man to be bled, it was the correct thing for every one who wished to stand well with him to send him a present "to comfort his blood"; and as the Duke's goodwill was desired throughout the length and breadth of the Spanish dominions, gifts poured in upon him from all quarters whenever bloodletting was prescribed for him by the faculty. "Last year," says the Diary, "a slight indisposition brought him 200,000 *cruzados*." If so, his wealth, had he been a covetous man, need only have been limited by his blood-making powers, for by all accounts the Spanish doctors of the period were remarkably ready with their lancets.

There are portraits, too, of the Duke's lieutenants, his *braços*—"arms"—as the Diary calls them, Pedro Franqueza and Rodrigo Calderón, the two most powerful men in the kingdom after himself.

Of the more famous of the two, Calderón, the sketch is slight; but the account of Franqueza is very interesting, and has a value for any future historian of the reign of Philip III. For one thing, it fully justifies Lerma's choice of the man for his secretary, and the confidence he reposed in him. According to Pinheiro, Franqueza was a man of rare capacity and aptitude for business, an indefatigable worker, and a zealous and faithful servant. With dignity he combined great courtesy and admirable temper, and remained wholly unspoiled by the Duke's favour and the height of power to which he had been raised. "He is, in a word," says the Diary, "the best and ablest minister of King Philip III., and the one most deserving of the high office he discharges." A little more than a year from the time when this was written Franqueza was in prison, where he died shortly afterwards raving mad; and but a few years later the other arm, Calderón, paid the penalty of Lerma's favour on the scaffold. Thomé Pinheiro was a shrewd man of the world, and no doubt knew well how unstable was the position of a favourite's favourite; but what would he have said to such a forecast as this when he was making his notes?

Of the King personally there is not much in the Diary; but what little there is said of him conveys somehow the idea of an amiable, well-meaning man, who, in a more bracing political atmosphere, might have been a good king, if not a very great or wise one. A pleasant little picture is given of the King and Queen away from Valladolid, strolling about the streets of a country town in the full enjoyment of trusting themselves to the affection of their people, without their usual following of attendants or Flemish guard; and for a man who is commonly represented as the embodiment of bigotry and superstition, what it says of Philip in another place is remarkable. Mentioning the King's departure for Burgos on a Tuesday, an unlucky day according to the ideas of the ignorant and superstitious, it adds that he and the royal family made a point of setting out on their journeys on that day, in order to uproot and do away with the idea. It is hardly worth observing that Pinheiro had no motive for flattering portraiture of potent personages in a diary which, it is clear, was originally intended only for the eye of some friend who was interested in Spain, and who appears to have accompanied him on the occasion of his first visit.

He was greatly struck by the general affability and condescension of the grandees, but at the same time he was amused by the childish lengths to which punctilio was carried in Castile, more especially in the matter of titles; one of the minor consequences, very likely, of the diminished power and political importance of the nobility since the time of Charles V. Dukes and grandees considered themselves aggrieved if the title of *Excelencia* was withheld from them; not to address a Conde as *Señoría* was in the highest degree offensive; while the *Vuestra merced*, the universal *usted* — "your worship" — of the present day, almost amounted to a downright insult. Things had even come to such a pass that damages for non-observance of these points were recoverable in the law courts. He cites a case which is in its way an illustration of feminine pertinacity. An old lady who strongly objected to these niceties, and called every one indiscriminately *Merced*, visiting the Dowager

Condesa de Lemus, addressed her in that form. The Condesa, urged by her relatives, took her remedy at law, and obtained a decree. When they came to enforce payment, the old lady called out to her major-domo, "Go, pay this servant of her worship the Condesa at once; and tell him that if her worship wants to find out a way of making herself rich and me poor, all she has to do is to meet me very often."

He reports an encounter of the same sort between two famous men in the preceding reign—the great Duke of Alva and Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, the soldier, statesman, diplomatist, poet, historian, and, greatest distinction of all, author of 'Lazarillo de Tormes.' Meeting Mendoza by chance, the Duke, fancying that he might take a liberty with a man who had formerly served under him, threw his arms round his neck and hailed him with, "Welcome, Caballero!" A Mendoza, and least of all Don Diego, was not likely to stand this familiarity, even from a Toledo and a descendant of the Emperors of the East; so the poet capped the salutation by returning the embrace with, "Very welcome, my tulip!"—if it be allowable so to translate the Spanish familiar term of endearment, "mi cara de Pascua."

The British Museum MS. of the Diary has no title-page or description prefixed to it; but these are supplied by the other, a more recent one, Señor Gayangos thinks, which was sent to him from Portugal by its owner, Dr Peres. In imitation of the pompous pedantry of the then dominant "culto" school, Pinheiro calls his notes 'Fastigenia' or 'Fastos Geniaes,' and says they were found in Merlin's tomb, along with the 'Quest of the Holy Grail,' by the Archbishop Turpin. He divided them into two sections—the Philipistrea, dealing with the festivities on the occasion of the birth of the Prince Philip; and the Pratilogia, which treats of the humours, manners, and conversation of the Prado, more especially of the ladies frequenting it. To these he added afterwards a third, with the title of Pincigrafía, an account, historical and descriptive, of Valladolid (*olim* Pincia), which Don Pascual considers to be the fullest and most accurate description extant of Valladolid as it was in the seventeenth century, and of which he has given a translation *in extenso*, as he has also of a sort of appendix, possibly not the work of Thomé Pinheiro, describing a not over-creditable adventure of that brilliant scamp Juan de Tassis, second Count Villamediana, whose tragic end early in the next reign is still one of the mysteries of Spanish history.

From the Pratilogia he gives no extracts, as it is, he says, merely a record of the diarist's gallantries and amatory adventures, which, moreover, seem to be told in a style formed on that of the romances of chivalry, and stuffed with whole passages taken from the Palmerins, Primaleón, Florisel de Niquea, and Amadis of Greece; and very likely Thomé Pinheiro is not, in this division of his diary, a particularly edifying writer. It is clear, indeed, from divers of the extracted passages, that he was not, any more than his successors, De Grammont, Pepys, or D'Aulnoy, one who wrote *virginibus puerisque;* and he himself confesses as much with great candour and sprightliness in some preliminary observations addressed to the friend for whose benefit he recorded his experiences. "To prevent any misunderstanding," he says, "I must warn you not to be shocked

if you find any objectionable expressions in my book, for I never learned theology, and very likely have said hundreds of indecorous things in this diary of life at Court. If I seem to you rather too free-spoken in the stories and anecdotes I repeat, remember that it is only in the house of a man that has been hanged that we must not on any account mention a rope; the virtuous and pure like myself have more freedom of speech." As has been already said, the worthy judge never for an instant betrays his calling, or drops a hint of the business that brought him to Valladolid. So far as the reader of the Diary can perceive, his only serious occupation there was, in point of fact, gallivanting. His mornings may have been taken up with arguing the case of his jurisdiction with Franqueza, and poring over dry precedents; but if so, he amply indemnified himself afterwards. Whenever he caught sight of a mantilla that seemed to hold out a promise of a pretty face, or got a glimpse of a pair of bright eyes in a passing coach, he was off at once in pursuit, and never slackened sail until he had overhauled the chase and poured in a broadside of blandishment and *badinage.* On his own showing, he was by no means victorious in these encounters; but this, of course, may possibly be only the magnanimity of a conqueror. Don Pascual de Gayangos, however, says that in the Pratilogia, which specially treats of this kind of skirmishing, the fair Vallesolitanas seem always to have held their own, and given him at least as good as he brought. Be that as it may, he always acknowledges their wit and readiness of repartee handsomely, and even more than handsomely. "With the Valladolid girls," he says, quoting one of Sancho Panza's proverbs, "there's no good in trying to play with false dice;" and the numerous instances he gives of their "quick answers" prove them to have been mistresses of what would be called in the vulgar tongue "chaff"—though, as he himself admits, these things transferred to paper lose a great deal of their point and sparkle, and to us, of course, they are necessarily flatter than yesterday's champagne.

Now and then, it is true, we get a droll story, as in the explanation of "Talk as you go, as the wife of the man that was hanged said,"—referring to the case of the man on his way to execution, who stopped every instant to give his wife some fresh instructions as to what she was to do after his death, until at length the good woman, losing patience, exclaimed, "Talk as you go, husband, for it's getting late." But for the most part, though we must admit the promptitude of the replies, we have to take their point on trust, and make allowance for that occasional flavour of *double entendre* that gave them piquancy for Thomé Pinheiro. But free-spoken and free in their manners, as the Valladolid ladies undoubtedly were, it would be a mistake, he asserts again and again, to impute any further laxity to them as a body; and he contrasts them with his own countrywomen, who, with all their prudery, he hints, were too often no better than they should be. He was evidently a stanch advocate of the enfranchisement of women. He attributes the greater charm of the Castilians, and their superiority in wit, gaiety, and ease of manner, to the liberty they enjoyed. "I should very much like to know," he says, "what harm there is in it, compared with the hypocrisy and seclusion of Portugal, where, as if the women of our

country were not our own sisters, and the daughters of our fathers, we treat them like irrational beings, shutting them up and not allowing them to see or speak to anybody." At the same time, it is clear that he could not quite understand the husbands of these very free-and-easy Castilian ladies, or make up his mind whether to regard them as fools or philosophers. The unconcern with which they looked on at the flirtations of their wives, and listened to the things their admirers said to them, filled him with amazement.

But the fathers of Valladolid seem to have been equally philosophical. At least he tells a story to the point,—and of no less a personage than Gondomar, afterwards ambassador to England, who, when one of his daughter's admirers was about to treat her to a serenade, and the musicians he had brought were beginning to tune their instruments, appeared at a window, and called out to them, "For God's sake, gentlemen, take my daughter away with you at once, and don't deafen me with all that guitar-strumming at my own door!" Bacon, who seems to have relished the dry Spanish humour, and Gondomar's sayings in particular, would, no doubt, have included this in his collection if it had reached him.

According to Pinheiro it was a very butterfly existence that of the Valladolid ladies. With them, he says, there were 365 *fête*-days in the ordinary year, and 366 in leap-year. Dressing for the Prado was the chief business of their life, and to be admired its main object. "See, my dear, how we have wasted our time this morning," he overheard one say to another one day; "we have been two hours at the dressing-table, and those gentlemen pass by and don't say a word to us." He did not think very much of their piety, but he admits that they were very steady church-goers; and, indeed, next to the Prado, the church seems to have been his own favourite cruising-ground. It enabled him to kill two birds with one stone, so to speak. Thus, on one occasion, seeing some very attractive ladies leaving the church, he says, "As we had already heard Mass, we made after them and followed them." "As we had already heard Mass" is delicious: a whole essay on Pinheiro and his diary would fail to give as complete an idea of the man and the book as we get from this half-dozen words.

His *naïveté*, indeed, is perhaps his most charming characteristic, and all the more charming for being a rare quality in a diarist. Keeping a diary seems to be a somewhat self-conscious occupation; and diary-keepers, as a rule, give one an idea of writing before a looking-glass, with a careful consideration of their own features and expression. There is, to be sure, a certain Cockney *naïveté* about Pepys; but Pinheiro's is of the exuberant Southern sort, which is incomparably more delightful. It is a thousand pities that this record of his flirtations, as he calls it himself, cannot well be made available for general amusement; but it is to be feared the difficulties in the way are insuperable. A diary is not a sort of composition that lends itself readily to translation. Even translating into a language so closely allied to the original as the Spanish, Señor Gayangos finds it necessary repeatedly to give the Portuguese in a foot-note in order to preserve the full flavour. From what he says, too, as well as from sundry quoted passages, it is clear that no editor, be he ever so little of a Bowdler,

could possibly give Master Thomé Pinheiro's very frank statements and meditations *in extenso;* and another objection, apparently, in Don Pascual's eyes is that the diarist deals a great deal too freely with the names of personages about the Court; though one would fancy that the lapse of nearly three centuries would have made the lively judge's gossip quite harmless by this time.

But if it is vain to look for an edition that would put Pinheiro within the reach of the readers that enjoy Count de Grammont and Madame d'Aulnoy, it is not unreasonable to hope, at least, that such a lucky "find" will not be allowed to remain in manuscript, but that it will be sooner or later made accessible in print to scholars and students. "Works of this sort," says Don Pascual, "diaries, memoirs, letters, in which the writer puts into shape his impressions of the society in which he lives, and unbosoms himself to a friend, without any fears of Inquisition or other danger, are, in my opinion, a valuable addition to history;" and this accurately describes Pinheiro's diary, and indicates its peculiar value to the historical student. The society that furnished him with materials for his notes was a curious and in many ways an interesting one, and one, besides, of which we have very few trustworthy pictures. And, moreover, in this case the diarist was clearly a reporter of exceptional qualifications. He was a shrewd, clever man of the world, who knew life and men and women well. He was an acute observer, and shows signs of a political sagacity that does not seem to have been very common among his contemporaries. His opportunities, too, were excellent; he did not live inside the magic circle of the Court, but he could come close enough to observe all that went on within it. It is plain that he was on familiar terms with many of the leading men of the day, and no doubt his business at Valladolid and his professional status gave him an insight into affairs such as no mere outsider or passing traveller could hope to obtain; and if to these advantages are added wit, humour, unfailing animal spirits, and a lively pen, it is not easy to see what more can be desired to make a good diary.

In the meantime, the two pamphlets in which Don Pascual de Gayangos has reprinted the articles contributed by him to the 'Revista de España' will be welcome as a substitute, and all the more so for being illustrated by notes such as he only could have supplied. It was, indeed, a lucky chance that put Pinheiro's manuscript into his hands. Of necessity it deals largely with personages and events that have dropped out of history, or never had a place in it, and he alone, perhaps, could have explained its allusions, and furnished the key to the references. He is as intimately acquainted with the Court of Philip III., and the family histories, intermarriages, and connections of the Spanish nobility of 1605, as the editor of a "Society Journal" pretends, or is believed by his readers, to be with the private affairs of the English aristocracy of 1886—and more than that need not be said for the extent of his knowledge.

JOHN ORMSBY.

NEW VIEWS OF SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS: THE "OTHER POET" IDENTIFIED.

III.—IDENTITIES.

THE argument for the identification of Dante as the other poet referred to by Shakespeare in Sonnets lxxviii.-lxxxvi. proceeds (1) on a comparison of what is said of the other poet in that group of Sonnets with what is known of Dante through his writings; (2) on a comparison of the structure and method of Shakespeare's sonnetic poem with the structure and method of certain of Dante's poetical writings; and (3) on a comparison of the identities of thought, figure, and phraseology in the poetry of Dante and of Shakespeare. This third argument might be formally conducted by noting (1) the identity of the attitude of both of these illustrious poets in relation to their theme; and (2) the identities in the sentiments, figures, and phraseology in their writings or poetical compositions. What we here propose to do is, (1) to present a few instances in which the identity of the attitude of the two poets, in relation to their theme—as Love's scribes and as Love's servants or slaves—is unquestionable; and (2) to indicate, in the course of a rapid survey of the Sonnets, some of those identities in the thought, figures, and phraseology of the two poets that render the conclusion unavoidable that Shakespeare, in the composition of his Sonnets, followed the example set to him by the poet Dante.

The attitude of the two poets in relation to their theme is identical. They both profess themselves to be Love's scribes. To the question put to him by certain ladies who knew of his affection for Beatrice —"Unto what end lovest thou this lady? Tell us; for of a surety the end and aim of such an affection must be of the strongest kind," —Dante made answer thus: "The end and aim of my love till now hath been the salutation of this lady, of whom belike you speak, and in that salutation I found the goal of all my desires.[1] But since it pleaseth her to deny it me, *love, my liege lord*, in guerdon of my fealty, *has placed all my happiness in something which can in no wise fail me.*" "Since it is so, tell us, we pray thee," said one of the ladies, "wherein abides this happiness of thine?" To this he replied: "It abides *in the words which speak the praises of my lady;*" and he adds—

"From that time *I determined to make the praises of that most gracious being the only theme of my discourses.* But, after much reflection, it seemed to me that I had chosen a theme much too lofty for my poor self, and I had not the courage to attempt anything, and thus for some days *I hung in suspense between the desire to write and the fear to begin.* Then it was that, as I walked one day along a road, by the side of which ran a stream of crystal clearness, I was seized with a desire to sing of her so strong, that straightway I began to consider in what terms I should give expression to my strain, and I thought it would be unmeet to sing of her save to ladies, and in the second person, *and not to every lady either, but only to such as were pure and noble.*

[1] "Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss."—Sonnet cxxviii.

Then it was that spontaneously the words mounted to my lips, 'Ladies who in Love's lore are deeply read.' These words I treasured in my mind with great delight, thinking to use them for the opening of my lay: wherefore, having returned home, after some days' meditation I began the canzone, of which these are the first words."[1]

This is the canzone or short poem which, as we believe, Shakespeare used as his model in the structure and method of his sonnetic poem.[2] From the reference made to it in the "Commedia," it is manifest that Dante regarded this little poem with very special affection. For, in the 24th canto of the "Purgatorio," a "spirit" singled out of the crowd is represented as asking whether he saw and spoke to the author and inventor of that new lay which begins with the words above quoted. To this Dante giving answer says:—

"Count of me but as one
Who am the scribe of love, that when he breathes,
Take up my pen, and as he dictates, writes."[3]

This is Dante. Let us now observe what Shakespeare says of himself in relation to his theme. In Sonnet xxi. he professes himself to be, like Dante, "Love's Scribe"—

"So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse:
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air."

Again, in Sonnet xxxviii., he intimates that his theme was no vulgar, sensual, or earthborn love—

"How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?"

In common with Dante, as Love's scribe, Love is his only theme. Accordingly in Sonnet lxxvi. he thus sings—

"O, know, sweet love, I only write of you,
And you and love are still my argument."

As if echoing or repeating the words of Dante, he gives expression in Sonnet xxiii. to his consciousness of the glory of his theme, and his distrust or diffidence of his own ability in relation to it—

"As an unperfect actor on the stage
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,
So I, *for fear of trust*, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might."

Yet, notwithstanding this self-diffidence, he found all his happiness, like Dante, in the words which speak the praises of his love; for Love had placed all his happiness in that which could in no wise fail him. In Sonnet xxv., congratulating himself on his happy state, he says—

"Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed."

The two poets profess to be not only Love's scribes, but also Love's

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[1] See the place and canzone in the Vita Nuova.
[2] See Blackwood's Magazine for June 1885.
[3] See Purgatorio, canto xxiv.

captives, servants, or slaves. Dante was early impressed and led captive by the love which is his theme in all his writings—that is, by the heavenly wisdom, the immortal beauty, the eternal love. His early experience under the attractive and transforming influence of the heavenly beauty is recorded in the "Vita Nuova." It is spoken of in the "Commedia" as—

"The heavenly influence which years past and e'en
In childhood thrilled me."[1]

To the same early experience he makes reference in these words in one of the "Canzoniere"—

"*Servant I am;* and when I think of whom,
And what she is, perfect content is mine,
For I am wholly hers, and thus have been
Since love to such high honour me preferred."[2]

Love's sovereignty over Dante was to him the sovereignty, domination, or lordship of God. Under this he was vassal, subject, servant, slave. In the words, "*Ecce Deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi,*" Dante gives to us the key to all that he says concerning Beatrice, philosophy, love, the chief good, and the immortal beauty:[3]

"Love is the lord whose sovereign sway I own."[4]

Shakespeare's experience in the "New Life" did not begin till he had entered into what he calls the "autumn" of his age (Sonnet xcvii.) But when it began in him, it showed itself, as in Dante, in the subjection, vassalage, and servitude of his whole being, under the imperial sway of the immortal beauty and the eternal love. In Sonnet xxv. he tells us that the commencement of this new life was to him an unexpected and joyful surprise. And in Sonnet xxvi.—the first of the "Pilgrim Songs" (xxvi.-lv.)—he formally avows his obligations and vassalage to the heavenly love in these words:—

"*Lord of my love,* to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit;
To thee I send this written ambassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit."

In Sonnets lvii., lviii., the second and third of "The Songs of the Interim" (lvi.-lxxiv.), he speaks of himself as a slave absolutely subject to the will of his master. His duty, or his becoming attitude, is to watch and to wait for the coming of his lord:—

"*Being your slave,* what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, *my Sovereign,* watch the clock for you."

To the same effect are the words:—

"*That God forbid who made me first your slave,*
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hands the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!"[5]

In keeping with the sentiments expressed in these places are the words in Sonnet cx., one of the

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[1] Purgatorio, xxx. 40, 41.

[2] Canzoniere. Translated by Lyell. Canzone iv.

[3] See Vita Nuova.

[4] Canzoniere, Canzone viii.

[5] The persistent attempt on the part of certain critics to connect these Sonnets and some of the others with a disreputable and scandalous love affair or intrigue, is not merely a gross violation of the laws of literary criticism, it is infamous.

songs of "Love's Triumphs" (xcix.-cxxvi.):—

"Now all is done, have what shall have no end;
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof to try an older friend,—
A God in love, to whom I am confined."

Let these instances of identity, selected out of many that might be brought forward, suffice for the present. They establish the position that Shakespeare's attitude in relation to his theme was exactly the same as the attitude of Dante; and they seem to prove that in taking up this attitude Shakespeare was guided by the example set to him by Dante. In support of this latter position let the following instances of identity in the phraseology and figures used by the two poets be noted and considered.

In the first of the "Pilgrim Songs" (Sonnet xxvi.) Shakespeare, in addressing the lord of his love, expresses the hope that what he offers in the way of duty to his lord may find acceptance, not because of its intrinsic worth, but because of "some good conceit" in the mind of his lord. What is that "good conceit"? Is it the "virtuous lie" spoken of in Sonnet lxxii.? If so, what is that? Let the critics give answer if they can. After this appeal to "some good conceit" of the lord of his love, Shakespeare proceeds thus:—

"Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my *tattered loving*,
To shew me worthy of thy sweet respect."

What, it may be asked, is here meant by the poet's "tattered loving"? And how could a star put apparel on that tattered loving? We shall let Dante give answer to these questions. At the commencement of his grand Song of Pilgrimage, Dante speaks of

"That planet's beam
Which leads all wanderers safe through every way."[1]

In another place he thus describes the star that guides his movements:—

"And if the beauteous star which guides those eyes
Were not by distance taken from my view,
When by its beams inflamed
Light would I count each burden I endure."[2]

Again—

"The star so beautiful which measures time,
Placed in the heaven of love, the lady seems
Who hath my soul enamoured.
The glorious presence of that star illumes
Day after day this sublunary world;
So she into the heart of those
Who gentle are, and have true worth, imparts
The light which in her countenance resides.
Honour from all she gains,
For all behold her in that perfect light
Which fulness brings of virtue to the mind
Of him who of its beauty feels the charm.
Its colours to the heaven it yields
Whose light is to the good a faithful guide,
Shining with splendour, by her beauty given."[3]

In one of Dante's beautiful Canzoniere there is a description of righteousness or Rectitude—*Drittura*—as it is here seen on pilgrimage to its heavenly home. To Dante this lady appeared in "tattered gown"—*rotta gonna*—

"Unshod, unzoned, lady in look alone."[4]

The "tattered loving" of Shakespeare and the *rotta gonna* of

[1] Inferno, i. 16, 17.
[2] Canzoniere, Canzone vi. Lyell.
[3] Canzoniere, Canzone xix.
[4] Canzoniere, Canzone vi.

Dante denote the same thing. They are the rags of righteousness spoken of by the prophet Isaiah (Isa. lxiv. 6). And the star that puts apparel on this tattered thing is the Sun of Righteousness shining on men with healing under His wings.

One of the grandest or most beautiful and sublime of all the sonnets is Sonnet cxvi. :—

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments; *love is not love*
Which alters where it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh no, *it is an ever-fixèd mark*
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks,
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved."

This sonnet deserves to be studied, not only because of its intrinsic excellence and beauty, but also because of the relation in which the first and main idea expressed in it stands to the invention or device on which all the Sonnets depend. The idea of marriage underlies all that is said in all the Sonnets. The union or oneness effected by marriage is the symbol of the oneness in spirit between the soul and its beloved, which is implied in all the statements of the poet. And as marriage is for the begetting of children and for the mutual comfort of husband and wife in each other's society, so in the marriage celebrated in these Sonnets, "The marriage of true minds," fruit is desired; children that shall never die are desired, while in the communion of mind with mind true blessedness is enjoyed. The phraseology in the first sentence of this sonnet is derived from the order for the celebration of marriage in the Anglican Church, according to which it is declared by those about to be united in the bonds of marriage that there is no just cause or impediment in the way of the proposed union. Here, after dismissing or disallowing impediments to the marriage of true minds, the poet celebrates the praises of that love to which his soul is espoused. It is from everlasting to everlasting, "an ever-fixed mark," unmoved or unshaken amidst the changes and convulsions of the universe. Like the polar star in the heavens, it is the guide to every wandering bark; and like that star, although its altitude may be indicated or taken, its worth passes knowledge. It is not Time's fool, doting on rosy lips and cheeks which come within the compass and sweep of Time's sickle. It alters not with Time's revolutions; it is "from change and all mutation free;" it "bears it out even to the edge of doom." What is the edge of doom? And how comes this idea of doom to be introduced here? Having given this sublime description of the love which is the bond in the marriage of true minds, the poet concludes by saying—

"If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved."

With the thought, figures, and phraseology in this sonnet let the thought, figures, and phraseology of Dante be compared:—

"So, *Love divine, who art before all time,*
All motion, and before the solar beam,
Have pity on me, fallen on evil days."[1]

[1] Canzoniere, Canzone xxv.

"For never hath discovery found the gem,
Gifted with native light or solar power,
Whose virtue could suffice, or friendly light,
To guard my bark from striking on that rock."[1]

These words and figures serve but to introduce what follows:—

"Soon as *the polar light*, fair ornament
Of the first heaven, *which hath never known*
Setting nor rising, nor the shadowy veil
Of other cloud than sin, *to duty these*
Each one conveying, as that lower doth
The steersman to his port, stood firmly fixed:
Forthwith the saintly tribe, who in the van
Between the Gryphon and its radiance came,
Did turn them to the car, as to their rest:
And one as if commissioned from above
In holy chaunt thrice shouted forth aloud;
'Come, spouse, from Libanus!' and all the rest
Took up the song. *At the last audit, so*
The blest shall rise, from forth his cavern each
Uplifting lightly his new-vested flesh,
As on the sacred litter, at the voice
Authoritative of that elder, sprang
A hundred ministers and messengers
Of life eternal."[2]

Having indicated Shakespeare's attitude in relation to his theme, and compared it with the poetical attitude of Dante in relation to Beatrice, and having supported this position by two very notable illustrations of the identity of thought, figure, and phraseology in the Sonnets and in Dante's writings, we now proceed to present to the reader a series of instances of identity selected in the course of a comparative study of the whole sonnetic poem of Shakespeare and of the writings of Dante.

The figured form of youthful beauty in the first thirteen sonnets (i.-xiii.) is the same as the form in which Love appeared to Dante. The selection of the rose as the type of that form of beauty, Sonnet i., agrees with what is said by Dante in Canzone xii. of his "Canzoniere":—

"Sweet blooming fresh-blown rose,
O pleasure-breathing Spring,
My song with joy shall praise,
Through the meads and on the waves,
Your matchless excellence from morn to eve."[3]

The exhortation addressed to youth thus figured in the first thirteen sonnets is summed up in the words of Dante in Sonnet l. of the "Canzoniere":—

"All these,—the world's dominion left by Alexander, Samson's mighty strength, the matchless beauty of Absalom,—became a prey to the devouring worm. Aristotle left his philosophy, Charlemagne his princely grandeur and nobleness, Octavius his empire and vast riches, and Arthur his kingdom and his barons bold.

"All these await inevitable death;
Therefore let every one his mind prepare
To bear with equanimity his lot:
Not to defer good works till he be old,
But practise them when in the strength of youth,
And Him who is of light the mirror, serve."[4]

The "bounteous largess" spoken of in Sonnet iv. is the *larghezza di grazie divine* with which Dante was endowed in his "New Life":

"Through bounteous largess of the grace divine,
Down raining from such height as mocks our sight,
This man in his 'New Life' was gifted so,
That in him virtually, all habits good
Had wonderfully grown."[5]

The same idea again occurs in Sonnet xi.:—

[1] Ibid. [2] Purgatorio, xxx. 1-19. [3] See "Canzoniere di Dante," xii. Lyell.
[4] Canzoniere, Sonetto l. [5] Purgatorio, xxx. 114-119.

"Look, whom she best endowed, she gave thee more,
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish."

The figure in Sonnet xii. is thus given by Dante:—

"The leaves have passed the fated time prescribed,
When Aries by his influence drew them forth
To decorate the world; the grass is dead;
And every verdant bough from us is hidden,
Save in the pine, the laurel, and the fir,
And others by their nature evergreen.
The season too is harsh, and so severe,
The little flowers are withered on the shores,
No longer able to endure the frost."[1]

The words of Shakespeare in Sonnet xiii.—

"Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold,"[2]—

find exposition and comment in the words of Dante in the "Inferno":—

"Now am I come where many a plaining voice
Smites on mine ear. Into a place I came
Where light was silent all. Bellowing there groaned
A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn
By warring winds. The stormy blast of hell
With restless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirled round and dashed amain with sore annoy.[3]
. . . . Straight around I see
New torments, new tormented souls, which way
Soe'er I move, or turn, or bend my sight.
In the third circle I arrive, of showers
Ceaseless, accursed, heavy, and cold, unchanged
For ever, both in kind and in degree.
Large hail, discoloured water, sleety flaw
Through the dun midnight air streamed down amain:
Stank all the land whereon that tempest fell."[4]

These are "the gusts of winter's day," and this "the barren rage of death's eternal cold."

The "coming end" and the "barren rage of death's eternal cold" are a mild but terrible paraphrase of "the wrath to come."[5]

The transition made in Sonnet xiv. from the external and sensible to the internal and the spiritual, with a view to the investing of the figured form of Love with the beauty immortal, corresponds with what Beatrice says of herself in the 30th canto of the "Purgatorio":—

"Soon as I had reached
The threshold of my second age, and changed
My mortal for immortal; then he left me,
And gave himself to others. When from flesh
To spirit I had risen, and increase
Of beauty and of virtue circled me,
I was less dear to him, and valued less."[6]

In another place Dante says:—

"For beauty, which by Love is granted you,
Was formed of old by his decree
To be the mate of virtue and no other."[7]

The beauty and virtue here correspond with the truth and beauty spoken of in the sonnet. The "heavenly touches" in Sonnet xvii. are represented in Dante's model poem by the words—

"Love says of her, 'Can aught of mortal clay
Be all so pure all so divinely fair?'"[8]

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[1] Canzoniere, Canzone xvi.
[2] "Vita in calore est, mors in frigore."—Lactantius, ii. 9.
[3] Inferno, v. 28-34. [4] Ibid., vi. 3-11. [5] See ibid., vi. 97-102.
[6] Purgatorio, xxx. 125-131. [7] Canzoniere, Canzone v. [8] Vita Nuova.

"A goddess you are owned
By ladies; goddess you are—
So gloriously adorned,
To count your gifts were vain,
For whose conceptions Nature's can exceed?"[1]

The "gold candles fixt in heaven's air," mentioned in Sonnet xxi., are the *candelabri* seen by Dante in the van of the procession of the Gryphon.[2] What mean those golden *candelabri?* Let Dante himself say. Describing the place and posture of Beatrice, he thus writes:—

"The *seven nymphs*
Did make a cloister round about her;
And in their hands upheld *those lights* secure
From blast septentrion, and the gusty south."[3]

Of the beauty with which Shakespeare had adorned the figured form of his love, he says, in Sonnet xxii.—

"All that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me."

So Dante, writing of the same thing, says—

"Proportioned to her dignity and grace,
And actions full of loveliness,
Is my imagination's force, which never rests,
But in my mind adorns her, where she dwells.
Not that the mind itself has subtlety
For argument so high,
But fired by thee a noble daring gains,
Beyond the powers which nature grants to man."[4]

In the 24th sonnet, Shakespeare, when giving the key to the interpretation of his figurative language in all the sonnets, says—

"Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee."

In exact correspondence with this are the words of Dante:—

"Her gracious spirit descends into the heart
Of him who can behold her,
Nor suffers aught defective there to stay.
So great her virtue, and her influence such,
She raises admiration in the sun,
And nature joys to obey the Will Divine."[5]

Congratulating himself on his happy lot, as united in spirit to the eternal love, Shakespeare says in Sonnet xxv.—

"Then happy I that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove, nor be removed."

"Love," says Dante — "*Love, my liege lord, has placed all my happiness in something which can in no wise fail me.*"[6]

To the guiding star of Sonnet xxvi. we have directed attention in a previous section. The same guiding influence is frequently spoken of by Dante. Of it he makes mention at the commencement of the "Inferno," and to it he refers thus in the "Purgatorio":—

"The sun
That rises now, will show you where to take
The mountain in its easiest ascent."[7]

The idea of the "Pilgrimage" begun in Sonnet xxvi. is developed in Sonnet xxvii.

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[1] Canzoniere, Canzone xii.
[2] Purgatorio, xxix. 49.
[3] Ibid., xxxii. 95-98.
[4] Canzoniere, Canzone ii.
[5] Ibid., Canzone xxxi.
[6] Vita Nuova.
[7] Purgatorio, i. 105-107.

"Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a *journey in my head,*
To work my mind when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee."

These words remind us of what Dante says respecting the "Pilgrim spirit," or the thought that ascends spiritually, and like a pilgrim who is away from his own country and there abides.[1] They give expression to the same ideas as those of Dante, in the words—

"Meanwhile, we linger'd by the water's brink,
Like men who, musing on their road, in thought
Journey, while motionless the body stands."[2]

Sonnet xxvii. is the voice of the Pilgrim "weary." Sonnet xxviii. is the voice of the same Pilgrim "heavy laden." The one is a song of the night, the other of the toilsome day.

With what is here said respecting the fruit or effect of his labour—

"How far I toil still farther off from thee,
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger"—

let the words of Dante be compared:—

"A few days after the death of this lady, I had occasion to quit the aforesaid city, and to go towards that part of the country where dwelt the lady who had formerly been my defence; although the limit of my journey did not extend so far as to where she was. And notwithstanding I was to appearance one of a numerous company, the journey caused me such disquietude, that my sighs were powerless to alleviate the torture of my heart at the thought, *how every step took me farther from her who was my bliss.* And thus it befell that my most gracious master Love, who held me in thrall by virtue of that most gentle lady, appeared to my imagination in the likeness of a Pilgrim, scantily and most meanly clad ("my tattered loving"). He wore a dejected air, and his eyes were bent upon the ground, save that, as I thought, he ever and anon turned them to a clear running stream that wimpled by the side of the road on which I was."[3]

In calling his sonnets "a birth" (Sonnet xxxii.), "Children nursed—delivered from the brain" (Sonnet lxxvii.), Shakespeare copies the example set to him by Dante, who often, if not always, speaks of his songs as Love's children—"Love's own daughter," "My last-born child." Shakespeare, in sending forth his sonnets, regretted the equipage in which they proceeded forth from his pen. Fain would he have said with Dante—

"My song, with ladies manifold I know
Thou wilt converse, when thou shalt forth be sent;
Then heed my counsel since I've nursed thy bent,
As love's own daughter, gentle, young and gay."[4]

"My song, with humble and with mild address
Go forth, my last-born child, nor use delay."[5]

In one instance Dante calls a canzone his little mountain-song—

"O montanina mea canzon, tu vai"—

"My little mountain-song, thou goest thy way,
And Florence my fair city thou mayest see.[6]

Once more—

"Tu non sei bella, ma tu sei pietosa,
Canzon mia nova."

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[1] Vita Nuova. [2] Purgatorio, ii. 10-12. [3] Vita Nuova.
[4] Ibid. [5] Canzoniere, Canzone lxxix. [6] Ibid., xviii.

"Plaintive, not beautiful, art thou,
My new-born song."

The sentiment of Dante in the words, "The limit where all wishes end,"[1] is thus expressed by Shakespeare in Sonnet xxxvii.:—

"Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!"

Of the resignation of his will in all things to the Heavenly Love—Sonnets xl.-xlii.—we cannot here treat particularly. The subject deserves, and will in due time receive, full and conclusive exposition. The "limits far remote," and "the goings and returnings of desire," spoken of in Sonnets xliv. and xlv., are commonplaces in Dante. So also is the war and the concord between the eye and heart, treated of in Sonnets xlvi., xlvii. It is the strife and the agreement of Beauty, the eye, and of Virtue, the heart.[2]

"To you who are enamoured, then, I say,
That if to you were beauty given,
And virtue given to us,
And power to love, to form of two but one,
I ween your duty not to love,
But to conceal each beauty you possess,
Since virtue is not yours, which should be beauty's aim.
. . . Perish the lady who
Her beauty shall disjoin
From natural goodness,
And, out of reason's garden, trusts in love."[3]

The "gentle closure" of the Poet's heart in Sonnet xlviii. is the "most secret chamber of the soul," so often spoken of by Dante. The sentiment of a previous sonnet is repeated and developed in Sonnets l. and li.:—

"How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek (my weary travels end),
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measured from my friend.'"

With what is said in these two sonnets, let the words of Dante be compared—

"Riding some days agone in piteous mood,
Heart-sick and weary with the journey's fret,
Full in the middle of the way I met
Love in a pilgrim's habit, worn and rude.
His air, methought, was saddened and subdued,
As he had been despoilèd of his sway;
And he came sadly sighing up the way,
With downcast eyes, unwilling to be viewed.
When he beheld me, calling me by name,
'I come,' he said, 'from yon far region now,
Where dwelt thy heart, while that to me seemed fit,
And for new service back am bringing it.'
Then I so wrapt in thought of him became
That he had vanished, and I knew not how.

"When this most sweet lady vouchsafed me her salutation, Love had no power to veil from me the intolerable bliss, but bred in me such excess of sweetness that my body, being wholly possessed by it, frequently moved like a heavy dead thing, whereby most clear it is that in her salutation was centred all my bliss—a bliss which was oftentimes greater than I could bear."[4]

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[1] Paradiso, xxxiii. 44.

[2] These two sonnets ought to be compared with those of Giordano Bruno on the same subject—"The Eyes and the Heart"—in the third Dialogue, Part ii. of his work, De Gli Eroici Furori; dedicated—Al Molto illustre et eccelente Cavaliero Signor Filippo Sidneo. 1585.

[3] Canzoniere, Canzone v.

[4] Vita Nuova.

Illustration of the figures and sentiments in Sonnets lii. and liii. must be reserved as part of another argument connected with an exposition of the meaning of Sonnets xl.-xlii., and a vindication of Shakespeare's character and reputation. With Sonnet lv. the first part of the main theme, or "Song of the Pilgrimage," is ended.

With Sonnet lvi. begins the song of "The Interim."

> "Let this sad *Interim* like the ocean be
> Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
> Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
> Return of love, more blest may be the view;
> Else call it winter, which, being full of care,
> Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare."

The pilgrimage is the journey; the interim is the time spent on the journey. In the one, faith is exercised; in the other, hope—the patience of hope. The one relates to the burden and the fatigues of the way; the other to the time how long. Time is prominent in the songs of "The Interim." The interim itself, though compared to the ocean stretching itself between two newly contracted or betrothed lovers, is in idea and effect the same as the stream which intercepted Dante's progress when he, after passing through the Inferno and the Purgatorio, would have entered into the Paradiso :—

> "My feet advanced not; *but my wondering eyes*
> *Pass'd onward o'er the streamlet to survey*
> *The tender May-bloom*, flush'd through many a hue,
> In prodigal variety; and there,
> As object rising suddenly to view
> That from our bosom every thought beside
> With the rare marvel chases, I beheld
> A lady all alone, who singing went,
> And culling flower from flower, wherewith her way
> Was all o'er painted—'Lady beautiful!
> Thou who (if looks that use to speak the heart
> Are worthy of our trust) with love's own beam
> Dost warm thee,'—thus to her my speech I framed,—
> 'Ah, please thee hither toward the streamlet bend
> Thy steps so near, that I may list thy song.'
>
> . . . . . .
>
> *Upon the opposite bank she stood and smiled*,
> As through her graceful fingers shifted still
> The intermingling dyes, which without seed
> That lofty land unbosoms. By the stream
> Three paces only were we sunder'd; yet
> The Hellespont where Xerxes passed it o'er
> (A curb for ever to the pride of man)
> Was by Leander not more hateful held
> For floating with unhospitable wave
> 'Twixt Sestus and Abydos, than by me
> That flood, because it gave no passage thence."[1]

These, and particularly the first words spoken by the lady on the other side of the stream, interpret for us Shakespeare's meaning in the "Songs of the Interim"—"Strangers ye come." For to the idea of pilgrims the idea of "strangers" is added in the Interim Songs. In developing this idea, Shakespeare begins with two sonnets—lvii., lviii.—the one of which describes a slave watching, the other a slave waiting for his lord's appearing. Time past is the theme of Sonnet lix. Time in its continuous flow is the theme of Sonnet lx. Time future, with the idea of watching, is the theme of Sonnet lxi. These songs seem to resound with the

[1] Purgatorio, xxviii. 34-75.

words—"Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear." The effects of Time on beauty and on life, and the counteractive methods adopted and used by the poet against these operations of Time, are treated of in Sonnets lxii., lxiii. The tremulous anxiety of a thoughtful spirit, meditating on Time's ravages, finds expression in Sonnet lxiv. This is followed by what the poet calls a "Fearful Meditation":—

"O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright."

Time's chest is the coffin—death.[1] Time's best jewel is the soul—the life of man. How shall this jewel be hid, so as not to be laid in Time's chest?—

"I throw mine eyes around,
And see, on every part, wide-stretching space,
Replete with bitter pain and torment all.
As where Rhone stagnates on the plains of Arles,
Or as at Pola, near Quarnarno's Gulf,
That closes Italy and laves her bounds,
The place is all thick spread with sepulchres.
So was it here, save what in horror here
Excelled; for midst the graves were scattered flames,
Wherewith intensely all throughout they burned.
Their lids all hung suspended; and beneath
From them forth issued lamentable moans,
Such as the sad and tortur'd well might raise."[2]

The sepulchres, so vividly and terribly described in the ninth and tenth cantos of the "Inferno," interpret for us what Shakespeare means by "Time's chest," and what by Time's best jewel being hid, so as not to fall into the sepulchre or chest of Time.

The sixty-sixth is a unique sonnet, dividing the poem, and giving a picture of Time.[3]

The infection of evil communications is the theme of Sonnet lxvii. With this is joined the idea couched in the words, "Let not your good be evil spoken of. Keep thyself pure." The fashion of the world—its vain and deceitful show—is treated of in Sonnet lxviii. Over against this is set, in Sonnet lxix., the intrinsic worth or excellence of the immortal beauty. This is misjudged by the world, although the "external grace" of the same beauty is universally commended.

"Ah, what caution must men use
With those who look not at the deed alone,
But spy into the thoughts with subtle skill!"[4]

Judge nothing before the time, but judge righteous judgment. Judge not according to the outward appearance—

"They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that in guess they measure by thy deeds."

The "deeds" of truth, beauty, love, rectitude, are *severe*. Hence hatred, instead of love, is evoked by what in words is commended. Men hear the word of wisdom: they do it not.

"*Severe shall be my speech, as are the deeds*

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[1] But what is death? Is it "not to be"? It is "not to be" *here*. But it is "to be" *there*. It is to what comes "after death" that the allusion is made in this sonnet, and in Hamlet's soliloquy. See also Michael Angelo's Sonnet on "The Two Deaths," Rime di M. Buonarotti, Sonetto lvi.

[2] Inferno, ix. 108-121.

[3] See what was said of this Sonnet in this Magazine in June 1885.

[4] Inferno, xvi. 116-118.

Of her, the Rock, so beautiful and cold,
Which every hour becomes
Still harder and of nature more unkind.
She clothes her person, too, in adamant,
So that no arrow from Love's quiver finds
A part exposed; still safe,
Whether she stand, or whether she retreat;
But man she slays, though clad in coat of mail,
Or far retired, to escape her mortal blows,—
Which fly as if with wings,
And him o'ertake, and all his armour pierce,
So that no skill or might of mine 'gainst her avails."[1]

We have given this quotation because it serves to interpret the "deeds" spoken of in this sonnet and also in Sonnet cxxxi., where it is said—

"*Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.*
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds."

Suspicion and blame are the badges of excellence—Sonnet lxx.:

"So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstainèd prime."

"On this account—that is to say, *because of these slanderous tongues, by which I was, it seems, arraigned of shameful vice*—that most gentle being who was the destroyer of every vice, and the very queen of virtue, as she passed me on a time, denied me that most gracious salutation which was my all in all of bliss."[2]

Sonnets lxxi.-lxxiv. might be entitled "Meditations and Forecasts of Death."

The 73d is perhaps not surpassed in pictorial beauty by any sonnet that ever proceeded from Shakespeare's pen. The 74th is Shakespeare's last will and testament, made long before the time when, feeling that his end was drawing near, he wrote or dictated the words—

"In the name of God, Amen! I, William Shackspeare of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the countie of Warr, gent., in perfect health and memorie, God be praysed, doe make and ordayne this, my last will and testament, in manner and forme followeing: that ys to saye,—ffirst, I commend my soul into the handes of God, my Creator, hoping, and assuredlie beleving, through thonelie merites of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting, and my bodye to the earth, whereof yt ys made."

With this, of date the 25th of March 1616, let the sonnet before us, published in 1609, be compared:—

"But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:[3]

[1] Canzoniere, Canzone ix.

[2] Vita Nuova.

[3] With these words the following sentence from a work entitled 'The French Academie,' by Peter de la Primaudaye, Esquire, newly translated into English by T. B., the fourth edition, Londini, Impensis, Geor. Bishop, 1602, may be compared: "At death, whatsoever we see of man vanisheth from before our eyes: the earthie part returning into the mass of the earth from whence it came, according to that saying of Aristotle, that *all things are resolved into those things whereof they are compounded;* likewise, *that which is spiritual and invisible* goeth into an eternal immortality, from whence the being thereof proceeded."

So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be rememberèd.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains." [1]

This remains with the Eternal Love.

"I more would add,
But must from further speech and onward way
Alike desist: for yonder I behold
A mist now risen on the sandy plain;
A company, with whom I may not sort,
Approaches. I commend my *Treasure* to thee,
Wherein I yet survive: no more I ask." [2]

These sonnets or songs of the new life are the treasure — *mio Tesoro* — which Shakespeare commends to the custody of the eternal love. In it—in them—he being dead yet speaketh. For in these lines his life hath still some interest, "which for memorial still with thee shall stay." They are his other self—(Sonnet x.)—in which the beauty of his true self—his true love—still looks fresh and green—still lives and shall live for ever.

Not in vain did he say in Sonnet xvii.—

"But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice; in it and in my rhyme."

It would seem as if the idea of a "treasure" had been in the poet's mind when he wrote his will, for in the 75th Sonnet, in commending his love, he says—

"So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure."

With these lines let the words in the preceding sonnet be connected—

"The worth of that is that which it contains,"—

and also the words in Sonnet xx.—

"But since she pricked thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure." [3]

Sonnet lxxvi. is, as it were, an apology for the uniformity of his method in these sonnets. This, he says, proceeds from the unity, selfsameness, or invariableness of his theme—unchanged amid all change.

"For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told."

In Sonnet lxxvii. the poet recommends to himself and to all true lovers of the immortal beauty the use of the Glass, the Dial, the Book: the Glass for meditative self-contemplation; the Dial for the computation of time, as past and also moving in its thievish progress to eternity; and the Book for storing, recording, preserving, and perpetuating the thoughts, meditations, reflections, suggested by the Glass and the Dial.

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[1] This sonnet should be compared with a notable song of Sidney, in which he also makes his "will." There can be little doubt that Shakespeare in this sonnet follows Sidney's example. See Lamon's song of first love to Urania—Arcadia, fol. 44-50, edit. 1593.

[2] Inferno, xv. 116-121. See Brunetto Latino's Il Tesoro, 1533.

[3] See what has been said respecting this in Blackwood's Magazine for June

"Look, what thy memory can not contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind:
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book."

Shakespeare in this sonnet recommends every man to examine himself, to meditate, to reflect, to forecast, and to keep a record of his meditations—a diary or journal of the Interim and of the Pilgrimage. With these sentiments of Shakespeare we may compare what Bacon says about reading, speaking, and writing, in his beautiful essay on Studies :—

"Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. History makes man wise; poets witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend—*abeunt studia in mores.* Nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt." [1]

Learn to observe, to think, to read, to write; keep a diary of daily observation, thought, and work: this is part of Shakespeare's advice in Sonnet lxxvii. It is the advice of every wise man to his son or to his friend. Let example give weight to the counsel, and enforce the exhortation.[2]

Books and company must be select. In Sonnets lxxviii.-lxxxvi., Shakespeare introduces us to his study. These sonnets might be headed, "Shakespeare among his Books." Among these books we have seen that the works of Dante occupy a conspicuous place, and bear mark of having been "read wholly, and with diligence and attention." [3] Another book than that entitled "OPERE DEL DIVINO POETA DANTHE" [4] occupies the chief place in the great magician's cell. It is the "gift," the "tables" of which he speaks in Sonnet cxxii. It is "THE BIBLE." [5]

1855, pp. 787-793. The true meaning of the word in this sonnet to which a sensual or "obscene" signification has been attached by several critics, may be learned from the following sentence: "Now, note that the kingdom of Christ is not an earthly but a spiritual kingdom, and that the true Christifidelians *are not proudly pricked up in the pomp of worldly vanity.*" See 'A Dialogue of Urbanus Rhegius, translated by W. Hilton, with a briefe ingresse to the Reader by John Foxe': 1576.

[1] 'Bacon's Essays'—Essay 1.

[2] "Strain your wits and industry soundly," wrote Sir Thomas Bodley to Bacon, "to instruct yourself in all things between heaven and earth which may tend to virtue, and wisdom, and honour; and let all these riches be treasured up, not only in your memory, where time may lessen your stock, *but rather in good writings and books of account, which will keep them safe for your use hereafter.*" See Reliquiæ Bodleianæ; or, Sir Thomas Bodley's Remains, p. 369. London: 1703.

[3] 'Bacon's Essays'—Essay 1.

[4] The edition of the Commedia used by Shakespeare may have been that entitled as in the text, printed at Venice, 1512. The edition of the Vita Nuova used by him must have been that of 1576, in which the Canzoniere or minor poems of Dante are given. And the edition of Il Convito used by him might have been that of 1529.

[5] "The Bible, translated according to the Ebrew and Greke, and conferred with the best translations in divers languages, with most profitable annotations, &c.

In Sonnets xxxvi. and xxxix., for the purposes of awarding blame and praise, the poet proposed that he should be divided (in thought) from his beloved. He now proposes in Sonnets lxxxvii.-xc. to bid farewell to his best and dearest friend. But in making this proposal he shows that it cannot be. How could it be, except as the suggestion of a sense of unworthiness or fear—a farewell imagined, apprehended, dreaded, but never to be; never to be more than an imagination, seeing that there is everlasting love on the one side, and trustful, though timid, constancy on the other?—xci.-xcvi. These sonnets of the "Farewell"—fear, and hope triumphant over fear—lxxxvii.-xcvi., with which the poet concludes his song of the "Interim," abound in thoughts, figures, and phrases derived from Dante, Sir Philip Sidney, and Augustine, and it would be as easy as pleasant to give redundant proof of this; but we must hasten onward to the songs of "The Triumph," or the songs of love properly so called. After two retrospective sonnets—xcvii., xcviii.—in which traces of Petrarch's figures and habits of thought are observable, the poet introduces the songs of love's triumphs by the sonnet of fifteen lines—xcix. This is followed by an expostulation and remonstrance addressed to his muse in Sonnets c., ci. In Sonnet cii., the poet, as if apologising for his muse, which he had been chiding in the two preceding sonnets, protests that although his songs are now less frequent than at an earlier time, in his "new life," his love is not declining in fervour, intensity, or strength. This, however, serves but to introduce the sentiment so often found in Dante, that the glory of his theme far transcends the reach of his poetic genius, ability, or skill.

"Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
Oh, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit
Your own glass shows you when you look in it."

That sonnet is so in the form, structure, and style of Dante's Hymns in the "Vita Nuova," the "Convito," the "Commedia," and the "Canzoniere," that illustrative quotations would only be superfluous. The perpetual youth of the beloved is beautifully sung or celebrated in Sonnet civ. And corresponding with this is the glory of the One in three and Three in one, which is the theme of Sonnet cv. The text that seems to have been present to the poet's mind when he wrote this sonnet is in these words—"Do not err, my beloved brethren. Every good gift and

Imprinted at London." This is the Geneva version, the so-called "Breeches Bible," the first edition of which was published in 1560. This was undoubtedly the version used by Shakespeare. Hence a probability in favour of the genuineness of the poet's signature in the folio edition (1611) of this Bible, in possession of a lady in Manchester.

every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." [1]

Shakespeare knew well that, interpreted according to the canons of a literal, sensual, or gross-witted criticism, the language of his sonnets might be accounted the language of an idolatrous homage to a fellow-creature. He therefore, in this sonnet, puts in a double caveat, protesting that his love is not idolatry, and that his beloved is not an idol. He was not as the "sweet lady" of whom Lysander said—

> "She, sweet lady, dotes,
> Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry
> Upon this spotted and inconstant man." [2]

No; he who taught another to say—

> "'Tis mad idolatry
> To make the service greater than the God" [3]—

was not the man to make Lord Pembroke or Lord Southampton, or any other mortal or immortal creature, "the god of his idolatry." [4] He was not, like Monophylo, "so extremely passioned with love (such as that attributed to him by the critics) as that all his thoughts and devotions tended directly to his mistress (or his master—William or Henry), upon whom he *committed idolatry*, as making her the only *idol* of his secret contemplations." [5] In the Book,—the tables,—he had read concerning all such idolatrous homage or service, "See thou do it not;" "Worship God alone, and Him only do thou serve." Accordingly, in his "songs and praises" he proceeds to celebrate the name, kingdom, and will of the eternal Father—Sonnets cvi., cviii. In the love of that Father is his daily bread, for there is his "home of love"—Sonnet cix. And from that love he expects the forgiveness of all his debts, trespasses, or sins, daily guidance and deliverance from all evil—Sonnets cxi., cxii. For into the death of his Beloved and into His life he has been engrafted, so that now not only the indentation on his brow—"the impression" made there by "vulgar scandal"—is filled up and healed, but he is himself approved in the sight of his Beloved: in a word, he is dead to the world—to critic and to flatterer; and he is alive only to God. His life is no longer by sight,—it is a walk in faith, in hope, in love, in holy communion with that Love eternal which, having loved its own which were in the world, loved them unto the end, "even to the edge of doom"—Sonnets cxiii.-cxvi. In the group of sonnets which we have thus rapidly passed before us in review—xcix.-cxvi.—Shakespeare has indeed fulfilled the promise of the Magician in the "Tempest" that he would "*bring forth a wonder*," [6] in what he calls his Diary, or "Chronicle of day by day—not a relation for a breakfast." That which he has brought forth is fitted to exercise the ablest and whet the sharpest-edged intellects of readers, critics, and interpreters. And yet it is but, as he says—

> "The story of my life
> And the particular accidents gone by
> Since I came to this isle." [7]

Every sentence in this wonderful group might be illustrated by cor-

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[1] James i. 16, 17.
[2] A Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 108-110.
[3] Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 56, 57.
[4] Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 115.
[5] Monophylo, by Sir Geoffraie Fenton.
[6] Tempest, v. 170, 304-306.
[7] Ibid., 304-306.

responding sentences from Dante's writings: the man who contradicts this statement knows not the poetry of Shakespeare and of Dante.

"If then the subject of my song is good,
As every one declares,
Virtue it is, and with the virtuous leagued.
Dear is he held for merits of his own,
Beloved by every person who is wise:
And from the ignorant and rude
Alike indifferent to praise or blame."[1]

Let this suffice as a single specimen in illustration of the words in Sonnet cxii.—

"My adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are."[2]

Those wishing to know the meaning of the impression stamped by vulgar scandal on the poet's brow, and filled by the pity of his friend — that is, by the heavenly mercy and grace—will find it in "Purgatory," if nowhere else. The obliteration of the seven *P's* traced or impressed on Dante's brow is the key to what is here figured by Shakespeare. His "Purgatorio" was the pity — that is, the mercy and grace — of Him who is the friend of publicans and sinners.[3]

The infecting influence of love acting through hope on the things seen and temporal, spoken of in Sonnet cxiv., is beautifully set forth in Sidney's Sonnet—

"Infected minds infect each thing they see."[4]

It is thus treated of by Dante—

"Hence on my eyes so beautiful she beams
When I regard her, that her form I see
If rock or other object meet my sight.
Her eyes upon me pour a light so sweet,
That other lady lives not whom I prize."[5]

The lofty fellowship in love, which is the theme of Sonnet cxvi., is followed in Sonnets cxvii.-cxx. by the most tender expressions of penitential sorrow for sin, and of chastened thankfulness for affliction sanctified. In Sonnet cxxi., the poet, conscious of the reality expressed in the abbreviated form, "I am that I am,"—that is, "By the grace of God I am what I am,"[6] gives challenge to his gross-witted critics, calumniators, and slanderers; and, scorning to be judged "by their rank thoughts," or by the canons of a conventional morality, he hurls these sentences against his vile accusers:—

"No! I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own.
I may be straight though they themselves be bevel;

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[1] Canzoniere, Canzone iii.

[2] The Scriptural figure—"My adder's sense"—here used by Shakespeare, is contextually derived from Augustine, who delights in working out this similitude.

[3] This idea of "Purgatory" is found in one of the books of a contemporary of Shakespeare—"The Right High and Mighty Prince James, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland." In 'An Apologie for the Oath of Allegiance,' published April 8, 1609, the Royal "author," in his "Premonition to all most mightie monarches, Kings, free Princes, and States of Christendome," says: "As for Purgatorie and all the trash depending thereupon—jubilees, indulgences, satisfactions for the dead, &c.—it is not worth the talking of. . . . Christ *is the true Purgatorie for our sins.*"—P. 43. See also the concluding section—*De Vero Purgatorio*—of the work entitled 'Speculum Pontificum Romanorum, per Stephanum Szegedinum:' 1592.

[4] Sidney, Astrophel, and Stella Sonnets.

[5] Canzoniere, Canzone xxv.

[6] See 1 Cor. xv. 10, Geneva version, where the words are, "By the grace of God I am that I am."

By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign."

Although it is not necessary to our argument, yet we cannot refrain from giving the following quotation from Dante, because of its beauty, truth, and appositeness to the sentiment with which the sonnet before us is concluded :—

"A virtue of convention is not pure,
And thence is blamed, and even refused
Where real virtue is demanded most;
I mean in honourable men
Of spiritual life,
Or who the garb of science have assumed.
If then in cavalier this virtue is praised,
The cause must be
Its complex nature; else why is it found
With one man well to suit,
And with another ill?
But virtue which is pure suits well with all,—
It is our solace, and with it
Are love and perfect works in harmony."[1]

Out of this rises the question, What, then, is the standard or criterion of morality — what the rule of life? To this the poet gives answer in Sonnet cxxii. :—

"Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full charactered with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity,
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be missed.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I, tallies, thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me."

The rule of morality—of faith and life—to the poet is here indicated and commended. It is the "gift"—the "tables" of eternal love: the law of God—"the Word of God written,"—written not only on tables of stone, but within the brain and heart of the poet, according to the word—"I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts; and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people."[2] This gift—this law of God written on the "tables" of stone and in the "tables" of the poet's heart (Sonnet xxiv.)—was to him, as it is designed to be to all, the rule of faith and standard of morality. It is universal and everlasting: it endureth for ever. And as written and inwrought into the very being of the poet, as an essential part of that being in his new life united to God, the record so written by the spirit within his brain and heart never can be missed, either as being dispensed with or lost. The living Bible cannot be burned or destroyed.[3] It is the law of the spirit of life. The tables of the

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[1] Canzoniere, Canzone iii.

[2] See Jer. xxxi. 33, as quoted in Heb. viii. 10.

[3] The sentence, "Thy record never can be missed," is almost word for word the same as a sentence of Wycliffe in relation to the Bible: "Holy Writ is commonly taken in three manners. On the first manner, Christ Himself is called in the Gospels Holy Writ. On the second manner, Holy Writ is called the Truth, and this truth may not fail. On the third manner, Holy Writ is the name given to the books that are written and made of ink and parchment. Though Holy Writ on this third manner be burnt or cast into the sea, Holy Writ on the second manner may not fail, as Christ sayeth."—See 'John Wicklif, Patriot and

divine law are here contrasted not only with the rank thoughts of false accusers, and with the rules of a conventional morality, but also with what the poet calls "tallies,"—

"That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I, tallies, thy dear love to score." [1]

Tallies, as helps to memory, he calls "that poor retention," inadequate and defective as mnemonic instruments or aids,—incapable of embodying and expressing the heavenly love. Happily this poor retention was not needed by the poet. The poor retention and the tallies are set in expository apposition: they are one and the same thing. Inadequate to the ends which their patrons designed to be served by them, they were also superfluous or unnecessary.[2] The poet, therefore, was bold enough to dispense with the use of them, and to put them away from him. "Notched sticks"[3] could be of little use to one who had the tables of his Lord's will "full charactered with lasting memory" within his brain—engraven on his heart, where the true image of his Beloved pictured lay (Sonnet xxiv.) Of what use could notched sticks be to such a man? What had he to do any more with idols? Putting them away from him, he put his trust in the tables as better fitted to be the medium for communion in love with his Beloved. The use of an adjunct to the written Word, such as the tallies spoken of, would import on the poet's part a culpable negligence or forgetfulness of the love that finds expression in the written Word—in the tables.[4] The tables are the law—the written Word of God; and the tallies are all the

Reformer, Life and Writings,' by Rudolf Buddensieg, p. 97. See also 'John Wycliffe; His Life and Work.'—Blackwood's Magazine, December 1884, p. 747.

[1] The precise idea in these two lines is found in the 'Institutes' of Lactantius, Book ii. chap. ii.: "It follows that images are superfluous." *Supervacua ergo sunt simulacra. Semper utique Dei imago supervacua est.*

[2] In the "Theologia Germanica" there is an interesting chapter on this very subject—the disuse of "adjuncts" or figured representations of things spiritual and divine. See also Michael Angelo's Sonnetto lvi., where he says—

"Painting and sculpture's aid no more I crave;
My soul now turns unto that love divine
Which on the cross stretched out its arms to save."

[3] This is the meaning of "tallies" given by Schmidt in the Shakespeare Lexicon. Professor Jowett uses the word "tallies" in translating a sentence of Plato, thus: "Like the figures having only half a nose, which are sculptured on columns, we shall be like *tallies.*"—Jowett's Plato, The Symposium, vol. i. p. 509, ed. 1871. Plato's word λίσπαι signifies dice cut in two by friends, who each kept half to serve as a remembrance and *tessera* of the bond of amity.

[4] The idea of he written Word or law of God as a "*gift*" divinely bestowed on man, and the idea of that gift in the form of the "*tables*," are both derived from Augustine. For the meaning and use of the term "adjunct," see 'The Lawiers Logike,' by Abraham Fraunce (1588); and 'Foure Bookes of Offices made and devised by Barnabe Barnes' (1606). The term is here used so as to exclude all additions to the "written Word." The full idea of the word is expressed by an anonymous author, who says: "The Scripture being able to make us wise unto salvation, we need no unwritten verities, no traditions of men, no canons of councils, no sentences of fathers, much less decrees of Popes, for to supply any supposed defect of the written Word, or for to give us a more perfect direction in the way of life than is already put down expressly in the canonical Scriptures."—See 'Christian Religion, substantiallie, methodicallie, plainlie, and profitablie treatised,' 1611.

varieties of images used for devotional purposes—*idola, sculptilia, simulacra.*

> "His loves
> Are brazen images of canonised saints,"

said the queen, when speaking of her husband, Henry VI., to the Duke of Suffolk.[1] These and such as these are the "tallies" here spoken of. And in the same play (2 Henry VI.) we find Jack Cade the champion of the notched sticks and of the old learning—that is, of ignorance and superstition—thus accusing Lord Say :—

> "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers *had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used*, and contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear."[2]

The connection between the tally and the score, and the books and printing, in Jack Cade's accusation of Lord Say, indicates what the poet means by the "tallies" as distinguished from the "tables" in the sonnet before us. But the meaning is so self-evident, that it is truly marvellous that the critics should not long ere this have apprehended it.[3] Let the poet put words into the mouth of a man about to be put to death by guilty hands, just as the poet's reputation has long been gored by guilty critics.

"What we will do," says one of the murderers, "we do upon command." To this the second, like a credulous and obsequious critic following his director and guide, says—"And he that hath commanded is the king."

To this Clarence replies :—

> "Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
> Hath in the tables of his law commanded
> That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou, then,
> Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
> Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,
> To hurl upon their heads that break his law."[4]

The declaration with which the sonnet on the rule of faith concludes, that the keeping of an adjunct for the purpose of reminding him of his beloved would indicate, on his part, forgetfulness of that beloved one, is triumphantly developed and sung in the form of an exultation over time in Sonnet cxxiii. :—

> "No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
> Thy pyramids built up with newer might
> To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
> They are but dressings of a former sight.
> Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
> What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
> And rather make them born to our desire
> Than think that we before have heard them told.
> Thy registers and thee I both defy,
> Not wondering at the present nor the past,
> For thy records and what we see doth lie,
> Made more or less by thy continual haste.
> This I do vow, and this shall ever be;
> I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee."

[1] 2 Henry VI., i. 3. 62, 63.

[2] Ibid., iv. 7. 35.

[3] The laborious and floundering ingenuity of the critics, and the absurdities and nonsense written by them in their vain attempts to interpret the poet's meaning in this sonnet, are truly *miraculous.*

[4] Richard III., i. 4. 198-205.

Hastening to the end, we give here only the following lines from Dante:—

"Mark, Luni; Urbisaglia, mark;
How are they gone! and after them how go
Chiusi and Sinigaglia! and 'twill seem
No longer new, or strange to thee, to hear
That families fail, when cities have their end.
All things that appertain to ye, like yourselves,
Are mortal: but mortality in some
Ye mark not: *they endure so long, and you*
Pass on so suddenly. And as the moon
Doth by the rolling of her heavenly sphere
Hide and reveal the strand unceasingly,
So fortune does with Florence. Hence wonder not
At what of them I tell thee, whose renown
Time covers, the first Florentines." [1]

Risen from the dead and victorious over time, the poet's love triumphs in the following sonnet, as if seated at God's right hand, far above change, policy, accident, or force—Sonnet cxxv. This majestic sonnet is itself crowned with one still more majestic—Sonnet cxxvi., which ends with the words—

"Hence, thou suborn'd *informer!* a true soul
When most impeached stands least in thy control.

The ascending scale seems to be graduated in these concluding and triumphant sonnets, according to the scale in the words—"It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." [2]

The irregular Sonnet cxxvi. serves the purpose of a Selah in the Psalms: it denotes a pause and a transition. This sonnet was, as we think, of purpose left unfinished. The "lovely boy" of this sonnet should be familiar to us by this time. This is the poet's designation of the eternal love as consciously renewed in his own soul—in "love's fresh case." In that relation, it is true of love that it is young and that it grows: it grows by the waning of the old love and life of the poet. The heavenly rose flourishes as the earthly rose withers and decays.

"So powerful I feel the force of love,
That to support my suffering long,
Exceeds my strength; and hence my sorrow flows:
His force is ever constant in its growth,
And mine is ever on the wane;
So that each hour I'm weaker than the last." [3]

We here say nothing respecting the propriety or impropriety of Shakespeare's use of the words "my lovely boy" to denote the new and heavenly love of which he was conscious—that is, the new creature in him as related to the love eternal in God. Our aim is to ascertain the poet's meaning, not to criticise his phraseology. But we do not forget that, in prayer to God, the apostles spoke of the "holy child Jesus" (Acts iv. 30); and that Jeremy Taylor, in one of his Festival Hymns, speaks of Jesus as "this blessed babe," and "that glorious boy, who crowns each nation with a triumphant wreath of blessedness." [4]

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[1] Paradiso, xvi. 72-85.

[2] Rom. viii. 34.

[3] Canzoniere, Canzone iv. With this compare the words in Sonnet cxxvi.—

"O thou, my lovely boy!
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lover's withering as thy sweet self grow'st.'

[4] Festival Hymns, by Jer. Taylor, D.D. It should also be here noted that Erasmus—in the first sentence of his beautiful essay, "Concio de Puero Jesu"—

The lady in sorrow — Sonnet cxxvii.—is the city that sitteth solitary in the Lamentations of Jeremiah and in the hymns of Dante. It is the lady "black but fair" in the Song of Songs. It is the same lady, as we have seen in another connection, that appears amidst music, light, and joy in Sonnet cxxviii.; and, according to the model set by Dante, the city of the dead—the Inferno—is set over against this celestial city in Sonnet cxxix.

The task would prove all but interminable were we to offer illustrations of each of the remaining sonnets. In many of them there are the vestiges of Dante; in all of them there are the footprints of Astrophel or Philisides. And in their *contents*, as distinguished from their figures and phraseology, they are replenished, as all the sonnets are, with thoughts from Augustine. A single additional instance in illustration of the relation between Shakespeare's muse and Dante's song is all that can here be offered. It will be given in connection with the idea, figures, and phraseology of Sonnet cxxxvii.

"Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks
Be anchored in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forgèd hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred."

With the ideas and figures in this sonnet, let those of Dante be compared:—

"O man! *why place thy heart where there doth need*
Exclusion of participants in good?" [1]

"Heaven calls,
And round about you wheeling, courts your gaze
With everlasting beauties. Yet your eye
Turns with fond doting still upon the earth;
Therefore he smites you, who discerneth all." [2]

". . . Some profit from his words I hoped to win,

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speaks of the Lord Jesus as that "ineffable boy"; and in the second section of the same address, he speaks of Him as "that supreme and absolute boy." His words are—*De ineffabili puero Jesu; Summi illius et absoluti pueri imitatio.* We quote from one of the five-and-twenty copies of the edition printed in London in 1816. See also the first edition of this treatise, published with some other tracts of Erasmus in 1522. A copy of it is to be found in Knight's 'Life of Dean Colet.' Reference may also be made to the "Oratio de Puero Nazareno Rege,' by Scantius: 1566. The copy referred to is bound up with three other orations by Scantius: Romæ, 1566. The poet Robert Southwell, a contemporary of Shakespeare, in a hymn entitled "A Child my Choice," addressing the Lord Jesus, says:—

"Almighty babe, whose tender arms
Can force all foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life,
Direct me when I die."

[1] Purgatorio, xix. 89, 90.

[2] Ibid., xiv. 149-153.

And thus, of him inquiring, framed my speech:
'What meant Romagna's spirit when he spake
Of bliss exclusive, with no partner shared?'
He straight replied: 'No wonder, since he knows
What sorrow waits on his own worst defect,
If he chide others, that they less may mourn;
Because ye point your wishes at a mark,
Where, by communion of possessors, part
Is lessened, envy bloweth up men's sighs.
No fear of that might touch ye, if the love
Of higher sphere exalted your desire,
For there by how much more they call it *ours*.
So much propriety of each in good
Increases more, and heightened charity
Wraps that fair cloister in a brighter flame.'
'Now lack I satisfaction more,' said I,
'Than if thou hadst been silent at the first,
And doubt more gathers on my labouring thought.
How can it chance that good distributed,
The many that possess it, makes more rich
Than if 'twere shared by few?' He answering thus:
'Thy mind reverting still to things of earth,
Strikes darkness from true light. The highest good
Unlimited, ineffable, doth so speed
To love, as beam to lucid body darts,
Giving as much of ardour as it finds.
The sempiternal effluence streams abroad,
Spreading wherever charity extends.
So that the more aspirants to that bliss
Are multiplied, more good is there to love,
And more is loved, as mirrors that reflect
Each unto other propagated light.'"[1]

Without putting forth even a tenth part of the abundant materials noted by us in our comparative study of Shakespeare's Sonnets and Dante's writings in prose and verse, we have conclusively established the position that Dante is the "Other Poet" referred to by Shakespeare in Sonnets lxxviii.-lxxxvi. What remains now to be done in connection with the argument which we have conducted in this article and in former numbers of this Magazine,[2] is the application of the thought, figures, and phraseology of Dante to certain of the Sonnets, so as to vindicate the character and reputation of Shakespeare against the accusations, founded on statements in the Sonnets, brought by ignorance, perversity, or malice against the good name, honour, and virtue of England's great and gentle poet, William Shakespeare. For, remembering the poet's words in Sonnet lxvii., our labour from first to last is a labour of love "for the truth's sake, which dwelleth in Shakespeare, and shall be with him for ever:"—

"Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead-seeing off his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now nature bankrupt is,
Beggared of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad."

[1] Purgatorio, xv. 41-73.
[2] See Blackwood's Magazine for June 1884 and June 1885.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

REPUBLICS ARE FREQUENTLY OVERRATED.

France, by becoming once more a republic, does not seem to have arrived at the happiness and prosperity to which she hoped that that form of government would conduct her. She is probably better off than she was under Louis XV. or Louis XVI.; but she may have enjoyed many advantages during the two empires, and during the reign of Louis Philippe, to which she is at present a stranger. Of course, if the republican is the form of government most agreeable to a great majority of Frenchmen, and the one to which they will most readily submit themselves, it is the best that could be for the present established in France: yet, if we look at the decline in national wealth, and the low condition of French industry, we may feel that the best is bad. The important lesson which Great Britain has to learn from the condition of her near neighbour, is that a republic does not necessarily thrive—that a republic, if not very ably governed, is just as likely to come to grief as a monarchy. An idea had, in some way, become prevalent among us that to chase away a hereditary ruler and to institute a Commonwealth was a most important—indeed a certain—step towards national, social, and moral improvement.

This idea was, we may suspect, first derived from the study of the ancient classics, where monarchy is much condemned as tyranny, and where some republics are shown to have become highly polished and intelligent, and one to have arrived at an empire which embraced the whole known world. And it was very much refreshed and kept awake by the foundation and fortunes of the United States of America. Nothing could be more natural than that, with so many examples of successful republics being pressed—some in one way, some in another—on our attention, many of us should regard the form of government and the success as cause and effect. There were, no doubt, both in old and in modern times, many monarchies which succeeded in various ways: but as the old republics were pre-eminent in literature, they have necessarily, to our judgment, the greatest attraction, because they are the best represented and best understood; and, as America had an enormous expanse of territory on which able-bodied settlers might certainly acquire properties and earn livelihoods which would have been beyond their reach in the old world, there too we have been apt to look upon the welldoing of immigrants as a consequence of the republican institutions. Yet the successes may have had very little connection with the forms of government. And the unsatisfactory condition of France to-day, notwithstanding that a French republic has existed continuously for fourteen years, goes far to dispel the idea that republican institutions necessarily produce well-being.

The times do not appear to be prosperous in any part of Europe. Great Britain, as we know, has declined a good deal of late; but republican France has declined more. We will not go so far as to say that France has sunk be-

cause she is republican; yet it is plain that by being republican she has not escaped from adverse dispensations.

If I had written a month earlier on this subject, it is likely that I should have commented a little presumptuously on the fruits of so-called fraternity and equality, and pointed complacently at the threats of Parisian workmen to murder the *bourgeoisie*, as a means of producing a state of things more favourable to themselves. But the events of February in London —events which, before they occurred, I did not conceive to be possible — compel me to reflect sadly on our own shortcomings. A mischievous mob has been in possession of some of the principal streets of our metropolis, and has been allowed for far too long a time to give free and dire effect to its will; while a provincial town has also had its buildings broken into and pillaged. I believe—and I am by no means singular in the belief—that if those to whom the care of the State is intrusted had done their duty, the acts and scenes which have so disgraced us would not have occurred; but they undoubtedly have occurred, and we must be content, until we can re-establish our character for sobriety, to be classed with ill-conditioned and short-sighted populations.

Neither French nor English workmen appear to understand their own interests clearly in this respect. They have not yet all been educated above the fallacious idea that the lower classes who work with their hands may permanently gain by destroying the classes above them who work with their heads, direct industry, and furnish working capital. No doubt (as we have only too dearly learned) a great seizure of property might take place, and a frantic mob-revelry be kept crashing and shouting while the sack should be going on. But what after that? Nine-tenths of the property seized would probably be consumed or destroyed; and who would there be to employ labour, or to purchase the produce of labour, after the capable heads should be broken and the ready money dispersed? Surely the permanent elevation of any working class is not to be effected by such means.

Of course, if people's thoughts be deliberately turned towards anarchy, the question as to the preferable form of government will meet with scant attention from them. They will be anxious only to overturn all government, and will in the end bring upon themselves, too surely, military despotism. The stern truth that the sword must ultimately govern those who refuse to subject themselves to milder sway, may with advantage be studied again in these days: it was very seriously laid to heart a century ago. But I hope I may reject the supposition that either in this country or in France, any more than a small and ignorant fraction of the community can be seeking after utter lawlessness. It is much more to be feared that the thinking portion of our artisans may be deluding themselves with the notion that if our Government were republic instead of monarchical, they would obtain a larger portion of the national wealth. Now a little consideration of the state of the artisans and labourers in France ought to show them that this is a mistake. However unsatisfactory they may consider their condition to be, that of the corresponding classes in France is much worse. The monarchy certainly does not increase their disadvantages; and a repub-

lic, as such, does not appear to be an infallible invention for making people rich and happy. I shall be very glad to see our working classes more prosperous, if they can become so honestly; but I trust that I shall never see them yearning after a republic as a means of growing so. They should consider how badly their brethren over the water are doing, notwithstanding their republican Government, and so free themselves from the false notion that to get rid of a sovereign is to secure a certain rise in the world. Our fathers once tried a republic on this side of the water, but do not seem to have been well pleased with their own creation, for they soon sent and got a king to come and rule over them as of old.

If I might give a hint to our working classes, I would say to them that they are suffering adversity at present from a misunderstanding as to wherein their true advantage lies. I allow that they have of late years shown a great zeal for the elevation of their own body; but zeal must be intelligently directed, or it will be apt to do harm rather than good. Our workmen have appeared to think that attention given by the Government to foreign affairs was a wrong done to them, because it was a turning away of the legislative mind from the rights of labour, the fair division of profits, the extension of franchises, the restriction of guilds, and similar subjects related to the distribution of wealth. But, forasmuch as that the distribution of wealth can be an important subject only so long as there is wealth to distribute, and that it must rise or fall in real importance just in proportion to the increase or decrease of the national prosperity, it follows that the acquisition of wealth (which word includes capital, profits, and wages) should come before the division or distribution of wealth in the workman's estimation. Now foreign affairs—that is, transactions of State between Great Britain and foreign countries—have very much to do with our national prosperity; and indifference concerning them, or neglect of them by our Government, is certain to cause us loss. Thus it is possible to pay too exclusive attention to home legislation, or to that part of it which regards distribution of wealth, if no time be left for the regulation of those foreign affairs which are so largely concerned with our having wealth to distribute. The maintenance of our empire, and the regulation of our dealings with States abroad, are necessary to the success of our trade and commerce: successful trade and commerce bring the wealth of which the workman is anxious to get a larger share. Let him not then imagine that bargains or disputes with China or Peru, with France or Germany, are things altogether apart from his interests. They are to us, as a great commercial community, the very springs of wealth; and, to say the least, concern him quite as much as disputes between capital and labour. He will be often told by ignorant or interested persons that his interests are confined within our four seas, and that the less he allows his rulers to think of what is doing on the banks of the Ganges or in the cotton-plantations of America, the better for him. If he reflects, he will see that men who so advise him are not his friends, and that he will bargain much more satisfactorily with his employer when, through an attentive and enlightened foreign policy, our trade has been made profitable, extensive, and safe.

When foreign writers remark, as they will sometimes do, on the position of Great Britain among the States of the earth, and when they speculate on the great and glorious future that may possibly lie before her, they take little note of the trade and labour questions, which, from a near point of view, would seem to eclipse every other, but dwell upon our great marine power, our insertion of our dominion in all the corners of the earth, the "living energy" and the "commanding positions" which we enjoy. They think that an empire like that of old Rome is possible for us. The forecast, however, is founded on the belief that we shall erelong exhibit a prudence for which we have not lately been distinguished, and that we shall keenly and persistently labour for our growth and weal.

I am impressed by the importance to England, according to these writers, of foreign alliances. They think there will always be quarters in which we shall be welcome as allies, and that with suitable allies we may do anything; but that if we isolate ourselves we shall not only not increase, but shall certainly fail of the great destiny which has been spoken of, and probably be resolved into helpless fractions. The reason why alliances are of so much more importance to us than to our Continental neighbours clearly is, that we do not keep up a large army, and so require a friend or two to do the land fighting for us. This, to first sight, is an odd necessity; because our empire, though scattered, is very large, and our purse is tolerably well filled. Why, then, should we not, as readily as other Powers recruit and maintain the necessary land force? The answer, I suppose, is, that a large portion of this extensive empire consists of colonies in which every able-bodied man is wanted to replenish the earth and subdue it. There would be a perverseness and absurdity in drawing away colonists for soldiers, after having incurred expense and trouble in peopling the plantations! And yet there should be a limit to this disability. As colonies arrive at maturity and are pretty well manned, they should be able to supply us with some fighting men; and some of our dependencies, as India, have populations numerous enough to well afford some contribution to the army. I do not forget that we once had an Indian army, or what trouble resulted therefrom; but we received much value in exchange for the trouble, and, as we have so many stations, it might be possible to employ troops far from home, where they would be away from the strong influence of native prejudices and bad example. As things now are, I believe that Great Britain might draw a powerful army from her own possessions if only she would fairly meet the difficulty about paying it. Some day or other we shall wake up to the necessity of doing this, and then, I think, we shall fight our battles with troops born in the British empire. Allies will be welcome then as now; but it is well not to be dependent on allies. I am by no means sure that a conscription will always be repugnant to British feeling. When it may come to a choice between giving much higher pay to attract a voluntary recruit, and paying in kind by every able-bodied young man turning out and giving up a portion of his life to the service of his country, it is possible that we may come to see that both economy and efficiency will be promoted by the compulsory service.

We cannot be said thoroughly to adhere to the voluntary system when we will not offer inducements sufficient to bring in the required number of volunteers. A great problem would be solved if the country could once be brought to face the method of compulsory service. From the known readiness of young men to serve without pay in the volunteer regiments, it may fairly be argued that there would not be violent or general dislike to three or four years' service in the regular army as part of every man's career.

A conscription of some kind ought to obtain the support of Mr Bright and all those politicians who are so anxious for peace—even though not particularly honourable peace. For the miseries and dangers of war would be brought home much more vividly to the electoral mind when every family should have to send out its able-bodied members, first as soldiers of the regular army, and, in case of war, as component parts of the reserves. And nothing could be more subversive of gunpowder-and-glory ideas than the apprehension beside the hearth of the gaps which would be wailed over there, if "once the blast of war blew in our ears." Household suffrage and a conscription together would, it may be believed, make us absolutely safe against any but the most necessary wars; and the same conjunction would be very likely to reconcile the country to the expenditure necessary for the proper support and reasonable comfort of our defenders. What a benefit it would be if our people would cease to regard our defences and fighting resources as subjects for sentiment and passion, and would consider them coolly and rationally, like most other of their important affairs. If, in regard to machinery or shipbuilding or the regulation of trade, we were to tolerate one-hundredth part of the trash with which we suffer our minds to be abused concerning armies and defences, our science, skill, and profits would speedily sink to a low level. But ships, wheels, and business generally more or less engage the minds of every individual in this land, while, to the greater number of us, military matters are a mere speculation. Conscription would attract the individual mind to warlike subjects, and induce probably as general and sensible a belief on those as on the others whereon our understanding is so rarely at fault.

CURIOSITIES OF EBRIETY.

In a former paper I recorded two or three *souvenirs* of persons who, years ago, attracted notice by the magnitude of their potations. They were free-going good-livers, who followed their fancies, caring little for opinion. A reperusal of what I there said has brought back to mind two or three instances which came to my knowledge of persons who, though eventually they were proved to have been habitual and excessive drinkers, contrived to pass for many years as strictly temperate, respectable people, and that, too, in circumstances which might have been thought to preclude the possibility of concealment. One case was that of a gentlewoman, the wife of a man of some substance and extensive acquaintance, of whom, although I knew her intimately for many years, I never

entertained the slightest suspicion that she was intemperate, until after she had become a widow and had grown old. She took a considerable part in the social life of the place where they lived; they were hospitable people; and the lady herself was notable, much resorted to for advice by friends and dependants, leaning decidedly to strong-mindedness, as the world thought. Her husband, who was otherwise a man of genial temperament, was known to be not particularly affectionate or considerate towards her, though she was mistress of his house as long as he lived. It was not until after he was gone that relatives of hers—whom she had completely deceived as to her propensities, being too clever by half as it turned out—reflected on him in strong terms, by reason of the shabby provision which he had made for her. This abuse brought on their legs his two sisters, who knew about the interior of the late *ménage*, but had never uttered a syllable of accusation or revelation until now that they were called upon to "speak up" in defence of their brother's memory. At the slightest hint of what the line of defence would be (for the old sisters gave very fair notice, and were by no means eager to invoke public opinion), the lady's friends were indignant, and more than ever declamatory. What! it was not enough that the best and most devoted of wives should be dowered as shabbily as if she had been an upper servant; but now her kind sisters-in-law were ready to heap a deeper injury on that which she had already suffered, and to destroy her character if they could. But, happily, such an attempt would only recoil on the calumniators. The malice of it was equalled by its folly. If there were one charge which more than another the world would pronounce absurd and vexatious, it was a reflection on the regularity and respectability of this lady's habits. So their railing increased from a strong breeze to a perfect tempest; the defenders, strong in generous convictions, scrupled not to publish the accusation which, as they were assured, would shiver against so crystal a reputation, and utterly confound its inventors. But, if calumny and base insinuation, when once boldly uttered, will often seem to derive support from innocent and ordinary actions wrongly viewed, how much more will a true imputation of the kind which we are contemplating become established when once attention may be directed to it? People thought they recollected some things which *did* look queer, although no importance was attached to them when they happened. The spinsters Blair were not given to scandal, and they held their own family affairs very sacred. There was no harm in just keeping the eyes reasonably open. Well, Miss Davies, who was determined to find out for herself, and to confound such backbiting, made her way to the widow on some pretence at a somewhat unwonted time, and found her helplessly drunk. Miss Davies had familiar friends as eager as she was to whip slanderers naked through the world, and these excellent people saw and believed. Servants, who had been faithful enough not to arouse suspicion, made but a feeble resistance to it once it was awake. Some, from want of skill in parrying questions, some because they were tampered with, some because "it was no good trying to hoodwink people no more," confessed, or at any rate did not deny, the stimulating

impeachment. What had been so carefully kept secret became at last notorious. The marvel was, that a propensity which had been indulged for so long, had escaped detection so effectually. I was given to understand that the husband's management had largely availed to screen the intemperate wife; and that, beside his household and relations, only one person had ever perceived what was wrong. That person, coming at an unlucky moment to the house, underwent a considerable shock; but though he was, in most things, disposed to gossip, he had never disclosed the unhappy secret to which chance had made him privy.

It was once my lot to see, a few minutes before his death, a man suffering from *delirium tremens.* He was sergeant-major of a regiment — a soldier who had never been guilty of irregularity since the day of his enlistment. Of course he had been attentive to his duties and smart, or he would never have been promoted to the rank in which he died. I having, soon after the death, an opportunity of speaking to the colonel of the regiment to which the sergeant-major had belonged, he told me that not the slightest suspicion of the man being intemperate was ever entertained or conceived. The medical officers were certain that he had been drinking hard for some time; but then arose the question, when was the liquor imbibed? His duties were incessant, from gun-fire in the morning till tattoo. The cups must have been taken at some time in the night; but then, again, how did the drunkard escape detection when any night-alarm occurred? and how, after such quantities as he must have swallowed, did he contrive to be steady in the morning?

This colonel, in reference to the same subject, told me that to his knowledge there were men in the service who drank habitually from no prompting of good-fellowship and from no desire of refreshment or of enjoyment. The sole aim appeared to be the swallowing of a certain quantity of raw spirits as rapidly as possible, and getting into bed dead drunk. It was their practice, as he said, to repair to the canteen some ten minutes before roll-call, then to take four, five, or six drams (or whatever their whack may have been) as rapidly as they could get served. The liquor, so taken, would not affect their heads for a few minutes, and in that interval they managed to scramble to bed. Once they were pillowed without making a disturbance or doing any other mischief, nobody asked whether they lay drunk or asleep. They were fit for duty again by the early morning, kept sober all day, and at night repeated the beastly debauch, thus contriving to indulge their propensity, such as it was, and to escape the punishment which most boon-companions incurred at one time or another.

The faculty which some men have of shaking off the effects of a debauch is remarkable. I once knew a man who was quartermaster (which office requires a commission) in a regiment serving in a hot colony. Being unmarried, he usually dined at mess, and being a drunken dog, he never left the table while he could see. When he did at last retire, it was very seldom to bed. He would lie down and sleep soundly upon a plate-chest in the ante-room, upon a billiard-table, or indeed upon the floor, where he might be seen in his mess-jacket insensible. The strangest part, however, of his routine was that he awoke right early, and with the sun, or half an

hour in advance of that luminary, commenced to run his daily stage of duty. He had to keep somewhat intricate accounts regarding rations, and, with the first light, was to be seen entering in his book column after column of microscopic figures, as beef, bread, coffee, and so on, passed his inspection. The scamp had the reputation of being fair and accurate. Whether or not he refreshed much during the day I am not certain, but I rather think he refrained himself severely as long as there was anything for his department to do, reserving himself till the drums beat for mess, when he could enter upon the recompense of the reward. I should add that the quartermaster's commission was generally —I may say invariably— presented to a steady deserving sergeant. I know that the man of whom I write had risen from the ranks, and had maintained an excellent character. Up to the time when I left the part of the world where he flourished, there was never any change in his way of life. How long he was able to stick to it I never heard, or, if I knew, I have forgotten.

Long before I ever had a suspicion of men thus striking a balance, as it were, between duty and drink—that is to say, in my boyhood—I used often to be amused by the exhortations of a useless character who lived near me. He was well enough off to be independent of a trade or profession, and it was his invariable practice, in summer and winter, in fine weather and rough, to walk off at peep of day to a spring about a mile and a half from his house, of the water of which he would imbibe half a pint or so, and then return to a very early breakfast. The spring, as I believe, had long enjoyed some reputation for health-giving, but according to this man's gospel, it was the one thing needful for those who loved life and would see good days. "Go every day of your life," he used to say, "to Pring's well before breakfast and take a drink of the water: then you'll never want a doctor; never be overpowered by your business, whatever it may be; you may eat what you like or drink what you like, and go to bed when you like; but, damme, you must always start off to Pring's well as soon as you can see. Look at me: take example by my condition." The joke hanging by all this was, that though many besides himself held this person up as an example to the young, it was rather as a warning than a model for imitation. It was his wont early in the forenoon to betake himself to a public-house, where he remained steadily toping till between eight and nine o'clock, when somebody from his own house fetched him home and took him to his bed-chamber. I used to be addicted to setting night-lines for fish in the spring and summer; and, on the way to take them up in the early morning, which way led past Pring's well, often encountered this sot, and got a lecture on the virtues of cold water. Whatever other incapacity he brought upon himself by his intemperance, he was, as long as I recollect him, an early riser, and a thorough believer in his own mastery of the science of hygiene.

WRESTLING AND FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

Sometime in the earlier half of this century—I cannot name a precise date—there was to be seen, over the toll-house of a bridge be-

tween Devonport and Stonehouse, the name of the collector, Abraham Cann. This man was a large awkward fellow, who generally sat all day at the receipt of custom in his little box, and who, save for an occasional wrangle with a soldier or sailor, passed for a very quiet man in those his halfpenny days. But, as the fame and the past history of a lion must not be judged of by the fact that in his declining years he may be reduced to catch mice for his subsistence (as natural historians tell us is the case), so Mr Cann would have been grievously underestimated by any one who might have supposed that his soul had never soared above the vocation of bidding the passenger stand and deliver—his halfpenny. For this Abraham had been a pretty fellow in his day, and the speaking-trump of fame had been filled by his name. He had been the champion wrestler of Devonshire; had known how to land on the broad of his back any competitor that might "throw in his hat" against him, and had carried off the prizes from all the rings of his native county. In fact, he had reached the top of a pinnacle; and, as I have heard say is common among distinguished men, being easily first in his own district, he looked abroad for worlds to conquer.

Now there were people, not very far off, upon whose crests it might be possible for his skill and valour to win renown in a new field. They used to be able to do a little wrestling in the neighbouring county of Cornwall, and there were paladins there, to overthrow whom might add bright laurels even to the wreath of one who was already champion of Devonshire. It was not long before Cann's gloryings, and the high opinion entertained of his prowess by his admirers, made their way farther west, and grated on the mettle of Cornish athletes and Cornish men generally, who, if they did not claim superiority over other counties, would allow no outsider to hector over them. Above-ground and under-ground the Devonshire man's pretensions stirred their blood, and there were dozens of them ready to try conclusions with Abraham Cann, and to show him how little was thought of his exploits west of the Tamer.

Individual valour was not, however, allowed to take him in hand. He was undoubtedly cock of his own walk, and his words of defiance or of self-complacency applied not to any particular professor, but to the county of Cornwall generally. Therefore, the patrons of the ring in that county were cautious as to whom they would trust with the public honour, and took a survey of their valiant men. Now there was a chief named Polkinghorne, a mighty man of valour, who had so distanced his compeers that, for some time past, he had not found an antagonist, and was "cried out" of nearly every ring. Being thus enforced to inaction, and having, if I am not mistaken, passed the very prime of his life, he had got a little fleshy, and perhaps rusty. Notwithstanding which disadvantages he had been so undoubtedly foremost, that the general voice named him as the chief who should go forth to do battle with the presumptuous Cann, and struggle for the honour of his native shire.

Polkinghorne was a man of singular muscle and activity. Great feats of strength were attributed to him. He had lifted up a big man who was annoying him, and chucked him through a window. He had, one market day, when somebody expressed a doubt concerning his ability, taken up

the drum-major and the band-master of the county militia by their waist-belts, one in either hand, held them aloft, and clapped their backs together three or four times before restoring them to *terra firma.* His hug (Cornish embraces have the character of being energetic) tried the reins and the heart of an antagonist, and his skill in "play" was as remarkable as his strength of limb.

When it came to arranging the conditions of the ring in which the two heroes were to contend, there were found to be considerable difficulties, arising out of the different styles of "play" observed in the two counties. In Devonshire it was permitted to wear shoes in the contest: these shoes had generally pretty hard soles, and shins were severely kicked on both sides. The Cornish practice did not absolutely prohibit kicking, but it prohibited the wearing of any but soft shoes provided by the directors of the games: in effect, therefore, there could be no serious kicking in Cornwall, and, almost universally, the wrestlers, declining to put on the regulation slippers, contended in their stockings only, or with bare feet. Should Cann and Polkinghorne play in shoes or without? that was the question.

After considerable discussion, it was agreed that they might play either in shoes or without, each man dealing with his feet as might please him best; which practically amounted to the Devonian going in well shod and the Cornishman in his stockings. Many objected that this entailed upon the latter the danger of having his shins laid bare or splintered, while he could inflict no corresponding damage on his competitor. Howbeit Polkinghorne was content to take the field on these terms.

Two falls out of three were to give the victory. The battle was joined at Plymouth, or Devonport (which was then, I think, known as Plymouth Dock), or at Torpoint, I cannot be certain which; and, as I have heard my elders say, it was a severely contested trial. The champions did their utmost through a long day to gratify spectators by the exhibition of prowess, and the honour of the two counties was adequately upheld. But, unfortunately, the umpires could not agree as to the completeness of some of the falls—one side contending that all the conditions of fair falls were answered, while the other said they were not—and so the players were withdrawn, both sides claiming the victory. Each received the honours of a triumph in his own shire; but the heavy bets which were laid on the issue were never decided—at least I think not.

Polkinghorne went into the ring with his shins fenced with leather, and, even so shielded, got his legs frightfully punished. When asked after the struggle how on earth he contrived to bear the heavy kicks, he said, "Well, you know, when he flung out at all savage, I gave him a squeeze"—hardly an equal retort, as one is apt at first sight to think. But Polkinghorne's squeeze was a by no means delicate compress. A man who witnessed the whole engagement declared that when Cann's wrestling-jacket was taken off, each of his sides resembled a piece of bullock's liver.

Polkinghorne, a stout good-humoured host, kept an inn for many years after this occurrence, being always pointed at in his own shire as "the man that threw Cann in such style." Cann seems to have become misanthropical, and, as old Weller put it, to have "rewenged

hisself upon mankind by taking of tolls."

I fancy that the two shires still go on, each in its old way,—the one kicking, the other trusting to strength and skill for laying the adversary low, and not seeking to madden him with pain. There are some very pretty manœuvres for getting up the heels of a powerful antagonist, for slipping from his grip in the inevitable fall, and for coming down in a sitting posture either beside him or on him while he measures his length on the sod. The umpires who decide whether or not play may have been fair are called *sticklers;* they are generally old wrestlers who have been famous in their day. What would be a *round* in boxing is, I understand, called a *spur* in wrestling. And this term reminds me of a story. There was a wrestler of some repute who lived a good way west. He was neither very discreet nor very sober. It irked him much to hear of the achievements of one Tregeagle, a *quasi* giant and most formidable athlete, who was land-steward or bailiff on a large property in mid-Cornwall. The more western hero, intoxicated by the local fame which he had acquired, and believing himself invincible, being also perhaps in a more literal sense intoxicated and ready for any deed of valour, one summer morning mounted his nag, and set off on a five-and-twenty mile journey to bring Tregeagle to account, and show him that there were honourable ears to which the continual chanting of his deeds was highly offensive.

He had chosen a most inconvenient time for his expedition, for he found Tregeagle in the middle of his hay-harvest, and very anxious about saving everything while the sun yet shone. While he was taking order for this result, and urging his haymakers to their best exertions, the champion who had made a pilgrimage to take him down a peg or two made his appearance, leading his steed,—for he had dismounted to open the gate, and had not been minded to return to the saddle.

"Mornin', Mr Tregeagle," said he; "I'm Jan Penwarn of Camborne parish. You've heerd of me, perhaps?"

"No, I ha'nt," answered Tregeagle; "but no matter. What's your business?"

"Oh, you don't know me! You'll know me better in a hour's time or so, I reckon. I hear you sets up for a wrasler, and thinks yourself head man in the ring. Now, I've come across to show 'ee what real wrasling is like. I wants to have a spur with 'ee."

"Tshut, tshut," says Tregeagle; "don't you see how busy I am? You're talking nonsense about a spur."

"Hah!" remarked the other, with complacency; "I knowed you wasn't what you pretended to be, and I knowed you'd be staggered at hearin' of my name, which must be well beknown to 'ee, though you denies it; but I didn't think you'd be so frightened at the sight o' me that you couldn't stand up and have a clinch."

"My good man," answered Tregeagle, patiently, "I'm not a bit frightened; but you see I'm very much engaged, and can't think of any sport: so let me be now, and choose another time."

"I've rode a matter of five-an'-twenty mile to-day for to teach you what a mock warrior you be, and I ben't going back till I've a-done my task; so, if you won't stand out like a man, I shall just turn 'ee over by way of something to remember."

Whereupon he seized the bailiff

by the arm, who, in a second, lifted him from the ground, and sent him flying over a neighbouring hedge. His fall, the liquor he had taken, and the hot sun together, rendered him for some time comatose, and he lay till towards evening quite unconscious, while his nag browsed along the hedges, and the haymakers went on merrily with their work.

About sundown, Tregeagle heard a plaintive cry coming from the next field,—"Meas'r Tregeagle, Meas'r Tregeagle!"

"Hollo! who's that? What's the matter?"

"Meas'r Tregeagle, please, sir, to heave out my hoss, and I'll go home."

The bailiff Tregeagle, of whom I have spoken, was, I believe, a real character; but, like many another distinguished person, he has been traditionally made the hero of a thousand adventures said to have occurred in different centuries, but all showing him to have made a great impression on the public mind. "Roaring like a Tregeagle," is a not uncommon expression; and it refers, as I fancy, to a tradition of Tregeagle having been bound in a large pool by enchantment, and condemned to do many impossible feats, such as twisting ropes of sand and baling out the pool with a perforated shell. Noises, attributable to natural causes, are often heard in the neighbourhood of the pool, and these are said to be his roarings under the cruel spell. I have heard it affirmed that he once appeared in the assize court and gave evidence on an important question of property many years after his death and burial. It is not impossible that Tregeagle is made to figure in legends which, the names being changed, were once commemorative of the doings of Merlin. Tintayel or Tintagel, the castle of Uther and birthplace of Arthur, is not many miles from where I think the real Tregeagle to have flourished; and, though the names of the round-table people have died out, the tales have been handed on to other actors. The whole region is *fabulosus* (or its feminine) as much as ever the Hydaspes was.[1]

The match between Polkinghorne and Cann was famous for many years after it occurred, insomuch that it was not unusual for boys in the playground, when indulging in a "spur," to personate these two champions. And recollection of a young gentleman who once, under my observation, sustained the *rôle* of Polkinghorne, brings with it another exploit of the same ingenuous youth. This youth, being at the time aged twelve or thirteen years, was one day invited to a private and confidential interview by a lad numbering not more than nine or ten years, but, as I once heard it remarked of him, "mortal wickut for his age."

This wicked one had asked an audience of his senior, that he might reveal to him in strict and honourable confidence the discovery of an orchard where the trees were loaded with fruit, and whence the removal of that fruit could be effected "as easy as winking" by lads of a little mettle. I regret to say that the bigger boy, instead of furring the ears of his depraved junior, or giving him a caution as to the propensity which he was developing, or threatening him with exposure if the project were

[1] "Quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes."—Horace.

carried to act, was fired at the thought of that "mortal taste" which

"Brought death into the world, and
all our woes,"

and that he lent a too favourable ear to the promptings of the younger sinner.

The project having thus been entertained by the elder boy, the next thing was to make a reconnaissance jointly; after that to decide upon particulars of action. So, that same evening did the junior conduct his senior to what was to be the scene of their exploits. The orchard lay in a retired spot, some little way in the country; the schoolboy access to which was over fences and brooks, along hedgerows, and round a copse or two. The wealth of the promised land had not been exaggerated by the younger spy—indeed, he had invited the other into the adventure because he knew not how, at his own tender age, to carry off or to dispose of so much booty; the quality of the fruit was found on trial to be as remarkable as its abundance; and the young conveyancers, in high delight, went home to mature plans, taking with them on this occasion only a few specimens to be discussed by the way.

A shooting-coat, with many and large pockets, was borrowed without the owner's cognisance by the big boy from some member of his family; and, though he looked a little over-dressed in this, he could manage to travel in it: for the little boy he adapted a large satchel, so that it might be slung over the shoulder in a manner convenient for transport; and he took another satchel for himself, thus loading his own back unsparingly—but he was of a generous disposition, and did not mind taxing his strength in a good cause. The first expedition was eminently successful. They brought away a severe load, which, however trying to them, seemed to have hardly detracted from the exuberance of the orchard. The plenty was such that apples could be taken off *ad libitum*, or more probably *ad nauseam*, provided that discovery could be avoided.

They went in safety again and again, and deposited their plunder in a large cupboard of which one of them managed to obtain the use and the key; and from which, by the by, the apples were later in the season taken to the dunghill, having become disagreeable through decomposition,—but that is anticipating. While the business was in full swing the depredations had to be suspended, in consequence of the big boy laming himself in some way, and having to lay himself up for a season. The interruption was galling to the ardent and energetic junior, whom, however, his accomplice encouraged by representing that the apples would be all the better for hanging another week on the trees, and by the end of that time he hoped to be able to resume his attentions to them.

The week was fast lapsing; the lame youth, too, was fast recovering, but still obliged to keep his leg in the horizontal position, and so confined to the house, where he pursued great reflections as to the hindrances by which enterprise is apt to be checked in this contrary world, and as to how untoward was the accident which had crippled him at this important conjuncture. Sooth to say, there was some reason for thinking that, as in Sir John Falstaff's case, the devil would not have him damned just then, though that was not the way in which the delay presented

itself to his mind. His meditations, however, whatever may have been their tendency, were interrupted one evening by the entrance of his sound colleague. Nothing was more natural than that this ally should call to make inquiries concerning his leader's health; but there were an excitement and a restlessness in his manner on this occasion which showed that this was not an ordinary call "to inquire," but an attendance for business purposes; and it was soon apparent what the matter for discussion was to be. After some very short and not earnest inquiries concerning the lameness, the visitor, who could not settle himself, but continued walking at unequal paces about the room, remarked—

"I say, is a cut with a reap-hook dangerous?"

"'Pends upon where you have it. Who's cut?"

"A cut just here," placing his hand a little below the waist of his trousers.

"There! hang it, yes. I should think so, indeed. But, I say, who's cut?"

"Well, a labouring man. I don't know his name. I thought it must be bad. Wonder if he'll die."

"When did this happen?"

"Last evening."

"And what was done?"

"Ah, that I don't know."

"You don't mean to say that there was nobody to help the man. Why didn't you go for assistance, as you knew it?"

"Well, you know, I couldn't very well. The man was chasing me."

"Where was it?"

"In Brickman's field, on the way to the orchard."

"You infernal dishonourable little sneak! you've been off taking apples on your own hook. I'll break every bone in your cursed little greedy body as soon as I get up; mind that!"

"Yes, I know. But what do you think will be done about the man?"

"How should I know? Tell what happened."

"Well, I was coming back with the big bag on my shoulders. The man was cutting something on one side of the field. He saw me, and gave chase with the hook in his hand."

"Yes; well?"

"Of course he gained upon me, and I made for the little stream, and jumped it. He was close on my heels then."

"Did he catch you?"

"No,—I quite expected it; but when I got a few yards from the brook, and found he didn't touch me, I looked back and saw that he had fallen down just on the other bank. The hook seemed to be right under him across where I told you."

"And what did you do?"

"Well, I saw I was all clear, and I came back as fast as I could. I couldn't give any alarm, could I? or it would have been known what I'd been after."

"You infernal little wretch! you've killed a man."

"Well, what shall I do? I've been thinking about it ever since I woke this morning. Should I go and give notice?"

"H'm, no. The whole thing would be blown, you know. Besides, he's dead by this time, and it wouldn't be of any use, you little selfish unfeeling reprobate!"

There were no more visits to the orchard that summer. The conspirators were much on the alert to find whether anything more transpired concerning the accident; but there was no sort of alarm, and they began to feel their minds at ease once more. It may

have been disgust at this awkward accident which took the flavour out of the apples. Something or other caused them to be neglected, and their end was, as shown above, to be cast out and left to stew in their own juice.

If anybody had been seriously injured by falling on a reap-hook, the case would have been talked about and widely known in the rural neighbourhood where these apples were "conveyed;" but there was never a rumour of anything of the kind, and so it is believed that the small boy in his fright did not see correctly the position of the hook when the fall took place. That the man came down I quite believe; and by his fall two young scamps escaped exposure and punishment.

The younger boy had an uncle in India, and he used, I remember, to tell other boys that his uncle owned half of Bombay and a hundred horses. He is a parson now, and, as I am told, strongly charged with ritualistic virus. I trust that he has ceased to covet or desire or to appropriate other men's goods.

MUSIC AND MORALS.

I observe with much regret that the opera is at present a very languishing entertainment in this country. As music is prominent among those *ingenuas artes* the cultivation of which heightens civilisation and refines manners, we can very ill spare the elegant influence which matured singing exercises. With all our surprising advance in mechanical arts and appliances, and in spite of the much greater spread of education in these than in former times, our police records show us only too truly that there is an immense degree of brutality in our population, easy to be aroused, and injurious and disgraceful in its effects. Refined and softening amusements are an obvious remedy for this evil—more potent than laws or maxims.

One cause — perhaps the principal one — of the decline of the opera here is the enormous remuneration demanded by the principal singers of the day. These highly gifted artists have no doubt a right to make as much as they can of their profession; and it is true that in the long-run they will find the rules of political economy strong enough to force their charges into fair consistence with the means of the community. But while these rules are asserting themselves—a process which requires time—a good deal of friction is caused by the efforts of individuals or of associations to drive good bargains for themselves, and the result of this kicking against the pricks is inconvenience and loss all round. The guidance of a little common-sense might surely succeed in averting disagreements where natural causes, and nobody's caprice or greed, create a difficulty. We are suffering just now, as is notorious, from bad trade and a great fall in the value of land. We cannot, amid such circumstances, afford to pay for amusement as in the days of prosperity. Therefore the enjoyment of listening to enchanting singers must be procurable at a price that we can afford to pay, or we must altogether dispense with it. It is hardly desirable in the singers' own interest to wean us from the custom of opera-going; yet we shall ere long be weaned if the leading artists persist in demanding such heavy re-

muneration as managers, in these days, cannot possibly recover, with a profit, from the public.

I have heard it objected to the line of argument which I am taking that, although British people may not be able to pay in proportion to the price demanded, there are foreigners who can and will contrive so to pay, and we must not be surprised or offended if the vocalists go where they can be best rewarded for their exertions. But I cannot believe that, reduced as we certainly are in means, any other nation is better off, or fairly at liberty to spend more money in luxuries than ourselves. If this be so, it follows that when Great Britain staggers at the pay demanded, it must be beyond the legitimate means of all countries. It would appear, therefore, that it would be wise for the stars of the opera to accept their share of the short incomes now prevalent, and to abate their demands. There will be no difficulty in raising their figures again if ever the money shall accumulate in our pockets by leaps and bounds. I don't think that we have ever been ungenerous to foreign artists when we have been able to afford indulgences, and they ought not to leave us without an opera now that *res angustæ* compel us to reduce our outlay on entertainments.

Another remark which I make with some diffidence, as I have no pretension to speak with authority on such points, but only give my voice as one of the multitude, is that I do not think the opera in England has been quite so popular as before since Wagner's music came into vogue. If I am right in so thinking, this may be a reflection on our want of culture, but is nevertheless a consideration when the question of filling theatres is under review. Our people may not be very ready to confess to what advanced musicians, enjoying what Herr Klesmer called a wide horizon, might stigmatise as a depraved taste; but they will make their preference appear by the degree of readiness with which they pay their money for entertainments. Heavy admission prices in hard times are difficult enough to afford; but the objection to paying them will be multiplied if in return the gratification obtained should disappoint expectation.

That the cessation of the genuine opera is affecting us unfavourably is already apparent. The people are running after musical burlesques which are broadly farcical, and the composition and execution of which must vitiate the taste. Extravagances like this may be tolerated while the majority of musical entertainments are of a high and elevating class; but once they get the whole field to themselves, they make things worse for us morally than if we were left altogether without such amusements. Better be without light than that the light that comes to us should be darkness. We are deteriorating in this respect, and I know of no remedy for this deterioration except a restoration of the ascendancy of the great musical masters, and a reappearance of distinguished vocalists.

It is the more desirable that civilised taste should be fostered by the cultivation of the liberal arts, because there seems to be some hesitation on the part of the law to deal at all sternly with the perpetrators of savage acts, and we have little hope of suppressing these except by the operation of softening influences. All ought to feel, therefore, how much it concerns and behoves us to encourage the love of music and of other refining pleasures. I take for granted that good reasons exist for the

gentle punishments generally inflicted for barbarous outrage; but I confess to never having understood what these reasons are. The very best explanation, supposing it to be true, is that severity has not so good an effect in repressing crime as lenity; but is this true? If it be true of offences against the person, it must be equally true in respect of theft, cheating, forgery, and so forth; yet we do not find this latter class of crimes lightly handled by the magistrate.

Another apology which I have heard offered for the mild punishments is that the brutalities constantly occur among rude companions, and it may be the luck of any individual or section happening for the moment to be at disadvantage to receive similar injury; that is, the sufferers, if they had chanced to be victors, would have been just as cruel to their antagonists. Supposing this to be sound reasoning (about which I have my doubts), it has no application to the acts of ruffianism frequently perpetrated by savage bands upon people of altogether different habits and feelings. A man accidentally on a scene of violence attempts to shield an unfortunate woman from ill-usage, refuses to pay a heavy ransom for permission to go in peace, or simply commits the offence of being decently dressed and sober, but cannot escape the penalty which the roughs in their wantonness dare to inflict. And it is generally no light chastisement. Half-a-dozen teeth knocked out, an eye blinded, three or four ribs broken, or insensibility and serious hurt caused by kicking and stamping — these are the atrocities with which quiet people are frequently visited; the reports of which make our blood boil; and the gentle punishment awarded for which makes it boil again and boil more fiercely. The old idea was that sharp punishment does repress ruffianism; and if this be thought not strictly true as to degree, it may be true as to the kind of punishment.

It appears to be a widely entertained opinion that brutal wretches, who defy other correction, quail beneath the lash. It was said to be the cat that stopped garotting. Then, if the cat be really a terror to evil-doers, why not apply it to evil-doers who are not only terrible to their victims, but who, by familiarising our people with ruffianism, lamentably retard our social advancement. The argument that such a punishment is degrading and destructive of self-respect falls to the ground when the criminal is known to have already degraded himself and to be an example likely to degrade others. It is a great thing to find out how a villain of this kind can be made to smart; it is folly, after the discovery may have been made, not to use the means which may relieve society of much barbarism.

I think we have pretty well outlived the old thick-headed idea that the march of civilisation is the march towards effeminacy. I am old enough to have heard such a sentiment propounded on occasions when the public mind has been directed to the suppression of practices which had become repugnant to the advanced times. "Where is all this to end?" it was asked; "in our endeavour after a fancied polish and an enlightened way of life we are dissolving the manliness and vigour which have given us the means of being refined and dainty." But there is no need of adhering to primitive manners as an antidote to Sybaritism. There were peoples who sank into sloth and sensuality even in the ancient days, which we are bidden to note as the stout times of pristine virtue, when the luxuries and comforts

which are thought to be debasing us now did not exist. Every age, we may rely on it, has its proper means of keeping up the courage of a people; to linger for this purpose in the practices of bygone days is anachronism. If we to-day find ourselves separated from the old feats of hardihood which delighted and tried our fathers in restricted fields, we have yet the daring and the energy which carry us to the summits of the Alps, the Himalayas, and the Andes; which have pushed iron roads all round, and up and down, the world; which have sought and endured arctic rigour and equatorial rays. When the day of trial comes, our men know how to encounter it, and to prove that if wealth has accumulated men have not decayed. If our century abounds with inventions to make life easy and pleasant, it abounds also with instances of achievement and endurance which enable us to look back without shame on vikings, paladins, and buccaneers. Hardly a month passes in which we do not obtain some striking evidence that we have not degenerated. Only recently I was greatly impressed by words in the report of General Brackenbury on the conduct of the officers and men who composed "the River Column" which he led from Merawi to Huella and back last year. "I cannot," says the General, "close this report without dwelling upon the splendid behaviour of the regimental officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of this column. The life of the men has been one of incessant toil from the first to the last day of the expedition. In ragged clothing, scarred and blistered by the sun and rough work, they have worked with constant cheerfulness and unceasing energy. Their discipline has been beyond reproach."

Many of the soldiers who earned this good report were, I take it, marched, immediately before the expedition took place, out of London and other large towns, where no doubt they had indulged in the luxuries and comforts familiar to men in their respective ranks of life; yet they appear to have answered unflinchingly and capably to the call of duty directly it was made. Indeed it may be doubted whether we can ever hurt our bodies by advancing in civilisation as long as our minds and dispositions retain their enterprising and vigorous character. It is on the spirit that bad influences take fell effect, stifling generosity, courage, and laudable ambition. And against such influences we have need to be on our guard more than against delicious living. For there are many who would create and spread among us a poison of poltroonery and selfishness, against which, if it should make head, Spartan simplicity is no surer shield than metropolitan luxury of the nineteenth century. If we are to suffer degradation it will not be through faring sumptuously or by lying on soft couches, but by entertaining class hatreds, by losing sight of our rights and our honour, and by subjecting ourselves to a moral effeminacy which goes before deterioration of the body.

WANTED, A PRONOUN.

There can be but few writers of English who have not perceived the difficulty occasioned by our want of a personal and possessive pronoun common in gender. Where the noun happens to be common in gender and of the singular number, we must, in order to be accurate,

use two pronouns, and write "he or she," "him or her," or "his or her," for there is no pronoun that unites the two genders. Thus we have to use two pronouns to represent the one noun, which is cumbrous and in a degree destructive of the convenience to serve which pronouns have been invented.

What I mean is illustrated by the following sentence, "Every person likes to have his or her own way." If it were to be written, "Every person likes to have his own way," females would be shut out from the axiom; if "her own way," males would be shut out. Again we have to say, "A writer ought to set forth in clear terms what he or she may mean"; and "If a witness has once spoken falsely, we do not afterwards believe him or her."

The want of a neater expression is often (only too often) met by using the pronoun *they* or *their*. If this is done, the samples which I have given above would be changed to "Every person likes to have their own way"; "A writer ought to set forth in clear terms what they mean"; and "If a witness has once spoken falsely, we do not afterwards believe them." But this is incorrect and inelegant; because *their* is a plural word, and by using it in this way we gain a community of gender at the expense of a confusion of number. The use of *their* in this way proves, however, the pressure of the want of which I spoke. And the question next occurs, What better can we do to remedy it? Having thought a little on the subject, I will offer a suggestion, which is as follows: we have in the language an indefinite pronoun—viz., *one*—and we say "one thinks," "one's own," "it wearies one," and so on. Now, without any great violence to this pronoun, we might perhaps extend its use so that it might stand for "he or she," or "him or her," or for the possessives "his or her." If this were allowed, the sentences given by me as examples would read—"Every person likes to have one's own way"; "A writer ought to set forth in clear terms what one may mean"; and "If a witness has once spoken falsely, we do not afterwards believe one." Whatever word may be adopted will sound strange when first used in that sense, but the ear would not be long in becoming reconciled to it.

The obvious objection to the proposal is that as the word *one* is already a numeral and an indeterminate pronoun, the use of it as a common personal or possessive might be confusing if it should be necessary to use it in two senses in the same sentence. This objection is most simply met by the remark that, if *they*, *them*, or *their* can bear the two uses, as inelegantly it is so often made to do, *one* can bear them with greater ease; because *one*, as pronoun, does not occur with anything like the same frequency as *they*, *them*, or *their*; and confusion may be avoided by substituting another indeterminate pronoun or an impersonal verb for the indeterminate *one* if it should happen to be applicable in two senses in the same sentence. For instance, "one thinks" may be converted into "all think," "people think," "we think," or "it is believed."

If my suggestion should prove faulty or unacceptable, I should be glad if somebody would be at the pains of inventing one that would suit the case.

Note.—I wrote, in error, in the "Musings" of October 1885, that Frost's riots occurred at *Brecon*. A reader of 'Maga' has kindly pointed out to me that the riots were at Newport; in which he is, no doubt, right.

SOME FRENCH POETS.—PART II.

CHANSON.

"Un doux trait de vos yeux, O ma fière Déesse!"
—DES PORTES.

ONE soft glance from your eyes, proud Goddess-love!—
Bright eyes, my only joy,—
Can bring me back existence, and remove
Death's dreary-dark annoy.
Bend on me those bright suns; and in their flame
Let me my death forego.
One look will serve for me: will you, fair Dame?
No. You will not. Ah, no!

From your lips, one word, whispered to my grief,
(But full of peace, and true,)
Can to sad lover's fate bring blest relief,
Who worships only you.
One "*Yes*," were all it needs; with gentle smile
Wherein all graces flow:
Good Heavens, why this delay? How long the while!
No. You will not. Ah, no!

O ice-girt rock, deaf while I cry in vain!
Soul with no trace of friend!
While I was colder, you were more humane,
And did more pity lend.
Then, let me cease to love her: and forget:
And turn, elsewhere to go.
But, can it be, that I can quit her yet?—
No. I can not. Ah, no!

VILLANELLE.—ROZETTE.

"Rozette, pour un peu d'absence."
—DES PORTES.

Rozette, though my absence was brief,
You've shifted your heart from my love:
Inconstant!—And I, in my grief,
My heart to another remove.
No more of one breezy as air
Will I to the thraldom consent:
We'll see, fickle Shepherdess fair,
Which first of us twain will repent!

In weeping, my life I consume;
  Of this cruel parting complain;
You, love like your fashions assume,
  Caressing a newly-found swain.
Light weathercock by the breeze ne'er
  So swiftly would flying be sent:
We'll see, Rozette, Shepherdess fair,
  Which first of us twain will repent!

Your sacred vows,—whither now flown?
  Your tears, shed at sorrow to part?
Did ever so anguished a moan
  Come forth from a volatile heart?
Good Heavens! What falseness is there!
  What treachery snared my content!
We'll see, fickle Shepherdess fair,
  Which first of us twain will repent!

Your new suitor never like me
  Can love you:—you know that is true:
And she whom I now love, I see,
  In beauty, love, troth, passes you.
Hold fast your new friendship:—I swear,
  That mine shall no longer relent:
We'll see by the trial, my fair,
  Which first of us twain will repent!

BON JOUR, BON SOIR.

"Je peindrai sans détour."

I'll tell, in simple way,
    How I employ my life:
Alternately, *Good Day!*
And then, *Good Eve!* I say.
    Good Day! to buxom wife,
        When she doth me receive;
    To fool, with boredom rife,—
        Good Eve!

Frank Troubadour, *Good Day!*
    Right joyously prepare
Of peace, and seasons gay,
And wine, and loves, thy lay:
    But if mad rhymester dare
        With long romance to cleave
    My ear,—to him declare
        Good Eve!

Good Day, good neighbour mine!
Thirst draws me unto thee:
Good Day!—If that thy wine
Be Beaune, or of the Rhine,
My throat shall funnel be
That nectar to receive:
But, if Surêne,—dost see?—
Good Eve!

If my verse pleasure bring,
Sweet guerdon I receive;
And, happy as a king,
Good Day! for me shall ring.
If my muse, wandering,
Betray my hopes, I grieve;
And then, can only sing,—
Good Eve!

LE PAPILLON.

"Naître avec le printemps, mourir avec les roses."
—De Lamartine.

Born with the Spring, and with the rose to die;
In ether pure to float on Zephyr's wing;
Or, on the bosom of new-budding flowers,
In azure, light, and perfumes revelling,
To shake the dust, in youth's untroubled hours,
Off from its wings, and seek th' eternal sky,—
Behold the Butterfly's charmed destiny!

So doth Desire, which never is at rest,
Tasting, unquenched, of every earthly thing,
To Heaven return, that there it may be blest.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

'Qu'entends je? Autour de moi l'airain sacré resonne?"
—De Lamartine.

1.

What sounds are these? Why tolls that solemn bell?
What sobs, what prayers of mourners do I hear?
What mean those tapers pale, that chanted knell?
Dost thou, O Death, thus whisper in mine ear
For the last time? On the grave's brink I break
My earthly slumbers;—and to Life awake!

2.

Soul, spark most precious of a flame divine,
Immortal dweller in a frame that dies,
Hush these alarms: for freedom shall be thine.
Break from thy fetters: on thy wings arise!
To quit the load of mortal misery,—
Is that, O timid soul! is that—to die?

3.

Yes, Time hath ceased my hours and days to tell.
Ye sun-orbed heralds, in what mansions bright
Will your high guidance usher me to dwell?
E'en now, e'en now, I bathe in floods of light,—
The earth beneath me flees,—before my face
Unfolds the infinite expanse of space.

4.

But hark! what vain laments, what choking sighs,
At this last moment agitate my sense?
Comrades in exile, why should dirges rise
For him who homeward now is passing hence?
You weep! While I, by Heaven absolved and blest,
Enter with joy the port of halcyon rest!

"ON THE DAUGHTER OF MY FRIEND,

AT WHOSE FUNERAL I WAS YESTERDAY PRESENT, IN THE CEMETERY OF PASSY, 16TH JUNE 1832."

"Il descend ce cercueil! et les roses sans taches."
—CHATEAUBRIAND.

The bier descends, strewn with the snow-white rose,
A Father's tribute in this tearful hour.
Earth, thou didst bear them: now in thee repose
Young maiden and young flower!

Ne'er to this world profane let them return,
Where mourning, anguish, and misfortune lower;
The storm doth crush, the sun doth fade and burn
Young maiden and young flower!

Thou slumberest, poor Elise! Thy years how few!
No more thou fear'st the day's scorching power:
Their morn hath closed, still fresh with heavenly dew,—
Young maiden and young flower!

FROM "L'ANNÉE TERRIBLE."

"Moi-même, un jour, après la mort, je connaîtrai."
—VICTOR HUGO.

Myself shall one day, after death, be taught
My unknown destiny;
And bend o'er you from realms celestial, fraught
With dawn and mystery.

Shall learn, why exiled; why a shroud was thrown
Over your childhood's sense;
And why my justice and my love alone
To all seem an offence.

Shall learn why, as you gaily carolled songs,
O'er my funereal head,—
Mine, to whom pity for all woe belongs,—
Such gloomy darkness spread.

Why upon me the ruthless shadows lie;
Why all these hecatombs;
Why endless winter wraps me round; and why
I flourish over tombs.

Why such wars, tears, and misery should be;
Why things with grief replete;—
Why God willed me to be a cypress-tree,
While you were roses sweet!

J. P. M.

SCOTCH LOCAL HISTORY.

THE by-ways of history are in many ways different from the great royal road along which the stately historian carries us, with all the importance of an artist whose works hold one of the highest places in the whole range of human endeavour. Empires and dominions, kings and potentates, the great battles, the treaties that have swayed the progress of civilisation, the revolutions that have cut it short, are the materials with which he works. And if he has the skill — a skill unfortunately often purchased at the sacrifice of much of that calm and impartiality which ought to belong to history— to open before us the aspect and motives of the great individuals whose minds have swayed the world, these great pictures are chiefly concerned with courts and council chambers, or with great generals and commanders in the field. All is large and imperial in the record. It is the nation that has to be represented—a great entity, compared and judged by the rule of other nations, not by any smaller law. Of recent days, indeed, many historians have attempted to open to us here and there a glimpse of the great breadths of silent country, where people, unconcerned in the sway of the State, yet working out unconsciously its progress and revolutions, toil and rejoice and sorrow out of sight of the great machinery which shapes their being. But these can be but accidental, as they are always general. And it is another faculty altogether which, drawing in a different sense the curtain of the past, clears up here and there a quiet corner, through which we see the cluster of village roofs, the little town with its cheerful bustle, the solemn little town council, sitting with the gravity of an imperial diet, the men at work, the very children at play. Happily, though historians in the greater sense are few, there are few districts which do not contain some mind at leisure, some kindly critic and gentle antiquarian to whom the records of his town and parish afford a pleasant occupation, and who is never so happy as when some bundle of dilapidated papers, some old minute-book, secular or ecclesiastical, falls into his hands. The local antiquarian is not always appreciated by his surroundings. His desire to find—be it Roman camp or Norman arch, the prehistoric or the familiar, *débris* of Queen Anne's time, or relics of the Young Chevalier—is a favourite subject for the mirth of his neighbours: "Pretorian here, Pretorian there, I mind the bigging o't," is the essence of the criticism of the country-side upon these harmless explorers, whose hobby is always apparent, and who, whether they discover much or little, are universally credited with credulity, and that vivid imagination which makes the wish father to the thought. But the antiquarians, after all, have the laugh on their side. They are of use even in their humblest developments. They keep the relics of the past in many instances from falling altogether out of recollection, and they secure for themselves a continually delightful pursuit — a means of setting *ennui* to flight, and giving interest to life, which is worth a severer cost than the light-headed ridicule of the crowd.

The antiquarian who concerns

himself with the outside of things sometimes indeed becomes a practical nuisance, like the æsthetic traveller (particularly the American) to whom the new life and revival of Italy is a bitter offence, as interfering with the medieval ruins in which his soul delighted; but this is a very flagrant example, and his existence, in general, is good and serviceable. The antiquarian who deals with old records, whether family or local, is, however, a still more valuable personage. It is true that his endeavour to bring to light, as if they were of the first importance, the doings and sayings of an insignificant family, notable only for their persistence in surviving through several centuries (though that in itself is always a claim to respect), may tend to the production of foolish books now and then. But the public may be trusted to quench such unnecessary issues by not buying them: and those which are printed privately can harm nobody. And the local antiquarian, if he is possessed of any judgment or critical sense at all, can scarcely go wrong. There is an undying interest in those details which help us to realise the existence of our forefathers, and to see through their eyes how the affairs of life went on. To identify important individuals with those surroundings which formed their minds, and perhaps influenced the hand which has moved a world, or to disinter the little Hampdens, the mute inglorious Miltons of the village, from the great oblivion, are both admirable purposes. They give an interest to the simplest valley or stretch of homely fields; they find us friends in every village, and make every cluster of human habitations sympathetic and serviceable to the history of the race. And with all their occasional fussiness, their deficiency in the power of estimating magnitudes, and their ignorance of the laws of perspective, they are useful and friendly guides to much that it is well for us to know.

Perhaps such descriptions do not apply to the historian of so memorable and important a family as that of Argyll.[1] A real history of the Campbells would indeed, in a large degree, be also a history of Scotland during its most interesting period, with even a wider horizon during its latest age; and it is impossible to imagine a more important addition to the *mémoires pour servir* than such a history would make. Lord Archibald Campbell, however, in the large and sumptuous volume which he has dedicated to the 'Records of Argyll,' has not attempted any such work. The book is a beautiful one. If we can scarcely say of it that it is a book which no gentleman's library should be without, it is at least just such a volume as ought to find a place in the hall or general assembling room of every country-house,—the room in which the ladies gather in the glow of the great fire in the misty afternoon, where the sportsmen come in in their knickerbockers, all redolent of the fresh air on the moors, where fragrant tea is handed about and piles of scones disposed of, and all is cheerful chatter and repose. We can imagine many such scenes in the late autumn or early winter,

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[1] Records of Argyll: Legends, Traditions, and Recollections of Argyllshire Highlanders, collected chiefly from the Gaelic. With Notes on the Antiquity of the Dress, Clan Colours, or Tartans, of the Highlanders. By Lord Archibald Campbell. With Etchings by Charles Laurie. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1885.

the trophies of arms or antlers on the wall gleaming in the cheerful blaze, or the ruddy glow of the peat which reddens and perfumes the atmosphere; the ladies so ready to hear the history of the day, the sportsmen (when it is to their credit) so willing to tell; the dogs pushing their noses into the hands of ungrateful friends who have forgotten them; the warm interior, so full of movement and friendliness and life. It is one of the prettiest scenes of the country-house life which has so much developed in our day, and one of the most enjoyable. The men, if they are tired, are full awake—not slumbrous, as, after all their exertions, and after a too good dinner, they so often are in the evening; the ladies, at their ease in the semi-dark, with no competition of finery going on (though in the matter of tea-gowns there may be palpitations of gentle bosoms), and no efforts of entertainment necessary, no music as in the drawing-room, nor spasmodic attempts to overcome weariness. In such a cheerful place, especially if there is a link in the pedigree which touches a Campbell—and where is there not a drop of Campbell blood?—this big book should find a natural nook. It should lie open upon a table, with now a group of heads over it, now a more interesting pair. In the ruddy gloaming, there would be little difficulty for young eyes to read in the big and sumptuous print a story of feud or fray, of portentous good or evil fortune, of the Bodach Glas, or the White Maiden, or the feats of John Ciar or Alastair Dhu. This is the proper *milieu*, the right position for such a work. It has too little fibre for the library, but it is perfection for the light-hearted company in the hall. What talks would arise over it, what comparisons of other traditionary tales; the wonders of other family histories, or differing versions of the same stories, such as abound in every country-side! The careful hostess who provides such an endless source of entertainment, of conversation, and suggestion for her guests, would find herself well repaid.

No one, however, must suppose that this work in any way approaches the gravity of history. The family traditions are of the fabulous age, with facts somewhat confused and dates wildly muddled. The great stream of the family story is left untouched. Lord Archibald has gone, like the discoverers of the Nile, up among the silent lakes and desert wilds in which the little springs have risen, which, swelling yearly with molten snows and all the moisture of the mountains, have grown at last into the stately river. He shows us how one after another of the different families of his race were founded, generally by force—sometimes by fraud, pious or otherwise—always by a certain prevailing force of natural vigour and skill, in which that sturdy clan has never been deficient; and in the midst of these wild and wandering tales, with a delightful *naïveté*, he intermingles anecdotes of the prowess or good luck of recent ancestors, leaping a century or two with cheerful self-possession. Thus, on the same page which records the history of Colin Iongatach, or Wonderful Colin, a hero of the ancient age, who threw all his treasure into Loch Fyne lest his sons should quarrel over it—a wonderful expedient, indeed, of primitive prudence—and burnt his castle of Inverary, the original of all the buildings which have borne

that name, because "he had a fine field-equipage," and thought he could entertain some visitors from Ireland more magnificently in tents than he could do in the house, which was not splendid enough for them,—we find an anecdote of "the heir of Mamore," afterwards fourth Duke of Argyll, in 1745, an extraordinary jump. This makes it somewhat difficult to follow the Campbell adventures; but, taken separately, they are often very entertaining. In the last-mentioned anecdote, for instance, there is a very pretty exhibition of primitive loyalty, not, indeed, in the person of a Campbell, but in that of a certain poor Highland drover of the name of M'Gregor, "who was on the point of getting embroiled in the Stuart cause." To save this honest fellow, "the heir of Mamore," so called throughout the narrative, sent for him, and the following conversation ensued. Young Mamore asked—

"'How could he, so stout a Protestant, be in favour of an enterprise to place a race on the throne whose Romish superstition and arbitrary government were not to be reconciled with the ideas of a nation tenacious of civil and religious liberty?'—M'Gregor, after having listened in silence, said: 'Sir, the heart and head of men far wiser than I are often at variance. The head has eyes, the heart has feelings. My head tells me that the questions you ask are likely to make me out a traitor. Your argument proves me a fool. Yet, sir, if it were necessary, I would count my life cheap for your service; and though I can see some things in my chief not to my liking, I am bound to follow, not to question, where he would lead me. Can less fealty be due to my hereditary king?'"

The heir of Mamore solved the problem by putting Duncan in prison, Lord Archibald adds, "as a suspected person," with the sensible remark, "When the heart is too strong for the head, fools are laid by the heels." This is a very pleasant story, and shows both clansman and chief in a good light. This same drover Duncan must have been a gallant worthy of knightly honours. After his imprisonment, and when all the troubles were over, he was introduced to the presence of his patron, then Duke, and married to a beautiful Duchess, who was in the room when the interview took place. Duncan was overcome with shyness in such fine company. "How now, Duncan!" cried the Duke, "have you not a word to bestow on me?" "How could I see your lordship," replied the gallant drover, "with this dazzling sun full in my eyes?" This lady was the famous Mary Bellenden, so often spoken of by Horace Walpole.

To get back to the region of the fabulous after this little eighteenth-century episode is, under Lord Archibald's guidance, the easiest of steps: and here is a delightful hero, worthy to rank with Captain Bobadil himself, in the person of John of Braglin. "He was celebrated in his day," says Lord Archibald or his informant, "for his dauntless bravery and fertility in resource, of which the following incidents are notable illustrations:"—

"His house having been on one occasion surrounded by a party of soldiers under Alexander MacDonald, Montrose's lieutenant, he made a hole in the roof in order to escape. When he made his appearance on the top of the house MacDonald called out to him, 'How would you act towards me if I were similarly situated?' 'I would place you,' said John, 'in the middle of my men, and give you a chance of breaking through them if you could.' Whereupon, leaping off the house sword in hand, he bounded

backward and forward till he found out the weakest point in the ranks, when he dashed through them and made his escape. Twelve of the swiftest and most resolute of MacDonald's men started in pursuit. After running till they were nearly exhausted, John slackened his pace till the foremost of his pursuers was close up to him, when he turned upon him and cut him down. He acted in this manner throughout the pursuit till all were slain except one, whom he allowed to return to his party."

Here is another equally remarkable feat of the redoubtable John, which we are told in all good faith is "characteristic of the man and his times." The English, "supposed to have been a party of Cromwell's men," were in pursuit of the hero:—

"Not knowing him by sight they inquired about him of such persons as they met. While they were thus employed who should meet them but John himself? They asked him if he knew John Beag. He answered that he did, and that if they would go with him and help him to split a tree, he would undertake to give him them by the hand. They accompanied him. John had partially split the tree by driving wedges into it. He now asked the strangers to pull it asunder. While they were endeavouring to do so, John managed adroitly to remove the wedges, so that they were caught by the fingers. He then told them who he was; and having taken the sword of one of them, he cut off the heads of all of them save one, whom he spared that he might, after going home, relate what had occurred."

This "must have occurred" between 1651 and 1658, Lord Archibald conscientiously adds.

Alastair MacDonald himself furnishes several similar tales, and there is one of another MacDonald of Cantire, called—we are not told why—the King of Fingalls, which is equally bloodthirsty and humorous. MacDonald was a grim personage, of whom it is told that "whenever he took a sword out of its sheath he never liked to put it back without shedding blood." One of this worthy's sisters was married to a certain MacNeill, of whom "he could not get the upper hand." This naturally was a thorn in the side of the Highland prince, who attempted various expedients to subdue his independent brother-in-law, but in vain. He took away the horses with which MacNeill was ploughing, but was met by the sight of such an army of men with spades that he was alarmed for the consequences, and sent back the horses as the lesser evil. Being thus foiled, he resolved to have MacNeill's life, and summoned him much as the woman of the story summoned her son,—"Donald, Donald, come out and be hanged, and pleasure the laird." Knocking at his kinsman's house at night, he thus challenged him:—

"'Rise, MacNeill of the porridge, that I might let your porridge out of you!'

"'Wait a little, wait a little, MacDonald! You shall get in!' said MacNeill. MacNeill and his three sons then got up. They put on their kilts only, without their coats, and armed themselves with their swords. They put a large fire on. MacNeill opened the door, and said to the king of Fingalls, 'Well, MacDonald, come in now!'

"'Oh no,' replied MacDonald, 'you have an inhospitable appearance.'

"'Come in, and you shall feel that,' continued MacNeill.

"MacDonald would not go in; but being mortified and enraged that he had not succeeded in killing MacNeill, he went to Capergan, which is within three miles of Dunaverty, where another sister of his lived and was married. He went in through the night, *and cut off the head of her husband in bed!*"

The substitution of the innocent brother-in-law, who was in bed and fearing nothing, when it proved

impossible to kill the offending relation, is an expedient more *naïve* than any we remember to have met with. The translation of these and many kindred tales, taken down from the lips of the oldest inhabitants, will remind the reader of Captain Hector M'Intyre's version of those "songs of Ossian about the battles of Fingal and Lamon Mor," which had been sung to him in his childhood.

"Having premised that it was difficult if not impossible to render the exquisite felicity of the first two or three lines, he said the sense was to this purpose:—

"'Patrick the Psalm-singer,
Since you will not listen to one of my stories,
Though you never heard it before,
I am sorry to tell you
You are little better than an ass.'

"'Good, good!' exclaimed the Antiquary; 'but go on. Why, this is, after all, the most admirable fooling. I daresay the poet was very right."

Lord Archibald's stories are collected in the same way, and their rendering is very similar. The following, which is modern and simple, we give for the sake of the local antiquary who provides it, a disabled keeper in one of the domains of Argyle, with whom the present writer has the honour of a personal acquaintance, and who spends his time in his cottage, among the woods which crest a certain soft peninsula, between the most recondite studies in Celtic literature and the cultivation of a race of minute delightful terriers, the most seductive of their kind. Among many other tales, this authority gives the following:—

"It is said that the morning John Roy (the second Duke) left Inverary for the wars in Flanders, he was met at Boshang by an old man named Sinclair, who presented the Duke with a small round stone, taken out of the head of a white otter that the sea had cast ashore, and which bore a charm. The man said, 'If you will accept this from me, you will live to come back to your own country again.' The Duke accepted; and the story has it that after a hard-fought battle, his Grace would unbutton his coat and give himself a shake, when the bullets would fly off him as snowflakes fly off a person when shaking themselves. This was a much-credited tale, and believed in by persons the writer knew."

The reader will perceive that Lord Archibald's book is a perfect mine of legendary lore. The discussion about the origin, or rather antiquity, of the tartan, at the end, does not seem to us to throw much light on that controversy.

Mr Beveridge's volumes on Culross and Tulliallan[1] are of a very different description. Here we have to do with no noble amateur, but with a genuine historical antiquary. The work, we are told, "took its rise from small beginnings," as is generally the case. An accidental impulse to examine "the earliest volume of the kirk-session records of Culross" led to further investigations; and finally, so much material was got together that the idea of making out of it "a consecutive narrative which might pass muster as a local history," and at the same time throw a general light upon the domestic history of the country at large, gave shape and meaning to these researches. The result is a book full of historical interest, and at the same time of that fulness of local detail and frank and honest

[1] Culross and Tulliallan; or, Perthshire on Forth. By David Beveridge. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1885.

patriotism, which will no doubt bind his townsfolk and neighbours in genial sympathy to a man who has secured for them so agreeable a picture of their native place under all its alterations and changes of fortune. The strip of "Perthshire on Forth" thus portrayed lies along the north side of the Firth where it widens out after the narrow strait of Queensferry, forming a great basin almost like one of the salt-water inlets of the west. In former days (and still, we believe, by those who are at leisure) the voyage may be made from Leith to Stirling, by which—entering at these strait and picturesque portals which the Forth Bridge, alas! profoundly indifferent to the picturesque, is about to leap—the traveller finds himself once more on a nobler breadth of water suddenly opening to the west, which forms into the bay of Culross on the one hand, and on the other is limited by the shadowy line of coast which concentrates in the town of Borrowstounness. As we remember it, the voyage was interesting and curious, the great estuary narrowing once more after this unexpected enlargement, until the green banks growing nearer and nearer, one found one's self penetrating into the quiet depths of the country, the beautiful Ochils rising out of the blue distance on one side, while the Pentlands sank on the other, with at length Stirling, growing visible over the many-tangled windings of the river, the famous links of Forth. The land on either side is full of associations, and a history not merely domestic, but connected with many of the greatest names of Scotland. Culross itself, all tranquil with its ruined church and abbey, in the sweep of the bay, once a brisk little seaside town, with plenty of commerce and manufactures, now little more than a village, has a history of its own which is worthy of attention, and affords a brief but interesting and instructive picture of the rise and fall of an important industry, and, in little, of how the prosperity of States is made and unmade. Mr Beveridge speaks with natural pride of the great personages whose shadows have crossed his scene, and dwells affectionately on the relics of the past, in which his district seems so rich. The old houses, the traces of so many strata of national life, the successive revolutions which have left their mark upon the little water-side territory—all these must more or less appeal to local knowledge; but the growth and failure of the distinctive trade of the place is universally interesting: and so are the less important but more captivating details which afford us a glimpse of the calm obscure of ordinary life in past centuries, of the proceedings of the bailies and the ministers, *sedentes* in their little parliaments, and the parish peccadilloes, and all the antiquated humours and grievances which give character and meaning to such a microcosm of human life.

The records of Culross have a far-off and dignified beginning amid the mists of the ages. So far back as the middle of the fifth century, our local guide discerns the passage of Palladius, the envoy of the Pope, to visit St Serf in his cell amid the primeval woods which covered these slopes. This was in the days when Eugenius II. was king, Mr Beveridge tells us. But there is perhaps more faith to be put in the holy Serf than in the legendary monarch. Palladius died in 450, yet ordained St Serf bishop, who survived till 540, which is rather a hard chronological nut to crack. It will appear, however, from this indication that our

author, though Presbyterian, as he tells us, in his views, does not stand upon that romantic conception of the "pure Culdee," to which many of his countrymen cling with such fond faith, and can see but little evidence—in which we think he is right—in favour of the supposed enlightenment and independence of all Roman superstition and allegiance of the Scots and Irish missionaries of the earliest age. St Serf, however, is not the only sacred recollection of the district. It appears, according to the legend, that a certain forlorn lady, a princess of the Pictish kingdom of Lothian, whose story perhaps had not been quite a blameless one, and who had been turned adrift in a boat like other legendary heroines by an indignant father, came ashore in her pinnace after a not very long voyage from the other bank of the Firth upon the beach at Culross, where she bore her child by the side of a shepherd's fire, but fortunately close to the hermit's cell. The baby grew under the holy training of St Serf into a saint more celebrated even than his foster-father, and became the great St Mungo of Glasgow; while the mother, penitent or injured, was also canonised under the name of St Thenew, after a holy life and death. This is a fine beginning to a local story. The dates perhaps are a little uncertain; but there seems no reason to doubt the substantial truth of the legend. St Serf (Mr Beveridge believes there were two, which simplifies matters considerably) pervades the adjoining kingdom of Fife, and was doubtless one of the first evangelists who carried Christianity into the primeval darkness.

The monastic establishments at Culross of which there are still remains, and which, no doubt, in their days of greatness occupied the commanding position where now stands the modern Abbey, have no records of any special interest, and the time of the Reformation has come before we find light breaking upon the little town. It comes then rather in the sober glow of trade and commercial activity than from any blaze of the ecclesiastical torch, which is the commonest illumination of the period. It is by the light from the salt-pans, and the gleam about the mouth of the first coal-pits, that we see Culross rising into modest importance. For some time the manufacture of salt was the chief occupation of the place. The same trade which helped to raise Venice into her picturesque and splendid position, and which that great Republic guarded with such jealous care, brought this little Scotch town into note and wealth. Along both banks of the Firth this industry seems to have flourished, and the drawing of "the pans," the maintenance of the fires, the constant watchfulness required for the process, figure throughout all the details of the local history as the general purpose and aim. Mr Beveridge does not tell us anything of the semi-slavery of which we hear in other districts as existing in the degraded class which did the work of the pans. In his pages they appear in a more pleasant light, as worked by families, in that kind of independence which seems to make privation and hardship more endurable than under any other circumstances. These small operatives got into trouble occasionally with the kirk-session for yielding to the temptation of drawing their pans upon the Sabbath-day. We must add that, in our poor opinion, they fully merited the admonitions bestowed, since the "Sunday salt" in its larger crystals has a savour

which the commoner produce of the pans does not possess. The universal use nowadays of the drier and whiter rock - salt has almost entirely destroyed the trade of the salt-pans. They linger, we believe, still on the coast near Edinburgh, and some old-fashioned people still prefer their produce. But on the Culross side the remains of the works, once so important to the town, are now only known as forming "a prominent grassy ridge," nature having had time to clothe with the harmony of green the heaps of cast-up sand and inarticulate ruins, which once employed so many busy workers. The town of Kincardine, on the same coast, is built over the ashes of the pans; and thus with epic completeness the manufacture rises, falls, and is made an end of, though without it Culross would never have known the prosperity of its best days.

Sir George Bruce of Carnock, who established this trade, should be an interesting figure could we know more of him. A born industrial, with his mind turning, amid all the busy politics and conflicts of the disturbed Scotland of the sixteenth century, to manufactures and the development of the resources of the country, his appearance in a noble family occupied with very different matters, is extremely curious. Not the most famous self-made worthy could have plunged more entirely into the business and cares of a commercial pioneer than this scion of the house of Bruce, whose forebears had "called cousins" with the king, and whose beginning was made at that wonderful crisis for Scotland, when the accession of King James to the English throne opened up a hundred much-grudged ways of advancement to the young Scots nobles. Instead of joining the crowd which surged southwards to the violent despite of Englishmen, George Bruce took the much better part of staying at home, and setting his poor neighbours to work to get wealth out of the sea-water that plashed upon their rocks, and to produce from under the very Firth itself the coal which was necessary for the operation. His great coal - pits seem to have been one of the curiosities of the time. "They were wrought," says an earlier authority quoted by Mr Beveridge, "a considerable way under the sea, or at least when the sea overflowed at full tide; and the coals were carried out to be shipped by a moat within the sea-mark, which had a subterraneous communication with the coal-pit." Of this the following amusing story is told. James VI. (otherwise James I.) being in the neighbourhood, determined with his usual love of everything curious to visit George Bruce's pits:—

"Being conducted by his own desire to see the works below ground, he was led insensibly by his host and guide to the moat above mentioned, it being then high water; upon which, having ascended from the coal-pit, and seeing himself without any previous intimation surrounded by the sea, he was seized with an immediate apprehension of some plot against his liberty or life, and called out 'Treason!' But his faithful guide quickly dispelled his fears by assuring him that he was in perfect safety, and pointing to an elegant pinnace that was made fast to the moat, desired to know whether it was most agreeable to his Majesty to be carried ashore in it or return by the way he came; upon which the King, preferring the shortest way back, was carried directly ashore, expressing much satisfaction at what he had seen."

We can imagine the heartfelt satisfaction with which the King, who has never been credited with

much courage, found himself on solid ground after these perplexing experiences. John Taylor, the water-poet, gives a very graphic account of the same mines:—

"At low water, the sea being ebb'd away, and a great part of the sand bare, upon the same sand, being mixed with rockes and cragges, did the master of this great worke build a round circular frame of stone, very thick, strong, and joyned together with glutinous or bitumous matter, so high withall that the sea at the highest flood, or the greatest rage of storm or tempest, can neither dissolve the stones so well compacted in the building or yet overflow the height of it. Within this round frame hee did set workemen to digg with mattakes, pickaxes, and other instruments fit for such purposes. They did dig forty foot downe right into and through a rocke. At last they found that which they expected, which was sea-cole. They following the veine of the mine, did dig forward still; so that in the space of eight-and-twenty or nine-and-twenty yeeres they have digged more then an English mile under the sea, that when men are at worke belowe, an hundred of the greatest shippes in Britaine may saile over their heads."

Taylor describes the same wonderful work in verse as "a darke, light, pleasant, profitable hell:"—

"And as by water I was wafted in,
I thought that I in Charon's boate had bin.
Yet all I saw was pleasure mixed with profit,
Which proved it to be no tormenting Tophet:
For in this honest, worthy, harmlesse hell,
There ne'er did any damned deuill dwell."

Alas! the great coal-mine was destroyed in the storm of 1625, known in Scotch history as the storm of the Borrowing days, a few years after the visit of the King and of the poet had been made. The creator of this wonderful work died in the same year. His labours had yielded full reward not only in the prosperity of the country-side, and the rise of the thriving and busy little town, but in wealth and honour to himself and his family. He held by the Episcopalian order amid the confused and unsettled transformations of the time, but yet maintained characteristically the cause of the well-known John Row, the minister, who had got into the ill graces of Archbishop Spottiswoode of St Andrews. Row had refused to appear in the Archbishop's court, declaring it to be "an unlawful judicature not appoynted by Christ." To save him from such penalties as Episcopal wrath might bring upon him, an embassy went in his favour to Spottiswoode, consisting of Row's son and nephew, accompanied by a certain Richard Chrystie, a servant of Sir George's, having letters from his master.

"But the Bishop little regarded William Rig or any other that spoke for him. Richard Chrystie, after sundry arguments, came in with one weighty argument, saying, 'Thir coales in your moors are very evill, and my master hath very many good coales: send a veshel everie year to Culros, and I shall see her laden with good coales.' This prevailed."

In this characteristic story we have one of the few notes which bring before us the troubled condition of the country, torn asunder by so intricate a question, one which broke through all the defences even of family affection, and arrayed brother against brother. Mr Beveridge prefers the humorous side of the great religious controversy, and shows us the solemn kirk-session sitting in its inquisitorial work, sending out elders to look for the wanderers who may happen to be "vaiging" (a new word to us, "stravaiging" being fa-

miliar enough) during the time of service, or even—fearful criminality!—gathering a handful of syboes on Sunday; or calling sinners to the stool of repentance; but, after all, doing its spiriting gently enough, and showing kindness to the distressed. There is no heat of persecution in the air, no vindictive feeling, so far as these modest records show. The kirk-session spells better than the town council, whose chronicles are unfolded to us side by side with those of the ecclesiastical court; and between the two we gain an idea of the cares of office and the anxieties of government which is generally comic, but sometimes very serious. One of the first expressed perplexities of the town council of Culross is about the quality and price of the beer, which would seem in these days to have been a more general beverage in Scotland than in later times. In the year 1588 they appear with an "Act anent the Purity of Aill," in which they debar "all brewsters within the burch" to "sell any deirar aill efter the xxiii day of this instant nor viid. the pynt;" also to "tak attention that the said aill sall be maid sufficient and guid for the said pryse," a condition to be secured by the "cunneris" (kenners or tasters, Mr Beveridge explains) appointed by bailies and council to try the same. It was "x pennies the pynt" on another occasion—the Scotch pint, as must be understood, being a measure equal to two quarts or half a gallon, and seven pennies Scots being a trifle over a halfpenny of our money. We fear it must have been very small beer—perhaps the table-beer which still belongs to the country—which was sold at this price.

Another profound preoccupation of the town council is, though most readers will be surprised to hear it, a sanitary one. Cleanliness has never been supposed to have been a characteristic of these times, and of Scotch villages last of all; and it is at once surprising and consolatory to find an "Act for away-taking of Myddings" figuring at the same early date in the books of the community. According to this regulation it is ordained "that the haill gaitts and passagis of this burch, and all the promineding places of the samyne, be clenyit of all muck-myddingis, stanes, or any other kind of materiall that may impethe or truble any manner of way." Nearly a century later it is plain that, notwithstanding the fines imposed and pains taken, the evil rather grew than diminished, and another ordinance is launched against "the great abuse that is used and practised within this burghe be severall of the inhabitants within the samyne, be casting and making up of muck-middings in the streatis and passageis within this burghe, as also by casting doun of strae upon the streatis and wayis of this burghe to mak fulyie and muck of: qlk is altogether unkent and nawayes vsed nor practised in vther burghes within this nation." A fine or unlaw (sometimes spelt onlay) of £10 is denounced against every sinner in this respect, the authorities having evidently been goaded to severity by the boldness of the offence.

Another Act against "Idle sturdie beggars"—*i.e.*, "men gawing in lyning cloathes feinzing them to be mad; men gawing with pestolatts, Jadivart [Jeddart] stavis and swords feinzing them to be banist men; cairdis, and all other kynd of idle vagabond stryngers,"—the disbanded soldiers and discharged retainers who wandered about the country in bands, alarming honest householders,—gives us a

characteristic glimpse of one of the dangers of the time. These able-bodied and well-armed tramps must have been a standing menace to society, which was not yet trained in economic rules, and retained the old Catholic habit of alms to a large extent—a habit never eradicated in the country places, where the sturdy beggar is always more or less a danger. The town council did not confine itself, however, to such evident public nuisances, but shot forth an edict "concerning Flytaris"—that is, scolds (we recommend the subject to our reverend and respected friend A. K. H. B.)—by which it is apparent that the rulers of the burgh considered their authority as embracing social morals as well as petty crimes. In this Act it was ordered "that na man's wyff nor douchter should flyt with their neighbour, giffand sclandaris wordis in oppen speiking, to thair defaming," on penalty of a fine of ten shillings in the first fault, doubled, and again doubled, if repeated. "And gif ony servand or lass beis found flyting with ane othair, and defames their marrow (equal) with sclandaris wordis, the samye persone that defames their nychbour shall be put in the joggis, and remain therein during the beillies will." Another law is directed against "the great disorder used in the night by droken persones gawand throu the toune with pypars or ony other instrument, and trubbling of the indwellers." Thus the good bailies watched over a population the remote descendants of which, alas! have not yet learned to keep their streets clean, or their tongues from slanderous words: and with much gravity of mind and troubled thoughts regarded "the places of promineding" with all their scattered rubbish; the loud voices of the women at the doors; the lounging group of tramps, with their tale of fictitious woe, whose aspect made the heart even of a brave common councilman sink in his honest bosom; and the revellers who frequented the noisy public, and made night hideous with the shriek of the pipes and the discordant laugh of the drunkard. The bailies had hard ado to keep all this in order; they complained, as every official has always complained, that such wickedness was "altogether unkent, nawayes used or practised in other burghes within this nation."

And yet under that and many another burden they managed to make out a peaceful life, amid all the tumults and confusions of a warlike age. The barons about were fierce enough, and armed encounters took place, no doubt even in those "places of promineding," the streets that were so hard to keep in order. And the reforming lords were grim apostles, grasping at the kirk-lands, turning into the hands of lay commendators the old dower of charity; and infinite were the agitations both before and after the exciting and troubled moment of the Reformation—the departure of the native king, the confused swim and balancing of the country between the old faith and the new. But, as invariably happens when we penetrate into the private nooks of history, below the surface of the big events, a perennial human tranquillity stands out the one thing abiding underneath all agitations. Whatever is happening overhead, those middens will encroach upon the public paths, and late revellers stand in danger of bridewell, and sharp encounters of tongues take place at every corner, and human life in all its simplest circumstances go on, as if there was nothing more important in the world. Nor is there; but for that

fond of self-occupation, the prevailing and continual importance of small matters which concern ourselves over great ones which only concern the nation, the inconceivable tranquillity of every day —what would become of a world which is always in trouble somewhere or other, somehow or other? When Cromwell's army had occupied the Lowlands, and a garrison of "Inglyshe trouperis" were so near as in that dark keep of Castle Campbell, in the district of Gloom and parish of Dolour, which is almost within sight from the heights above Culross, the town council has but this whimsical grievance to record, that it has been requisitioned to provide "22 feather-beddis with 22 fether-bollsters, 44 fether-coddis (pillows), 44 pair sheittis, 44 pair blankettis, and 22 coverings," for the use of the men: which becomes doubly hard when they are also appealed to from Inchgarvie, where another garrison is planted, for the same comforts. Feather-beds, forsooth! one would not have expected the Ironsides to be so dainty, or that so many bolsters and pillows should be necessary to their well-being.

The kirk-session of Culross, though it had nothing to do with sanitary matters, and could not be requisitioned for feather-beds, had a great deal of work on its hands. It is still more grave in its inquisitions, in the close inspection of everybody's morals and actions, than is its secular contemporary. From the putting down of superstitious usages still lingering in the neighbourhood, such as the resort of poor patients to miraculous wells, and other such inventions of the devil, to the conviction of wanderers found in the streets, or even about the kirkyard, "in tyme of sermon," it has its hands full; and nothing seems to escape the watchful eyes of the elders. Those who are "vaiging" about the streets in sermon time —and it is significant that this is the expression always used, the time of sermon, not of service— are the great staple of the culprits submitted to punishment; but there are many who do more than this. There are "playeris at goffe," in itself so laudable an exercise, but which ought not certainly to be carried on in church hours; there are people who "scold and flyte on the Lord's Day;" there is a man—the wretch!—who is "accused of dinging his wyff on the Sabbath-day;" there is another who "shoots doos in tyme of sermon." All these, however, may be supposed to be pastimes more or less: but what shall be said to those men and women who sell butter, who draw their pans—namely, the supply of sea-water for their salt-pans—who gather syboes in their gardens, or perform other secular offices, when they ought to be in church? To all of these culprits their guilt is brought home, generally by their own confession, and is pardoned after admonition and a promise never to do the like again. But there are some hardened criminals who cannot be let off so easily. A certain Elspet Mather, accused of "cursing and banning, the devil take her and the devil ryve her," is reported as "not sensible of her falt," and is accordingly "recommended to John Callendar to be put in joogs and branks publicly on the coal-hill;" but after her punishment becomes "sincerely sensible," is accused before the congregation, and confesses the same in public "very sincerely." Another Elspet, for "railing on the elders, saying they were too busy in things that concerned them not," had also to "stand

in the joogs with the branks in her mouth," but was afterwards absolved on making her confession. Sometimes, however, matters go even further, and a certain Bessie Mackie, after many appearances, denials, and final proof of her delinquencies, is "banished the congregation" as "a vile, wicked, godless limmer," turned over to the secular arm, "recommended to the bailies," who, taking up the matter, ordain that she shall be banished from the town, "convoyed to the port by the hangman," as the record says with terse suggestiveness. It is only the women who ever seem to rebel. One impatient young man indeed interferes, and takes his mother home in the midst of her penance, and has to be handed over to the bailies for "the great miscarriage" of justice and contempt of the majesty of law thus evidenced. But such occasions are rare. The accused have no mind to be excommunicated. They give in with a universal submission. The scenes thus recorded are perhaps not very attractive, but they are curiously characteristic. The silence of the little town "in the tyme of sermon" is almost complete, broken only by a stealthy figure "vaiging"—stealing away towards the shore, or among the cabbages of the sunny garden: a philosophical recusant shutting his door behind him as he withdraws from the sermon; a half-dazed reveller of the Saturday night blinking foolishly from the tavern-door, and falling into the hands of the two solemn figures stalking down the hill from the kirk-door—the elders, who are the searchers, sent out to see what culprits are about, and who have fallen astray.

This system, however, which to us appears so intolerable, seems to have been accepted without difficulty by the population, and the ministers at least seem to have been respected and beloved. We hear no complaints of rebellion from them: but the bailies are very delicate about their own dignity, and will put up with no infringement of the respect due to them. An infuriated butcher, whose mutton has been confiscated as "blawin" or blown, cries, "The divill blaw them all in the air!" and is laid up for it, a burgess of the town bearing witness "on his great oathe" against the culprit. The mutton was "sent to the hospital," which seems a curious way of disposing of bad meat; but probably the "blawing" had not done it very much harm. Still more strong is the feeling of the "wholle magistrates and councillors," and even the "wholle inhabitants" collected by them in an indignation meeting, when it is understood that an attempt is about to be made to raise the hamlet of Valleyfield close by into a burgh of barony, with fairs and markets of its own. The Culross community is deeply excited by this project, and signs a stern engagement on the part of themselves, "our wyffis, bairnis, and servants, in all tyme coming from this daite heiroff, neither to buy anything that shall be sold at any of the above frie faires or weekly mercats: and that we nor our foresaids shall receive at any tyme heirafter, take, carry, or convey anything whatsumever to be sold at the said fairs or weekly mercats, under the payn of fourty pounds Scots money for ilk failzie being lawfully proven." This is a proof that our Irish neighbours have not invented the very effectual discipline which they have carried to so high a point of perfection. Probably, however, because it was not "an unwritten law" but a public one, it is not very long before we

find it broken, and two offenders, "William Witherspoons and Bessie Crane," sentenced to be kept in prison during the bailies' pleasure, for employing weavers in the Valleyfield. It is just to add, however, that the fine of forty pounds (Scots) was remitted. We cannot go on, however, filling up our space with these delightful details. A great many other good things we must leave to the reader, who will not fail to explore so rich a mine for himself. The book is perhaps a little too long, but it is full of interest all through.

If there is one thing on which we decline to lend full faith to Mr Beveridge, it is the witching beauty with which his fond imagination invests those gentle slopes and woods, and the little town with its old houses, its clustering red roofs, and big abbey on the height. That the prospect is fine and the country fair we have no doubt, but the superlatives are perhaps a little out of place. However, "when we next do ride abroad" in these regions, so interesting is the chronicle, so homelike and friendly the scene thus revealed to us, we shall certainly go there to see.

The next book[1] to which we shall refer, curiously enough, is concerned with a neighbouring district: the parish of Aberdour, a little lower down the Firth, just beyond those narrows of Queensferry, which, when the sun is setting, look, in the royal purple of their shadows, like the gateway of a river of gold. Aberdour is spoken of with, if possible, a greater magnificence of description than that which we have remarked as applied to Culross. "An old gentleman, who had travelled twice through Europe, had never seen anything to be compared to Aberdour but the Bay of Naples"—which is a familiar compliment, and has been applied to most towns in Scotland which have the advantage of lying in a bay. It is not, in fact, the very least like the Bay of Naples; but it is a picturesque village situated on finely wooded slopes, with a glorious prospect of the Firth and its islands, with Arthur's Seat, and that smoke at its feet broken by towers and heights which is Edinburgh, and the fine line of the Pentlands opposite—such a view as is very well able to stand upon its own distinction without borrowing from the reflection of any other. This district in general has been fortunate in its historical explorers, Dunfermline and other important places in the neighbourhood having been investigated by the antiquarian with very interesting results. The present work is in the form of a series of lectures delivered to a parochial audience by the Rev. Dr Ross, then the minister of the Free Church at Aberdour, and appealing to a local familiarity, as well as enthusiasm, which the ordinary reader can scarcely be supposed to possess. Dr Ross discourses with all the pleasure of a man whose foot is on his native heath, and a good deal of that complacent country-clergyman jocularity, which is as sure to raise a laugh in the parochial audience as are the witticisms of the schoolmaster which convulse his division with delight. But the jokes, in their gentle way, are not amiss; and there is real humour in the minister's pawky speeches, and the knowledge of human nature, and especially of parochial nature and its weaknesses, which show throughout his narrative. A certain colloquial turn and famil-

[1] Aberdour and Inchcolm; being Historical Notices of the Parish and Monastery. By the Rev. W. Ross, LL.D. Douglas, Edinburgh: 1885.

iar address are appropriate to this mode of composition; and they add to the agreeable flavour of friendly gossip and comment, sometimes half satirical, always explanatory, with which he sets before us his predecessors in the ministry, with their kirk-sessions and surroundings, and a self-important town council of the same strain as that with which we have already made acquaintance in Culross. Perhaps Dr Ross is, on the whole, a little too historical, notwithstanding his lighter moods. The Regent Murray and the Regent Morton are—such is the luck of some parishes—both of them connected by bonds, more or less real, with the parish of Aberdour, with which the noble families descended from them still retain a connection. And they are fine historical figures, without which the chronicle of Scotland would be incomplete. But they are a little too great for the parish, and overbalance the mild records of a rural district with the big meaning that is in them, and their important significance outside. We are glad to find ourselves on a less momentous level, and breathe freer when the shadows of these great men, so gigantic as they appear in the parochial magic-lantern, are put aside. And it is perhaps natural that a chronicler of Aberdour should give us "the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens," along with a slight discussion as to its authenticity and the events described in it; but it is too much that Dr Ross should abuse his privileges by the other poetical compositions of a somewhat different character which he pours forth upon his readers, or, still worse, upon the hearers, who could not help themselves. The ballad of "Sir Alan Mortimer," which the reverend lecturer ventures to place within a few pages of the earlier poem, is bathos unspeakable, and it is cruel to put it within reach of such a companion. The "Half-owre, half-owre from Aberdour," where the great shipwreck of Sir Patrick Spens took place, is interpreted to mean half-way between the coast of Norway and that of Fife—that is, we presume, in mid-ocean. Such was not the idea of our childhood, to which the place of the catastrophe seemed to gain a deeper tragedy as being close to Aberdour in the Firth itself, which is deep enough. We read it :—

"Out owre, out owre frae Aberdour,
It's fifty fathoms deep;
And there lies guid Sir Patrick Spens,
With the Scots lords at his feet,"—

within reach, that is, of the green woods, and warm and kindly country from which they had sailed with so many forebodings. We are informed, however, on competent authority, that both these readings are wrong, and that the Aberdour of the ballad is not the Fife Aberdour at all, but Aberdour near Buchan Ness, which would naturally be the first point of land sighted by a vessel from Norway,—an interpretation which gives much greater distinctness and reality to the narrative.

Our parish chronicler begins with a record of the ancient ecclesiastical institutions which held sway in the district before there was any thought of Presbyterian polity, or the kirk-sessions of later days. With pious care he has searched for the invocation under which the old parish church was placed, which it was no easy thing to find out. After much vain research among old records, it occurred to him that the day of the yearly fair might throw some light on the matter, and that proved to be St Columba's Day, the 20th of June.

But with the monastery of Inchcolm so near, it seemed unlikely that another dedication should have been made to the same saint. At length by accident, looking for some other piece of information, in a will of Sir James Douglas of date 1390, "the stray saint was found." It was to St Fillan, one of the disciples of Columba, that the church was dedicated—a holy personage who must have enjoyed great favour in his time, since several other churches bore his name: and of whom Dr Ross tells some good if not very reverent stories. Indeed throughout, as perhaps is the duty of a minister, he pauses now and then to impress upon his hearers the ignorance fostered by Popery, and all its debasing influences. "Yet these men, though they were Roman Catholics, were at the same time patriots, and loved their country," he says in one place, as if making a great admission, forgetting that there were no Christians who were not Roman Catholics in the days when most nations have fought most strenuously for their liberties, and even in Scotland's own war of independence. This, however, which perhaps is a necessary sacrifice to the infernal gods of prejudice and bigotry, scarcely injures our genial historian's practical appreciation of the older religionists, if not of their faith—and he is tolerant of the holy well, which once was a distinction of the place, one of those objects of superstitious regard against which the neighbouring parish of Culross launched all its thunderbolts. A hospital dedicated to St Martin once stood near this fountain of healing; and certain fields still bear the name of the Sisterlands—a somewhat pathetic little landmark of the old faith. This hospital was built for the reception and relief of the poor pilgrims who came to seek healing in the holy well; and so long as its chapel stood, when the bell of the angelus rung, those pilgrims paid their debt to the kind founders by saying five Paternosters and five Aves for the repose of their souls. The sisters were Poor Clares or Tertiaries of the order of St Francis; and the well now filled up was held to be sovereign for the eyes within the memory of man. There is no reason, we suppose, why this last belief should be superstitious, though the reforming kirk-sessions held it so to be.

The monastery upon the isle now called Inchcolm, or St Colm's Inch, the island of St Columba, was a much greater and more important foundation. It dates from the twelfth century, and is said to have been founded by Alexander I. of Scotland, who found refuge there in a storm, and, having a particular devotion to St Columba, consecrated the little isle in his name. The church tower and some of the conventual buildings still stand, rising over the waters of the Firth, and preserving at a distance an air of completeness in their ruin and solitude. Dr Ross has not very much to tell us of the monastery, for his account of the rule of the Augustinian brothers is not novel, nor is there any striking historical events to be recorded. He tells, however, one most characteristic story, which, to those who are acquainted with Scotch ecclesiastical politics, must seem curiously prophetic of troubles to come. The abbot and canons of Inchcolm were patrons of the benefice of Aberdour; but the brother of King William the Lion—David, Earl of Huntingdon (this our beloved Sir Kenneth, of the "Talisman")—desired to

have a dependant of his own appointed to the cure, and recommended the lord of the manor—a Mortimer — to secure the appointment for him. This was done in defiance of law, and a day was appointed to give the new priest seisin of his church. The news flew across the strip of water, as may be supposed, to Inchcolm, and the community rose as one man to resist this usurpation of their rights. Abbot and canons, with cross and banners gleaming, took boat without delay, and marched in solemn procession to the church door, guarding its entrance from the sacrilegious priest and his secular supporters. The incident might almost have happened some fifty years ago, but for the medieval colour and bravery, and also perhaps for the frank violence of the civil powers, who attacked the priests without respect for their office or their unarmed condition, stormed through the feeble barrier of their opposition, and "intruded" the presentee into the charge. "A very early and aggravated case of intrusion," Dr Ross exclaims with gentle humour. So history repeats itself, it appears. But the presentee intruded into Auchterarder, or Marnoch (if our memory serves us for the names), stayed there—though to the deep indignation of the parishioners. But in the early ages the Church was not to be trifled with, and the intruding patron was soon brought to his senses, and his *protégé* compelled to withdraw.

The island, placed under the protection of the saint of Iona, acquired claims to sanctity which seem to have made of it a sort of enchanted isle. The "English rovers" who were bold enough to infest the Firth (and so high up the Firth) in the days of Bruce's sons and descendants, had many conflicts, always ending to their disadvantage, with the watchful saint. Once, indeed, having robbed his shrine and escaped with their booty, they repented, in the storm which naturally ensued, and throwing themselves upon his mercy, promised instant restitution: upon which they immediately found themselves in a quiet haven, and all their troubles over. But on another occasion worse things befell them. After some sacrilegious robberies committed in churches dependent upon the monastery of Inchcolm, the southern rovers sailed down the Firth with great triumph and glee on their way home.

"But this result," Dr Ross tells us, "was short-lived. St Columba was scarcely prepared to stand all this jeering and flouting. Accordingly, as they were merrily sailing past the monastery, on the south side of the island, down went ships, pirates, and plunder, like a shot, to the bottom of the sea. The sailors belonging to the other vessels were, as in the circumstances was to be expected, a good deal alarmed at this summary way of dealing with their comrades; and there and then they volunteered a vow that they would never again interfere with the monastery or its inmates, or in fact with anything belonging to so dangerous a saint."

One would think that poor Scotland at this early period could scarcely be tempting to the English reivers, and also that the Forth, so many miles from the sea, must have been a dangerous place for plunder; but they seem to have run the risk, and now and then to have been successful. A similar event as that above recorded, though placed much later, and in a different light, is told by the historian Calderwood:—"The sitting doon," he says, "of the shippe called the Cardinall—the fairest shippe in France—betwixt

Saint Colme's Inch and Cramond, in a fair day and calm weather, is remarkable. God would let us see that the countrie of Scotland can bear no Cardinalls." St Columba, it is certain, could have nothing to do with the matter in this latter case. The Monastery of Inchcolm had scattered possessions throughout Scotland—a toft here, a house there, besides the lands and farms nearer home. It passed away under the hands of a commendator in the middle of the sixteenth century, when so many Church-lands were disposed of; and the peaceful reign of the monks, whom Dr Ross on the whole concludes to have been just, considerate, and charitable in their doings, came to an end. But still their monastery tower rises grey against the sparkling waters, or dark when storm and cloud are on the Firth,—silent and empty, no use now found for the little island of the Saint.

We will not, as we have said, attempt to follow Dr Ross through his historical essays on the two Regents, whose names are both linked with Aberdour. It is better to come back to the little borough lying low in the same tranquil ordinary of life as that which we have already remarked upon as existing under all the tumults on its water's edge, more or less indifferent to the winds that sweep over its head. The parish records of Aberdour are not so graphic as those of Culross—or perhaps it is because the lecturer has condensed and digested them, as was necessary for his audience. There are not wanting, however, indications of the same scrutiny into the church-going of the people, and vigilant watch over their minor morals. Here is an account of the hours of service. The church bell was rung three times on Sabbath mornings, and various allusions which appear as to the times "betwixt the bells,"—a favourite moment for penance,—must have meant the intervals between the end of one service and the beginning of another, as here indicated:—

"The church bell rang at eight o'clock in the morning to call the people together to hear the Word read, which was usually done by the reader, this service apparently lasting about an hour. At ten o'clock the bell rang again to summon the people to the reading of the Word and prayer: and the regular service for devotional exercises and the preaching of the Word by the minister began immediately after the ringing of the third bell at eleven o'clock. In some districts the whole of these meetings were kept up for a considerable time. Whenever there is a notice of the employment of a reader, we may be sure that one or both of these morning services were still held. Of course they were originated mainly to meet a special want of the times—the want of such an education as enabled the people to read the Word in their families at home; but the want of Bibles was another difficulty that had to be surmounted in this way."

The number of "diets of worship" thus described is by no means excessive, though the historian is disposed to apologise for them. The daily prayers of the English use never seem to have been attempted in Scotland, where family worship was a much enforced and widely practised duty, and where the revulsion from the Popish mass, or anything at all approaching to it, was so strong.

It is agreeable to find that charity was largely the duty of the kirk - session at Aberdour. Even in Culross, where manners were sterner, as it would appear, the little court was liberal by times beyond the weekly doles to the poor, which were part of its habitual duty; but the elder who

was "searcher" for the day, and who chanced to meet in the deserted Sabbath street a "sojour," like a wild beast in search of prey, was apt to give anything but a kind reception to that possible emissary of evil. In Aberdour, however, these wanderers in their tattered uniforms were more kindly received; and there are special alms for "poor strangers," refugees from Ireland, even those "Hielanderis" who were the terror of the Lowlands. "There was not, I suppose," says Dr Ross, "a single collection for missionary purposes made throughout the Church in the seventeenth century;" but those who were in want or misfortune were kindly succoured, and human distress seems to have been always a claim. There are some of us in the present day who would not regret the re-establishment of such a *régime*, or at least that mission work should in a very special sense begin at home.

Some curious items of almsgiving remain on the session books. Among the list of poor men whose homes have been burned or their cattle destroyed, and who are helped from the parish funds, figures a contribution towards the ransom of a man who has fallen into the hands of "the Turk,"—no doubt one of the Algerian corsairs who were so long the terror of the seas. It is wonderful to find the trace of them in this quiet seaside village,—though, indeed, a more important person than the nameless parishioner of Aberdour, the Master of Oliphant, from the inland quietudes of Kellie, shared the same fate, and languished and died in the prison of Algiers, somewhere in the same century.

Perhaps Aberdour lay more in the highway between the north and south than its neighbouring parish, or perhaps its connection with important historical families and personages drew towards it a greater excitement and tumult of affairs; for Cromwell's invasion, which cost Culross, so far as is apparent, nothing much more important than those twenty-two feather-beds, roused the neighbouring district to a passion of preparation. On one day it is recorded that the session have "no time for discipline." "They are so busy taking a vow of the men who have been enrolled"—that is, swearing them in, we suppose, "as they loved the honour of God, religion, and their own liberty," to resist the invader. Another day they "handle no discipline," being occupied in "going about the village pressing on the inhabitants the necessity of keeping up a nightly watch lest there should be a surprise." Warlike though these occupations were, they attract our sympathy more than the prowling about the roads in quest of unfortunate Sabbath-breakers, or even the "flyting" women and brawling drinkers with their bagpipes, who, by the way, would seem to have taken advantage of the laxity of discipline thus secured. The two millers kept their mills going on the Sabbath during this interregnum, and other wicked persons gathered pease and did other improper acts under the noses of the preoccupied session. It is difficult to suppose that a handful of Cromwell's troopers in garrison in the castle could have had a depraving effect in this particular; but to be sure Cromwell's troopers were not all chosen Ironsides.

One consequence of the presence of the English is comical. In the natural course of events, an Aberdour lass and a Cromwellian trooper presented themselves before the minister, with a demand that he should marry them. The startled

minister consulted the presbytery. But that reverend body was patriotic to the backbone, and decided that the minister should not perform any such ceremony, "by reason of the unlawfulnesse of their invasion"!—a *non sequitur* which is delightful in its simplicity, though perhaps a little hard upon the lovers. It is curious, at the same time, to remark, notwithstanding the well-known ease of Scotch marriage-laws, how determinedly opposed the kirk-sessions show themselves to irregular marriages. There are numerous records of punishment and admonishment addressed to those who have offended in this way—one woman falling under public reproof (but this is in Culross, we think) for the "scandalous marriage" which has been performed by one of the despised "curates" in Covenanting times. It was an Aberdour worthy, the Rev. Robert Blair,—one of a commission appointed to interview Cromwell himself in Edinburgh,—who, suspicious of the Protector's sentiment, pronounced him "a greetin' deevil" after the conference was over; though Blair, for some time minister of the parish, and a man of admirable moderation and character, took no extreme view at any time, and was "cuffed on both haffits" by the opposing parties between whom he tried to hold the balance. It was he in all likelihood who was refused permission to marry the "sojour" and his love; but doubtless his leaning, notwithstanding the "unlawfulness of the invasion," was to the lover's side.

Many curious particulars of trials for witchcraft, and the inhuman plans resorted to for discovering and convicting the unfortunate poor creatures who fell under this fearful accusation, will be found in Dr Ross's book, but they are too long for quotation. The kirk-session were evidently greatly perturbed in their minds on many of these occasions, strongly moved by horror and alarm—for who could tell upon whom next the spell might fall?—yet with much anxiety and perplexity of soul lest their decision should be a wrong one. The inquisitions of the parish for minor offences are more amusing reading, and more original, since we have heard a great deal about witches; and though the picture of the village in which the eyes of the elders were always searching, and where a man could not "straik his wyff," nor a woman take away the character of her neighbour, without justice in a blue bonnet, swift and stern, coming down upon them, may be somewhat appalling, there is always a touch of the comic in this tremendous yet paternal government which reconciles it to humanity.

Dr Russell's 'Reminiscences of Yarrow'[1] is very different from the antique chronicles of which we have attempted to give the reader a "swatch" or example here and there. These are the kindly recollections, sometimes very graphic and vivid, of a Scotch country minister, in semi-colloquial elucidation of the hereditary parish of which his father was minister before him, and in which he was born. No life more characteristic, more full of the genuine flavour of the Scotch national mind and modes of thinking, could be. A son of the manse, according to the affectionate description, is born to a position which is almost unique,

[1] Reminiscences of Yarrow. By James Russell, D.D. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1886.

or at least was so a generation or two ago; since scarcely any other clergy has so distinctly stood between the extremes of society as the race of Scotch ministers, in the modest rank which makes them every man's equal, yet in a characteristic way every man's superior. The English clergy identifies itself with the higher classes solely, however devoted to the care of the lower, and no one can question that devotion. The Roman Catholic clergy, so far as its rank and file are concerned, whatever may be its aristocratic sympathies, comes from the lower class. But in Scotland, where clerical rank does not exist, the minister stands in a quite remarkable position between, one full of picturesque possibilities, sometimes a ploughman's son, sometimes a country gentleman's, belonging to both spheres not by any formal rule, but by right of nature. Civilisation spoils this primitive position, as it spoils so many excellent things: and there has been a perilous advance lately on the part of the educated classes to claim for themselves a standing-ground on what is vulgarly considered the highest level, as if the best reward of intelligence was the privilege of consorting with the great, and being admitted into society. Nothing, however, can be more vulgarising than society, especially to those who are not born within it. And the Scotch minister is one of the last whom we should wish to see swallowed up in that destructive *milieu.* Whosoever would see him in his fine natural simplicity, his sagacity and friendliness, and universal acceptability, will find him in this book, not at all without prejudices, not very learned (of necessity), perhaps with no very extended views; but fragrant of the soil, full of racy character, tolerant and gentle to a degree, which may surprise those who think of the minister only as the head of that alarming kirk-session who, two centuries ago, as we have been pointing out, brought so many offenders to their knees. In most cases, no doubt, even that alarming personage was mild when one got at him,—like Mr Blair, "cuffed on both haffits" by the high-fliers on either side, or like the tender-hearted and poetic Rutherford, who was himself a high-flier, yet overflowing with every tender instinct of nature.

Dr Russell is full of humorous observation, and unfolds his rural valley before us in all the soft clearness of the Border landscape, with its flying shadows, and broad if sometimes tearful lights. The 'Reminiscences' are those of two peaceful lives—his own and his father's—almost a century of tranquil history, spent chiefly among those braes of Yarrow which have inspired so many poets. The name itself transports us into a poetic world, full of wistful, delightful recollections, and reverie, and quiet, more entrancing even in its indefinite sweetness than the more real, yet still more distinctly poetical landscape in which the young Edinburgh advocate, Walter Scott, not yet famous, wrote, or rather sang to himself, as he wandered about the braes, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel:" where Wordsworth coyly forbore to come, loving the enchantment of the ideal Yarrow rather than its actual vision; and where Hogg, in the roughness of a shepherd-farmer's life not poetical, fell somehow dreaming one day into the ethereal sweetness of that Bonnie Kilmeny, in which for a moment and no more he rises almost to the highest region of art. Distinct entirely from all

these, yet conscious of them all, and not unappreciative, the minister goes his characteristic way, with many a story to tell. Space forbids us to enter into his gentle narrative with any fulness; and it is hard to choose among the many characteristic details of the parish which he unfolds to us. We may quote, however, some delightful new incidents, in the natural history of that humorous attendant on the pulpit—the minister's man. Here is a certain Tam Tait, who was attendant to Mr Thomson of Duddingston, the painter-minister. "When he wanted to compliment any preacher on the effectiveness of his sermon, it was generally in these terms,—"Yon was the very thing I wad hae said mysel', sir;"—which in reality is the very highest commendation. The same worthy was rewarded by his master for any extra exertion by a loan of Shakespeare (books were scant in those days), from which arose a proverb in the house—Tam's exclamation when any special good fortune befell him,—"It's no every day we get Shakespeare to read." We doubt whether even Shakespearian critics of the highest class would think of making that privilege the standard and measure of happiness. Another old fellow, the "man" of a Glasgow church, who "naturally looked upon the minister as his own special charge," hurried off from an important consultation on Church business with one of the elders at the plate, as soon as the bell stopped, saying,—"I maun awa' and put him up." Perhaps this story may not convey to the Southern imagination the picture which a Scotch eye will see in it. The elder at the plate, standing in solemn guardianship over the basin in which each worshipper as he comes in deposits his coin, noting who comes to church with private memorandums to many a name, yet not too much occupied to discourse with Andrew about the lighting or the repairs, or some puir body's needs, until the clanging bell overhead stops, and the official stalks away to open the pulpit-door for the minister at the height of the long stair which leads up to that high-placed perch. It is said to be in the intention of certain advanced ministers of the Church of Scotland to abolish "the plate"—that wonderful voluntary system, by means of which Chalmers dispensed with a poor-law in one of the poorest parishes in Glasgow. We sincerely trust that this iconoclastic resolution will never be carried out. The *quête* or the offertory belong to other regions. Scotland would not look like Scotland if the church porch was denuded of the plate with its white napkin, and the two respectable watchers standing by.

"I havena time to insist," says a voluble controversialist, stopping the minister in his hay-making one cloudy summer morning. "The minister has just as little time to insist as ye have," says the minister's man, stumbling under his load, and impatient of the idle talker. We, too, have little time to insist. But the reader who loves the humours of Scottish rural life will do well to read the 'Reminiscences of Yarrow' for himself. He will find in them no stir or heat of struggling existence such as we are now too familiar with, but a mild patriarchal existence full of fresh air and peaceful years, looking in their calm duty and tranquillity as if they might go on for ever.

THE OUTLOOK.

The year opened with fairer prospects for Great Britain than she had of late been able to contemplate. Reluctantly obliged to take the helm of affairs at a critical moment, Lord Salisbury had steered the good ship of the State through the shoals and quicksands amid which she had been allowed to drift through the miserable blunders and incapacity of his predecessors, and there seemed a fair chance that she might escape the dangers with which she had so lately been threatened. True, the results of the General Election had been so far discouraging, that the Conservative triumphs in the more enlightened constituencies of the metropolis and southern counties had been neutralised by the too successful deception which had cast on the Liberal side the votes of the newly enfranchised in many of the agricultural counties, and the constitutional Government could reckon upon no majority in the House of Commons of 1886. But there was good hope in the breasts of those who still believed that with many of the new members Patriotism would be stronger than Party, and that whereas the substantial differences between moderate men on both sides of the House were but small, there would be a general inclination among such to maintain in office a Government which had confessedly conducted affairs, both at home and abroad, without any such failures as those which constantly discredited Mr Gladstone's last Administration, and had indeed, in the person of the Prime Minister, shown such remarkable capacity in the conduct of foreign affairs as to elicit general approval from all statesmen worthy of the name.

It was evident, indeed, that no party could command such a clear and certain majority in the House of Commons as to entitle it to claim as its right the government of the country. It is true that some 330 Liberals confronted 250 Ministerialists, and the balance of 90 was composed of Parnellites and "Independents." But the 330 could hardly be called "a united party"; their hustings speeches and professions afforded ample proof that the wide differences which had split them in the spring of 1885 were, if possible, wider still, and that between the Whigs and more Moderate Liberals, and the Radicals of the Chamberlain - Morley hue, there was in reality far less of political agreement than between the former section of the so-called "Liberal" party and the Conservatives who confronted them on the opposite side of the House.

Moreover, it was hoped and expected by all fair-minded—we might almost say by all reasonable—men that, in common justice, opportunity would be given to Lord Salisbury's Government to produce their measures upon the various subjects upon which they had undertaken to legislate; and it was felt that it was all the more incumbent upon the members of Mr Gladstone's last Government to afford such opportunity, since the time and manner of their own retirement from office had prevented their successors from doing more in the way of legislation than bring to a close work which had been already commenced. It was such considerations as these which

induced the general belief that fair-play would at least be given to the Salisbury Government, and that the well-known greed of office which characterised certain prominent men among the Opposition would have to be restrained for a time. Moreover, above and beyond all other questions of the day, that of the condition of Ireland loomed darkly in the near future. Surely this question had grown to such gigantic proportions—upon its solution depended so greatly the future of the British empire—that now, when action upon it appeared to be imminent, party acerbity would lose its strength, political rancour would be abated, and patriots on either side of the House would join in the support of outraged order, and of law set boldly at defiance. At the very least, it was not too much to expect that statesmen, on one side and on the other, who had always upheld the Union between England and Ireland, and, alike in office and in Opposition, had sternly refused to countenance projects by which the maintenance of that Union had been threatened, would, for the sake of their own consistency, if not for the stronger motive of loyalty to the Constitution and the Sovereign, still set their faces against similar proposals, especially when those by whom they were advanced scarcely concealed their desire for a total separation between the two countries as the ultimate end of their legislative efforts. The country had observed with satisfaction that attachment to the Constitution and a determination to uphold the Union were not confined to the Tory party, nor even to those Whigs who formed, perhaps, the most respectable, and certainly not the least influential, among the politicians who called themselves Liberals; but that even such "advanced" Liberals as Mr Chamberlain had spoken out boldly upon this question, and that if there was one point upon which all sensible men were more nearly unanimous than upon any other, it was upon the necessity of offering a stern refusal to any attempt to trifle with the unity of the empire.

It might or might not be that Lord Salisbury's Government had been wrong in their decision not to reintroduce the Crimes Act for Ireland,—and the decision was certainly blamed by members of Mr Gladstone's Government, who declared that it was contrary to their own intentions. It must be remembered, however, that even if they had wished to do so, the Tory Government could not have re-enacted the measure in question in the teeth of the threatened opposition of a section of the Radical party in combination with the Parnellite members, and that the opening of the new Parliament was really the first opportunity which that Government had of producing the measures which it deemed necessary for the welfare and good government of Ireland. Not only has that opportunity been deliberately refused them by their opponents, but we venture to assert that the means used to displace the Government of Lord Salisbury constitute the most immoral and profligate political transaction which our times have known. It is almost idle to quote the speeches of a man whose whole life has been so flagrant a contradiction of itself as that of Mr Gladstone, or to prove a statesman inconsistent who would seem to glory in inconsistency. But in that which has recently occurred there is something beyond mere inconsistency, something which shocks our moral sense in an unusual manner and to

an unwonted degree, and which compels us to ask whether by any power, human or divine, the standard of right and wrong has, in some incomprehensible way, been altered so as to make that right which all honest and honourable men would, without such alteration, undoubtedly condemn as wrong beyond excuse. The character of her public men is dear to Great Britain, and the degradation of character which follows upon words and deeds of political profligacy is an injury inflicted upon the nation. In the present instance, the injury is greater and the degradation the more deep, because they have come about by the action of men who had especially deprecated the very course which they have themselves pursued, and denounced the very alliance which they have subsequently sought with anxious and unblushing avidity.

In the brief Mid-Lothian campaign which preceded the polling days of the late general election, Mr Gladstone emphatically denounced that which he was pleased to call the "alliance" between Lord Salisbury's Government and the followers of Mr Parnell. It was in vain that he was contradicted as to the facts by the highest authority. It suited Mr Gladstone's purpose to declare that such an alliance existed, and therefore no contradiction could prevent his reiteration of the charge. Even after his own election, this eminent statesman did not scruple to publish an address to his constituents, in which he declared that the Tories owed their success in the boroughs "to the imperative orders issued on their behalf by Mr Parnell and his friends," and again spoke of "the Parnellite alliance" as a fact, when he had been well assured that it was a falsehood. So that from first to last, up to the close of the general election, Mr Gladstone had been parading the fabricated Tory-Parnellite alliance as a grave and wicked offence on the part of the Tory party, for which punishment should be meted out to them by the outraged constituencies of Great Britain. Nay more, Mr Gladstone made the most earnest and fervid appeals to those constituencies to give him such a majority of Liberals over the "alliance" that he might frustrate and defeat their machinations, and be able to deal with Irish questions without having to fear Mr Parnell and his Nationalist force. True it was, indeed, that this very condition of things had existed before the general election, and that, nevertheless, their own wretched incapacity and the internal dissensions of their party had placed the Gladstone Cabinet in a minority which afforded them the opportunity of skulking out of offices which they had filled for five years, to their own disgrace and the misfortune of their country. Yet Mr Gladstone wildly, almost frantically, implored that another chance might be given him, and that an "unholy alliance" between Tories and Parnellites might not be suffered to offend his virtue by its triumph.

Nor were Mr Gladstone's lieutenants one whit behind their leader in their indignant reprobation of the alliance which they were determined to fasten upon the Salisbury Government. Speaking at Lowestoft on the evening of December 7th, Sir William Harcourt vehemently denounced it, and characterised the gains of the Government in the boroughs as "presents from Mr Parnell." Supposing it to be possible that these "presents" might give a majority to the combined Tory and Par-

nellite forces, Sir William indignantly asked, "was the country likely to tolerate such a combination as that?" And then, with virtuous wrath swelling in his patriotic breast, this high-minded and consistent statesman went on to employ words which are rendered especially remarkable by the circumstances of the present moment. He said he did not think it desirable that the Salisbury Administration should be "turned out" before it had been "thoroughly found out." "For his part, he desired that for a few months *the Tories should stew in their Parnellite juice*, until they stunk in the nostrils of the country. . . . *An alliance with the Parnellites appeared to have been the game of the Tories* from the outset." Then, after accusing "the Tories" of having first ascertained the number of Irish voters in the constituencies, then of having resolved not to renew the Crimes Act, and after having communicated their intention to Mr Parnell, secured in this manner his assistance at the polls, Sir William continued thus:—

"Upon this combination the Tories still counted to enable them to remain a few months in office; but even if they did continue in office, their Government would not be the Government of Lord Salisbury, but the Government of Mr Parnell. The Tories would have to consult Mr Parnell upon every question of administration at home and abroad; *they would have to ask him what was to be done in Ireland*, for the Executive Government of Ireland was now, in fact, in the hands of Mr Parnell; they must consult the hon. gentleman upon every measure affecting England; and they must consult him upon every question of foreign affairs and do his bidding. . . . It was upon such lines as these that Lord Salisbury was going to conduct the affairs of the British Empire, *but it was impossible that such a course could long receive the approval of the British people.*"

We commend these words to the consideration of Sir William Harcourt and of Mr Gladstone himself at this moment, and they are words which the British people will also do well to bear in mind. Sir William Harcourt, indeed, has been consistent ever since the defeat which drove him from office, in his virtuous indignation against the wicked Tories. On the 17th of September last, he had expressed himself pretty fully upon this point in an address delivered at Plymouth to an audience assembled under the imposing title of "the Western Local Government and Land Law Reform Conference," and reported at length in the 'Times' of the following day.

"The present Government," said he, speaking of Lord Salisbury's Administration, "*made their terms with Mr Parnell and his friends. They paid their price and they had their equivalent.* I have nothing to say upon the subject." "The subject," nevertheless, was too congenial to be left with this brief notice, and a little later in his speech the ex-Home Secretary again reverted to the "Irish policy" of the Tories. "You know," he said, "the relation which exists between them. I will not call it a compact—they may call it what they like—but I will say the relations which have existed between them and Mr Parnell and his followers. For the last year *they have acted in the closest alliance with* Mr Parnell. By the help of his votes it was that they diminished the Liberal majority." Sir William went on to denounce the Tory Government for the crime of not having re-enacted the clauses in the Crimes Act against "boy-

cotting," and impressed upon his hearers the fact that "since the declaration of Mr Parnell *there can be no doubt what is the policy that he and his party have adopted—it is a policy of absolute separation* of the two countries." Thus there was no doubt that up to and at the time of the general election, Mr Gladstone and his colleagues had been in favour of re-enacting a portion at least of the Crimes Act, and had repudiated as disgraceful, and almost a crime against the constitution, any "alliance" with Mr Parnell and his self-styled "Nationalist" followers. With regard, indeed, to the latter point, there is another utterance which it is well to remember, since it proceeded from the mouth of a younger statesman than either of the two to whom we have just referred, and one whose appointment under the new Gladstone Administration has been hailed with satisfaction as one of the few redeeming features in a change of Government so unfortunate for the country. Lord Rosebery honoured Reigate with a visit on the 28th of September, and addressed the London and Counties Liberal Union in his usual felicitous manner. Having declared his want of confidence in Lord Salisbury's Government, he combated the idea of giving them fair-play, or, to use his own words, of letting "the babe" have a "short career" in order that "its charms might be developed." "Now I say at once that I will be no party to allowing this Government to become older. I say that it is a Government tainted with the original sin of its origin, *tainted with the corrupt alliance of the Parnellites.* With such an origin it can come to no good end."

If it were worth the trouble to scrutinise the speeches of most of Mr Gladstone's new colleagues, we should doubtless be able to find similar sentiments, expressed with more or less variety, but all with a due degree of vehement indignation at the possibility of an alliance between any body of respectable English politicians and the party of Mr Parnell. There is only one of these, however, to whom we must for a moment allude, and we do so with regret. Mr Trevelyan is a Scotsman by the mother's side, a Scotch representative, and a man who has shown abilities which entitle him to the political prizes which he has won. It was with concern, indeed, that we noted the unfair tone of some of his recent electioneering speeches in the north, and especially one delivered in Yorkshire upon the 8th August last, in which, with an arrogant impertinence which we should hardly have expected from a clever man, he declared that "in the country at large *it is recognised* that the difference between the political parties is *a moral difference;*" and after asking the question, "Now, which is *the more moral in the use of political means?*" went on to descant upon the immorality of the Tory party. Those who care to read Mr Trevelyan's utterances upon this Irish question will perhaps come to the conclusion that political immorality is certainly not monopolised by the "Tory party," but may be attributed without injustice to some at least of their accusers. In one of the most recent of Mr Trevelyan's speeches he pronounced these emphatic words: "There is one point which in the coming controversies men ought to fix quite clearly in their minds, and that is, that as far as law and order and the peace of the country are concerned, there is *no half-way house between entire separation and absolute im-*

perial control. . . . Unless we intend to keep the care of law and order in all its departments in the hands of the central Government, we had much better go in at once for repealing the Union." If these declarations are put side by side with the writings and speeches of Mr John Morley, whom Mr Gladstone has selected out of the whole "Liberal" party to be his Irish Secretary, it will be found difficult to believe that these two men can sit side by side in the same Cabinet. As to which of them is really in accord with Mr Gladstone's views and wishes there can be but little doubt. Unless Mr John Morley, the "Irish party," and the whole body of advanced Liberals have been grossly deceived by Mr Gladstone, it is Mr Trevelyan who will have to yield his convictions, and to discover that he must eat his brave words, and submissively follow those from whom his political morality has not been sufficiently strong to set him free. But alas for the opportunity which Mr Trevelyan has lost of proving the truth of his Yorkshire boast! There is indeed political morality to be found in the case of Lord Hartington and Sir Henry James, the former of whom has refused to sacrifice principle and consistency to party; and the latter, relinquishing the great prize of his profession which lay at his feet, has done as much to vindicate the character of British statesmen as others have done to degrade it. We readily admit the claim which these two men have established to the approval of their countrymen; but in proportion as we make this admission we feel that we thereby condemn those who, like Mr Trevelyan, have swallowed their own words, and been content to "open their mouth and shut their eyes and see what" Mr Gladstone "will give them." It is true there is yet a loop-hole through which these men may escape. It may be that, in the case of such men as Lord Spencer and Lord Morley, and also in that of Mr Trevelyan, their blind faith in Mr Gladstone may be such as to induce their belief that he will find some way out of the difficulty without imperilling the Union or coming dangerously near to the separation of the two countries. If such be their present belief, it will be open to them to save their honour and retreat from their untenable position if the declaration of Irish policy, so long and so carefully concealed by Mr Gladstone, should prove to be a nearer approximation to the Parnellite programme than they at present expect. What that programme is can be a secret to no one who reads the newspapers and watches the course of events. Some six years ago Mr Parnell declared that "he would not have taken off his coat and gone to this work if he had not known that we were laying the foundation in this movement for the *regeneration of our legislative independence.*"

In August last he again spoke thus: "Our great work, and our sole work, in the new Parliament, will be the *restoration of our own Parliament.*" And in September, upon the occasion of a dinner given by the Mayor of Dublin, Mr Parnell said: "We are told, upon high authority, that it is impossible for Ireland to obtain the right of self-government. I believe that, if it be sought to make it impossible for our country to obtain the right of administering her own affairs, *we will know* how to make all other things impossible for those who so seek." We have, therefore, very clearly before us what are the aims and

objects which Mr Parnell proposes to himself; and we have the declarations of Mr Gladstone's new Irish Secretary, which go considerably more than half-way in the advocacy of those proposals. On the other hand, we have had very different sentiments expressed by men who have been hitherto regarded as faithful champions of the Liberal party. Writing to the 'Times' in the early days of January, Mr W. E. Baxter, M.P., declares that "to grant legislative independence to Ireland would be to establish at our doors a Parliament and a Government hostile to our own. The effects of a Nationalist Parliament in Dublin would be that capital, commerce, and manufactures would flee from its touch, credit would vanish, bargains could not be enforced, if we may judge from what is now going on, under the directions of the very men who would be in power in Dublin: it would most certainly bring about national ruin." Mr Baxter protests, moreover, that "we cannot dislocate the empire at the bidding of Irishmen of revolutionary principles, paid by foreign money, and who have established in their own country a system of espionage and terror, disgraceful to free men, and a scandal to the civilisation of the age." In these words Mr Baxter is only endorsing the opinion which Mr Bright held so lately as in July last, and which he probably still holds, unless the glamour of Mr Gladstone has blinded the veteran Radical as it has blinded others from whom we might have expected the exercise of a clearer vision.

Speaking of some of those who recognise Mr Parnell as their leader, Mr Bright used these words: "These men are disloyal to the Crown, and they are hostile, directly hostile, to Great Britain. They have, so far as they could do it, obstructed all legislation which was intended to prevent or punish crime. They have exhibited a boundless sympathy for criminals and murderers. From their lips no one sentence of condemnation for them has passed. There has been no word of pity for their victims."

Thus we have the estimate of the policy and the character of those men for whom Mr Gladstone is presumably going to change the whole current of British legislation. We say "presumably," because it is never safe to predicate that our present Prime Minister will take any particular course, however directly his speeches and actions may have pointed thereat. Two things, however, appear to be certain—first, that Mr Gladstone considers the Irish difficulty to be *par excellence* the question of the hour; and secondly, that if he does not so consider it, Mr Parnell can and will compel him to do so. In his address soliciting re-election from his constituents, Mr Gladstone is disingenuous, and something more. Let any fair-minded man read the following sentence: "I had earnestly hoped that the late Government might have been enabled to make proposals adequate to the needs of the sister island, but, *at the moment when an issue altogether separate put an end to the existence of that Ministry*, it became evident that this hope must be abandoned." We may have our own opinion as to what the "earnest hopes" of Mr Gladstone really were, but two statements in the above paragraph certainly cannot be accepted as a true version of history. It could hardly be true that it was necessary to "abandon the hope" that the proposals of the Salisbury Government would

be "adequate to the needs of the sister island," when Mr Gladstone's own action prevented those proposals from being made. What is undoubtedly true is, that the announcement had been made that the first of these proposals was intended to "suppress the National League and other illegal societies." This was the proposal to which Mr Gladstone and his Parnellite allies objected, not because it was not "adequate" for its purpose, and might have been followed by proposals upon other Irish subjects equally adequate for other "needs" of the sister island, but because it was not their object that obedience to law and order in Ireland should be enforced.

The Parnellite policy, endorsed by the votes of Mr Gladstone and his followers, is opposed to the restoration of that civil liberty which is the result of obedience to the law. It is a policy which calls the enforcement of that obedience by the hateful name of coercion; while it tolerates, supports, and encourages coercion of a tenfold more cruel and oppressive character by a lawless and tyrannical society. But if Mr Gladstone avoids the truth in his reference to the necessity of abandoning his "hope," he errs more grievously in the same direction when he speaks of the defeat of Lord Salisbury's Government having been upon "an altogether separate issue." The form of the question put from the chair was, no doubt, without reference to Ireland; but no one knows better than Mr Gladstone himself that the votes of the Irish members, who gave the Opposition their majority, were given entirely with reference to the Irish question and no other. It is idle for Mr John Morley, as in his first speech to his Newcastle constituents, to taunt the late Government with having been changeable in their Irish policy, and, in fact, with having had "no policy at all." Nothing is so easy as to find fault, and it was only to be expected that there would be found critics to complain that a bold policy was not announced more distinctly in the speech from the throne. Sufficient was said, in our opinion, to indicate the lines upon which Lord Salisbury's Cabinet intended to proceed; and the fact remains the same—namely, that the Government was defeated, not because it had a "changeable policy," still less because it had "no policy at all," but because it announced a policy of vigour and determination, which was unpalatable to the "Nationalist" faction. It is easy to talk of the "unconstitutional" position of Government by a minority in the House of Commons. It is easy to adopt the sanctified tone of Sir William Harcourt, who protests that the Opposition were guilty of no "factious opposition," but that somehow or other these poor innocent men found themselves in the presence of Mr Jesse Collings's amendment, "which, as reformers, they could not refuse to support." Will such humbug deceive the country? The truth is simple and easy of narration. In the same election address to which we have recently referred, Mr Gladstone tells us of his new Government, that "it will be amongst its very first duties to use its official opportunities *for forming such an estimate as only a Ministry can form of the social state of Ireland—especially with regard to crime*, to the fulfilment of contracts, to the pressure of low prices upon agriculture, and to personal liberty of action." Let him be judged out of his own mouth. "No one but a Ministry can form an estimate of the social state of Ireland."

The late Government *had* formed such an estimate. They had earnestly and carefully considered the subject; and upon their responsibility as Ministers of the Crown, they had determined to propose a measure for the suppression of societies which, in their view, had inflicted, and were inflicting, grievous and deadly injury upon Ireland. Had Mr Gladstone possessed one spark of patriotic feeling, one single instinct of justice and fair-play, one latent principle of unselfish honesty, he would have followed the plain and honourable course which lay before him. He would have spoken out boldly to his followers, and to this effect: "Here is an amendment moved which in principle I approve; but it touches a subject which will neither be advanced nor retarded by its discussion upon the Address. I have before now protested against the novel system of introducing numerous amendments upon the Address. I protest again now, and I can do so the more effectually because the amendment is not one to which I should object if brought forward as a substantive motion. But there is another reason why I protest against the discussion of this amendment at the present time. The Queen's Goverment have announced upon their responsibility that certain measures are rendered urgently necessary by the state of Ireland. I cannot resist their appeal that they should have an early opportunity to introduce those measures. I promise them no support; but they have a right to produce the evidence upon which they found their determination to suppress the societies to whose action they attribute so much evil; and I feel bound to discountenance, and to ask my friends to discountenance, any and all amendments to the Address which are interposed with the result, if not with the object, of a delay which will prevent the introduction of the measures which are declared necessary by the Executive Government." If Mr Gladstone could have mustered the courage and patriotism to speak such words as these, how much higher would he have stood to-day in the estimation of all honest and loyal men! But the temptation on the other side was too great. As a strategical move, Mr Collings's amendment was undoubtedly desirable in a party sense, because it placed the Government and their supporters in a false position, and could be so misrepresented as to make them appear to be the opponents of the wishes of the agricultural labourers. Of course the contrary is in reality the case, and the Conservative party are far more careful for the welfare of the labourers than the demagogues who have so unfortunately misled them of late.

If the leader of the Opposition had been one who could have claimed to be a patriot or even a statesman, he might have overcome the temptation and despised a temporary triumph to be obtained at such a sacrifice of principle. But to one whose chief boast is that he is "an old parliamentary hand," successful strategy was more attractive than patriotism, and principle weighed lightly in the scale against a party triumph. Mr Gladstone threw himself into the fray with all the ardour of a juvenile combatant, scoffed at the wiser counsels of Lord Hartington and Mr Goschen, and with the aid of his Irish allies succeeded in preventing the Executive Government from introducing the measures which they had declared to be necessary for the preservation of the lives and properties of

her Majesty's subjects in one part of her dominions. And in consequence of his preference of cunning strategy to open and fair fighting, Mr Gladstone finds himself and his friends in the position to-day which he so well described in a speech in November last :—

"Let me now suppose, for argument's sake, that the Liberal party might be returned to Parliament in a minority, but in a minority which might become a majority by the aid of the Irish vote ; and I will suppose that owing to some cause the present [Lord Salisbury's] Government has disappeared, and a Liberal party was called to deal with this great constitutional question of the government of Ireland, in a position where it was a minority depending on the Irish vote for converting it into a majority. Now, gentlemen, I tell you seriously and solemnly, that though I believe the Liberal party to be honourable, patriotic, and trustworthy, in such a position as that it would not be safe for it to enter on the consideration of a measure in respect to which, at the first step of its progress, it would be in the power of a party coming from Ireland to say 'unless you do this and unless you do that we will turn you out to-morrow.'"

This, then, is the position of Mr Gladstone, that unless he can carry the Parnellites with him, he may at any moment be defeated upon some issue vital to his Government. This, unhappily, is the outlook at the present time, and the question in every one's mind is as to the possibility of this "old parliamentary hand" being able so to unite the party of separation and the section of Liberals which follows him, as to preserve that office which he has made such vehement and unscrupulous efforts to regain. In truth, a grievous strain must of late have been put upon the loyalty of many Liberals to their chief. Party feeling is strong in England, and, save in exceptional circumstances, a politician, however honest and conscientious, loses position and influence if he changes his party.

To-day, however, we have to all appearances a deliberate abandonment of old party principles, and indeed of principles which rank higher than mere party opinions, by a leader who has reached an age at which it is impossible to suppose that he can long continue to lead. We can imagine the earnest appeals which have been made to the personal and political fidelity of his former colleagues and followers. To some, indeed, it has been no difficult matter to respond to such an appeal. The old official hacks — the Granvilles, the Kimberleys, and *id genus omne*— regard office as their natural right, and would hold it an unprincipled thing to allow any principle to stand between them and their lawful heritage. They look upon a Tory Government as usurpers of that lawful heritage, and would follow the leader who has dispossessed those usurpers through any imaginable amount of political degradation which did not involve their being again relegated to the Opposition benches.

Besides these, there are certain men who are quite content to recognise their own intellectual inferiority, and whose consciences are entirely satisfied to follow the leader who has been recognised as such by the party to which they owe their allegiance. Such men, indeed, consider party in the practical light of a deity, whose decrees must be obeyed with humility, and to question whose action, even when directed by leaders who have again and again changed their opinions, is something akin to heresy, and should rightly subject a man to political pains and penalties of the highest degree.

But, apart from the hacks and the hereditary placemen, there are others who must at least have hesitated before throwing in their lot with the motley crew over whom Mr Gladstone now presides. Of Mr Trevelyan we have already spoken, and the best excuse that can be made for him is that he may have felt reluctant to separate himself from Lord Spencer, under whom he had acquired that experience of Ireland and of Irishmen which prompted his recent utterances before office was within his reach.

But it is difficult to believe that Lord Spencer himself is contented with his present position. He is well known, indeed, to have a confidence in Mr Gladstone alike beautiful in its simplicity and remarkable in its strength and continuance. Nevertheless, Lord Spencer has shown a vigour and determination during his tenure of office in Ireland which would appear to denote some strength of principle, some stability of character, which even now may be of the greatest service to his country. It may be that, although his boundless confidence in his present chief may have induced Lord Spencer to give the weight and authority of his name to the new Government, that very confidence has prevented his inquiring too particularly into the proposals which Mr Gladstone will shortly have to make with regard to his Irish policy. When those proposals are before the country, we shall know, in a word, whether Mr Gladstone has deceived the Parnellites or the loyal section of the Liberal party. For, in the very nature of things, it is almost certain that he must have deceived one or the other. If no real legislative independence is given to Ireland, there is little doubt that Mr Parnell and his party will have been deceived; whereas if any such concession is made, it is hardly possible to conceive that Lord Spencer, or any loyal Liberal, can have accepted office with any idea that he would be asked to support or be responsible for a measure so flagrantly opposed to his own convictions. It is impossible for us to fix a limit to the extraordinary confidence which Lord Spencer reposes in his chief; but we entertain no doubt that either that limit will be shortly reached, or the Parnellites will be in full revolt against their present patrons. Indeed, to think otherwise would be to pay a bad compliment to the loyalty and honesty of Lord Spencer, in both of which we have the greatest faith.

Besides Lord Spencer, there are other men to whom we look with some hope in the event of the proposals of Mr Gladstone being of a Parnellite hue. Lord Rosebery, it is true, is so much under the glamour of Mr Gladstone that he even went so far as to propound during the autumn the enormously fantastical statement (we will use no stronger word) that "we (Liberals) know what our policy is, because we have a great man to lead us"!!! Still, if, as we firmly believe to be the truth, it is precisely because they have got a "great man to lead them," that the Liberal party and Liberal Cabinet do *not* know what their policy is, and that when it has been fully declared, men like Lord Rosebery, Lord Morley, and others who might be named, will find it necessary to use their own judgment, and decide for themselves whether that policy is one which can be honestly followed by men who are loyal to Queen and constitution. This Irish question is no child's play now; to give a Parliament to Ireland in her present condi-

tion and with the existing franchise, means neither more nor less than to abandon loyal men in Ireland to destruction, and in all probability to kindle the flame of civil war. The cry of the Home Rule party and the justification of concession to their demands rests upon the fact that 85 out of the 103 members lately sent to Parliament from Ireland are Nationalists, and represent the great majority of the people. It is incontestable that they polled many more votes than their Loyalist opponents, although there is serious question as to the legitimacy of the means by which many of their majorities were obtained. But even if it be conceded that these men represent a numerical majority of the people of Ireland, it is equally certain that the enormous proportion of the property of the country is in the hands of those Loyalists who are so inadequately represented in Parliament.

If we are to lay down the principle in Ireland that numbers and not property are to prevail, and that the influence of property is to count for nothing in the government of the country, it is very certain that before long the same principle will be applied to Great Britain. The howling mob which wrecked South Audley Street and "looted" London shops on the 8th February last, had as much claim to the property of their victims as have the Nationalists of Ireland to the property of the loyal population. The numbers of those who "have not" are probably greater than those who "have" realised property in London itself. Does any one propose that the former should have power to dispossess the latter? Yet why should what would be lawless and abominable in London be less so in Ireland? It is folly to think that we can suffer a principle of this sort to prevail in Ireland, and still keep it at arm's length in England and Scotland. Already, indeed, have land agitators begun to ply their trade, only too successfully, among ourselves, and their pernicious doctrines have been disseminated with mischievous effect among the crofters of the north, and the agricultural labourers of the south of Great Britain. Nor is there the least hope that the mischief will stop at the point to which it has already reached. Those who cherish such a sanguine expectation cannot have realised the source from which the evil comes, and from which will undoubtedly come further mischief, unless the good sense of the British people happily intervenes. It arises, we say without hesitation, from the fatal policy of Mr Gladstone, especially in his Irish legislation; and unless his madness be checked, greater evils will arise from his further efforts in the same direction.

The Irish Land Act of 1870 involved no small concessions on the part of the landowners to the occupiers; but those concessions were cheerfully made, and the Act accepted, mainly because it was felt that rest and security from agitation were absolutely necessary for Ireland's prosperity, and because reliance was placed upon the distinct and emphatic repudiation by Mr Gladstone of the two principles of "fixity of tenure" and "judicial rents," and his solemn assurance that by this Act he hoped to "close and seal up the subject for ever." But when the exigencies of his political position caused Mr Gladstone to introduce the Land Bill of 1881, his reopening of the whole question, and his adoption of the very two principles which he had so strongly repudiated in 1870, laid the foundation of

all the evil and insecurity to property which have followed, and of much which we fear is yet to come. The disaffected Irish saw that the "Liberal" Ministry had been frightened into concessions which involved the abandonment of cherished principles, and they naturally argued that other concessions could be obtained by the like means. The tenantry of Ireland, moreover, saw that the British Parliament was prepared to sacrifice the property of the Irish landlords at the bidding of Mr Gladstone, and having obtained a share of that property, were not unwilling to support an agitation which promised to give them more. And so it has naturally come about, that whilst Mr Gladstone's fast and loose notions about Irish land have shaken the foundations upon which rests the tenure of property in the sister island, his lamentable readiness to concede anything and everything to agitation has encouraged agitators who have views outside and beyond the land question.

Believing himself to be indispensable to the good government of the country, Mr Gladstone has not hesitated to call upon the party which unhappily has accepted him as its leader to sacrifice their most cherished principles to the one object of securing for him a parliamentary majority. Freedom of contract—non-interference of the State with private transactions—fair and open competition for land as for every other marketable article,—these were some of the principles which submissive Liberalism has sacrificed at the imperious bidding of its chief. To-day further sacrifices are demanded. In the admirable letter which Lord Fife has recently addressed to the Scottish Liberal Association, he protests alike against surrender to the separatism of Mr Parnell and the communism of Mr Chamberlain, and rightly designates the Cabinet of Mr Gladstone, "A Cabinet of surrender." Lord Fife protests against "any severance of legislative functions from the Imperial Parliament," as "a source of weakness to the country, and an admirable platform for further agitation to bring about complete legislative independence, if not eventual separation." We are not yet in possession of the details of Mr Gladstone's scheme, but if it does not give to Ireland a Parliament, under whatever title the same may be disguised, it cannot satisfy his Parnellite allies, unless they, too, are prepared to surrender principles which involve their very existence as a party, for the sole purpose of keeping Mr Gladstone in office. But if it is his intention to give, or at least to propose, such a Parliament, is it possible that it can be accepted by the British people? If the members of the Irish are also to be allowed to sit in the British Parliament, each member who so sits will have greater legislative power than his English and Scotch colleagues. If, for this and other reasons, the members of the Irish Parliament are to confine their legislative efforts to Dublin, and to be excluded from the British House of Commons, there is an end to the unity of the Parliament of the empire. It is, of course, possible that men whose confidence in Mr Gladstone has been sufficiently blind and complete to induce them to join his Government under existing circumstances, may still persuade themselves of his infallibility, and remain with him, even if a further surrender of principle be required. There must, however, be many who, like Lord Fife, have not "that

elasticity of principle which seems gradually to be rising to the dignity of statesmanship," and who will prefer their country to their party in spite of all the blandishments employed by the "old parliamentary hand." Nor will such patriotism be unappreciated or unrewarded by the British people. So far as England is concerned, it cannot be pretended that she has consented to the degrading transaction by which power has been transferred from Lord Salisbury to Mr Gladstone. A majority of upwards of thirty English representatives will be found in the list of those who opposed the insidious amendment of Mr Collings, so that, putting Scotland out of sight for a moment, it has really become the question whether England shall govern Ireland or Ireland control England. In the present instance the latter has been the case, because the weight of Scotland thrown into the Irish scale has overcome English opinion. But can it be expected that England will for ever submit to this state of things? It is the more humiliating because, the more closely we regard the matter, the more clearly shall we detect the utter want of principle which dictated the "unholy alliance" (to quote Mr Gladstone's favourite expression) to which Lord Salisbury's Government succumbed. Mr Gladstone, as we have observed, hastens to proclaim to the world that the late Government were defeated "upon an issue altogether separate" from Ireland; but the more accurate, if less subtle, Mr John Morley, speaking at Newcastle the day before his re-election, plainly and fairly told his constituents that the vote upon Mr Collings's amendment really turned upon the Irish question. The Government had determined to introduce measures for the repression of crime, "for advocating which," says Mr Morley, "the House of Commons turned them out of office." "Repression of crime" is popularly called "coercion" by platform orators of the Radical and Separatist school; but we may, for the hundredth time, point out that what is intended is the coercion only of those evil-minded and dangerous men who have employed, and who still employ, a coercion over their peaceable fellow-countrymen of a character ten times more terrible than anything ever contemplated by a British Government. We cannot believe that the public opinion of Scotland, any more than that of England, is opposed to that enforcement of order and obedience to the law which is absolutely necessary in every civilised country, and is only termed "coercion" in Ireland because there are in that unhappy country so many who require that order and obedience to be enforced which, in Great Britain, are readily and cheerfully rendered without enforcement.

If, indeed, Mr Gladstone could discover some means of making the Irish people happy and contented, peaceful and prosperous, at the same time maintaining (as, in his Mid-Lothian manifesto, he declared it to be "the first duty" of a representative to do) "the supremacy of the Crown, the unity of the empire, and the authority of Parliament," we should hail such a result with profound satisfaction. But Mr Gladstone's failures in the past inspire us with little confidence for the future. The whole social fabric of Ireland has been shaken to its foundation by his previous efforts at "remedial" legislation, and the only sentiment with which he has thoroughly imbued the Irish

people is the belief that there is nothing which he will not concede to agitation.[1] The outlook of public affairs is melancholy indeed, and there are only two rays of light in an otherwise dark horizon. One of these we see in the fact that Lord Hartington and his friends appear to have recognised at last the danger of Mr Gladstone's unstable and erratic course. Difficult as it must be for these men to sever political ties and forsake party allegiance, yet we have the greatest hope that they will perceive that it is their duty to do so, and we are confident that they will not shrink from that duty. Between men who are loyal to the Crown and constitution of our country there should be union and alliance, when the stability of one and the other is threatened by open enemies and pretended friends. The old Whigs and the Conservatives may now unite upon common ground, for their principles are so nearly identical that patriotism forbids them to stand aloof from each other in the hour of danger to those principles.

Another ray of hope is to be found in the fact that the experience of the last few months has clearly proved that the constitutional party can furnish men in every way competent to govern the country. Even their political opponents have been obliged to confess that Lord Salisbury's Government has left behind it "a good record," and Lord Salisbury himself has immeasurably raised his character in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen. We knew him before to be brave and able; we know him now to be endowed with the highest qualities of statesmanship. Forced to accept office at a moment when the blunders of his predecessors had complicated our relations with foreign States, and both at home and abroad had placed us in a position of grave embarrassment, Lord Salisbury has so conducted affairs as to win universal approbation. He has proved himself to be that of which Great Britain stands sorely in need,—a strong Minister, and as a strong Minister he will ere long reappear.

Lord Salisbury has fallen for the

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[1] If anything were wanting to fill up the measure of disgust which every honest and fair-dealing man must feel for Mr Gladstone's recent conduct, it is to be found in his letter bearing date February 12th, and addressed to Lord De Vesci. This politician—it would be a farce to call him "statesman"—has been legislating for Ireland ever since 1868. Since 1880 his attention as First Minister of the Crown has been constantly called to Irish wants and Irish difficulties; and to inquire into these he has had the whole machinery of Government at his command. And now, forsooth, having by his own unpatriotic action prevented Lord Salisbury's Government from introducing those measures which they had resolved upon as necessary for Ireland, he comes forward with the confession that all his experience and means of information have left him so ignorant of the subject and so devoid of any settled policy, that he invites "free communication of views" from all classes of Irishmen, in order to enable him and his colleagues to make up their minds! The meaning of this letter will be as easily seen through as the extraordinary statement of the writer that, whilst the late Ministers were in office, he "thought it most desirable to leave the whole field of legislation open to them." With what truth this can be said by the man who spared no effort to turn "the late Ministers" out in the very first week of the session, we leave impartial readers to judge. The delay which this specious but astounding letter seeks to procure might well have been granted to Ministers who had not held the seats of office for nine months; but it is nothing short of indecency that it should be demanded by the very man who denied it to those Ministers, and whose own request under the circumstances is a confession of either the most culpable vacillation or the most lamentable incapacity.

moment before the unscrupulous tactics of his opponents, and the flood of misrepresentations with which they inundated the country before and during the late general election. But Lord Salisbury will return. The calm, strong sense of the British people will reassert itself—the eyes of the constituencies will be opened—and all the arts and subterfuges of the oldest "Parliamentary hand" will not keep from power the Minister whose capacity has now been well proved, and whose loyalty and patriotism deserve, and will assuredly receive, the confidence alike of his Sovereign and her people.

NOTE TO "HOME TRUTHS ON THE CROFTER AGITATION, BY AN OLD HIGHLANDER,"—'Maga,' July 1885.

"An Old Highlander," the writer of the above article, regrets that he has done Mr John Murdoch, the editor of the 'Highlander,' an injustice by giving currency to a statement that he had been discharged from the public service. Mr Murdoch, the "Old Highlander" now learns, was thirty-five years in H.M.'s service, fourteen of them as Supervisor of Inland Revenue; and on his retirement, in consequence of a long and severe illness, he was awarded the highest retiring allowance permitted by Act of Parliament. Mr Murdoch on his part wishes to make the following corrections with regard to the "Home Truths":—"So far from commenting harshly upon, or exaggerating Captain Fraser's doings, Mr Murdoch was quite disposed the other way,—the two, until the 'Uig Disaster'—more than four years after the starting of the 'Highlander'—being on very friendly terms, as two men deeply interested in Highland affairs, literary as well as social and economic. And when the rupture took place between them, it was over a contribution from the scene of the flood in which the offensive comments of the tenants were stated as items of news—not as editorial opinions. Captain Fraser was advised to demand £1000 damages; but although several witnesses were examined for the pursuer, and none but Mr Murdoch himself for the defence, the award was £50. The decision was accepted and the money paid, rather than carry on an irritating suit, although Mr Murdoch was advised to appeal to a higher court. He said, 'No, we have been forced into court; we will not, even with an appeal, depart from our peaceful principles, and go any further in a war of litigation.'

"In the same spirit and on the principle that he and his people could of right wage no physical warfare, and in the conviction that moral force is alone effective, Mr Murdoch always appealed from the sword of the fathers to the pure and loving action of the sons, guided and inspired by the teachings of the New Testament; so that the idea of his stirring up the crofters to deeds of violence is not only unsupported by facts, but is in direct opposition to the whole tenor of his teaching in the 'Highlander' and on the platform."

"An Old Highlander" desires that such as have copied the mistakes which he made will give these corrections, together with the apology which he now offers for Mr Murdoch's acceptance.

THE LATE PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.

WE cannot allow this issue of the Magazine, the oldest representative of literature in Scotland, to go forth to the world without a word to add to the universal mourning with which the announcement of the death of Principal Tulloch has been received. One of the most notable figures of his generation—a man whose loss at any time would have been a national calamity—he has been snatched from us at a moment when his genial presence and catholic heart were most deeply needed. Whatever may be the changes upon the edge of which the Church of Scotland stands,—whether she is to suffer loss, or to gain in the high matters of Christian peace and harmony, by the storm that threatens her,—Principal Tulloch was one of those most fitted to defend her walls without, or to cement the union projected within. In no man has the milk of human kindness more happily tempered the fervour of a warm enthusiast-nature, or won more friends even among those who were far from agreeing with his views, whether political or religious. He might be hot in argument, he was always tender in humanity; and there was no one who had the love of truth at heart who was not his friend. He was not a constant contributor to these pages, but his occasional articles, on the subjects which he habitually treated, were always deeply valued. He had been for many years trusted and prized as a most faithful friend and counsellor; and he will nowhere be more truly mourned than amid the sorrowing band of 'Maga's' old and habitual contributors. On another occasion, and with fuller leisure, we hope to place before the reader a more worthy notice of a man whose life and labours have been all for Scotland, and whose place in literature, as well as in the career of public duty, it will be very hard to fill. In the meantime we can but record our heartfelt regret for his loss, and sympathy with those who mourn for him.

> "Eternal greetings to the dead,
> And 'Ave! Ave! Ave!' said—
> 'Adieu! adieu!' for evermore."

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PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.

There are almost as many different ways of dying as of living. Some men steal away out of life, unobserved save by the little circle that surrounds their bed. Some go when the world has already forgotten their names, and learned to do without them. But of some the fall is like that of a great tree, rending the very face of nature; or like a tower standing four-square to all the winds, until in a moment, with a crash like thunder, it has fallen and left ruin around. Such a sudden fall, so great, so startling, involving a catastrophe both private and public, has just taken place in the midst of us. Our last number contained one word—there was no possibility of more—to record the loss which Scotland had sustained in the death of Principal Tulloch. It is now time to attempt a fuller record of what the country and his friends have lost. The first natural tears have been shed. The soft covering of the snow, that made a mantle and shroud alike for him when he was laid in his grave, in the city which was as much his as if he had been the Prince-Archbishop of former days, has already given way to the more lasting and gentler covering of the sod, that kindly cloak of nature over all tearings asunder; and we can now look at the life that is over as at a completed thing, a chapter in the records of the ages which nothing can interfere with more. A very short period—a few weeks—are enough to establish this perspective, and round our little lives into that perfection which belongs only to those things which are past.

There is not much scope for ambition or worldly advancement in the position of a clergyman of the Scotch Church. Those homely endowments which her enemies would so fain take from her are small. If they maintain a simple level of comfort in the many corners of the land where no voluntary system can be sufficient to maintain, without extraneous aid, the services of an educated clergy, yet

the prizes open to ecclesiastical ambition in Scotland are almost non-existent. There is no dignified and wealthy leisure within the minister's possibilities, to make up for poor pay and a laborious life on the lower levels. The best the Church can do for her successful sons is no better, in point of pecuniary recompense, than many a simple rectory on the other side of the Tweed, carrying no distinction at all. It is wonderful to think upon how little the modest honours of the Church and Universities of Scotland are upheld. The appointment held by Dr Tulloch is one of those where the dignity is greatest and the emoluments smallest. He has held it for a long, almost unexampled, period; for it is a very rare thing for such preferment to be won at an early age. His whole life, indeed, may be said to have been spent in that position—in the plain living and high thinking which colleges better endowed have made a problematical rule.

John Tulloch was born in 1823, in the manse of Tibbermuir near Perth, the eldest of a minister's family, and predestined to the hereditary office in the Church, in a day when that succession was more usual than now. He was one of a stalwart pair of twins, a most notable proof that the double birth implies no impairing of vigour, since the noble physical structure of both these sons of the manse almost gave them a right to be numbered in the race of the sons of the giants. An early contemporary speaks of his own boyish pranks in company with the younger of the two; but adds that John was too much occupied with his books to share in their exploits: which is a little surprising, for Principal Tulloch was always a lover of the open air, and of everything natural and manly. His primary education was had partially at the Madras College, St Andrews, his connection with his future habitation thus dating from his earliest years. Half a century ago, the sturdy lads who streamed out and in of that modest centre of learning probably looked much the same as they do now, with ruddy cheeks brightened by the northern sea-breezes, and tawny hair all flying in the gusts from the east. East or west, save that the sea is wilder and dashes upon the rocks with a more exhilarating vigour when it comes from the sharper eastern skies, little matters to those urchins, "hardy, bold, and wild," as befits the children of the northern coasts, bred between the hills and the sea. And no better example could be of the Saxon Scot, with a touch of the Scandinavian in his blood, than the large-limbed yellow-haired boy, with big well-opened eyes not untouched by dreams, who came with his satchel and his books from the Perthshire manse, intent upon making something of his life. At fourteen he had done with the Madras College, and was entered at the University—to our ideas at an age very inappropriate to the graver studies carried on there. But the system of Scottish academical teaching, as it is unnecessary to explain, was regulated by the custom of the country in this respect, and provided for boy-students in a way much modified nowadays by the influence of English ideas. The curriculum was long, running over as many years as the public school and university combined occupy on the other side of the Tweed; but no Eton boy of fourteen could have the same sense of the importance and gravity of his work which a lad of the

same age, supposing him to have any genuine vocation, must have experienced when he put on the red gown of the St Andrews' student of "Arts," and betook himself to the lecture-room where he was addressed as a young man. And the independence of these youths was no mere matter of feeling. It has been said that young John Tulloch cost his father nothing from the time he entered the University. Such an achievement seems almost impossible, especially when it is remembered that the scholarships which a clever boy may gain at school are, or at that time were, non-existent in the North, and that independence meant nothing less than continuous and remunerated work during all these early years.

He completed his studies in what are called the Arts classes by gaining one of the chief distinctions in the gift of the University — the Gray prize for an essay on "The Civil Institutions of Rome;" and began the more special studies of his profession in the venerable old College of St Mary's, where he was to spend the greater part of his life. But whether some favourite professor attracted him to the other side of the Forth, or whether other circumstances led to that migration, those studies were completed in Edinburgh. In the year 1844, returning to his native district in order to begin the work of his life, he entered the probationary order of the Scotch ministry by receiving the licence to preach of the Presbytery of Perth; immediately after which he was made assistant in the Old Church of Dundee, an office corresponding to that of curate in the Church of England, except in so far that it may be held by a probationer not yet entered into orders, and therefore incapable of dispensing the sacraments of the Church—a degree less than that of deacon. He did not, however, hold this secondary position long, being ordained to one of the parish churches in that town after a brief novitiate. And then the best piece of good fortune in all his life befell the young minister. He married Miss Hindmarsh—a young lady whose youth had been spent like his own in Perth or its neighbourhood, and whom he must have known from his childhood. A more perfect marriage never was, nor perhaps, according to the rules of prudence, a more incautious one. He was twenty-two and she nineteen, and all their fortune was the small stipend of Dr Maclauchlan's "helper," with some little country living to follow when Providence should please. The boy and girl began their little housekeeping together in Dundee, where he had all the parish work to do, and she very soon the cares of a rapidly filling nursery; but the young wife brought to the common stock gifts that are better than fortune,—the disposition which brings good out of everything, a cheerful temper that nothing could disturb, a soothing and healing presence, which to the husband—himself impetuous, hot-tempered, and sensitive, apt to feel keenly all the slights of life and caprices of fortune — were precious beyond all estimate. I know few details of this young life at Dundee. There was no doubt many a struggle in it; but there were youth, and love, and boundless hope—and doubtless it was as happy as it was laborious, and courageous, and poor. It was broken by one holiday, of a kind which after occurred not unfrequently in his life—a vacation caused by the temporary

breaking down of his health. He went to Germany to recover, and there learned that language so indispensable to the philosophical inquirer. He used to say in after-times that no one could learn a language—that is to say, have a mind sufficiently free and at leisure for all the horrors of grammar—after twenty-five. He was under this age when he achieved German; and it was, I think, the only foreign language of which he could ever make easy colloquial use.

It was some time after, that, having attained the ripe age of five-and-twenty, he was presented to the rural parish of Kettins, in Perthshire—a living in the gift of the Crown. It was a delightful change to the young couple and their babies, after Dundee; and no one could hear Dr Tulloch, in after-life, speak of this quiet little place without perceiving the loving recollection he had carried with him of its rustic tranquillity and peace. He was released from the cares and contentions of the town, from the pain of beholding privations and troubles which he could not adequately help, and all those miseries of the crowd which a clergyman cannot escape. The quiet of his country manse was as balm to his soul. He had time to think, and time to begin another kind of work which had been wooing him, but which wanted retirement, and reading, and leisure. There was no bustle in Kettins to distract his thoughts. His parochial work, in its simplicity, was a pleasure and refreshment to him, and the poor folk, with all their humours, an endless interest. Through all his life afterwards he missed the cottages; the ploughmen, to whom he would fling a kindly greeting, in his large, round, mellow voice, as he passed the corner of the field; the women at the doors, always the better of a word from the minister. But when he went into his little study, which watchful love kept in all quietness and peace, the other vocation, which had been waiting for him, began to open to the young man. The time was approaching for that romantic periodical emulation, if anything that concerns theology in its abstrusest aspect can be called romantic, the competition for the Burnett prize,—a thing unique among intellectual contests, and which, in a few years more,[1] ought to be coming round again. It is just a century since it was first instituted by a benevolent but perhaps eccentric merchant of Aberdeen, who left a certain sum of money to accumulate, in order to afford a prize worth having, at periodical intervals of forty years, to the writer, or rather to two writers, of essays, on the Divine character and attributes, or on the evidences of Natural Religion. The second of these periodical competitions was approaching when young Tulloch became minister of Kettins; and this was the work to which he addressed himself in the unusual country leisure. Books such as he required were not easily found at the foot of the Grampians; but he had the library of his Alma Mater at St Andrews to draw upon, and plunged into the work with heart and soul. Either before he commenced this great task, or in moments of relaxed effort in the midst of it, he had begun to find utterance in various periodicals, chiefly, I believe, in the 'North British Review,' then recently established,

[1] By an unwarrantable perversion of the founder's intentions, these magnificent prizes have been abolished, and the fund applied to the establishment of a semi-secularist lectureship.—Ed. B. M.

where, moved by the mingled admiration and indignation which that extraordinary brilliant and painful book naturally called forth, he reviewed Carlyle's 'Life of Sterling,' and—a still more important matter for himself—Bunsen's 'Hippolytus.' But the essay on Theism was the chief work of this period. One can imagine how the greatness of the subject took possession of mind and fancy, and how, as he trudged far afield, through all weathers, to hillside farmhouse and cottage, to the bedsides of the dying, to console and advise in all the nameless troubles that come to a country minister's ear, his thoughts would return again and again to that high argument, and find illustration and enrichment in all the incidents of the way, and the unfoldings of the human souls about him. And in the evening, when these labours were over, and the other unrecorded toils of the frugal house completed—the children asleep, and all else at rest—his young wife sometimes sitting by him while he continued the theme, sometimes, like George Eliot's most beautiful conception, waking in the night to fulfil that labour of love, copied carefully out each chapter as it was completed, and made her modest comments—his first judge and critic, as well as his constant aid. What labours, what high interests, what sacred hours, stolen from sleep and ease, what happy nights and days!

It is very evident that by this time Tulloch had already become known as a young man of no common promise. His sermons, which in later days would sometimes touch by moments the highest note of religious eloquence, must already have begun to produce the effect which invariably follows that most telling kind of intellectual production. The few but remarkable contributions to periodical literature which had by this time appeared from his pen had also made an impression upon the minds of his contemporaries. With all this, however, it still seems difficult to account for the choice of so young a man for the dignified office to which, from the simplicity of Kettins, he was all at once promoted. It is said that the influence of Baron Bunsen, whom he had delighted by his review of 'Hippolytus,' was exerted in his favour. That genial and most plausible and persuasive of diplomatists was then at the height of his reputation in England—a power in society, flattered and *fêté* everywhere. It is quite consistent with his character that the favourable criticism in which he felt himself comprehended should delight him, as well as that he should endeavour to return the gratification by active service to his sympathetic critic. But there were also other influences at work. The conflict between opposing parties ran high in the North, and the candidates for the Principalship were violently supported on one side and the other, so that a compromise by which both parties might be, if not satisfied, yet silenced, became desirable to the lovers of peace. In these circumstances, Sir David Brewster, then Principal of St Leonard's College, who knew what were the special studies of the minister of Kettins, and who probably felt sure that the work on which Tulloch was engaged would afford a full justification of the choice, proposed him for the vacant office of Principal of St Mary's. To back up such a recommendation, Baron Bunsen's mellow and persuasive voice would be both powerful and appropriate, and Lord Palmerston was one of

the men to whom youth itself was always a recommendation. By this junction of means it came about that at thirty-one, in the first flower of his manhood, with every augury and promise in his favour, though without much foundation of work accomplished behind him, John Tulloch was appointed to the office—in Scotland a great piece of preferment, though its emoluments were of the smallest—in which he spent all the rest of his life. It is very seldom that so young a man finds himself thus placed at the very climax of his desires with so little of the struggle and uncertainty of early effort. And yet the man who had begun active work, and taken all the responsibilities of life upon him, at twenty-two, had not been without his share of these experiences. It has been common to say that the extreme overwork of this period produced consequences in after-life which did much to weaken his strength; but I cannot say that I see any proof of this. His work was great and inspiring, not excessive. He spent between five and six years in the happy quiet of Kettins. It was a time to which he referred with affectionate pleasure all the rest of his life. Besides the tranquil labours of his parish, he had the congenial and chosen work of that first essay in Christian philosophy, and a comparatively small amount of periodical writing. There was nothing in this to tire or weaken any man. He came to St Andrews in the full freshness of his intellect and the flower of manhood, looking, I think, a little older than his age—no inappropriate figure in that chair which, still with much of the air of a young man, with his fine person rather improved than injured by all the intermediate years, he left but the other day, never to return.

Here he began his work with all the satisfaction of a man who has attained the place that suits him best.

> "The generous spirit who when brought
> Among the tasks of real life hath wrought
> Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought,"—

could not have found a finer example. From thenceforward "the Principal" assumes the only title by which we recognise him, and becomes visible, always a fine and genial presence, against the habitual background which is associated with him as closely as any sphere ever became identified with a leading spirit. Old St Andrews, with its grey sea, which sometimes leaps into such brilliant blueness, as clear, if keener, than the Mediterranean itself; with those soft swelling links of velvet green, within the guardianship of the sandhills, where the favourite outdoor game of Scotland is pursued with youthful enthusiasm and elderly calm, all the generations together; with its solemn ruins rising high upon the little headland, its stately grey street of antique houses, its students in their red gowns,—comes before us like a picture, at the sound of Principal Tulloch's name. It has many associations of an older date, old Principals humorous and wise, Professors with names known over all the world, leaving kindly recollections at home. But to the present generation it is going far enough back to recall the bright and witty society which made the place delightful when the new Principal of St Mary's came from his Perthshire parish, startling the little community, which at first did not perhaps quite know what to make of the young household,—the invasion of the good-humoured yet sometimes

wrathful giant, so large, with such an atmosphere of unhampered rural life about him, so unconventionally at his ease in his academic garments, so distinct an embodiment of a modern philosophy and a new spring of being among the older traditions. The place was warm with the true brightness of society, a community concerned with the same interests, living on the same level, its members seeing each other daily, their occupations and amusements the same; yet with something perhaps in the more rugged Northern nature to prevent that monotony of intellectualism which blights most academic circles. Sir David Brewster was still at its head when Tulloch was appointed; and there too was Professor Ferrier, not the abstruse yet gentle philosopher whom strangers know, but the head of a most original and delightful household, running over with wit and beauty, with quip and prank, and harmless satire and laughter. At Strathtyrum, close by, lived the ever-respected editor of this Magazine, John Blackwood, with a varying group always about him—men of literature, men of arms, an occasional statesman, or witty philosopher. The laughter is all silent, the familiar figures gone. What was so bright and lifelike, as if it might last for ever, has fallen into the shadows and darkness. What wonder! for human generations move swiftly, and all this is more than thirty years ago.

Amid this characteristic circle the new Principal soon took his place with universal appreciation and content; and the award of the great prize following soon after, with its agreeable accompaniment of £600, and all the pleasant excitement of the triumph, gave to his settlement the *éclat* of success. The Essay on "Theism" was published in 1855, with a dedication to Sir David Brewster, in which cordial thanks are rendered for the books supplied through him to the author in his retirement. The title given to this volume—Principal Tulloch's first important contribution to literature — is characteristic, and shows with what steadfast unity he carried out his first conception of the special Christian work he had to do. 'The Witness of Reason and Nature to an All-Wise and Beneficent Creator' is the title of this book. The position which he thus took up from the beginning was that of one to whom all truth is reasonable, to whom the warm consent of the soul is always necessary. Not, indeed, that he attempted or desired those processes of proof by which every spiritual act must be made comprehensible to the mind which can conceive of nothing higher than material evidence. This was never his point of view. But he liked to trace a nobler Reason, to obtain a profounder response, to show how in all times God has silently demonstrated Himself to His children by that internal conviction which is greater than evidence, and that the analogy of all that is reasonable and human is on the side of faith. He adopted this as the subject of his researches and his thoughts, in their earliest phase, and he kept it unbroken to the end. His mind knew no departure from this leading principle. He had but little regard for those doctrines which are supported by tradition alone, and found little interest in the contentions of different systems. He was a member of a Presbyterian Church by nature and circumstances, and he felt within her bounds ample scope and verge enough for all he could do in the service of God and his

brethren. But he would not have gone to the stake for Presbytery. The constitution of the external Church was more or less indifferent to him. He would probably have been an uneasy subject under the sway of a Bishop, as he was often an impatient critic of the petty parliament of a Presbytery. Everything of the kind was to him secondary. The object of his thoughts and of his life was to demonstrate that what God requires of us is always a reasonable service; that the human mind at its highest can find no such harmonious solution of all its problems as in His ways and methods; and that whatever new lights may be thrown upon the physical details of the world-making, Nature and thought, when most deeply interrogated, bear always their profoundest testimony for God. He pursued the subject throughout his life in many different branches, but never departed from it; the whole consistent purpose of his work being throughout to identify as the true pillars of the temple, equal in form, and of perfectly harmonious poise and balance, the two principles so often supposed to be antagonistic — Reason and Faith.

Within the first five or six years after his appointment, Principal Tulloch published two books which perhaps have remained the most popular of his works, one entitled 'The Leaders of the Reformation,' the other, 'English Puritanism and its Leaders,' both being collections of historical sketches, summing up in a very effective method the story of a period, in biographies of its leading spirits. These sketches were sufficiently light to take the popular fancy, while full of fine discrimination and judgment, and still pursued, though in a manner subordinated to the primary interest of the subject, the inquiry into rational processes of truth-discrimination and influence, and that gradual development of religious thought which he had set himself to trace. These books were received with much interest by a public a great deal wider than that which feels itself capable of comprehending an essay on an abstract subject, and fixed the Principal's reputation as a powerful and picturesque writer. At the same time, his reputation grew in other ways. As his sermons became more generally known, his fame was soon established as one of the greatest of Scotch contemporary preachers. This gift is one which in Scotland never passes without appreciation; and the fervent strain of the Principal's eloquence had so much of the passion of sincerity in it that it conquered the general heart, as without this gift neither argument nor eloquence can. His extraordinarily sympathetic and sensitive nature thrilled to the contact of an assembly of hearers, whatever they might be. I have heard him say that he generally took more than one sermon into the pulpit with him, and according as his mind was affected by the multitude about him, chose what he should preach—a method perhaps as nearly in consonance with the command, "Take no heed what you shall say," as the exigencies of modern conventionality will allow. Nor was this all the effect which his audience and his subject produced upon him; for often there would come a time when the tide of feeling no longer brooked the control of premeditation, and then the book would be suddenly closed, the preacher lean over the edge of the pulpit, his hands stretched out and his features instinct with emotion, while he poured forth an

appeal which came from the bottom of his heart. Sometimes this strenuous utterance of his profoundest feelings would be full of eloquence; sometimes the Principal's most admiring friends would have preferred that he should have kept to the "paper," the written sermon with its more closely thought-out argument. But in either case, the impulse, the impassioned reality, were most impressive. And the people whom he addressed, perhaps of all others the audience most susceptible to the influence of the pulpit, answered with the ready warmth and confidence which add to every preacher's power.

It was, I think, in the year 1863 that the first cloud of personal suffering came across this fair and prosperous career. There are many meanings of that word—and if the reader should suppose that prosperity meant wealth or anything approaching it, he would be much deceived; but neither would it be true, on the other hand, to represent our Principal as battling with care or in any way crushed by the hardships of life, or labouring beyond his strength to make up his income—which things have been said, but are not true. One specially fine point in him was that he did not thus snatch at the work which brings in money, but rather put up in his genial simplicity with the want of the money, which was a thing that did not trouble him much. No doubt he could, if he had chosen, have filled the magazines with hasty writing, as indeed many have done without blame. But this was not at all the Principal's way. He was rather of the old-fashioned mode of thinking in respect to literary work, and would not bargain about it, placing instead a fine confidence in his publisher, and holding the antique faith that literature demanded labour and leisure and quiet thought, and was not a thing to be hurried or done deliberately for money without any other or higher aim. All that he wrote was produced under these often-contemned conditions, without flurry or disturbance, and was his best, the careful outcome of his mind, no pot-boiling nor scribble-scrabble. He was accustomed to a home ruled by a rare gift of domestic management, and no man could have fewer personal wants or less expensive tastes. Therefore, though his income was always small and his family large, he who was never moved by the social weakness which aims at false appearances, was delivered at the same time from the feverish eagerness of the workman who strains at every possibility of adding to his means. There was about him something too big and magnanimous—something too careless and easy-going—to admit of this. With his large nature above pretence, he could be poor without thinking twice; but he could not be the shifty, eager, restless man of letters, with a reminiscence of Grub Street, and his name in all the periodicals. That was contrary to every law of his nature. So that, instead of working much to eke out his income, he lived poor, yet without sign or consciousness of any pinch, and wrote when it pleased him, doing his best at his leisure, as was natural to him. I believe that in this household, governed by a noble thrift, which never forbade hospitality nor charity nor kindness, the question of money was to both husband and wife always an entirely secondary one, so long as there was but enough for the simple necessities of life. Therefore, in speaking of this time of unclouded prosperity, I mean the prosperity of health

and happiness, and love and labour —of all those realities that make existence blessed, and not of the meaner prosperity which depends upon a balance at the bank. Everything had gone well with them; there was no break in the ranks of the family, no aches of heart. To show with what simplicity and blamelessness, with what peace and happiness, this abundant life had been filled, I may say that one of the plaints to which he gave almost childlike utterance, when illness first overshadowed him, was that his first feeling when he woke in the morning was not one of pleasure but of pain. He had lived some forty years in the world, and yet he was pathetically surprised that his first waking thought should not be bright! A friend of his, younger in years but far more experienced in trouble, recorded at the time, with a smile and a sigh, this wondering complaint made by the sufferer, with a remonstrance and appeal to heaven and earth in his wide-opened eyes. What breadths of white and spotless life, what a blameless record, must have lain behind the man who at forty had never known what it was to encounter a heavy thought when he first opened his eyes upon the new day!

The illness of which this was a symptom was not one of the honest maladies of the body that explain themselves, and that medical treatment has a simple course with. It showed itself in the cloud of a great depression and despondency, against which this happy man could not hold up his head. By what subtle action of mind on body, or body on mind—those indefinable partners in the unity of human being—it comes about that this mysterious form of malady attacks so many in our day, is a question too profound to be discussed by the ignorant. For want of a better explanation it is generally attributed to over-work, or over-strain of the intellectual faculties, or nervous exhaustion — I know not what. It rose upon Principal Tulloch like a cloud out of a clear sky, no one knowing how or wherefore. Perhaps further medical investigations may disclose by what miserable accidental jar the fine machinery of being can be put out of trim, and so much suffering come without any sufficient or apparent cause. On such a subject the uninstructed can have nothing to say, except to record that this cloud did somehow develop out of skies as serene as ever smiled over mortal man, in the midst of a life so cheerful, simple, and unspotted, that it seemed to afford no standing-place for harm of any kind. The present writer had seen much of the Principal in the previous summer, in the ease of country life and Highland travel; and the recollection of all the pleasant nonsense which springs up in such intercourse—the mild jests, the easy laughter, so much of it circling about himself, and his own humorous ways — comes back with an innocence of saddened mirth which, even in the moment of grief, has nothing inappropriate in it. But the next year brought a change, and he whose laugh had been in itself the cause of laughter, whose perception of the ludicrous had been so ready, whose swift wrath against all pretences had dropped so easily into a humorous sympathy even with the ridiculous, now turned to the world a saddened countenance, with that look of expostulation and remonstrance in his eyes, which was at all times one of their characteristic expressions, but which now acquired a pathos and air of trouble which went to the heart.

By some extraordinary freak of fancy, his disturbed mind had fixed upon—surely the most innocent sin that ever troubled an invalid conscience—a certain erroneous quotation which he had once made in a speech, I think, before the Presbytery. Whether he had put the sense wrong, or whether it was merely a false quantity, I do not recollect, nor what the phrase was. Most people will remember some slip of the kind which, when suddenly recalled to memory years after, will send the blush of shame coursing to their finger-ends. This effect, momentary in most cases, took entire possession of the Principal's fancy for a time, and with such profound feeling did he speak of it, that I well remember the struggle of sympathy for his evident suffering contending with an almost comic sense of the triviality of the occasion, until at last the anxious listener, entirely carried away by the real trouble in those appealing eyes, broke forth into the advice, as fantastic as the cause of it, that he should call together again the same audience, and make his confession of error to them: the error of a false quantity! I quote this to show how real was the suffering, how profoundly genuine the impression it made, and how tragically absurd the apparent cause. Of course it was some trick of disordered nature that took advantage of this trivial incident, as the child in Wordsworth's poem took the weathercock which caught his eye suddenly at the moment of perplexity, for the cause of his preference. This curious revelation, and the scene of it,—a little Mall shadowed with overarching elms, under which we walked up and down; a May morning cloudy yet sweet; the village green at one side, the high old-fashioned red-brick houses of an English suburban hamlet on the other; and his own large and imposing presence in all the force of manhood, with every line of his countenance drawn, and the great eyes so full of trouble,—come back as I write, almost with the freshness of present vision.

This cloud, though not always in the same form, hung over him for nearly a year—though in the midst of all the suffering, gleams of humour would come in, and many a little tragi-comic incident relieved the gloom to the anxious watchers who surrounded him, and even by moments to himself. It finally dispersed in the course of a year's travelling, upon which he set out in the autumn of 1863. He went to the East by sea, in which he always delighted, and joined a party in Rome in the end of that year, much improved in health and spirits, talking of Olympus and Mount Ida, and all the incidents of his voyage, with reviving pleasure. He saw a good deal of the English society in Rome during this winter, and entered fully into the life, half pleasure, half study, of an intelligent visitor there. Here as everywhere he found many friends: and gradually the mist of trouble which had been in all the atmosphere about him melted away—although his residence in Rome was saddened by the great and overwhelming calamity which befell some of his fellow-travellers, and linked that saddest city, to so many the abode of sorrow, in mournful associations with all after-life. It is needless to say that the Principal entered into the grief and bereavement of his friends with the tenderest sympathy, and that amid all the confused and terrible recollections of a time well-nigh of despair, some of his words

and looks stand out as fresh in everlasting remembrance as the great blow which called them forth.

The expedition was extended in spring to Naples and the surrounding country. He came in April to Capri, where a portion of the party had gone to seek quiet and such restoration as was possible — and from that lovely island visited Amalfi, Pæstum, and other places of interest. There was great talk of brigands and danger when the little party crossed the wild and lonely plain to that strange deserted spot where the old temples of the Greek colony stand empty but almost perfect in solemn solitude against the sky. It was indeed only a year after that a similar band of English travellers was stopped and detained in uneasy bondage on the same spot. The Principal's manly form and size were a protection to his companions, however, and a source of endless admiration to the people about. In Capri, the tribe of guides and attendants who soon cluster about a little band of ladies and children, and so easily assume the place of friends and sympathetic retainers, gazed at him when he appeared in his great height and stateliness, with the *barba rossa* and fair Saxon colour which charms the swarthy Southern race, with speechless admiration at first—till Feliciello, the favourite of all, and himself a handsome fellow, in despair of being able otherwise to give expression to his feeling, came forward in a sort of rapture, and patted energetically on the shoulder, in sign of applause and admiration, this unaccustomed and splendid specimen of humanity.

The Principal's mind was very much occupied while in Italy with Renan's 'Vie de Jésus,' then recently published, and much affecting, if not the public mind, yet the public talk. The French sentimentalist found but few points of sympathy in the mind of the manly thinker, whose sympathy with all freedom of thought, and tolerance of all honest opinion, never weakened his devout and earnest sense that in the character and life of our Lord lies all Christianity; but the Principal was much too anxious that his students, the future clergy of his Church, should be fitted at all points, and ready to take the fictitious glitter out of a popular romance as well as the fallacy out of a piece of reasoning, to neglect a work which had occupied so much of the attention of the public, and which was read in many circles which had neither time nor patience for graver works. Accordingly, in the leisure of his Roman holiday he took up this piece of work, and on the slopes of the Pincian prepared for the young men at St Mary's a series of lectures upon the new attempt to take their highest meaning out of the Gospels. Disabled from guiding the thoughts of his students personally as he was wont (though even at that moment it was his lectures that were being read to them, and the thread of his instruction was unbroken), he felt a pleasure in giving up to them the best of his mind and reflections, as he came back slowly to perfect health. "I felt," he says in his preface to the lectures when they were eventually published, "with returning strength reluctant to be idle in my professional capacity, even amidst the engrossing glories of Rome." And he adds, with a touching personal reference: "To myself these lectures have something of a mournful interest, associated as they have been with a time of painful trial and suffering. At such a time one learns to look

within to see on what one's life is resting. Christianity is nothing to me or any man if it is not a source of living strength, 'the light of life.' This, I trust, I have found it to be in a time of need. And out of the fulness of my feeling I have spoken."

The lectures were read to successive companies of friends in Rome, English, Scotch, and American, "chiefly clerical," and everywhere met with sympathy and appreciation. It was well that the Frenchman, offering to the world a sort of romance of spiritual enthusiasm—the story of a beautiful Galilean youth, instead of that of the Man of Sorrows—should have been met by one who was himself of the sect of the romantics, and as apt to perceive the picturesque pictures and lovely human incidents of that divine life, as any one could be,—but to see them with that sublime accompaniment which alone makes them harmonious, and which the narrator on the other side has to supply by suggestions of guile and imposture which are antagonistic to his own ideal, as well as to the loftier ideal of the Christian. I have always thought that the little book in which these lectures were finally given to the public, contains some of the finest passages the Principal has ever written; especially that in which with fine originality he points out the difference between the death of our Lord and that of all the martyrs and saints—the wonderful mystery of suffering and awe which surrounds the accomplishment of the great sacrifice, in comparison with those joyful encounters of torture and pain which His servants made in His name. The passage is one which did not, so far as I recollect, call forth very much comment: it occurs almost at the end of the book. But I have never seen the thought put forward anywhere else, nor the same comparison made; and there are few more beautiful descriptions of the central fact in the Christian faith.

Principal Tulloch came home in 1864 quite well, and in full vigour of mind and body, having spent some time in Tübingen on his way, where he renewed his acquaintance with some German thinkers, and refreshed his knowledge of German thought. He returned to take an ever-increasing part in the business of the Church, where his position at that moment, though always one of power and influence, was far from being a tranquil or universally approved one. He had taken a leading part in the movement towards freer thought and a more liberal interpretation of the historical standards of the Church—which is always a daring step, and bound to create opposition both among the formalists, who can bind their minds from all independent movement, and the simpler race of old-fashioned believers, who do not inquire how far their own developing thoughts are in absolute and rigid accordance with the documents which they have signed and hold in perfect good faith. Principal Tulloch was also in warm accord with those ministers and supporters of the Church who laboured to bring the unnecessary plainness and rudeness of the system of public worship, by no means intended by the earliest authorities, which had grown into habitual use after the Revolution—into greater accordance with more catholic rules of worship and the usages of the universal Church, as well as of what seemed to them to be required by the altering wishes of their own generation. On both these points he was what we may call a member of the opposition,

and controversies raged warm and strong, as is the nature at once of religious polemics and of the national character. He had been elected to the office of clerk-depute of the Assembly in 1862, a sort of ecclesiastical clerk of the House of Commons—could we suppose a clerkship in that House to be held by an influential member—and was consequently a permanent member of the Assembly, not able to escape from any discussion. Though thus so inextricably mixed up with ecclesiastical business, he had little taste for it; and when the reader accompanies him into that arena, it is needless to attempt to deny that it is a stormy scene into which he enters, and that here our Principal was perhaps not always perfect, but displays something of that paradox which gives interest and complication to almost all characters that call for human study.

His intellect was most tolerant, his judgment strongly (almost violently, if we may be permitted to use words so paradoxical) against every kind of violence. When he says, speaking of Renan, that whatever the faults of that writer, he had not "felt called upon to indulge in any denunciation," he was expressing most truthfully his mental disposition. "To all personal criticism in such discussions I have a strong aversion," he says. "It never does any good, and it is in itself a mean and contemptible weapon." Such was the accurate description of his sober thought and feeling. But personal controversy has an excitement in it which carries away many shields and defences; and he who in his library, with his pen in his hand, was the soul of healthful moderation, dispassionate and tolerant, had not always the same command of himself in the hotter and narrower field of debate. At such times he spoke sometimes too strongly, with hot impulses of feeling, with those sudden uncontrollable gusts of impatience which come without premeditation, and are generally repented of as quickly as conceived. This fault of temper became naturally more evident when his health was at all impaired, and it made him subject to many frets and worries which a calmer disposition would have escaped, but which he felt to the very centre of his being. His extreme sensitiveness and susceptibility to impression was the quality of which, according to the wise French formula, this was the defect. He could not have felt everything so keenly, without laying himself open to the risk of feeling some things too much. This irritability and tendency to impatience made many things a burden to him which perhaps need not have been so. They made the meetings of the Assembly, in which he always took an important part, extremely trying to him, causing more wear and tear in a fortnight than a more impervious nature might have encountered in years. Sometimes he would be tempted to a flash of impatience which vexed his spirit after it was over, and looked much more important than it was in the retrospection; and the strain of self-control to avoid such lapses was great, and told upon his strength. The stolidity of the commonplace mind, and its inability to understand, were often intolerable to him; and the extreme sincerity of his nature made it more difficult to him than to most men to disguise his feelings. He was easily bored, and was apt to resent it, with a humorous perception, however, of the absurdity of the dulness which enraged him, and of himself in being

enraged by it, which by a happy touch might at any time be turned into laughter.

It is impossible, however, to deny that these tendencies did much to overcloud his life. They were his only moral difficulties, so far as ever appeared. They acted upon his nervous system, and helped to produce the repeated attacks of illness which reduced his strength. The happy obtuseness which is to many of us a sort of natural coat-armour against all the pricks of human intercourse, was not his. He had no defence at all against these worries. And it is one of the most curious paradoxes of nature how a man so tolerant of intellect, so ready to put himself mentally in the place of another, to make allowance for a different point of view in his greatest opponent, and to perceive real agreement through every cloud of apparent dissimilarity, should have been, in absolute personal encounter so oversensitive, so impatient of stupidity and opposition. But so it was. It could scarcely be called a blot in him, so woven in was it with his most attractive characteristics, with the sensitiveness, the *naïveté*, the straightforwardness of his nature; but it was the crevice in his armour, the weak point, through which all dangers made themselves felt.

During these maturing years, however, and notwithstanding all such trifling defects in his public life, the Principal's influence and estimation in the minds of all men grew and expanded. There was perhaps no man in Scotland after the lamented death of Norman Macleod who occupied so large a place in the general eye, nor any out of Scotland who was so universally received as the representative of the Scottish Church in its best aspect. Perhaps he was never seen to better advantage than amid the finer culture and more fastidious intellectualism of English university circles, where something in the size and physical grandeur of the man enhanced the effect of a training less fettered if less delicate, a freer nature, a character to which conventional bondages were impossible — and where he seemed to bring the fresh breezes of a wider atmosphere into the somewhat exhausted and languid groves of Academe. In what is called society, that sphere compounded of so many spheres, where with all its defects there is so curious and delicate a balance of social qualities, the large and simple figure of this Scottish Principal, so natural and individual, so full of racy freshness and originalities, so genial and cheerful and kind, yet never without that touch of restrained impatience which made even the fine ladies aware that he was a man who would not be bored, and whose attention was as much a compliment to them as theirs were to him—was everywhere delightful. It is well known that no one of his nation, and few of any other, was more acceptable to the Queen, who at once discovered and distinguished him, with that knowledge and understanding of character which her Majesty's long experience and natural discrimination have made so valuable. The Principal became one of the Queen's chaplains in Scotland as early as 1862, and rarely failed to be called to Balmoral on every occasion of the royal residence there. His sermons, his conversation, and the easy and genuine nature which in all circumstances was always itself, were especially welcome in a sphere where it is so difficult to retain that freedom and freshness; and her Majesty, than whom no one

is more ready to appreciate those qualities, soon came to regard him as a trusted friend.

In 1872, a work which may now be considered the most important of his life, the 'Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy,' was published. It had occupied him for some years, during which he had fully studied a subject always so congenial to him—following out with enthusiasm the development of thought, and selecting with keen and characteristic relish from behind the stormy ranks of the fighters that long succession of thinking men, spectators of the more noisy struggles of the world, who were to his mind the salt of the earth, and through whose temperate and modest hands the varied thread of philosophical development had come. To the great majority of men those who appear most conspicuously at the head of affairs, in the past as in the present, carry the strongest interest, and it is the footsteps of the leaders of great movements, the successful generals, the most important actors in real life, which attract our attention across the ages. But to other minds there is a more subtle and intense pleasure in finding out, perhaps behind-backs, perhaps wafted away into some retired corner, the secondary figures on the great stage of the past, who, withdrawn from its excitements and strife, have carried on a work which did not tell much in their day, but which slowly, gradually, supplemented by the continuous labour of the like-minded, has worked out an enduring inheritance of thought, and made for the mind a national channel, in which its speculations and discoveries can flow with a difference among the other streams and rivers of divine philosophy. This was the special sphere in which Principal Tulloch found his work and pleasure. Even in the more popular biographical studies of his earlier work it had been delightful to him to show how the rills of unseen influence ran and prepared the universe, before each great outburst of reformation or revolution. The very impatience of his mind, to which the contentions of Parliament and strife of tongues were intolerable, developed in him this taste for the backgrounds of history, the silent places where, impatient like himself of commotion and argument, the thinkers of the nations took refuge, superior or indifferent to the struggles going on outside.

From all the conflicts of the king and the Parliament, in none of which can an optimist mind find full satisfaction, whatever may be its point of view, where it is harassed with kingcraft and falsehood on one hand, with arrogant self-certainty and iconoclasm on the other—how refreshing to turn aside from all that strife and take refuge with the noble Falkland, that true and spotless knight, who could give his life for the king in sadness and disapproval but faithful service, yet could not give his assent to the proceedings in which the war took rise! He who, torn from his beloved retirement, followed so bravely but so sadly the fortunes of the failing cause; who, "sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word '*Peace, peace*,' and would passionately profess that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart"—yet when fighting began, exposed himself to all hazards, and died cheerfully, in clean linen

like a bridegroom, glad in that valiant way to escape from all those contradictions,—was such a hero as delighted the soul of the Principal, incapable of applauding either Cromwell or Charles. And the studies which led him into still deeper quietudes of thought, with Hales at Cambridge and at Eton, with Chillingworth in the changes of belief into which the candour of an inquirer led him, with the Platonists in Cambridge, were congenial to every tendency of his own nature. No better description, perhaps, could be given of his own natural mode of thought and intellectual tendencies than that which he gives of John Hales, whose spectator attitude in regard to the controversies which tore the religious world asunder at the beginning of his career, his hatred of polemical discussions afterwards, his impartiality of mind, not unmingled with that indulgence for the weakness of others which can scarcely exist without some faint and probably quite amiable tincture of contempt, might be taken for a picture of his own.

"Liberal as are his opinions for the age, he exhibits no rashness or intemperance of statement. He sees the folly of mere deference to authority in religion. He exposes the main vice of theology in all ages—the substitution of human opinion or 'conceit' in the place of divine truth. He expresses himself 'bluntly' at times, but never coarsely, and his intellectual temper, upon the whole, is admirably balanced. In a true sense his mind is 'unshackled'; he has thrown himself loose, that is to say, from many prejudices. But he is nevertheless always reverent, earnest, and moderate. He sees very well that it is not the clergy or any particular class of men that are mainly to blame for prevailing bigotries; it is rather the natural sloth and prejudice of human nature. He is content, therefore, to unfold the evil and point the remedy. He knew human nature too well, and had studied human history too intelligently, to suppose that he could speedily enlarge men's thoughts on such a subject as religion. He held up a higher light in his own teaching, but he was aware how many, from weakness of reason or strength of passion, would continue to turn away from it. He was no more fitted to be a reformer than a martyr. His reason was too wide and large, and he felt all the difficulties of a subject too keenly, to thrust his own views impatiently or violently upon others."

This fine picture of the man to whom all sides of truth are lovable, and who feels its many-sidedness so strongly, that he cannot even shut out a possibility in favour of some sides which he might not know, sets forth most clearly what was the Principal's ideal position in all matters, both of religious and philosophical inquiry. It has been said by an able critic, that the impression conveyed to his mind in the course of many conversations with Tulloch was, that there was something of hopelessness underlying all his interest in the questions of the day. And in the sense of the above quotation so there was. He was not hopeful of public comprehension, or of the possibility of imbuing with lofty reasonableness the ordinary crowd. This feeling is fully expressed in the conclusion of the passage we have already quoted:—

"A constant experience makes it evident that there are certain minds constitutionally incapable of any freedom of opinion in religious matters. They neither desire it for themselves nor understand it in others. A freedom of speculation like Hales's startles and confuses them without awakening in them any higher thoughts. They seem only capable of receiving the truth in some partial half-superstitious form; and if the superstitious vesture is stripped away, truth itself is apt to follow. They have none of

our author's power of discriminating the essential from the accidental in religion. And Hales knew this very well. He knew, also, the violent and harmful prejudices which persons of this contracted turn are apt to entertain towards men of a more liberal thoughtfulness. He had heard both himself and his friend Chillingworth denounced with coarse violence as Socinians. To a man of quiet, scholarly temper, such things are odious. It is not only that they feel them unmerited, but that they also feel that no vindication they could make would be intelligible to the men who urge them. For those who deal in such charges are invariably incognisant of the deeper grounds of religious opinion. They judge of religious differences from the outside—from superficial resemblance or antagonism. With no finer edges either to their intellect or their conscience, with no subtlety or depth of spiritual imagination, they cannot penetrate below the most obvious distinction of belief; and especially they cannot understand minds which, like Hales's, are constantly seeking a unity of religious conception,—which delight, in search after such a unity, to strip off the scholastic folds in which religious opinion has been swathed, and to see divine truth according to the 'simplicity which is in Christ.'"

The book which contains these fine passages and many more, fully expressive of the writer's mind as well as of those of the men whom he treats of, was the great work of his life. Upon it he would, I cannot doubt, have been ready to stake what reputation posterity—always so doubtful in its judgment, and little to be calculated upon by contemporaries—may hereafter accord him as a writer. The breadth and candour of view which he esteemed above all others, does not, it is to be feared, attract so many minds as the uncompromising opinions and hard-and-fast conviction of the more determined dogmatist. The ordinary public does not discriminate between the mere "halter between two opinions," which is the most despicable of characters, and the broad and humorous intelligence which comprehends both. But the reader who would know the Principal at his best, will also secure for himself a great deal of valuable knowledge, and delightful reading, by returning to this book. Its name is cumbrous and unfortunate; and it is difficult for those to whom the grave studies of philosophical history are unfamiliar, and who fly from disquisition and theory, to realise that a work entitled 'Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in the Seventeenth Century' is one of the most readable of books, and full of lifelike and delightful sketches of some of the most attractive of men.

A short time after the publication of this work, Principal Tulloch was appointed one of the members of a Scotch Education Board, to organise Scotch schools according to the provisions of the new Education Act. This kept him in constant motion and occupation, throwing him much in contact with interesting people, and affording him a great deal of pleasant work, with less risk of controversy and difference of opinion than is involved in all ecclesiastical organisations. But the constant absences which it made necessary, and interference with other still more urgent occupations, the strain and complication of duties which it brought about, probably did him more harm than the open-air activity and healthful public business did him good: and in 1874 he was again obliged to give up active work for a time, and make a voyage to America for his health, which he did in the pleasant yacht and company of his friend Mr Duncan. This journey, which has lost much of its freshness now that it is so general, impressed him with the

activity and extraordinary economical organisation of American life, but not to any enthusiasm for its forms or customs. He wrote one or two articles in 'Good Words' on the features that struck him, but did not care to go deeply into the question, feeling, I think, more the profundity of conventionalism in the younger society than anything of that originality for which, coming from an old civilisation, he had naturally looked. But the height of convenience to which telegraphs and all the other outside paraphernalia of progress have been brought, did interest and amuse him greatly. And he was pleased, as every traveller is, with the wonderful hospitality and magnificent reception accorded to visitors in the wealthy and lavish houses of New York.

The novelty and change, and the freshness of the sea voyage, renewed his strength, and he pursued his course through all the '70's with energy and success. Labours and honours poured upon him. In 1875 he was the first of the lecturers appointed by the Croall bequest to deliver a series of lectures in St George's, Edinburgh, where, during the winter, he discoursed with lucid force and fervour to very large and interested congregations upon the "Christian Doctrine of Sin." These lectures were afterwards published, and both in the hearing and the reading were worthy his reputation. A still more important engagement of this period was the editorship of 'Fraser's Magazine,' which, at the request of the Messrs Longmans, he accepted and held for some years. This magazine had not retained its original popularity, and it was hoped that his name and inspiration would have given it new life. But it was not an office for which he was adapted, and some of his warmest friends saw him take it upon himself with regret; for he carried his warm feelings and sympathies with him into every work he undertook, and was pained to give pain, and disquieted by failure in a way which no editor ought to be. He was not successful, accordingly, in this undertaking; but his connection with it ended in perfect harmony with the eminent firm for which he had acted, and with a warm feeling on both sides of regard and respect. The graceful and charming little work on Pascal, which forms one of the volumes of Messrs Blackwood's series of Foreign Classics, was written with much enjoyment in the task about this time.

In 1878 the Church of Scotland bestowed upon him the highest honour in her power by electing him Moderator of the General Assembly—the president, so to speak, of that yearly Parliament which has always been of so much consequence to Scotland. It may perhaps be difficult for the English reader to realise a state of affairs so widely different from anything which exists south of the Tweed, or to conceive the idea of this popular chamber of deputies, half laymen, half clergy, which is no ornamental convocation or local synod, but in every sense of the word a sort of national Parliament, with power to act as well as to argue and debate. The Moderator for the time being is the first man of the Church, her representative before the world, and has important duties in society as well as those of ruling over and "moderating" the debates and legislation of the year. The Principal was master of all the traditions and business of the House, and first in every important movement; and his personal qualities and influence, as well as practice of the world, conferred dignity on the post he was so eminently qualified

to fill. The modest splendour of that fortnight in Edinburgh, so simple, yet full of society, and the homage in a sort of that original and strongly marked population, was very pleasant to him. It was Lord Rosslyn who then filled the position of Lord High Commissioner, the Queen's deputy to the Assembly; and it is acknowledged on all hands that there has seldom been a more graceful representative of the courtly element than this poet-peer, with the charming group of ladies which accompanied him. For that short period Edinburgh is gay. Old Holyrood brightens to the lights and glitter of society; and that amusing simulacrum of a court —lasting not long enough to claim any serious consideration, pretending to no special significance, with no privilege save that of collecting the Queen's lieges together, and offering a shadow of hospitality in the beautiful old rooms which only then are employed for social uses—pleases in its momentary stateliness the somewhat hard-headed community, which laughs at but likes the old-world institution of this periodical vice-regal visit. The Moderator on his side has also his entertaining to do, and a court of his own. And everything combined to do the Principal honour. He was much better known in the world than most of the venerable occupants of that presiding chair; and it is pleasant to reflect that this special distinction came to him while he was able to take the pleasure of it fully, and without any shadow upon its brightness.

Shortly after this climax of his clerical life, another very severe attack of illness prostrated the Principal. Once more the heavy cloud, which had come and rolled away, and come again on various previous occasions, engulfed the natural brightness of a life which seemed to have less occasion than that of most men for those overwhelming shadows of mortal trouble. All had gone well with the many children who had grown to manhood and womanhood around him. His eldest son had gained for himself a position of which his father had occasion to be proud. His daughters were scattered, but in happy homes of their own. As time went on, the beautiful old house at St Mary's had become the centre of a prosperous tribe,—young mothers who "brought their babe and made their boast," new connections, all harmonious, satisfactory, full of tender pride and admiration for the head of the house, while still there were children left at home to keep up the traditions of the cheerful family. Whatever external difficulties there might have been were smoothed and lightened. His wife's health indeed, which had been much shaken, kept an ever-present anxiety in the foreground of the Principal's life; but even that was lulled by habit, and by the growing hope that this most precious existence was not itself in danger. But notwithstanding all those good things that surrounded his path, and of which he took the fullest enjoyment—notwithstanding his vigorous constitution, his lessening cares, and his commanding and now fully established position—once more the cloud of mysterious illness closed over him. So far as I am aware, not even the most skilled of physicians can say what it was. His fine intelligence remained unaffected, yet was rendered unproductive, practically useless, by a miserable introspection, a sense of overwhelming gloom and wretchedness for which there was no cause, and apparently no remedy, until it had worked itself out—of all mys-

terious visitations surely the most painful and the most extraordinary. Had it gone further and upset the balance of the mind altogether, it would have been less inexplicable, and probably less painful. I don't know whether he ever feared that it might do so: but it never did. It hung heaven and earth with shrouds of woe, and took from him all pleasure in the shining of the sun. This illness, I believe, was the most serious of several periodical attacks which had prostrated him. It lasted nearly a year, but at last happily passed away, after the careful treatment carried out by Dr Ramsay, at Torquay, in the soft air and quiet of that favoured spot. It was hoped by all his friends that this severe attack might be the turning-point, and that his naturally splendid physical constitution, freed of this mysterious enemy, promised for him still a brilliant autumn, and a prolonged and happy period of age.

He recovered entirely for some years his vigour and his pleasure in life, and went much about the world, enjoying society, and entering largely into public business. A few years since, the Sovereign Lady whose kindness and trust were always deeply appreciated, endowed him with the picturesque office of Dean of the Order of the Thistle, a pleasant little distinction which amused and pleased him, calling forth his great genial laugh of humorous gratification when the jewel of the Order was handed about to be admired among all the pleased and pleasant audience of children and grandchildren. About the same time, when one met him of a morning in those fresh cool summer days of the North, strolling about the court of his old college, with a volume of Coleridge under his arm, it was easy to divine by that, and by the return of the subject from time to time in his conversation, that the long summer vacation was to be occupied by some study of the poet-philosopher, for whom he had always had a great veneration. None of the hurry of modern criticism was about this pleasant work. Everything in the Principal's air and always delightful talk was full of leisure and pleasant thoughtfulness, and that long musing over a congenial subject which belonged rather to the past than the present methods of work and life. His very step, large, soft, and stately, as he crossed the little quadrangle,—perhaps to sit in the sun under the mossed apple-trees of the old garden; perhaps to take a meditative turn along "the Walk," not without a leisurely observation in the midst of his thoughts of the growth of the trees he had planted; perhaps to go up to the College library and consult some authority there,—had in it something of the leisure of the long summer holiday, disturbed by no compulsory work, and leaving room for those gentle studies of predilection which are more recreative than any amusement. It was such work as the imagination would wish to see a beloved friend engaged in, making sweet the last of his vacations. The article upon Coleridge, which probably was all the original intention, was completed, and appeared in the 'Fortnightly'; but the train of thought thus began now grew, according to the construction of the Principal's mind and intellectual habits, into a series of studies, in which, starting from Coleridge, he followed the influences and system of the new philosophy through all the varieties of tendency which new and individual thinkers im-

parted to it, till the cycle was more or less complete, and a new beginning threw that school of reflective theologians into the shade.

These studies formed a series of what are called the St Giles' Lectures—a new institution in Edinburgh, but one that has already supplied much admirable criticism and instructive historical commentary. The Principal was never more in his element than in tracing out the progress of those streams and rivulets of thought. In this period there was to him a special charm; for the men of whom he had to treat were men who had influenced his own early development, and helped to shape the intellect which now found a delightful and congenial work in describing and analysing theirs. His understanding and sympathies were at one in the theme, as he unfolded before his hearers the dreamy breadth of thinking — a great and stately river fertilising an entire country—of the Highgate philosopher; and placed before their eyes the venerable figure of Erskine, the rugged force of Carlyle, the men of the High Church and the Broad, Newman and Maurice, Irving and Mill, the most widely differing, the sacerdotalist and the secularist, the faith that went astray out of nature into dreams and visions, and that unbelief which quenched and denied the higher constitution of Nature and all that claims to be most fair in her. Work of so high a tone is seldom put before a popular audience. The old Cathedral of St Giles—renewed and restored, though with that curious travesty of its original meaning which makes it always somewhat doubtful how far it is advantageous to turn the temples of the ancient faith into centres of a devotion whose rules have been so effectually altered—was filled with eager listeners, and made a fine sight, with all its gleaming lights, while these lectures were being delivered. Perhaps the lecturer was even more at his ease with such a characteristic assembly, an audience not often to be met with, of intellects trained in keen dialectical schools of law and learning, and made practical by actual traffic with the world, than amid the young theorists of the University. The lectures were collected in a book, the last of the Principal's publications, one of which a most able critic has said, that whether or not it may be taken for the most powerful, it is certainly the most graceful of his works. To the present writer it has an interest which makes it difficult to regard this book with the eyes of the critic. Some floating thread of association with former times had led the Principal to think of conversations long past, in which his kind and brotherly imagination had allotted to her a larger share than her own memory can claim or believe in. But though his interlocutor had probably done little more than assent to what he himself said in that deeply prized and delightful intercourse, it was no less touching that his mind had recurred to the early records of a long and faithful friendship at such a moment. And I received the dedication of this beautiful little book, which was to be his last, with that pleasure in an honour not felt to be deserved, but due to the better reason of a brotherly regard, which is more akin to humility than to pride. This was the subject of the last letters which passed between us—the end of a correspondence full of an almost domestic closeness of sympathy, which had made for years the children of one family

almost like members of the other, and united the elders in memories of pleasure and of sorrow more strong and enduring than even the ties of blood.

Last summer was to the Principal a time of great activity and exciting occupation. The Church of Scotland, after long years of grave and dignified silence in respect to the threatenings against her of disestablishment and disendowment, at last felt, by a universal impulse, that the time was come to rise up in her own defence. The impulse seems to have been unanimous, as in times of public need a sudden resolution so often is; and the question was debated in the last meeting of Assembly with great seriousness and fervour. It fell to the Principal to take the chief part in this debate, and to urge finally upon the aroused and deeply affected legislature of the Church the need of an organised and determined resistance. This was not the usual part he had taken in her counsels. Strife was not his element, and the politics of religion never very congenial to his mind. But on this occasion the extreme seriousness of the crisis, the sense of moral indignation rising high against the persistent enemies and slanderers of the Church, overcame all other sentiments. His fine presence, his countenance, which reflected every shade of emotion, and glowed and saddened and protested as his voice did, the great sweep and storm of his oratorical power, carried away his audience, an audience not easily moved, but which felt the question before them to be one of life or death. Never, perhaps, did he make so great an impression. That grave parliament of thoughtful men had not always recognised in him the universally acknowledged leader. He had been an almost heretic in many eyes—his tolerance too large, his nature too genial, for an Assembly largely tinctured with the sternness of that Calvinistic temper which has been so much misconstrued, yet, when all is said, still affects the "harsher features and the mien more grave" of Northern piety. But the prejudices of the time when Tulloch's Broad-Churchism, his inclination towards all that is beautiful and of good report, his sympathy with the "innovations" of the advanced party, had made the elder brethren shake their heads, had vanished like last year's snow. Perhaps this fact had never so fully showed itself, nor the high trust and confidence of his Church been so warmly expressed as on this occasion, when sympathy and admiration swept every cobweb by, and his companions in arms, and the young men whom he had helped to train, and the few elders, grey-haired fathers who had seen him rise to this position, gave him unanimously the applause, the approval, and the response of warm emotion to his appeal. It is said now that to some among that large and enthusiastic audience it already occurred that they should see his face no more. But it is only the event which brings to light all the *sourd* presentiments which touch men's minds, and there was in reality nothing in his appearance or manner to justify those fears.

But it is very likely that the anxiety and excitement of the crisis had told upon him. He had been in former times emphatically one of those who preferred to let the storm go by, to maintain an attitude of dignified calm in face of attack, and to refrain from disturbing the peace which is congenial to Christian progress with polemics. Another change, too, which had been for some years

working in his mind, came now to open development. He had during his whole life taken the Liberal side in politics; and though he had lost confidence in the leaders of that party as far back as 1878, when he contributed to the pages of this Magazine an article on "The Liberal Party and the Church of Scotland," which made no small commotion at the moment, he had still tried to believe, even against hope, in the pledge that the interests of the Church were not to be affected on less than the most urgent argument — the proved desire of Scotland that it should be so. But when it became apparent at the last election that Mr Gladstone no longer thought this pledge binding, and that the clamour of hot partisans on the other side was forcing upon popular candidates a pledge in the contrary sense, the Principal, with many who agreed with him, felt that the time of peace was over, and that it was essential to speak out, even at the cost of many cherished traditions, and to show that no tie of party could be so strong as that which bound him to his Church. To withdraw his name as one of the vice-presidents of the Liberal Association was no doubt a step which cost him much. He was thus publicly severing himself from a party which he had supported all his life, and to which at least all the tendencies of his earlier years were more allied than to any other. Such a breach of consistency, if no more, is to a sensitive mind a very painful necessity. He did not hesitate, however, to make this practical protest against the course which events seemed about to take —a step which quickly followed the trumpet-blast which he had blown in the Assembly. The course of public affairs has postponed, if not set aside altogether, the contest which he foresaw; and other prospects are dawning, the issue of which it is impossible to predict. There is only one thing to be sure of, and that is, that Principal Tulloch's silenced voice will be an unspeakable loss to the Church, however things may turn out.

In September 1885, when the St Andrews season was at its height, some of his friends were struck painfully with the alteration in the Principal's looks, which did not, however, seem to be justified by any feebleness of health. A sort of blanched appearance, a dryness of the mouth, and something of the depressed expostulatory air and lengthened lines of the countenance, which had been symptoms of coming trouble on former occasions, seemed to give now again a note of warning; but there was nothing in himself to justify this fear. Although ailing by times, he was perfectly cheerful, enjoying his leisure, talking now and then of the great work which he had been turning over in his mind—a history of Scotland from the period at which Burton's History leaves off—for which he had made a number of notes and plans. He looked forward with pleasure to this great undertaking as a worthy conclusion to the labours of his life; and some thoughts of resigning his active teaching duties as professor, and retaining only the office of Principal, with which and his necessary occupations as Vice-Chancellor of the University, there was still plenty to do to form a solid background for his literary work—floated through his mind, especially after the lamented death of Principal Shairp, which raised many speculations as to the desirableness of uniting the offices of both Principals in one. Had that been so, of what a mellow evening-tide,

what a fruitful tranquillity the old St Mary's might still have been the home—how many wise counsels for the Church, what a tower of strength amid the contentions of the time! He had never desired to leave the place so entirely identified with his life. Public duty might have made him accept the Principalship of Edinburgh University had it been offered to him, but he had never offered himself as a candidate for that or any other promotion. His ancient University, his Alma Mater, the sphere which was part of himself, was always dearest to him. And in that simple dignity he was glad to live and die.

He had been ailing before he began the labours of the last session. He was sent to Harrogate in the beginning of winter, and there began to awake to the possibility that it was distinct physical disease and not the mysterious jar of nervous malady that was threatening him. When he returned from that treatment, which had apparently done him some little good, he resumed his classes, but soon was obliged again to give them over, and removed under medical orders to the hydropathic establishment at Craiglockhart, in order to be near his doctor, and to try what change might do. His strength by this time was considerably affected, and his eyes had strangely failed him—an effect which it was said was merely symptomatic, and nothing in itself of any consequence. In this place, with his anxious wife, he spent a melancholy Christmas; and afterwards, accompanied by his daughter—Mrs Tulloch's delicate health being unequal to the journey—went to London, there to take advantage of the most skilful advice to be had,—that of Sir Andrew Clark and Dr Crichton Browne,—with the intention of proceeding further south to Torquay, where he had recovered on a previous occasion—should that be considered necessary. Considerably depressed and cast down, with dim eyes and much latent suffering, he submitted himself to the examination of the physicians, who saw but did not say that hope there was none, and who, instead of permitting him to go home to die, sent him, on some infinitesimal hope that the warmth of Torquay and the sunshine—if there was any sunshine, and if it proved warm—might do him temporary good, among strangers. That he should have been thus removed from his natural surroundings, separated for the last month of his life from the constant nurse, companion, and, if one may use the word, guardian of his strength, and sent to die in a strange place, is a matter of profound regret; as surely it is an expedient which medical men should be very slow to employ. His daughter who accompanied him, with a misery and anxiety daily increasing, saw the fatal signs of failing strength and lessening possibility, but was silenced by the optimism of the physicians, who still hoped or professed to hope; until at last, in a kind of despair, she summoned help, and Mrs Tulloch was finally sent for. Before she arrived he had fallen into a half-conscious state, taking little or no notice of anything that passed around, waking up with a faint smile and interest, it was noted, when something was said to him about the Queen, for whom he had always felt an affectionate devotion — but, except that gleam of feeling, knowing nothing save that one was absent who had never before been absent from him when he wanted her succour. He

kept saying her name again and again through the long hours, till, after a terrible lengthened journey, in the dark of the winter morning, she reached his bedside at last. Then a kind of calm came to the disturbed and confused condition of the sufferer; and whether it was her healing and soothing presence, or some other cause, a faint ray of possible improvement made itself apparent for a day or two. He knew his wife, and with touching signs of satisfaction welcomed her arrival; but whether he knew the other anxious faces round his bed, the sons and daughters who had hurried to his side from their different homes, no one of these distracted watchers was able certainly to say. After a few days the faint light of hope faded again, and the labouring strength gave way. He died on the 13th February, with all the elder members of his family round him, after a painful but unconscious passage into that mystery and darkness.

It is needless to add, what everybody knows, that the sudden and startling news brought but one sensation to Scotland, that of loss and profound unspeakable regret. "From the Queen on the throne to the lads on the links," said his friend and neighbour, no one was unaffected by that terrible intelligence. St Andrews, amid the snows and harshness of the blighting weather, received with universal mourning, like an old mother gathering her son to her bosom, the remains of her Principal in his solemn coming home. His daughters had taken the much-enduring and patient woman, who was the chief mourner of all, to the home of one of them, near royal Windsor, where the Sovereign Lady, who, more than most, could understand and enter into that bereavement, had already given the tribute of her tears, recording sadly the loss of another friend, added to the many who have fallen away from her in her royal solitude. When the Queen heard of the arrival of this sorrowful group, putting all ceremony aside, and with a tender sympathy which made her greatness more akin to the greatness of woe, that other sovereign, than the humblest visitor might have been, she hastened to take the hand and comfort the heart of the mourner — comfort which came in that sweetest human kind, next best after the divine, in the form of praise and blessing to him who had departed.

We are permitted to add the letters to the Principal's son and wife by which her Majesty preceded her visit:—

The QUEEN to Rev. W. W. TULLOCH.

"OSBORNE, *Feb.* 13, 1886.

"I am stunned by this dreadful news; your dear, excellent, distinguished father also taken away from us, and from dear Scotland, whose Church he so nobly defended. I have again lost a dear and honoured friend, and my heart sinks within me when I think I shall not again on earth look on that noble presence, that kindly face, and listen to those words of wisdom and Christian large-heartedness which used to do me so much good. But I should not speak of myself when you, his children, and your dear mother, and our beloved Scotland, lose so much. Still I may be, I hope, forgiven if I do appear egotistical, for I have lost so many, and when I feel so ALONE.

"Your dear father was so kind, so wise, and it was such a pleasure to see him at dear Balmoral! *No more! Never again!* These dreadful words I so often have had to

repeat make my heart turn sick. God's will be done! Your dear father is at rest, and his bright spirit free!

"We must not grieve for him. When I saw you at Balmoral you seemed anxious about him, and I heard the other day he could not write. Pray convey the expression of my deepest sympathy to your dear mother, whose health, I know, is not strong, and to all your family. I mourn with you.

"Princess Beatrice is deeply grieved, and wishes me to express her true sympathy with you all. I shall be most anxious for details of this terrible event.—Ever yours truly and sorrowingly,

"VICTORIA R. & I.

"The Rev. W. TULLOCH."

The QUEEN to Mrs TULLOCH.

"WINDSOR CASTLE, *Feb.* 17, 1886.

"DEAR MRS TULLOCH, — You must allow one who respected, admired, and loved your dear distinguished husband to write to you, though personally unacquainted with you, and to *try* to say what I feel.

"My heart bleeds for you—the dear worthy companion of that noble excellent man, so highly gifted, and large-hearted, and so brave! whose life is crushed by the greatest loss which can befall a woman.

"To me the loss of such a friend, whom I so greatly respected and trusted, is *very great;* and I cannot bear to think I shall not again see him, and admire that handsome kindly face and noble presence, and listen to his wise words, which breathe such a lofty Christian spirit. I am most anxious to visit you, and trust that you will allow me to do so quite quietly and privately, as one who knew your dear husband so well, and has gone through much sorrow, and knows what you feel and what you suffer.

"Pray express my true sympathy to all your children, who have lost such a father.

"My thoughts will be especially with you to-morrow,[1] and I pray that God may be with you to help and sustain you.—Believe me always yours most sincerely,

"VICTORIA R. & I."

These touching expressions of a fellow-feeling so tender, simple, and sincere, are of the kind that have given her Majesty the empire she so justly holds in the hearts of her people.

Other voices have been raised on all sides to repeat and echo the same universal lamentation. In almost every pulpit in Scotland, in his own Church at least, the thought of this loss, so great, so irreparable, so unexpected, and of all he has been to his generation, has been the leading thought. Not many men impress their image so deeply upon the mind of a people. Dr Chalmers, Norman Macleod, Principal Tulloch, have all produced the same profound effect. Where is there another to touch in the same way the national mind, imagination, and affections?

More sacred and more silent in the hearts of his friends is the void, where his name must now stand symbol for all that was friendly, brotherly, fatherly, magnanimous, and true.

M. O. W. OLIPHANT.

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[1] The day of the funeral.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

The marked success which has attended recent efforts in many countries to make balloons navigable, would now seem to hold out an assured hope that we are on the threshold of discoveries which will render this means of locomotion of common and practical service.

It is necessary to the forming of a just estimate of the value of the recent progress made by French and other aeronauts that we take into consideration, not only the measure of success which they have achieved, but also the conditions under which that success has been attained. If, further, it is possible to indicate means whereby these conditions can be very much improved on, there are just grounds for looking forward to a very greatly increased measure of success in the immediate future.

France has always been the great nursery of ballooning enterprise. It would seem as if its utter novelty had an attraction for the versatile French genius, while striking with something of a shock the more sober English imagination. At all events, it is right and fitting that the land which was the birthplace of Jules Verne's romances should also claim the parentage of discoveries which make his scientific fictions appear every day more like anticipations of fact. And yet to us, anxiously looking into the history of aerial navigation, with its many records of failures and disappointments, the prospect is very dull and even dark, with but faint glimmerings of encouragement here and there.

In the person of M. Henri Giffard, we see our first bright glimmer. He was the first to try to steer a balloon. This grand stride was made in 1852. Too much praise cannot be given to his mechanical genius, enterprise, and intrepidity. His balloon was in the shape of a thick cigar. He carried up with him a steam-engine (a heavy clumsy structure, of course, in comparison with the light engines of these days) which turned a two-fanned screw, acting precisely on the principle of the propeller of a steamship. He was able to steer his craft in a lateral direction to the wind, but could make no headway against it. He was forced to abandon his schemes, for the very prosaic reason that the Gas Company declared itself unable to supply him with sufficient gas. His enthusiasm may well have led him into difficulties, for it is on record that he had made plans for an immense balloon (far exceeding Giffard's hydrogen balloon of nearly 883,000 cubic feet, with accommodation for fifty-two persons in the car, seen at the Paris Exhibition) that should sail round the world in forty-one days, carrying 100 people, with the necessary provisions. When above the clouds the stars and compass would tell the direction—the barometer always the altitude. One of the greatest difficulties encountered by M. Giffard and also by M. de Lôme (who gives us our next hopeful gleam twenty years later) lay in making the envelope of the balloon stiff enough at the bows to resist the pressure of the wind, when attempting to make way against it. A bag within the balloon, filled with air pumped into it, as devised by General Meusnier, kept the envelope fully

distended by the gas. To be effectively useful in a high wind the strain had the demerit of occasionally becoming dangerously great. With the old spherical free balloons, which drifted at the wind's mercy, there was no question of this. The spherical form was the one they naturally assumed when filled with gas, and no one ever thought of their moving in any other direction than with the current. To preserve them when at anchor in a high wind was the principal difficulty, yet when carefully built, and well supported by netting, and kept fully inflated, some spherical balloons of great diameter have successfully resisted a severe bursting strain. M. de Fonvielle, the president of a balloon society in Paris, much known for his scientific attainments, in a paper which he read at the Royal Aquarium in London in November 1880, said that Giffard's great captive, "at its anchorage in the palace courtyard of the Tuileries, rode safely through one of the severest storms that had ever visited Paris;" but afterwards, when through neglect "deprived of its accustomed recuperative aid to rotundity, it fell a victim to the first gale of wind that rose, and was reduced to ruins."

M. de Lôme was induced to make his attempt by the exigencies of the siege of Paris, during which anxious period sixty-six free balloons were despatched, giving intelligence of the position of the imprisoned inhabitants. Only five were captured by the Germans; two were lost at sea; not one burst or suffered mishap through weakness of the envelope or its appurtenances. M. de Lôme's balloon, like M. Giffard's, was cigar-shaped, but somewhat longer,—unlike him, however, M. de Lôme took up no engine. He obtained his motive power by manual labour only, and achieved just about the same partial success as M. Giffard had done nineteen years before.

Next came the brothers Tissandier. They followed pretty closely the lines of their predecessors—had the same general shape of balloon, and the same kind of two-fanned screw; but they made use of the novel application of electricity as a motive power to turn their screw. They, too, found themselves able to steer sideways to the wind; but, like the others, powerless to move against it if of any strength.

All experiments had then so far proved, for all practical purposes, nugatory, when the Paris world was electrified one morning by reading in the 'Petit Moniteur' this imposing heading to one of its articles, "UNE MAGNIFIQUE DECOUVERTE, LA DIRECTION DES AEROSTATS." The problem is solved. There is no more to do. The study of aerial navigation in the future will be but a question of details. So said the 'Petit Moniteur'; so said the successful experimenters, Messieurs Renard and Krebs; so said, in laying an official report of the experiment before his colleagues of the Academy of Sciences, M. Hervé Mangon.

In 1794, some ten years after the successes of the Montgolfiers, of Charles and of Blanchard, the French Government had established a regular school of military ballooning at Meudon.

Messieurs Renard and Krebs had been at work at the Government school of ballooning, and had there been constructing, with great secrecy, a balloon somewhat of the shape of a fish, about 33 yards in length. The car was very long—nearly as long as the

balloon — thus imparting to the whole arrangement unusual stability when the weight was so disposed in the car that it was in good horizontal balance. There must doubtless have been a crowd of spectators when they launched their flying-fish from Meudon. The French language is very expressive of the meditations of the heart; so is the French face; so, too, is the French hand in gesticulation. Many forms of scepticism will doubtless have found expression with those spectators — the humorous form, the kindly, the malicious of the "I told you so" type, the anxious; and besides the sceptical, it is to be hoped there were also a faithful few who not only wished the aeronauts success, but earnestly believed they would achieve it.

Well, the voyage commences. Satisfactorily the balloon makes her way towards Versailles. "Drifting on to those trees," say the sceptics. "Drifting;" nay, that is not the word to use. See, the rudder has been turned, the bow of the balloon comes round, the trees are skirted in safety without change of altitude. See, again; another change of rudder. Again the bows come round, pointing now right to the knot of spectators at the place whence the balloon started. "Pointing, yes; but is she moving?" the sceptics ask. Yes; she comes nearer, nearer and nearer yet, till finally she sails verily over the heads of the sceptics: nay, not so, for they are sceptics no longer, but converted into faithful believers; and assuredly not even the most malicious of them grudge the brave and clever aeronauts their well-deserved triumph.

Well done, Messrs Renard and Krebs. This is indeed no glimmer that you have brought to lighten the darkness for us. Rather may we say that it is darkness no longer, that the day has dawned more or less cloudless. There is no lack of attention on the part of the military authorities. Monsieur le Ministre de la Guerre must witness the working of the new engine. The secret of its construction has been jealously guarded within the palings of the park of Chalais near Meudon, whither no prying eye of the vulgar might intrude. Monsieur le Ministre de la Guerre is, however, of course gladly welcomed within the sacred precincts, is much struck, insists on seeing a second trial.

But it is a blustery day, object Messieurs Renard and Krebs. No matter, the time of M. le Ministre de la Guerre is valuable. He is on the spot, and he is imperative. The trial must come off to-day. Ah! well, Messieurs Renard and Krebs will do all they can—their best.

The balloon mounts the air successfully, floats for a while down the current; then, by the working of the rudder, her bow is brought up to the wind. She makes no way against it, but rests motionless, her fans revolving rapidly, head to wind like a great hovering hawk. Which way will she go? Will the motive power prevail against the force of the breeze, or will the latter get the upper hand, and bear her down the current?

For a minute or two only does she rest so. Suddenly M. Krebs calls to his companion, "Stop! stop the current; the dynamo is getting too hot." And the current is stayed, just in time. The fans cease their revolutions; the balloon drifts down the current ignominiously, and is allowed to come to ground at the first convenient landing-place. And M. le Ministre

de la Guerre goes home, shakes his head, says, "No, the great problem is not solved after all."

Alas for the disappointment of Messieurs Renard and Krebs! Atmospheric conditions were too hard for them It was surely no fair trial.

But there shall be another—another trial on such a day as no carping critics can cavil at as too calm, yet which shall give the aeronauts fair prospects of success; in such a breeze, say, as on an average is not exceeded in strength in this climate during three-quarters of a year.

On the 8th of November last there was blowing about the sacred enclosure—the temple of the great balloon at Chalais-Meudon—a breeze of the rate of some five miles an hour.

Well, there is really nothing to describe. Messieurs Renard and Krebs mounted their balloon, went to Billancourt, and came back again. It was as simple an operation as if they had got into the French equivalent for a hansom, and driven there and back.

The power of the electro-dynamo machine which they used on this voyage was five horse, which imparted to the shaft of the screw revolutions of some fifty in a minute. It weighed less than half Tissandier's driving machinery, which last was considerably lighter than Giffard's. M. Dupuy de Lôme's manual labour weighed four times as much as Giffard's engine. Each successive aeronaut, with the exception of M. de Lôme, who had to act on emergency, had thus started with greater advantages than the last. On this occasion, Messrs Renard and Krebs travelled at the actual rate of not quite fourteen miles an hour—in round numbers, nineteen miles an hour with the wind, and nine against it. They did not land at Billancourt, but turned and came back to Chalais-Meudon within three-quarters of an hour of the time of starting. And then, of course, ensued everything that was French in the way of embracing, congratulations, and so forth. And thus, indeed, the problem has been solved. It is earnest, sober truth, and quite as true as that "Queen Anne is dead," that a balloon has been navigated about in the air, and therefore, that another balloon can be built and navigated about in the air likewise. It is just simply a question of £ s. d. Any body of men, or any government that chooses to spend the money, can build a navigable balloon; but if it is to be a useful, serviceable balloon, it must be built on very different lines from any yet launched in any country, notwithstanding that America, Germany, Russia, Italy, and even Brazil have all been struggling for success. Not even the fame achieved by the balloon of Messrs Renard and Krebs would warrant a close adherence to their methods, in spite of the gratifying fact that on the 22d October last those persevering scientific aeronauts made a satisfactory run of thirty miles.

Consider for a moment some of its disadvantages. They chose a form for their balloon which precludes the possibility of long voyages, as such size could only be given to it as would allow a continuance of driving power for hours, not days. The great depth at one part, apparently with the design that the lateral pressure on the rear part should aid progress, and far more with the intention of preserving horizontality by the larger portion of the gas being retained above the rest, renders great size an impossibility; for this reason, that the power of the skin to

resist a bursting strain decreasing as the diameter increases, in order to support the strain on the skin the meshes of the net embracing that wide part would need to be very close and small, and therefore most injuriously heavy. Moreover, with balloons of this make, when travelling with considerable velocity, much pressure outwards must be exerted by the gas to preserve the form of the envelope, and prevent the bows caving in; also, with a heavy load in their single car, the strain on the suspending ropes would give those ropes such a vertical direction that the sides of the balloon would yield to the pressure, and compress the gas beyond what any known skin could bear; and were any accident to happen, there would be no parachute to ensure the safety of the aeronauts. Finally, shifting of cargo or passengers would be most apt to derange the balance of the balloon, if the car was so long as represented in the balloon of Chalais-Meudon.

It appears that the long-headed Germans are awaking to the merits of a different, viz., the cylindrical, form, the strongest form possible for resisting a bursting strain, with the sole exception of the spherical; for Gustave Kirk has exhibited one in several cities worked successfully by a small boy turning two screw-wings, and Dr Wollfort has a small navigable of that shape now under trial. These balloons have not sufficient buoyancy to be of any real practical use; but Russia is quite alive to the value of size, for, without making any previous experiments, she lately commenced manufacturing what has been appropriately termed "Le Monstre"; and long ago, at Moscow, on the occasion of the French invasion, she built one capable of carrying fifty persons, intended to hover over her enemies, and shower down shells, &c.; but it does not appear that it was ever used or even floated.

Interest in ballooning, however, is by no means now confined to France and the countries before-named. A countryman of our own, General W. N. Hutchinson, who has given much study to the subject, maintains that all these evils could be avoided, and a balloon of any size constructed, were a long cylindrical form adopted, and the necessary stiffness imparted by the upper half of the net tightly embracing it being laced to a bar encircling the balloon in its mid zone—the said bar being attached to triangular bamboo brackets, held firmly in position by the aid of three wire ropes connecting the apexes of the several brackets, and finally fastened to the bow and stern extremities of the aforesaid bar. Every suspension rope guided by anti-friction rings,[1] is fastened to it. The horizontality of the long cylinder is preserved by the novel plan of having two cars, the lower of which, for the passengers and cargo, is suspended from near the extremities of the balloon, the ropes so meeting and crossing through anti-friction holes at the extremities of a horizontal bar before being attached to the car, that no shifting of a load in it can interfere with the horizontal balance of the balloon. This passenger-car hangs in the centre of buoyancy directly below the propelling car, at the distance considered most desirable, as the passengers, by acting upon a drum or windlass of varying diameter to suit the length of each rope, can make their car rise or sink. The propelling car cannot be placed too

[1] On any side the rope would meet a rotating sheave.

close to the balloon, as it is in such a position that the propellers and side planes, really horizontal rudders (shortly to be described), and

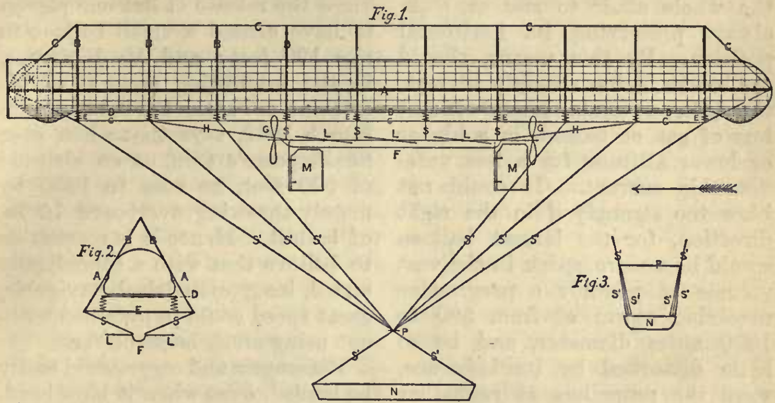

FIG. 1. Cylindrical balloon (within its net), 360 feet long, being twelve times its diameter, not fully extended by pressure of gas.

A, bar encircling it, to which all ropes are attached.
B, triangular bamboo brackets.
C, wire rope connecting the three angles of all brackets.
D, compressor.
E, spiral springs.
F, propelling car.
S, suspension-ropes of F.
G, blades of propellers.
H, four bamboo struts that help to attach the car to the extremities of the base side of two brackets.
L, horizontal rudders (or planes).
M, vertical rudders.
P, bar through which suspension-ropes of N pass
K, shield, plays on a pivot fixed to A.
N, passenger and cargo car.
S′, suspension-ropes of N passing through anti-friction holes in flat bar P.

FIG. 2. Transverse section through balloon and propelling car.
FIG. 3. Transverse section through passenger-car.

the vertical rudders will have most influence. Those near the bow, as well as the stern, operate on the same side of the car in similar but opposite angles from the vertical plane of its mid-longitudinal section, all being simultaneously acted on by a continuous tiller-rope (crossing in the middle) arranged immediately under the car. To prevent the possibility of the gas ever rushing to either end of the balloon, it is divided into loose gas-tight compartments, in all of which the gas is so acted on automatically by a long compressor lying between the base sides of the triangular brackets and the balloon, that plaiting or wrinkling of the skin (the great enemy to endurance) is effectually prevented so long as it is not less than half filled with gas. The compressor — a light rectangular frame crossed by netting—is kept constantly in contact with the balloon by means of spiral springs, which, by a newly devised arrangement, have a nearly uniform action however much extended. Their action is temporarily arrested should the aeronauts ever find it advisable to diminish the bulk of their balloon, which they are to have the power of doing by means of a band at its extremities. Such change of bulk, however,—so difficult with a gas so incompressible as hydrogen,—would but rarely be required, as pairs of horizontally hung rudders (planes), on both sides of the propelling car, by

their simultaneous similar inclination upwards or downwards while the balloon progresses, cause the whole affair to rise or sink, always preserving its horizontal position. By this means, should the breeze be too strongly adverse, the balloon would seek, without loss of gas or ballast, in a higher or lower altitude for a less unfavourable current. It could not blow too strongly if in the right direction, for the largest balloon would be a mere speck in the vast volume of possibly a progressive revolving storm of from 500 to 1000 miles diameter, and be so little disturbed by its influence, were the propellers at rest, that the smoke of the aeronaut's cigar would curl as gracefully upwards as if he were enjoying its fragrance in a calm on land. According to that excellent authority Mr Redfield, it is seldom that a cyclone at sea extends higher than a mile above it, generally less; occasionally even it is so shallow that in ships driven along at a fearful rate the sailors have seen a blue sky overhead, with light clouds sailing tranquilly in a contrary direction. Thus at any moment it would be easy to rise above it. Instead, therefore, of continuing to glide smoothly along in the wild tempest, floating in equilibrium with perfectly horizontal side planes, the aeronauts, on finding that the part of the revolving storm in which they were progressing no longer favoured their course, would incline the side planes upwards, and quickly ascend through the short space separating them from a different current.

How slight an influence will move spherical balloons floating in space is known by the fact that the addition or subtraction of but a few pounds will cause a considerable rising or sinking. M. Lefevre, the president of the British Balloon Society, has stated that, from his personal experience, he knew the release of but one pigeon to have caused a small balloon to rise 100 feet; and Mr Simmons, in the interesting account of his attempt to cross the Channel in March 1882, says that when over Shakespeare's Cliff, at an altitude of 500 feet, he rose to 1900 by merely throwing overboard 10 lb. of ballast. Hence it is reasonable to believe that with a conoidically ended, long, cylindrical navigable, great speed could be obtained without using much horse-power.

Passengers and cargo could easily be landed, even when it blew hard. The side planes would be inclined nearly vertically, and the propeller revolving all the while at a suitable rate, these two opposing forces would bring the balloon nearly to a stand-still, and keep it almost motionless in the air. Did the wind blow in the fitful gusts only found near the earth, the aid of the grapnel might be required, and the passenger-car could be temporarily separated from the balloon. Finally, a wedge-shaped shield attached to the front of the long mid-zone bar (its apex vertical in flight, inclined upwards when at anchor) prevents any caving in, however great may be the velocity at which the balloon is meeting the current. The aeronauts in the propelling car, by pulling a rope, can always alter the inclination of the shield, and make it an assistant to the horizontal rudders.

It takes but a slight acquaintance with Euclid to see that were Messrs Renard and Krebs, with the object of carrying greater driving power, to build a similar navigable, double the length of the one of which they are so justly proud, the resistance to their progress would be fourfold, whereas a cylin-

drical navigable could be lengthened to any extent without increasing the surface opposed to progress, and without altering the meshes of the net.

We may fairly say, then, that these English proposals embody eight distinct novelties, each of importance—viz., 1. The automatically acting compressor; 2. The self-formed parachute, laced to a firm frame (however large may be a rent in either half, the other covers it); 3. The two distinct cars, passenger and propelling; 4. The cylindrical shape; 5. The cage, giving the required stiffness, with some elasticity and great durability, by preventing the envelope's contact with any external object when on land; 6. The wide lateral support for attachment of suspension-ropes; 7. The horizontal side planes; and 8. The shield.

When we reflect on what has already been accomplished with navigables, whose diminutive size necessarily subjected them to great difficulties, it becomes hard to see at what limit aerial navigation will stop when the described lines of construction are adopted. In many countries it would be so difficult to obtain the essentials necessary for propulsion by electricity, that it is presumed steam would be the motive power—petroleum, coal, or fuel of some sort being almost everywhere attainable, and its greater weight of little moment in balloons of large tonnage.

That even hydrogen gas can now be contained for months in a practically impervious envelope, and probably for years, is instanced, to seek no further, in the "Gem" balloon exhibited at the Inventories. In a general way it may be said to have twice the buoyancy of ordinary coal-gas. In the French aeronautical school at Meudon there is an apparatus for liberating nearly 7000 cubic feet of hydrogen per hour.

The French chemists Coutelle and Conté did indeed claim long ago to have found a varnish which enabled silk to retain hydrogen for two or three months; but it is questionable if the gas could have been in anything approaching a pure state.

An officer, believed to have more experience in the construction and sailing of free and captive balloons than any other in her Majesty's service, has, in answer to an inquiry, obligingly given the following as data for a navigable egg-ended cylindrical, 30 feet in diameter, and 360 feet long, which, though twelve times its diameter, would but little exceed the length of many steamers. Contents, 347,398 cubic feet; buoyancy, 7½ tons, with hydrogen gas; surface, 3400 square feet; weight, all complete, without fuel, 2 tons; probable power, 53 horse, to drive the balloon at twenty miles an hour, with a fan of 20 feet diameter,[1] making 800 revolutions a minute. It would cost at the least £10,000, if built of the light, yet strong, durable material—the mode of preparing which is kept secret by Government. The best silk, as usually prepared, would not nearly so well withstand a severe strain, nor so effectually retain the gas. Some are of opinion that the stated horse-power is much in excess of the power requisite for a rate of only twenty miles an hour.

If we think of the future, when experience will have given confidence, it must be borne in mind that, were this balloon doubled in

[1] A technical term. Two opposite fans would represent the diameter of the circle in which they revolve. The fan is more a radius than a diameter.

length and diameter, its contents,—that is, its lifting buoyancy,—would be eightfold—viz., 60 tons; their respective capacities being as the cube of their diameters (or lengths).

The Hon. Charles A. Parsons had an extremely light compact engine, giving from 10,000 to 12,000 revolutions a minute, that attracted much attention at the Inventions Exhibition. Obligingly replying to a question, he says that, constructed with the lightest materials from a carefully considered design formed on the principle of his engine at the exhibition, propelling machinery for 50 horse-power need not weigh over three tons, and the probable consumption of petroleum with a forced draught would be about 200 lb. per hour.

When we think of Giffard's success with only 3 horse-power in a badly shaped balloon, 50 horse-power seems enough for the monster that attracted so much attention at the Paris Exhibition. A small rough model of the large cylindrical balloon above described, showing the management for the suspension-ropes of the cars with all details, was submitted to the criticism of one of the first mechanicians of the day.

Feeling interested in the subject, he gave much attention to it, and wrote to the inventor as follows: "I have carefully studied the model, and do not see how to criticise its details. I think you have done everything which I could suggest to make it practical and perfect. I quite think your design is as good as could possibly be devised." The chief object aimed at was the lightness and stiffness, without rigidity, indispensable in a large balloon.

It is probably as an engine of war that a navigable balloon will first assert its importance, and in that respect it is hard to see how its value can be overestimated. Reviewing very shortly the valuable use that has been already made of captive [*i.e.*, attached by a rope to the earth] and of free balloons [*i.e.*, balloons floating at the mercy of such currents as, at different strata of the atmosphere, they may happen to encounter], we can scarcely fail to be impressed by the infinite value of a navigable balloon, if only as a means of reconnaissance. The use of captive balloons for this purpose is by no means of recent date.

In Marshall Jourdan's campaign in 1794, at Fleurus, notwithstanding a high wind, two most useful observations of from three to four hours' duration were made. The French admit that these had great moral effect in encouraging their own men and dispiriting the enemy, who felt that their positions and the movements of their troops could not be concealed. Again, in the Italian campaign of 1859, the French made use of balloons. The aeronaut Godard was employed and reconnoitred most usefully from a Montgolfier the day before Solferino.

General M'Clellan, in the civil war in America, found the intelligence given to him on the 4th of October 1861, by the aeronaut La Mountain, of the "utmost importance." On ascending from the camp he had boldly cut the retaining rope, rose to a height of 1½ mile, and floated over the enemy's lines, being "enabled to make a perfect observation of their position and their movements." By changing his altitude, he got back with a favourable current, and made his highly valued report. During the whole of the battle of Chickahominy, the General held successful telegraphic communication with Professor Lowe's balloon, which safely hovered over the enemy's lines at an altitude of 2000 feet.

In an attack on Mississippi Island, Number Ten, an engineer aeronaut named Allan directed the artillery-fire from a balloon, and signalled the effect of each shot. Reconnaissances were also made during May and July at the bombardment of Yorktown, and also at Fair Oaks, shortly after which the balloon fell into the hands of the Confederates.

With all these balloons there was no slight difficulty in conveying them to the battle-field or other field of their intended action. With navigables that is, of course, very far from being the case. Not only will they not be a burden for beasts of transport, but they will actually be beasts of burden themselves.

As far back as 1796, Napoleon took with him some ballooning apparatus for the same purpose to Egypt; but it was not utilised, as an essential part of it was captured by the English. It is difficult to believe that he could not have given some attention to ballooning matters, and, if he did, that he should have so little realised their value in war as to have allowed the corps of Aerostiers to be dissolved in 1804. It was said by some, and believed by a few, that he did so from a superstitious feeling, having heard of a rumour that a large crown attached to a balloon sent up at the rejoicings on his coronation had been found some time afterwards lying on the tomb of Nero at Rome.

During the siege of Paris sixty-six balloons were started with bags of letters to give intelligence to friends of the position of the citizens, and in the earnest hope that some of the balloons would return with information from without; but the knowledge required to effect the return voyage was quite wanting. Nearly half of them were under the guidance of sailors, whose only recommendation for the honourable selection must have been a reliance on the nerve and coolness necessary in their novel position; for none had any experience in the management of such craft, and there were no means of giving them the slightest instruction further than when and why to open the valves, and when to throw away ballast. The balloons were made of strong cambric, well oiled, held generally about 70,000 cubic feet of coal-gas, and were computed to have cost only £160 each. That not one of them, though so hastily and inexpensively manufactured, should have failed in proving able to perform the service expected from it, shows strongly that the only real difficulty in the construction of great, serviceable navigables must be in obtaining a light driving power; and so many brains are now engaged in solving the difficulty, that we have a right to be hopeful. The science — for it truly does amount to a science—of being able to successfully travel in the air by studying the depth and strength of the different currents of wind lying both above and below the aeronauts, and from time to time judiciously changing altitudes, so as to sail in the most favourable ones, had at that period been but little studied. Were it otherwise, communication would have been frequently maintained with Paris from without. No one will doubt this who is conversant with the interesting trips made by Major Templer of the Royal Engineer establishment at Chatham — the same who so ably managed the balloon service in the Soudan. He seems to speak of travelling from London to Aldershot in a free balloon, and offering a seat to a friend, with much the same assurance as if he were taking a ticket for the express—an assurance, we may add, which the re-

sults seem fully to have justified. His success was largely due to the intelligence given by floating pilots —small captive balloons made of oiled silk, containing about 200 cubic feet of hydrogen, held by a silk cord so thin and light that they will rise when there is little wind 2000 feet above the aeronaut's balloon, and on being ballasted will sink as far below, reascending on the ballast being tilted out. Their object is, of course, to discover the direction of the wind at those different altitudes.

On one occasion the Major, having noted the direction and strength of the currents near him, and observed that the wind blew from the east, started from the Crystal Palace at 6 P.M., with the publicly avowed design of landing at half-past seven on the parade-ground of the troops encamped at Barnet, having promised to let some of his brother officers there stationed see the balloon and all its belongings. He felt confident he could name the time as well as the place, as he had the assistance of a friend in another balloon, who would attend to his signals, and aid him by often rising and sinking to show him the several currents, and report particulars by means of the disc-signal, Morse code. The let-go lines of the two balloons were slipped at the same moment. The Major rose slowly to 1000 feet, proceeding in a north-westerly direction. His friend rose rapidly to 4000, which he duly reported, and that he was going east of north-east. The Major gradually ascended, to make good a little easting. His friend, who was at one moment five miles off, having changed to a lower level, was coming straight towards him. Over the Alexandra Palace the Major thought he had best get a little more west, so he let the balloon sink just into the top of the under-current; but he had soon to again ascend, passing over Barnet at 4000 feet. His assistant seeing the camp, the tents looking like eggs, became somewhat excited, and wished him to "lower"; but he judged it best to first make a long tack (to use a nautical expression) in the high level, and then make a rapid descent into the low current, which quickly carried him over the encampment, where he opened his valves, let go the "pilot-line" for volunteer assistants to catch, and effected his descent on the parade-ground, as he had truly foretold. He says his experience has taught him that three currents are generally to be found in an elevation of 5000 feet.

After the extremely interesting lecture on aerial navigation which the Major gave at the Royal United Service Institution, in February 1879, in answer to a question, he said he should feel safe from rifle-shots at a height of 1000 feet, and were the envelope struck, that but little harm would be done. It is on record that a balloon at Frankensthal remained in the air three-quarters of an hour after being thus penetrated in nine places. A shell bullet would, in passing through the envelope, meet with so little resistance that it would not explode. It has been suggested that, if protected with a lining of elastic light cotton wadding, the escape of gas would be much prevented. A trial with Martini shots, fired through a calico target thus lined, showed that the entrance aperture was much covered with the elastic cotton, the exit aperture much filled.

One of the greatest difficulties in making reconnaissances from balloons arises from the fact that at any considerable height undulating ground appears quite flat. It is said that, except by its shadow,

a hill 500 feet high would not be seen at all from an elevation of 5000 feet, therefore, on a cloudy day, would quite escape notice.

Another drawback is the frequent twisting experienced in spherical balloons (principally owing to gradual changes in the direction of currents), which necessitates the keeping of a constantly watchful eye upon the compass, especially in cloudy weather. Again, the weight of the gas-making apparatus in transport on land is a grave trouble, though this has been considerably diminished by Major Templer's ingenuity. He also devised an improved plan of so making steam to act upon the iron in the retort that a continuous copious supply of gas is liberated, and all the metal is consumed.

Mr F. A. Gower, who most unfortunately for ballooning interests lost his life in endeavouring to cross the Channel from France,—a man of well-known scientific attainments,—in a lecture he gave at the Royal United Service Institution last May—but two months before his sad death—explained a plan he had elaborately worked out, by which, when the wind favoured the attack, an enemy's camp or town could be destroyed by what he termed "air torpedoes,"—really a fleet of small free balloons loaded with explosives, to be ignited by time fuses, which, after a calculated length of voyage, would be automatically dropped on the assailed object. The means by which the fleet would be automatically retained at the one selected level during the whole flight was very ingenious. He also spoke of attack by navigables, and strongly recommended the adoption of a plan recently devised, as is most consistent, by a Frenchman, the mechanician Auguste Debayeux, who proposed fixing the propeller at the bow rather than the stern, in order that the rapid revolution of large blades should combine rarefaction of the air with direct propulsion. Apparently the rapid rotation caused an inclined centrifugal current, for the air, replacing what had been driven off, was always felt by Mr Gower to flow in the direction of progress, and consequently, he argued, much aided progress. Many will consider the argument sound, and the advice most judicious.

Lord Wolseley expresses himself, in 'The Soldier's Pocket-Book,' very favourably on the subject of balloons as a means of reconnaissance, and their value is greatly enhanced by the recent device of French aeronauts for taking photographs of the positions of an enemy from a vantage-point thus attained. Good use was recently made of captives in South Africa. On one or more occasions the major-general in command of the troops, Sir Charles Warren, ascended to make a personal examination of the features of the country in his vicinity.

It is stated that in the late war in the Soudan the appearance of a captive balloon so alarmed a body of Arabs, that they at once took to flight instead of attacking the convoy escorting ammunition and provisions, as had been their intention. Some regarded it as Mohammed's coffin suspended between heaven and earth. When we read, however, of a man who ventured into some Asiatic villages on a bicycle being taken for the devil, and stoned accordingly, it would not be surprising if savage nations were to take an aeronaut for the same personage, bringing his habitation along with him. Manifestly the confidence of wild tribes in their high almost inaccessible fastnesses, would be much shaken by the appearance of the flying monster over their heads.

Now, if the value of captive and free balloons has thus been recognised by military authorities, both past and present, how infinitely greater would be the value of a balloon that could be steered hither and thither in any direction, and at any height in the atmosphere?—so great, probably, that it could not be fully realised before being put in operation. In this, however, lies but a very fractional part of its real value. It will be, it may confidently be predicted, incomparably the most formidable aggressive war-engine of the future. General Sir J. Bisset, in the Kaffir war, suggested that free balloons should be employed to drop combustibles into the kraals of the enemy—an idea in which he had been forestalled some two hundred years by one Francis Lama. And it would be by following out the lines of this suggestion that the navigable balloon would prove so tremendous a foe. Every year witnesses the discovery of some new infernal chemical, whereby, with still greater ease and diminished risk, one man may be the death of thousands. It is not too much to expect that in a few years an aeronaut will be able to carry up enough combustibles in a Gladstone bag to annihilate Liverpool.

Aerial navigation is none the less a fact because it carries the imagination into the regions of Jules Verne's romances—regions invaded also in another direction by Mr Nordenfelt's submarine boat, of which he gave so interesting an account at the Royal United Service Institution on the 5th of last February. There is a weirdness in the methods of attack, both of the submarine boat and of the balloon waging war from out of heaven, which almost shocks the imagination. The former approaches her foe, invisible, possibly at a depth of 50 feet below the surface of the water, until within range for the deadly Whitehead torpedo wherewith she is armed—and after firing which she as invisibly retires—while ironclads, mercantile shipping, arsenals, fortifications, and every architectural structure, all will be at the mercy of the aerial monster sailing high out of reach of harm, and at night invisible, like the Angel of Destruction over them.

The designs for a cylindrical balloon, to which we have referred, were suggested as long ago as 1881. It is a thousand pities that no notice was taken of these suggestions all those years back. One navigable balloon would have been of the greatest service in Zululand; and in the Soudan might have saved many valuable English lives, much good English money, and the slaughter of thousands of brave Arabs. Australia might find in a navigable balloon an efficient means for the surveying of her hitherto unexplored and otherwise almost inaccessible territory. New Guinea, again, is a region in which its services might be turned to valuable account; and if anywhere, surely in Arctic discovery, above all, a navigable balloon would be of great value. Balloons of a kind—small free balloons carrying packets of despatches, which were detached one after the other by the burning of a slow-match—have been used before now by Arctic voyagers in the hope of giving information respecting the position of the exploring vessels. Commerce, civilisation, and Christianity would be promoted; and, hear it, ye political economists! Bright's hope of universal free trade be less a mere dream, for evidently no vigilance could prevent expensive goods being landed at spots far removed from the supervision of custom-house officers.

As before stated, a well-qualified judge estimated the cost of a really serviceable navigable, in round numbers, at £10,000; but little exceeding half the contract price (£19,500) for each of the sixteen 25-inch 110-ton guns, manufacturing at Elswick for the Benbow.

Compare the estimated sum for building the described navigable with the price of a first-class ironclad, equipped and ready for sea—usually regarded as half a million. Sir E. R. Freemantle even speaks, in the last October number of the 'Nineteenth Century,' of ironclads in course of construction in England and France, at the price of from £700,000 to £1,000,000! Compare the potency of the two engines in warfare: the one is launched to lord it on the sea; to lord it over all opposed to it, except the fearful aerial monster at whose utter mercy she must be—when lying at night in any, even the best fortified, harbour — and who, as lord of air, is lord of both the lower and grosser elements, earth and water.

If the now seemingly wild anticipations of projectors—the most enthusiastic of mortals — prove hereafter not to be visionary, aerial navigation will become a not uncommon mode of transport. High altitudes being avoided, the aeronauts will glide along at the best level for enjoying the varied scenery presented on earth, and sail amidst the ever-changing clouds, as often below as above them. No means of transit will be considered so interesting, and none safer. How exceedingly satisfactory, too, on a wet day to soar up through the clouds and laugh at them raining away below you! Even when ballooning was not under the guidance of man, and often mismanaged by the inexperienced, it is curious how little was the loss of life, and how few the accidents. It should be noted that these principally occurred at landings, from an impatient aeronaut, when it was blowing hard, leaping from the car before it was properly secured, thus endangering not only his own safety but that of those suddenly reascending in the lightened balloon. With the navigable, as has been explained, however strong the breeze, the disembarkations will always be safely effected.

Mr Monck Mason in his 'Aeronautica,' stated that, up to 1838, from four to five thousand ascents had been made with the loss of only thirty lives; and that two-thirds of these were with Montgolfiers, which is not surprising, as the least spark on the dry envelope from the fire constantly required to heat the air would set all in flames.

Mr Baden-Powell of the Scots Guards, a zealous aeronaut, who gave an admirable lecture in June 1883 at the Royal United Service Institution on military ballooning, also bears strong testimony to their safety with good management. In 'Public Opinion,' July 1882, he writes under his own name, "Our greatest aeronauts, Green and Coxwell, have made respectively from 1400 to 1500 ascents without any mishap;" and "in England, whilst the number of ascents must have been nearly 6000, only six deaths have resulted from balloons."

Some, who have given much thought to the subject, believe the day not to be far distant when we shall see balloons plying in well-paying passenger or cargo traffic between England and the Continent, and the dreaded *mal de mer* be put out of fashion by some novel malady incidental to the new mode of travel, although it is positively asserted that the aeronauts would feel the strongest breeze no more than if travelling

in a perfect calm. The time, however, when each man of any consideration will order round the balloon as now he does the carriage, or in Venice the gondola, is still in all probability far away. Man will "paddle his own balloon," to parody the popular song, about the epoch of the same millennium in which he will "love his neighbonr as himself," or else it will be a machine of very different structure from what we of the nineteenth century call a "balloon." Nevertheless, despite that the growth of the science of ballooning in its infancy was so slow and spasmodic as scarce to deserve the name of growth at all, yet the encouraging progress that has suddenly been effected by our neighbours across the Channel gives us good ground for expecting the greatest things of its maturity. For, if due cognisance be taken of what has been already done, and zealous efforts be made to accomplish what it is manifestly within man's power to effect (and assuredly under the stimulus of the existing combative spirit in many countries it will be effected), all civilised nations may presently be possessed of a war-engine whose destructive capabilities the imagination shrinks from contemplating; whereof the one only conceivable result is that it will make wars to cease from off the face of the civilised world.

Wherein, indeed, there seems to lurk a paradox. Of course it is monstrous, and an anachronism, and a thing which the wise men of old would have declared to be utterly impossible, that when the civilised world was so many centuries older it should still be settling, or failing to settle, its differences by the barbarous, old-world method of warfare—that as an attendant of civilisation, civilised countries only should be burdened with debts contracted with intent to slaughter or to guard against it. But since the fact remains that nations fight, that millions are spent on ironclads, while labourers live in hovels, and that huge standing armies are maintained at the general cost instead of adding their quota to the general production, no means appear more potent for putting an end to these absurdities than the invention of engines so deadly destructive as the navigable balloon and the invisible submarine Nordenfelt torpedo-boat.

Nay, it is the richest nations who will most dread the appeal to arms—to such arms. When all is so liable to easy destruction, wealth means but the having much to lose. Extermination, not acquisition, will be the result of war. Philippopolis has probably enough money to build a balloon, but if Philippopolis were annihilated, few people, comparatively speaking, would be much the worse; whereas, were Constantinople burnt to ruins, and her fleet sunk to the bottom of the Golden Horn, the bill for repairs would be a heavy one. Surely some day arbitration will be held preferable to extinction. At all events, the first nation that possesses a large serviceable navigable, as long as others are not similarly armed, will have a power and influence that cannot be overestimated, through the mere threat of its unscrupulous use.

In conclusion, we may quote the opinion expressed in the 'Times' of the 30th July 1881: "There can be no doubt that the invention of a balloon which could be navigated would take rank among the greatest of human achievements; the resulting advantages would be incalculable."

ZIT AND XOE: THEIR EARLY EXPERIENCES.

CHAPTER I.

"Wretched little beast!" cried my mother, as she angrily twisted her tail round the stoutest branch she could find, and swung herself up into a bushy banian-tree.

I stood below weeping bitterly—stood, I say, because I could do nothing else. I had never been able to walk on all-fours like the others. I could not dart from tree to tree, from branch to branch, like the very smallest of my brothers and sisters.

In these few words I have described the loneliness and desolation of my childhood. I was, alas! tailless and hairless! I could not even chatter!

I knew, none so well, what the family were always saying. But not even that mild-eyed, grey-haired, old maiden aunt of mine, who, when my mother cast me out to die, had brought me up by hand—on almond-nuts — not even she really understood a single word I said. As to my father, when I made my first appearance in this world, he gave my mother the soundest thrashing she had ever had, poor creature; and since then I had, as a kind of family fiction, been carefully huddled away out of his sight. You may imagine what a life I led.

Our schoolroom was at the top of a peculiarly tall deodar-tree, and though I got up earlier in the morning than any of the rest, I was nearly always late for lessons. The road to school was so steep and knobby that I hated it. My eldest sister detested me more thoroughly, I am sure, than she did any of the others. She was our governess. She generally finished the morning's work by saying, "Now, children, we will swing by the tail for five minutes;" and the whole family swung around me shrieking with laughter, while I crouched and shivered, sad and silent, as the tree swayed to and fro.

I knew, of course, even then, that I was immeasurably better and cleverer than any of the rest. And just before sleeping, and just before really awaking, the consciousness of this superiority became a positive comfort. I would, I thought, confound them for their unkindness by-and-by. I would do great things for them all—so great that they would be tempted to pluck out their own hairs and bite off each other's tails to be anything like me. And then I would say to them grandly, "You remember how you treated me, and you see how I have forgotten all that!" These were my dreams between sleeping and waking. But with the daylight my dreams abruptly vanished.

One morning, after I had been thinking and dreaming and scheming all night long, I got up with a fixed intent look in my eyes which, I heard them say afterwards, they had never seen there before. I crept away without breakfast. I gathered together as many long green tendrils as I could find, and twisted them into a strong rope. While the family were busy at their lessons I walked straight up to the very highest point of a huge overhanging king cocoa-nut-tree, and there I fixed the two ends of my rope. I swung to and fro, higher and higher, until I was actually on a level with the

schoolroom. I showed them what a boy without a tail was able to accomplish if he liked, and the whole family could not, for the life of them, help gibbering at me in admiration and astonishment. No one scolded me for being away without leave. At luncheon they talked of nothing else. After lunch I mounted my swing again to show how it was done. My baby brother, whose absence unluckily escaped me, had half-bitten through the ropes where they were fastened to the tree-top and there was a wild chorus of delight when I fell out fifty feet off and broke my arm.

When I recovered I kept my inventions and dreams to myself. But I could not altogether conceal the remarkable ease with which I was able to imitate the sweetest melodies of all the singing birds around us. I could not, it is true, speak one word of the family jargon, nor, to be candid, did I ever really try. But in the balmy summer nights, when the full moon was shining and quivering in a million broken stars on the black river, leaping down the falls just below our home, I would steal away for hours, and I would stand there, stock and still, repeating the songs of one bulbul after another. When I had silenced them all I would return home, maddened with their melodies, singing sweetly to myself as twenty full-throated bulbuls sing, and forgetful of all else in the world until I felt my mother slapping me soundly.

This, barring the slapping perhaps, went on for seventeen years, and I was then, if that be possible, more cordially detested than when I first, and most reluctantly, joined the family circle.

The crisis was at hand. The family used sometimes to spend a long summer holiday beside the pool below the falls. They would sit there on the overhanging branches, among the great orchids, violet and crimson, purple and pink, with their tails dangling in the water. Suddenly an unsuspecting but very succulent mussel would make a snatch at one of the tails, and, before he could open his pearly mouth again, he was jerked off the rocks, split asunder and swallowed with a smack of intense satisfaction.

"I have had two dozen," one would say. "I have had three dozen," cried another. And it was to me they always said this. I could sing like a bulbul, it is true; but I was tailless and could not catch mussels; and I had up to that time, so far as I can remember, never once smacked my lips.

I brooded over this injustice till another of my inspirations came to me. I stole down to the river by twilight. I shut my mouth with a snap and plunged in. It was neck or nothing. I found, as I thought, that I could swim like a fish. All the mussels in the river were now my own, and not the mussels only. In an incredibly short space of time I was able to catch any of the glittering little fishes that darted to and fro. I was ready now, and only awaited my chance.

The very next time the family talked of a day by the river I pretended to shirk it, so as to ensure being taken. "You greedy, sulky sneak," said my sister, "it is only because you are too stupid to catch mussels that you try to spoil our pleasure." I waited till they were sitting in a row with all their tails in the water. Then I jumped in. You ought to have seen their eyes. I ate every mussel that tried to get hold of a tail. I gobbled up a good-sized trout right under the very branch they sat upon, and when they shrieked for some of it I made the most awful faces I could think of. Nothing, I knew, upset the

family so much as to imitate their own grimaces; and the faces I pulled were so horrible, that at last three of them tumbled into the water with a howl. They could not swim; not a bit of it. Two of them went down, down, down with a flop; and even now I am not sorry they never came up again. My eldest sister would have been drowned too, but for the unexpected and most unfortunate appearance of my mother on the scene. With one swoop of the tail she fished her darling out of the jaws of death. Then she turned to me and said quietly, "I shall send for your father at once."

Of course I knew what that meant. He was found sound asleep, comfortably curled up under a big toddy-tree, where he had latterly spent most of his time. And nothing, by the way, will ever now persuade me that he had not discovered the secret I thought I discovered many years afterwards—that the juice of the toddy-palm ferments after sunrise, and is then perhaps the most delicious drink in the world. I will, however, do him the credit of keeping his secret to himself. He came down slowly, in a towering passion at having been disturbed by such a trifling occurrence as the drowning of two small children.

"You little nuisance," he said to me sternly—for my mother, who was really to blame, had a sharpish tongue of her own—"how dare you disturb my repose?"

I shook my head, and said as plainly as if I could speak that I had done nothing of the kind.

"You have done nothing else," he cried, "since you first came into the world. I never look at you without a shudder. A tailless, hairless, miserable brat, you have covered me with shame among our neighbours; and yet, forsooth, you are far too fine to go our ways. You can twitter like a bulbul and hoot like an owl, and you have no time to learn our simple language. You make use of your thumbs in a way that is peculiarly exasperating to us all, and you twirl them about on every conceivable occasion. Have you ever in your life done anything for the family credit or the family larder? Last winter when the boys came scampering back nightly with their pouches filled from the neighbours' stores, you went strutting about at home on your hind-legs, as if your fore-legs were far too precious for daily use. You spend hours, your mother tells me, admiring your personal deformities in the very pool in which two of your brothers now lie drowned by your machinations. You made faces at them, she says, until life was perfectly intolerable; and, judging by the turn you always give me at your best, I am sure I do not wonder at it. I can bear a good deal myself. But I will not sit still and see my family decimated. You must leave us, my boy. There is a great, rich world beyond our narrow limits, waiting apparently for you to conquer it. Perhaps you may succeed, perhaps not." Here my father sneezed, and his voice faltered strangely: "You surely see that your absence is desirable. In calmer moments—especially as there will be no one there to contradict you—you will, I am convinced, be the first to acknowledge that the greatest happiness of the greatest number necessitates your immediate departure. Now go!"

My eyes filled with tears. I was very nearly making a fool of myself. These were the first kind words I had heard since my poor aunt's death. They were rudely

interrupted by a well-directed shower of cocoa-nuts. I was utterly disconcerted and very much bruised. For the first and the last time but one in my life I turned and ran.

CHAPTER II.

I ran on, horror-stricken, as fast as ever I could for hours together. My feet were soon as sore as my heart. The river was my only friend—a last link, as it were, between the known and the unknown—and I never dreamt of quitting its downward course. The night was pitch-dark almost when I first really drew breath. Then, utterly worn out, I threw myself upon a moss-covered boulder, and, still tremulous, panting and shivering, I tried to think. My past had vanished as suddenly and as irrevocably as a rainbow's. I lay there, beneath that moonless sky, more thoroughly alone than any one had ever felt before.

I knew, not only from a fierce burning sense of my little world's injustice, but from the abruptness of the rugged descent, that I could not possibly return. My feet were torn and bleeding. I was sorely bruised. Every muscle in my body was strained and every bone ached. I had, as I lay still, a horrible suspicion that I could not even go forward. The black river slipped by, almost unseen, but terribly eloquent, so it seemed to me, with the eloquence of mockery: "No past and no future; no future and no past!" such was my lullaby. And then I think I must have fallen into a kind of death-like swoon.

The very next thing I remember after the river's cruel refrain was the chill breath of dawn beating on my burning brow. The sky, as I opened my eyes, was all pearl and opal. The morning sun was peeping shyly over the farther bank into the broad breast of the cool, blue river down below. The birds from a thousand boughs were singing with a thrilling sweetness I had never heard before. The air, as I breathed it, was full of perfumes, fresh and piquant, quaint and barbarous, that told of dew-wet flowers, all gorgeous and unknown. I started as if new blood were coursing through my veins. I yawned, and, stretching out my arms, I struck with both my hands a heavy bough overhead. In an instant the ground was thick with custard-apples. The rich cream-coloured pulp was bursting through the rugged seams of their green jackets. I picked one up mechanically, as boys will, to pitch it into the water below. But the smell was so luscious that I put it to my lips instead. And then, in the midst of this silence, solemn and supreme, I shouted a very song of triumph. Why, forsooth, should I care for the past with these groves of custard-apple trees around me! I ate the first fruit very slowly, as if some mystery were at stake. Then I ate another, and another, and another. I might have thought that I had gorged myself, but that when I could eat no more my misery seemed to vanish as if by magic. Never will that morning be forgotten. But so it has been indeed throughout the course of a long and checkered life. My most eventful moments are remembered by me now in connection with some striking perfume, some sudden burst of low and unexpected music, some strange taste or some peculiar colour.

I had breakfasted heartily, and after lying on the thick, soft turf for a while, basking in the sun, I arose, not without an effort, and plunged into the cool, translucent river for a good five minutes. Then shaking off the silvery drops, I started again upon my downward journey as if the whole of this new, luxuriant world were all my own.

And so in truth it was, though I could scarcely realise my supremacy at once. I had left the secluded hills of my childhood, and the rocks that hemmed them in, and their thundering waterfalls behind. I stood there, solitary as no one ever had been, at the mercy of the present and the future, unarmed and innocent and naked. But in front, on both banks of the broad lazy river, far further than my eager eyes could see, lay a dense, interminable forest. Palms and pines, deodars and cedars, fought for existence and breathing-space with the mango and pomegranate trees, the aloes and acacias, the rhododendrons and tree-ferns. These struck my fancy first with their extraordinary exuberance. But the undergrowth was in reality still more perplexing as I forced my way through the stems of the tall, rank grass, turning aside only where the cactus, beneath all its delicate and fragile flowers, had thrown up an impenetrable barrier. Just above me, as I walked, hung purple figs, and clusters of white grapes, and oranges and huge lemons, green and golden. Every now and again, when the wind stirred, a pommelo, large as my head at least, fell heavily at my feet. And amidst their broad, bright, upright leaves nestled bunches of plantains, yellow, green, and red. Here and there clumps of huge bamboos thrust aside the rest to force their own way towards heaven, and grasslike, bright and light and graceful as they were, still dwarfed the tallest of the forest giants. On the spreading branches overhead doves bigger than turkeys cooed out their love-tales in the deepest of melodious basses. Butterflies with fan-like wings floated lazily round flowers and blossoms as brilliant and as many-coloured as themselves. Elephants, thrice as large as they are now, with tusks like sickles, and bristling manes from head to tail, went roaring and crashing through the forest. Shapeless beasts, almost as monstrous, sat like tripods on their hind-quarters and ponderous tails, tearing down the tall trees by the roots to feed upon the succulent shoots and sweet leaves of the higher branches. And when some great tree fell to the ground with a crash that thundered and reverberated along, the hippopotamus lifted his lazy head out of the pool, the crocodile slunk from the mud, and creatures, half bats, half lizards, awoke for a moment, and bore their wailing brooding on from one tree to another. Herds of startled horses went whinnying by. Four-horned stags, the size of elephants, browsing on the young shoots of the sugar-cane, stopped for an instant to listen, and then looked wistfully upwards at the asparagus plants towering far above them. Lizards, thirty or forty feet long, lying coiled up in the rare sunny places of this dense, overgrown, green forest, half uncurled; and the roar of the dying tiger in the grasp of some gigantic python was suddenly louder than the slow crunching of his ribs. Of this vast forest, of this intense and monstrous vitality, I, the outcast and the fugitive of twelve hours ago, was lord and master.

I shall never forget the exciting

pleasures of this first day's experience. I felt that I was gradually losing the nervousness with which I had started, and the further I walked the more erect became my bearing, the more assured my steps. The huge beasts which crossed the tangled pathways fled hastily as their eyes met mine. And when, out of the fulness of my heart, I raised my voice in song, I cleared all the forest before me of its terrible but timorous denizens. Now and again a surly bull-frog would stupidly jostle me as I passed by, or an inquisitive squirrel run out to give me greeting. At first these little attentions were not unacceptable. But when they had palled, I was glad to find that a bunch of prickly cactus was an admirable instrument for the expression of satiety. It was, however, so singularly disagreeable to handle, that at last I looked around me for something easier. I saw a stout straight bough on one of the trees. Seizing it with both my hands I tore it off, and fell backwards into a heap of sharp, broken flints. These nasty things cut me so severely that I was happily prompted to try if they would not cut something tougher. With one of them I trimmed my bough. I gave it, in the first place, a point, quite sharp enough to free me from the attentions of inquisitive squirrels and surly bull-frogs.

Then, as time hung a trifle heavily on my hands, I whittled away with one of the sharpest flints as I walked. I was probably more strongly possessed then than I am now with the spirit of imitation. At any rate, before my day's journey was over I had covered a good part of my staff with life-like carvings of the various beasts that passed me by. It was a useful weapon, the first thing I ever called my own. Sometimes I think I should have kept it in memory of that most eventful day. But I did nothing of the kind. I threw it away directly I got a better one.

At night with grass and leaves and moss I made a cosy nest in the fork of a big tree. But before my bed was fairly finished I fell fast asleep, and I slept as you only can sleep when you are thoroughly tired out and most completely self-satisfied. The murmuring river told a different story now, and I slumbered through a strange panorama of fantastic and triumphant dreams.

I got up very early. There was so much to see and so much to taste! But before long I knew the flavour of every fruit that grew, and the peculiar taste of all the beautiful eggs with which the bushes and the rank grass were teeming. The fish in the river, too, became day by day more plentiful, more varied, and more toothsome. I had quite lost all sense of timidity or shyness. But the great beasts, though they feared me, still showed no sign of friendliness. I had won all I used to long for, supremacy, and peace from wrong and jealousy and opposition. But by degrees I felt an increasing and unconquerable sense of loneliness, and an utter distaste for my very unsympathetic surroundings. In the nights I sometimes almost yearned for the rocks and the green valley and the rushing river of long ago. But when each morning came, impelled as if by fate, I stormed on ever ahead. One day, how well I remember it, the river ended abruptly in a bed of golden sand, and a low resonant roar, as if all the world were whispering elsewhere, burst upon my ears. Before me, in almost unruffled beauty, lay the bound-

less sea, blue as the blue sky above, but deeper, tinged to the further edge with the glowing colours of the morning sun, while, laughing and splashing and sparkling just beneath my feet, its white spray glistened like rainbows. Infinity itself seemed to be lying before me bare and beautiful. I had never in my many months' journeyings come across anything so exquisitely lovely. For a moment, as I gazed, my heart almost stopped—but for a moment only. Behind me on the sands I heard a hasty hurrying tread, a sound, a rustle—I could tell no more. Without a thought of what would follow, I turned away from the fascinating splendour of this strange and sunlit ocean.

Rushing towards me, as if borne on the wings of the wind, I saw another and a lovely me. I ran forward madly, throwing up my arms and crying—the blue sea and the yellow sands alone knew what I cried—but crying out, as I remember, in one moment of time all the longing and significance of my life. The beautiful apparition, nearer and now nearer, stopped dead in front of me at last, with clasped hands and tearlit eyes, and in a voice, the lowest and sweetest ever heard, murmured softly—"It speaks!"

CHAPTER III.

"What is your name?" she asked, shyly.

I could distinctly hear my heart throb when she stopped speaking, but I answered quickly—"I am sure I don't know, and I don't know what you mean. But how beautiful you are! How like me, and how unlike; how graceful and how soft! I seem to have known you all my life, and to have seen you nightly in all my dreams. Your eyes are pure and blue. Your lips, when you smile, as you did for a little while at first, are far redder than the sweetest roses. I never saw anything like the way your colour comes and goes. And why are you so fair, and why is your hair so long and golden, and why are your hands so white and tiny?" And quite unconsciously I tried to take one of her hands in mine.

She drew herself up, and her blue eyes had a strange, reproachful look. "I am certain," she said very slowly, "that it is not right of you to speak like that. And you really talk so quickly that I cannot follow half of what you say."

"You would talk quickly too," I retorted, "if you were talking for the first time in your life."

"So I am," she said, quietly. "But surely that is no reason for saying silly things. Instead of teasing me in that way, you should have answered my question and told me your name."

"How could I," I pleaded, "when I did not even know what you meant? I have never heard of such a thing as a name."

"Well," she said, smiling once more, "you must really be more stupid than you look. Yes," she added, half hesitating for a moment, with her blue eyes peeping timidly, and yet very earnestly, from beneath their long silken lashes. Then suddenly making up her mind, "Yes! I shall call you Zit" (I was too much astonished to ask why), "and you shall call me Xoe."

"Xoe, Xoe, Xoe! It is soft and beautiful, and very like you.

But who gave you that name?" I asked, profoundly perplexed.

"I gave it to myself, Zit, long ago, and if you want things here you will have to give them to yourself I can tell; and it is about time you began. Why don't you give yourself some clothes like mine? You would feel much more comfortable, and you would really look ever so much nicer. And you might give yourself a horse too, instead of trudging about the world with a big stick."

Xoe was not speaking at all crossly now, but she made me feel intensely foolish. I had nothing to say in reply. I had been watching her eyes and her lips so eagerly that I had never noticed that she was sitting all this time upon the back of a beautiful white horse, and that she was robed almost from head to foot in some soft, whitey-yellowy, fleecy stuff. Both her round arms were bare, and one shoulder quite free. She had a broad girdle of plaited golden grass about her waist, and bunches of great yellow lilies on her breast and in her hair. I always think of Xoe as I saw her then, lithesome, free, and beautiful, in this flowing, clinging garment, with one little hand caressing and restraining her fiery steed, with her drooping eyes and faint smile and fleeting blushes.

"It is rude," she said, breaking a pause that was fast becoming awkward—"it is rude for people to stare like that; and it is not very pleasant of you, Zit, to be sulky and silent so soon."

"I cannot help it. Everything is so queer and new and strange. But tell me one thing," I said, touching her robe, "is this really your own skin?"

"You silly boy," she answered, "of course it is not."

"Oh, I am so glad!" I cried. "It is very nice and very soft and very pretty, and all that, but it does not look nearly so nice and soft and pretty as your arms and shoulders do."

"Stop, please stop," she said. "It is wrong, I know it must be wrong, to talk like that. But perhaps it is my own fault for keeping you here so long, forgetting how hungry and tired you must be. It is quite time to see about dinner. Come on, Zit"—and she gave my arm a gentle touch that sent the blood flying through my veins—"you can hold on to his mane as I ride, and we will chat as we go."

We walked on like this for half an hour or so. I told her something of my story; she told me something of hers. She was younger than I, but had travelled further and longer. In most things her story was much the same as mine. In some it was very different; but her secrets, when I came to learn them later on, I solemnly pledged myself never to divulge. She had, however, wandered down from her hills on the banks of the other river, which fell into mine at the Watersmeet, three or four days' journey from this. The beasts seem to have been friendlier to her than they ever had been to me. She had, at all events, a womanly way of saying, "Oh, there's nothing in that"—and this, I am glad to say, she has retained—which made what looked the most extraordinary things in the world seem the most natural.

As to her horse, whose obedience to her slightest wishes had, I own, startled me at first, nothing could be easier than her explanation. He had run up to her one day, as a herd of wild horses went careering by. She happened to be eating an apple at the time.

He put his head softly into her hand, asking for some, and in this way she made a pet of him, and he followed her wherever she went. One day when she was walking, just as I was then, with her arm holding on to his mane, she stumbled and sprained her ankle. Next morning the horse stopped exactly beneath the mossy rock she had slept on, and stood there, good beast, preventing her descent altogether. So she jumped lightly upon him, trying to slip by. But he started off suddenly, neighing with delight, and so it was she learned to ride. At first he did not always know which way she wanted him to go, and this was awkward. So she made him a silken bridle with a bit of hard wood, and later on she gave him a deerskin as a saddle-cloth.

Her dress, wonderful as I thought it, was a simpler matter still. It was all made out of the great cocoons of tussar silk I had often noticed clinging to the mulberry-trees in the valley. She had hidden herself for days to watch the big spiders make their webs, until she had learned their secret.

Everything was so readily explained, that by the time she finished speaking I thought I could never believe in the supernatural again. But this only shows what an utter simpleton I was. I had kept on looking back at her as we walked. I could not help it, not even in the roughest part of a narrow gorge or pass almost blocked up with rocky boulders; and when she pulled her horse up on his haunches, we were on the very point of falling, as I thought, into a heap of living lightning. She was laughing gaily now, and I certainly was most wofully disconcerted.

"Here, hold my horse!" she cried, jumping lightly off, and leaving me in full charge of a prancing steed, curveting madly around a heap of living lightning, which might go off into a thunder-clap at any moment. I held on with all my might. I only just managed to restrain him. She stood watching for a minute or so with a soft little silvery laugh. Then taking the reins lightly from me, she gave him a pat or two on the neck, and he was as quiet as a lamb.

"That's not lightning," said Xoe, "and I rode straight up to see how you would stand it. It is fire, Zit. Anybody can make it, if they know how, with two old pieces of dry stick. It is by far the most wonderful thing in the world though. It has changed my life completely. It turns night into day, and frightens all those horrible big beasts off when I sleep. When I am wet or cold it warms me through, and it is always a companion. But wait till dinner-time, and you will see how much nicer everything tastes when it has passed through the fire and been cooked."

"What a wonderfully clever creature you are, Xoe!" I cried enthusiastically; "and what a lot of extraordinary new things you have found out!"

"Well, you certainly don't seem to know much, Zit. But you must never pay compliments, please. Good heavens!" she cried, "I knew the boy would burn his fingers if he could. Put it down directly, sir, and help me to get dinner ready. There is nothing in the larder just now, for I was altering my gown all yesterday. But you might pick half-a-dozen bread-fruit from the tree over there, and I will put them down to bake as a beginning."

I did of course as I was bidden, and while I was engaged in this easy fashion I looked about me. Xoe had chosen a most delightful and picturesque little eyrie for her home. Right across the top of the graceful palm-trees the blue sea died away in the distance, but we were far above the stifling atmosphere of the dense forest. Below us the river flowed very slowly—knowing the end was near—winding in and about a steep precipice of black rocks. I carried the bread-fruit to Xoe, and got a pleasant little scolding for having been so long in gathering them.

"It was silly of me to waste all my time yesterday. Do you think," she asked, dubiously—"do you think, Zit, you could tickle a trout? When I want fish I go down to the river. I put my arm and hand in. If a trout happens to be lying under a stone I touch him gently with my fingers. He generally seems to like it, and then I catch him and eat him. Horrible, isn't it?" she continued, with the prettiest shiver imaginable.

"I will try," I replied. I ran off to the pile of black rocks I had noticed before. The river lay sixty or seventy feet below. Flashing through the deep black pool I saw the very fish we wanted. With both hands meeting in front to cleave the way, I jumped off. I caught the fish. I was some little time climbing the steep rock again. When I got there I found Xoe to my astonishment leaning over and weeping, as if her heart were broken.

"I thought you would be pleased," I began——

"Oh, you horrible, wretched creature," she cried, "to jump off like that! I had only just found you, and I thought I had found you for always. I will never forgive you, never; and now, now you are laughing. And I was certain you had killed yourself, because I had been proud and cruel, and told you I did not like to be praised. No one had ever praised me before; and you knew that; and you knew that I quite hated you for stopping short when I told you to. But what did you care? You were paying me off for the lightning, I suppose. How mean that was, when I was thinking how brave you really were to touch the fire, when I could not go near it without shuddering for weeks after I had found out how to make it! And when you were glowering at me like anything I was admiring the carvings on your stick all the time. I thought much more of you than you ever thought of me, and this is the return you make!"

Here Xoe broke into a fresh paroxysm of sobs, and though she waved me off imperiously, I lifted her tenderly in my arms, and bore her away from the cliff altogether, and did everything I could think of to quiet her. She stopped scolding suddenly, her eyes full of tears.

"It was very brave of you, Zit," she said, still half gasping for breath; "and how tremendously strong you must be! You said I was clever. But you can do things I cannot even dare to look at. Oh, what a beautiful trout! It will be splendid to have some one to kill things for me. I hate killing things myself. One has to do it," she added, "but I am sure it is not right."

By this time Xoe was quite herself again, and I ventured to speak.

"You are always saying, Xoe, this is right and that is wrong. What is right and what is wrong?"

"It is very hard to tell," she answered, thoughtfully, "and I think I must keep that depart-

ment in my own hands. But here is our trout on the grass. Let us cook it."

To my astonishment she told me to dig a grave for the trout to begin with. Aided by a long slip of broken slate, I did this rather more expeditiously than she expected; but still I found her share of the work all ready, in the shape of a dozen red-hot stones from the fire. She bade me put six hot stones at the bottom of the hole I had dug, and then a thick layer of sweet-scented leaves. Upon this I laid the trout; then, grumbling a little about all this unnecessary trouble for a fish that looked very good as it was, I placed another thick layer of fragrant leaves and the other six red-hot stones on the top, and I put as much of the earth in again as I could. I was stamping away most vigorously, when she stopped me.

"We are all right for the fish," she said. "I can look after that now; and I will arrange the dessert and the flowers. But you are so big and look so hungry, you must have something more substantial. Please do not glare at me, Zit, as if I were a cormorant or a dreadful epicure. Had I not met you to-day, I should have supped off toasted plantains. But I want to show you I am a little bit sorry, and that I am a very good cook. You see that herd of deer over there?" she continued. "They are browsing close to a deep pitfall I discovered by the oddest chance in the world. I call it my larder. I always keep it covered in with grass and bamboos. When I want meat I drive the poor deer in that direction. They tread on the top and fall in. It is horrible I know, and I will never do it again now that you are here; and all the time you are down there I will look the other way. For goodness' sake do not tumble in yourself, and please don't bring any of the dead deer up here. That would spoil everything. But just bring me the big bone of one hind-leg — nothing more. And while you are doing that, you might as well go down to the river and fill the water-gourd."

I crept down till I was so close I could almost have touched any one of the herd with my stick. Then I made all the noise I could. The deer ran straight for the pitfall. Half-a-dozen fell in. It was a singularly steep and narrow cavity. I climbed to the bottom with some difficulty, and found the deer all dead. By hook or by crook, I came away with a leg-bone in one hand. Then before I filled the gourd I had a short swim in the river.

"Here is your bone," I said, when I returned, wondering what she would do with it. Xoe stuck it into the fire without a word. Then handing me some plantain-leaves for platters and a couple of cocoa-nuts for tumblers, she made me a coquettish courtesy, and said, "Dinner is ready, if you please."

As an experiment, this little dinner was infinitely superior to my first taste of custard-apples. The trout was done to a turn. The steaming bread-fruit was simply delicious; and when I had smashed the bone with a big stone it was full of marrow, so soft and pleasant and luscious that I quite forgot the trout. Then there were broiled mushrooms and roast chestnuts and great pyramids of figs and peaches and grapes. I had never felt—and I had been pretty severely tried of late—so many new sensations as in that single hour. But I thought very little of them then, for I was watching Xoe's delight all the time. Her

eyes sparkled with fun, and she never scolded me once. She was looking to see what I thought of this and that, and kept heaping choice morsels upon my plantain-leaf. Until this afternoon, I had always gulped my food down without a second thought. Now, just for the pleasure of listening and looking, I spun dinner out as much as possible.

We lay on the grass a long time over dessert. The sun went slowly down. The sky grew black, and the stars came out; and then it was I saw the real beauty of the fire. The day would never again die away when the sun had gone, the night no more be weird and lonely. The flaming fire gave everything a new form, a new loveliness, lighting up the trees with a fantastic glamour, and playing in aureoles round Xoe's golden locks and glowing cheeks, until she looked so supernaturally beautiful that I almost expected to see her vanish in the mysterious gloom behind the trees, or to hear her low rippling laughter fade away in echoes, far, far beyond the murmurs of the distant sea!

That first night was a dream, and all nature seemed to dream with us. The stars were brighter than they had ever been before. The fireflies gave a brilliant, flickering outline to the distant bushes in the undergrowth around us. The river went laughing and rippling over the stones below. The forest was full of musical and sympathetic whisperings, as if the huge beasts, that had so often made night hideous, were all intent to hear what the wind, rustling and soughing and sighing among the slender palm-trees, told of her and me. Even the little birds in their nests chirped timidly out at the night's extraordinary beauty.

We talked without restraint now. In some most marvellous way a past, that had never really existed, appeared to come back again. I tried to say that her presence had already become absolutely essential to my life, and that I could scarcely imagine it had not always been so. I think she told me—but what did I not think she told me, as I looked into her eyes, always blue and beautiful, but changing somehow with every shadow and flicker from the fire? Then, by that fitful blaze, I suddenly seemed to read her thoughts, and she, I felt, read mine. I scarcely knew what she was saying, but I did know that every word she murmured was a poem, and found an echo in my heart.

At last she rose reluctantly. "This has been a wonderful day, Zit," she said, putting one of her tiny hands in mine. "We must think of it sometimes when we want to fight again. You will sleep here by the light of the fire. In the morning you will see me again. Good night!"

Xoe vanished as quickly as she had dawned upon me first. I was dazed by her disappearance. "She will never come back," I cried, "and I shall now know all my life long what real loneliness means." I turned from the fire, and everything was black despair. But her horse thrust his head lovingly into my hand, as a proof that all was real. I threw myself down beside him, and soon began to dream of Xoe, and to wonder in my dreams why she had called me Zit at once.

CHAPTER IV.

My sleep was so full of startling dreams that I sprang up thankfully at the first glimmer of grey light. Remembering something Xoe had told me of her early experiences, I felt my way down over the rocks, as best I could, to the pitfall where the deer were lying. With one of my sharpest flints I soon stripped the pretty mottled skins off three of them. Then I went on to the sea-shore, and, after scrubbing the skins with sand for an hour or so and washing them well in sea-water, they became quite clean and soft and pliable. After this I carried them back to the pitfall, and, with cactus spikes for bradawls and tendons for thread, contrived to sew them into a garment something after Xoe's fashion —a rude tunic that left my right arm and shoulder free, and came down to my knees.

My first clothes filled me with pride and admiration, and I spent, I am ashamed to say, an unconscionable time leaning over the quietest corner of the pool, so as to have a good look at the general effect. Something of the same feeling comes back to me even now, whenever I put on a new coat. It gives me a buoyant air and a strut which, though not natural, are, I feel, vastly becoming. I walked back very slowly over the rocks down which I had so hastily climbed, for, though I wished it, my dignity did not permit me to run. I was rather frightened too. I had been, it seemed to me, ages away, and I feared poor Xoe might be thinking I had disappeared for ever. I was soon reassured on this point. There she was, still cooking something at her everlasting fire.

She turned suddenly, and went off into shrieks of inextinguishable laughter.

"That is really nice of you," she said, trying to stop laughing, "and it suits you exactly. Please don't think me rude. I can't help it" — and here she fairly broke down — "but it does so remind me of the fright I made of myself two days after I ran away. I wonder if you went down to the river too and looked into it, and how long you stopped there?"

My conscience pricked me here, and I cried out rather bitterly, "You are really too bad, Xoe! . . ."

Her voice changed at once. "I am not bad," she answered. "I don't know how to explain it, but a girl never says what she thinks. If you want to get on with me you must not believe a word I say, and when I cry or laugh you must not believe me either. There! It is horrible, but ever since yesterday morning I have felt it to be true. I don't know why I should warn you like this—perhaps because I feel it is good of you and kind of you to take such a world of trouble to do what you think I wish, and really you would not look nice in tussar silk."

This mollified me of course, and as we sat over breakfast I said—"I hope you did not think I had gone for ever, Xoe; I was afraid you would be frightened."

"Oh dear, no!" she replied, with half a pout. "I saw your stick directly I came out. I knew you would never leave that; and then—I was here, too. We have a long day before us," she continued; "what do you generally do?"

"I eat a good deal," I answered, "I sleep a good deal, and I carve

my stick, and when I am sick of one place I walk on to another. I am quite ready to start whenever you are."

"Wait till you have got a house of your own," said Xoe, "and you won't be quite so ready to run away from it. I will first show you round my little place, and if you don't wish to stop here for good and all I pity you. Then, if you like, we will try and catch a horse for you, and perhaps before you have learnt how to ride him properly the day will be done."

Xoe led me first to her bower, a most quaint and charming little residence only thirty or forty paces off, and constructed certainly with a minimum of trouble. She had simply utilised the ground-floor of a spreading banian-tree. This eccentric tree, when it is tired of growing up grows down. It spreads an enormous shelter to begin with, and then to support all this sends down shoots which soon take root in the earth, and rapidly develop into trunks and pillars. She had filled the overhanging branches in with layers of dried palm-leaves, until the roof was simply perfect. The outer walls were made of palm-mats too, and with palm-leaves also the rooms were divided one from the other. Between two gnarled and twisted pillars we entered the porch, and here her bits and bridles were hanging. The floor was covered with a couple of magnificent tiger-skins, with their claws on.

"Did you really kill those awful brutes?" I asked breathlessly, as we went in, rather mortified and hurt, and perhaps a trifle frightened to find Xoe so much cleverer and braver than I was.

"Certainly not!" she replied, laughing. "They tumbled into my larder after the deer, and their skins were just what I wanted for the porch. But come into my drawing-room, do, and say frankly what you think of that." She pushed a hanging mat away and we entered a large room full of light and flowers and air, for on one side, looking over a magnificent view of river, forest, and sea, the outer wall was rolled up to the roof. The room was very prettily decorated with flowers in all manner of fantastic gourds, and with bright shells, and startling feathers and big bunches of many-coloured grass.

"Aha!" she cried, only because after I had looked at the room I looked at her. "I see you have found me out. It's no use being a hypocrite. I was up before you. I watched you start. I saw what you were after, and then I made my room as pretty as I could. One doesn't have a visitor every day you know, and I don't suppose I shall ever have another. Here I sleep," she added, pushing aside, but for a moment only, a curtain which screened off a little apartment as fresh and pure and dainty as herself; "here I sleep. And here," she added, running on, "I keep my cooking things, and all my gourds and cocoa-nuts." By this time we were at the back of her bower, and I tried to follow her out into the open.

"The only puzzle," she went on, turning abruptly round, "is what to do with you? You can sleep where you did last night for a time. But you can't go on like that, and unluckily there is not another banian-tree up here."

This unexpected question was a poser; and though I was holding the pantry curtain up all the while, we stood some time discussing it.

"The best thing," said Xoe at last, "will be to build you a hut exactly where you slept last night."

"The very thing!" I cried. "We will build two huts, and then we shall be able to talk across to each other all night long."

"Thank you, no!" Xoe answered quickly. "From what I see of you and know of myself, I think we shall talk quite enough in the daytime. And if I build you a hut, you stupid boy, I don't want you to live on the roof of it, as we used to do in the old days. Nothing, do you know, Zit, really astonished me more when I began to act for myself than to find out that the inside of a hut was very much snugger than the outside. But we can leave that for the moment, and do come along if you want to catch a horse to-day. I really cannot stand here listening to you all the morning."

Considering that my right arm ached fearfully with holding the pantry curtain over her pretty head, and that I had not been able to get in half-a-dozen words since breakfast, I might well have felt a little hurt. But I did not. I was too much interested in Xoe and her plans.

She called her horse up; gave him a couple of plantains; told me to watch how she put on his saddle-cloth and bridle; gave me a bundle to carry, and off we started. There was a spirit of freedom and *camaraderie* between us now quite different from the restraint of yesterday morning. After talking of half a hundred other things I ventured to point this out to Xoe, and asked her if it were right, or if it were wrong.

"Oh," she said, "it's right enough. It must have been the other feeling that was wrong. Do you know, I felt quite frightened at you yesterday, and was most absurdly nervous for a long time after you came up."

"Really, that is odd!" I answered. "I had precisely the same feeling. I saw directly that you noticed I had it. But I never guessed you thought like me."

"That's only because you know nothing of a girl's feelings, Zit, and I am afraid I really am deeper than you are. I never felt like that before. I can hardly believe it of myself now, but——I think I was shy. Stop!" she cried, "that is what we are looking for," and she pointed to innumerable hoof-marks on the beaten grass. "I can hear them," she continued, "on the other side of the wood. Help me off; follow me with my horse."

We stole forward in silence. Suddenly Xoe put a finger to her lips, and whispered, "Look there! But keep very still. If they should come our way, we are lost."

Through the leaves I saw a vast herd of horses, hundreds, perhaps thousands, in number. Right in the centre stood their leader, a fiery chestnut with black points. The horses and mares of his body-guard looked at him from time to time as they browsed for signals and instructions. The scouts on the herd's outer edge had already scented something amiss, but the colts and fillies went careering madly round in circles wherever there was room for a gallop.

Xoe opened my bundle, took her horse from me, gave him a little cut with her whip, and telling me to remain where I was till she called, stole after him. For a moment the horses all turned their heads towards their new comrade, pricking up their delicate ears and standing motionless. But when Xoe appeared they wheeled round as if to word of command, threw their heels into the air, and with the sound of a rushing hurricane,

disappeared as if by magic. The green glade was deserted but for Xoe's own horse and another, who stood fascinated and trembling beside him. Xoe advanced quietly with a bunch of red plantains in her hand. Half she gave to her own horse. This reassured the timid stranger, who soon pressed forward for the rest. As he ate Xoe pursed up her sweet little lips and blew gently into his nostrils. I hated the beast at the time, but it had a marvellous effect. Patting his neck and fondling his ears, she put the bit she carried into his mouth, and called to me to bring the saddle-cloth. She patted him again, and fed him as I fastened it on.

"There!" she cried, "jump on and I'll follow. Give him his head at first."

What a madcap race that was, over rocks and boulders, through the thick brushwood, just grazing the huge tree-trunks, and under the heavy branches! I pulled with all my strength, but I could not manage to let Xoe overtake me till we were a long way out on the sands.

"That's not the way to treat a horse," she cried breathlessly as she came up. "Don't beat him with that horrible stick of yours—never beat him; only let him know that you could beat him if you like, and won't. But he is quiet now, and you have really not done badly."

He was tired enough, and so was I. But my blood was tingling with triumph. At last I had found a creature to obey me, to do what I willed and turn as I wanted! And then the exhilaration of the rapid motion, and the cool freshness of the salt sea-breezes! We rode on, just where the tiny waves broke over the sand.

"Look!" she said at last, as we suddenly rounded the point. And beyond the point, away out at sea, lay innumerable islands, some wooded to the water's edge, with bays of glistening pebbles and sparkling little waterfalls leaping into the sea; some green, some blue, some purple in the transparent noon-day sun.

"They are other worlds," said Xoe, with a sigh. "We can never reach them, but we shall see them always. They are loveliest at sunset, when they are lighted up with gold and crimson."

Slowly and reluctantly we turned our horses' heads and cantered home; and whenever I looked at Xoe, which was just as often as I could do so undetected, I thought a day with her was worth all the unknown worlds together, and all their gold and purple. Her cheeks had a rich glow, the light in her blue eyes was at once deep and tender and merry; and as she swayed with every motion of her horse, I noticed, as I had not noticed yet, how admirably her light robe set off the graceful curves of her beautiful body.

I was as tired as I could be that evening, but exhilarated beyond all measure. We dined very quietly. But after dinner my thoughts came too quick for words. I had a burning desire to sing.

"Xoe," I said at last, when we were both of us rather weary of praising my new horse and of talking over the day's adventures—"Xoe, I told you how I learned to sing. Don't you ever sing, and won't you sing now? Please do!"

"I have a little cold," she answered, "or I would."

I pressed her hard, and said rude things about her cold. At last she gave way so far as to promise to try after I had sung something first.

I began to sing, as I had always

sung hitherto, by imitating the bulbul. But suddenly a new confidence came to me. I put my real thoughts into real words. I sang the utter misery and loneliness of my purposeless past, the joy I had in meeting her, the triumphant thoughts that had filled me as we tore on together through the forest and across the sands. And then I tried to sing her beauty and her praises, and to tell her she had given everything new meanings to me now.

In the firelight I watched Xoe. With one hand she unconsciously beat time. Her face was half turned from me, but I could see that her cheeks were rosy red. Suddenly she lifted her eyes reproachfully to mine, and put her fingers to her ears.

"Stop!" she cried. "You must stop! Can't you see that I cannot hear you now? What must you think of me for allowing you to sing the very things I had told you not to say? They seemed so different when you sang them, and I was only listening to the music, when I found out all at once that you were singing of me, sir."

"Xoe," I said—and I said it with all my soul—"I do try to obey you. I never say half the things I want to say. I only look at you when I know you are looking the other way. But somehow when I sing I can control my thoughts no longer. I never gave way like this before. Of course I was wrong. I always am wrong. But after all, Xoe, you made a promise; and though I don't know much, I know it is not right to break promises. Please sing. Unless you do, I am afraid I shall be mean enough to remind you that only last night you told me I was a goose to stop when you bade me. And then people who say they have colds when they haven't should not be always talking about right and wrong."

Xoe was cross after this, and so, I own, was I. Evidently there was no pleasing her. I turned away petulantly, and she did the same. For quite five minutes neither of us spoke.

Then clear and soft and full her voice rose on the evening air. It was not an echo of my own song as it seemed at first. But it was the translation of my own dreams and fancies, the key to all the beauty of all the world. I learned, as I listened, the secret mystery of the rustling trees, the flowing river, the surging sea. Higher and higher her voice soared and sobbed in ecstasies of melody almost painful in their intensity. Not a thought, not a guess, not a longing that had come to me in the moonless midnights, or when the starlight was most splendid, or when at sunset or sunrise the sky glowed in unspeakable glory, but were clear and easy to me now.

She stopped suddenly. We were both too deeply moved to speak. Her rosy cheeks were very pale now. And when she bowed in token of farewell, I noticed that her eyes, like mine, were filled with tears.

CHAPTER V.

One's courting days are, I suppose, very happy days; and I, at least, was free from that most detestable of all detestable nuisances—a rival. But no one, I will not say before me, but after me, has ever gone through such agonies as I suffered in the course of the next

few weeks. Xoe was never in the same mood for two days, nay, for two hours, together. Sometimes, as when we were building my hut, she could not possibly have been more fascinating, more thoughtful, or kinder, than she was. She called me up one afternoon from the pool, where I had been sent to fish, to tell me the hut was ready. Her eyes were wonderfully soft and tender, and there was an air of triumph and protection in the very way she spoke.

My hut, when I had left it in the morning, with its four square walls of mats and bamboos, was bare and empty. Now it was filled with all the little knick-knacks from her own house, which, as I happened to know, Xoe prized most dearly. I was inexpressibly moved. I took her little hand eagerly in mine, and kissed it gratefully. She broke from me, crying, "Oh, that's so like a man! Now you have spoilt everything!" And she would not speak a single word to me that evening.

It was just the same in our rides through the forest and over the sands. We made up our minds to know every yard of the country round about for twenty or thirty miles. When there was no pressing work to be done—and often there was much—we started off at sunrise, taking the day's food with us. We halted where we chose, and gave our horses and ourselves rest for hours together; and travelling in this delightfully deliberate way we often came across the most marvellous things. But I had, I confess, no eyes just then for anything but Xoe. The more she teased, the more her beauty seemed to grow upon me. Her slightest gestures were full of pleasant surprises. Her voice had every day new tones, each eloquent with some meaning of its own. There was a depth of tenderness in her beautiful eyes I could never wholly fathom. I envied the flowers in her hair and on her breast, but mostly I envied her horse as she patted him, and called him by a thousand gentle names. My horse was as docile as hers now, and our two horses went close together with the same stride.

Often, as we rode, we discussed our past life and our future, and sometimes I might say what I pleased for hours together, and Xoe would only check me—so I half thought—to make me talk on. Then, when I laid my hand upon her horse's mane, or on her saddle-cloth, she would let me take one of her little hands half-unconsciously in mine. At other times, when I spoke of her—of her of whom I was always thinking—she would throw her head back petulantly, and gallop on. "Surely," I used to say to myself, "she never guesses how cruelly she torments me, how inexpressibly dear her presence is, how the stolen glances from her eyes, the timid touches of her hand, and every word she says, thrill through and through me, and fill all my being with music!"

But most I loved the moonlit evenings when, returning on our weary horses, we rode together slowly side by side under the great trees of the forest, and over the weird, fantastic shadows they cast before us on the ground. We had learned on nights like this to sing together, songs of meetings and longings and regrets, of bitter things and sweet; and then if I stooped, as now and then I dared, to touch her hand with my lips, I used to dream that her hand, as I kissed it, gave me of its own accord, not hers, a secret, shy caress. One night I whispered what I was dreaming, and to me she gave a little scornful laugh for my pains,

and to her poor, innocent horse such a sharp cut with her whip as rendered further questioning unavailing.

The morning after that, Xoe, though she looked pale and languid, and had heavy black rings under her beautiful blue eyes, was very hard and cold. "It was extraordinarily dark last night," she began, directly I came up. "I don't think the wind and the leaves ever made such a noise before. I could not quite hear what you were saying, and I am sure I didn't want to. No," she added, stopping me suddenly. "Pray don't make matters worse by explaining them. It was very dark and very noisy. I could not hear, and I couldn't see. That was all!"

So we sat down to a bad breakfast, the worst sign of her displeasure. But I never thought of grumbling, and in spite of a wretched headache, and a total want of appetite, I ate just twice as much as usual.

"Xoe," I said, as she was clearing away the things, "it is a beautiful day for a ride. There will be a lovely moon and no wind tonight."

"I daresay," she answered, savagely; "you may go and enjoy them by yourself then. I am going to make pots."

This was one of the penalties of my ingenuity, for lately it had been my duty to make all the new discoveries; and pots were the last things out. A hedgehog, if you cook it properly, is almost better than a sucking-pig. But like the cactus plants, with which I had once tried to drive the frogs and squirrels away, a hedgehog is not pleasant in the handling. I used to cover my hedgehogs thickly with wet earth, and then bake them in the fire; and a few evenings back, the earth from the river, which I had plastered over one of these savoury little beasts, came out of the fire as hard as stone and quite red. I took the hint, and by the time Xoe was up next morning I had two great red pipkins ready for her criticism. I had covered two gourds with a coating of the same clay from the river, that was all; and when the gourds were burnt away in the fire the crust remained, and then Xoe was delighted. Now, however, she was very disdainful; and I could have kissed the hem of her garment—and how gladly!—when at last she reprieved me from that long lonely ride, and allowed me to stay where I was to help her to make pots.

We got interested in our work, which is always a good thing in itself. Xoe suggested one or two improvements, such as mixing sand and chopped grass with the clay; and when she found that the pots could really hold water—in which essential point I am sorry to say the first batch failed—I saw that she had half forgiven me.

"There!" she cried at last, when for the first time a boiled dinner was steaming on our grassy table, "it is far better to be industrious sometimes. It is right to be industrious, and I am quite letting you forget what right and wrong are."

This is only one of innumerable examples. Our rides were never really abandoned. But sometimes, from one caprice or another, Xoe kept me busy for days together inventing something new. Her sarcasm sharpened my faculties considerably, and it is to this period of ferment and unrest that the world owes many of its most useful implements.

Now that I was decently clad, it was a nuisance to have to jump into the river every time we happened to want a fish; and I found that a little splint of bone tied

round the middle to a tendril, and covered with a lump of fish or flesh, saved me an infinity of trouble. I laid my lines at night, and in the morning there was always plenty of fish on the hooks. Nothing, of course, was easier than to develop my sharp piece of flint into a formidable flint hatchet. All I needed was a branch of tough wood and a big flake of flint, and there were plenty of both to be had. Then with tendons or slips of skin I bound each flint-head securely in the cleft of its handle. This was my earliest effort. But my armoury of adzes and tomahawks soon grew to be one of Xoe's pet jokes against me. The flint-headed spear sprang naturally from the hatchet. Then came the javelin, in hurling which I became marvellously expert; and finally the arrow. To the last I devoted a prodigious amount of time and patience, and perhaps, I may add, ingenuity. I could not hang on a young tree or bend a twig without noticing their elasticity. But the arrow gave me more trouble than the bow. I could send it with great force from the very first, but it was long before my arrows went true to their aim.

From sunrise to sunset I hammered and plodded away, and work was, after all, a wonderful solace when I was half maddened by Xoe's inexplicable conduct. I used to grudge the long nights idly wasted as I tossed on my sleepless couch, wondering what Xoe meant by this or that, and framing speeches of remonstrance which I knew I should never deliver. But even here I was victorious. I found a perfect natural lamp, a discovery which Xoe herself agreed was almost as important as her famous fire. I had knocked over some stormy petrel one afternoon. On trying to cook them they blazed up and burnt away. They were all oil together. I had only to draw a thread of cotton fibre through one of them, leaving the wick projecting at the beak and I had a magnificent animal candle, which gave a splendid light until the last greasy morsel of the bird was consumed.

So by day and by night I tried to find solace in labour. But often and often I rebelled, and then Xoe would give a strange little laugh, with a ringing, mocking melody about it I had never heard before, and am quite sure I have never heard since.

"You think it's a fine day," she would say. "There will be a lovely moon and no wind. That's what you think, isn't it? I think it's a splendid day for 'pots.' So please finish off your stone hatchet" (I had got from flint to stone now), "and then you can go and practise with that wonderful bow and arrow of yours, and I will sit sewing here and watch you."

This was a regular formula when I invented anything new; but really I had enjoyed the old days far more, when the sands, and the forest, and the sunshine, and the moonlight were quite enough for us both. One morning, when I was trying to put this theory into words, Xoe said "pots," and I rushed away in a pet, and stayed away deliberately, but very wretched, till nine o'clock at night.

Xoe, however, got the better of me even here. Not a morsel of food had she tasted since I had left; and dinner had been kept back. I sat down to it, but could not eat out of sheer indignation.

"Xoe!" I cried at last, throwing my plantain-leaf plate into the fire, "we must have it out, once for all. What does it mean?"

"It means," she answered hotly, "that I will not be mastered. I

like you very well and all that, but I will be no man's slave, and your whims and fancies are simply unbearable."

"Mastered!" I cried aghast; "my whims and fancies unbearable! You will be no man's slave! Whose slave and minion am I, then? Whose whims and fancies are as life and death to me? Xoe! think of me sometimes as well as of yourself!"

"That's so like you," she answered—"so like a man! You judge everything from a man's standpoint. Your insufferable temper is simply breaking my heart, and sometimes I wish I had never seen you. There!"

"You won't see me much longer!" I retorted fiercely. And my words were very nearly coming true.

Next morning I went away in a huff to vent my rage upon a horrible, big, black bear that had for long served as a target for my arrows. He always had a sort of sardonic grin, whether I missed him or touched him; and as I mostly practised when I was in a bad temper, I very naturally came to regard him as an ally of Xoe's unkindness. To-day I swore should see the last of one of us. With my heaviest and newest hatchet in my hand I walked boldly up to him in the glen. He was so completely astounded at this new method of attack that he scarcely tried to resist. Wielding my axe with both my hands, I thundered away at his enormous head and hairy neck. In another moment I should have killed him, when, as luck would have it, the handle of my axe broke off. The bear was on his hind-legs in an instant, and as we wrestled to and fro, I could feel my strength failing gradually. It was soon all I could do to keep his huge jaws off me, and as I clutched at his throat, his hot breath came to me in frantic pants and roars. Under this terrible pressure, tighter and now tighter, my ribs seemed to be giving way. There was a red mist before my eyes: my breath was exhausted. With my last sigh I cried "Xoe!" and then all was over.

When I opened my eyes again there was Xoe on one side of me, holding my head on her lap, and on the other side the big black bear stone-dead.

"Who killed him?" I asked, still bewildered, trying to rise to my feet.

"Be quiet, Zit!" said Xoe, very softly. "I killed him, dear. I could not help it. I thought he had killed you. Don't be cross to me now, I will never be cross to you again. Oh, Zit! you have punished me terribly. I thought you were dead. I was too sorry to cry;" and then she gave me a little gentle pat on the cheek nearest her, and burst into a passionate flood of tears. "Don't stop me. Zit; please don't stop me," she whispered, as I tried to kiss her tears off. "They are doing me a world of good. For half an hour I thought you were dead, dear."

This was the first time I ever dared to kiss her really. But she was far too frightened to mind it.

"Poor thing!" she went on; "how pale you looked! I saw nothing but you, and I pushed your big spear right through that horrible beast. He fell away, and I have been sitting here with your head in my lap ever since. What a dreadful world it is! and all, I know, on my account. But I couldn't help it; and I can't help it, Zit. Do say I was right, and that I could not help it!"

I do not know what I said. But I know what I felt Xoe was

to me at that moment. She assisted me up the hill; and her assistance was so pleasant just then, that I was, if I remember rightly, a trifle feebler than was really necessary. We sat in her drawing-room all the afternoon; and though in an hour I was as strong as ever, I was even allowed to dine there.

"It is just like our first night," said Xoe, as I lingered in the porch, saying good-bye to her. "Do you remember what I said then?—'This has been a wonderful day, Zit; we must think of it sometimes when we want to fight again.'"

"Xoe, I remember every word you ever said!" I cried, tearing myself away with a wrench.

It was an awful night outside. The black clouds had been drifting up all through the evening. The air was heavy and sultry, and everything, now she had disappeared, was unspeakably sad. Suddenly, far over the hills behind, I heard the sullen roar of thunder. Near and nearer came the gathering storm, and soon the lightning broke out in quaint, zigzag fashion, darting in fierce forks through the sky, and playing round the tops of the palm-trees close about us. One flash that almost blinded me, seemed to run along my hut, and down its nearest side. But when I could look up again, the hut was still there. I scarcely know what prompted me, but I seized a huge torch from the smouldering fire, and flung it on the roof.

The hut flared up for a moment right into the sky, and was then a heap of soot and ashes. But before the blaze had quite died away Xoe was there, clutching me by the arm.

"What is it, Zit?" she cried; "I am so terribly frightened! And where is your hut?"

"It is burnt up!" I answered. "Look at the lightning! Isn't it terrible?"

But before I had finished speaking the heavens opened, and the rain came down like a waterspout.

"It is all my fault, I know," whispered Xoe, as she clung to me in terror. "It is my fault, not yours. I can see nothing when it lightens, but that big, black beast. But I am so cold and so wet, we must find shelter somewhere."

Next morning after breakfast I said to Xoe, "Xoe, why did you call me 'Zit' directly you saw me first?"

"I am sure I don't know," she answered. "But stop. I can't tell fibs to-day. If I must answer you, I will. But I won't answer any of your questions till you promise to answer one of mine."

"I promise," I said. "Why did you call me 'Zit'?"

"Why? Because ever since I remember anything I remember Zit. He was to be my husband, you know, when I grew to be a great, big girl, and to be very good to me and very kind to me. That's why I called you Zit, Zit, dear. You might have guessed it long ago. But I don't suppose you can even guess what I am going to ask you now."

"How can I?" I cried.

"Who burnt your hut down?" said Zoe, very seriously. "You or the lightning?"

"I did!" I said; and I was most wofully disconcerted at being found out.

"Oh, you bad, bad boy!" she sobbed, throwing both her arms round my neck.

(*To be concluded in May.*)

MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE.—PART III.

VI.—SOME SPORTING REMINISCENCES.

JUST three-and-thirty years have elapsed since I wrote my first article in 'Maga.' It was entitled "A Sporting Settler in Ceylon," and was a review of Mr (now Sir Samuel) Baker's most graphic and entertaining book, 'The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon.' I ventured to suggest to the late Mr John Blackwood that, as I had taken part in many of the incidents that are there described, and had participated in some of those striking episodes of sport, I might be allowed to try my 'prentice hand at reviewing the book. Till then I had been more familiar with the use of the gun than of the pen; but the former has been long since laid aside in favour of the latter, and, on the whole, I think more sport can be got out of society than out of any herd of elephants, provided that you know where the weak spots lie, and your aim be accurate. Whether the effects which result to the literary sportsman in search of social quarry, are comparable from a moral and physical point of view with those which are involved in the pursuit of *feræ naturæ* is a very different question; and when I look back to the years '49 and '50, and remember the keen unmitigated delight with which I anticipated a day in the jungle with the dogs, I doubt whether any more healthy or innocent form of enjoyment exists than the chase in wild tropical mountains of the grand animals with which they abound.

For this purpose there is no spot more delightfully situated than Newera Ellia, the sanatorium of Ceylon. It is a small plain, now partially converted by artificial means into a lake, surrounded by mountains, the highest rising to a height of nearly 9000 feet above the sea, and 2000 above the plain. Six-and-thirty years ago these highlands were all heavily timbered, as their elevation was too great for coffee-planting. I believe, however, that since they have been found adapted to the cultivation of tea and cinchona, plantations have taken the place of the thick jungle, which in those days were abundantly stocked with elephants, cheetahs, elk, wild boar, and many other descriptions of large game. So numerous and daring were these animals, that the footprints of elephants which had been paying a nocturnal visit to the kitchen-garden were often to be seen among the cabbages; the loud bark of the elk was constantly audible from the house; and on more than one occasion cheetahs were killed making depredations upon the live stock. Upon one of these the bold forager came down and carried off a calf from the lawn at mid-day—not, however, without being observed. We followed him up so closely that he was obliged to drop his prey not many hundred yards after entering the jungle; and set three spring-guns, covering the carcass, feeling assured that the cheetah would return. We were not disappointed: an hour had scarcely elapsed before we heard the guns go off, and on rushing to the spot found the traces of blood, which we followed until we reached the animal breathing his last gasp. He was a fine specimen, but not so large as another which we cap-

tured alive in a trap, which we had baited with a kid. Although at this distance of time I have forgotten his exact dimensions, he was the largest I ever saw, and I preserved his skin for many years.

In those days there were generally two and sometimes three packs of hounds at Newera Ellia, each consisting of eight or ten couple; and at certain seasons I went out elk-hunting on foot—for the jungle was too thick to ride through—almost every morning, sometimes being in at the death of two of these noble animals before mid-day. The sambre, or elk, as he is popularly called, usually stands about thirteen hands high, and has magnificent antlers. When brought to bay he makes a gallant fight for it; and as it was not considered orthodox to carry any other weapon than a long hunting-knife, the final struggle was generally exciting, and by no means devoid of risk. The sport was rendered doubly enjoyable by the contrast it presented to the life in the plains. One left Colombo with a thermometer ranging perhaps from 90° to 95°, and in twenty-four hours one was enjoying the blaze of a crackling wood-fire, glad to turn into bed under a thick blanket, and in the early morning to turn out again and find the edges of the puddles on the road fringed with a thin coating of ice. The reaction from the enervating heats that had been escaped, produced a delightful feeling of exhilaration, which was increased by the pleasures of anticipation, as one followed the experienced master of the pack and his dog-boy into the jungle, with the certainty, whichever beat one tried, of a scramble through splendid scenery, and the chance of some wild adventure by "flood or fell." Down all these wooded valleys dashed mountain torrents, in one of which the instinct of the elk would most probably bring him to bay; while here and there the forest ended abruptly, and enclosed island-like patches of open land, of greater or less extent, covered with long coarse grass, to which the game would also be very apt to turn, trusting to his superior fleetness in the open as a means of escape. There were always two or three greyhounds, or Scotch deerhounds, with the pack, to provide for this contingency; and these were kept in a leash, to be slipped as soon as the game broke cover, or, in the event of a bay, to be despatched in aid of the less powerful hunting-dogs. These, as a rule, were not necessarily thorough-bred, it being found that well-bred dogs were apt to get too keen, and lose themselves in their ardent pursuit of their game—falling, probably, a prey to the cheetahs; while your cur would abandon the chase when he found himself too far from home, and prudently return to the bosom of his family.

One of the inconveniences—as it constituted also one of the excitements—of this sport was, that you were liable at any moment to come upon game that you were not looking for, and did not want to find. I remember upon one occasion, after listening to the music of the dogs in the distance as they were apparently crossing some patch of open, to judge from the pace they were going, and after making up my mind as to the direction the elk was taking, and the pool in which he was likely to come to bay—for I knew the country well for miles round—making a rush by the only available path through the dense jungle, and coming suddenly upon the stern of an elephant taking his mid-day siesta; at least I presumed, from his motionless attitude, that he was dozing, and I was thankful

for it. He was standing in the narrow path, and completely blocked it up. I was so near him that I could have pulled his tail, had I felt inclined to be impertinent; as it was, the only course open to me was a strategic movement to the rear. The jungle was so thick that it was impossible to turn him without attracting his attention; and, under the circumstances, it seemed a pity to disturb his noon-day dreams. As he was quite alone, he was probably a "rogue" or "must" elephant; and in that case my chances of escape, should he happen to detect me, would have been small. I felt compelled even to deny myself the pleasure of trying to get a glimpse of his head and face. His huge hind-quarters towered above me as fixed and motionless as though they had been carved in stone. After staring at them for a minute or two, and turning the situation over in my mind, I retired stealthily and on tiptoe; and the result was, that before I could strike another path in the desired direction, the sound of the chase had died away. However, I made steadily for my pool, and as I approached it, knew, from the changed notes of the hounds, that what I had anticipated had occurred. The elk was standing on the edge of a fall some twenty or thirty feet high, with a part of the pack squatting on their haunches in a semicircle, barking at him, but afraid to go in at him: one foolhardy young cur had apparently been rash enough to venture too near, and got an ugly gash for his pains, which he was now licking disconsolately. The rest of the pack, with the seizing hounds and their owner, had apparently gone off upon some other scent, for they were nowhere to be seen, so I had all the fun to myself. No sooner did I appear upon the scene, than the elk made a bound, and plunged over the cataract into the pool below. It was a dark, deep-looking hole, some twenty yards in diameter, and here he began to swim about, apparently uninjured. The pack, declining to follow him in his leap, ran round, and jumping in from below, were soon all swimming about him, giving tongue and snapping prudently at his stern. As he apparently shrank from the shallow water, and kept swimming about the centre, there was nothing for it but to go in after him. So, putting my knife between my teeth, I swam out to him. When one is young and excited, the idea that animals suffer pain does not seem to occur to one; at all events, I look back to my performance upon that occasion with a certain feeling of disgust. The picture of the fine animal, with his head and magnificent antlers thrown back, his eyeballs staring, and his tongue half out, rises before me as vividly as if it was yesterday; but I cannot remember the details of that horrible struggle. I know that it lasted a long time; that more than once I had to swim ashore and rest; that the waters of the pool were tinged with blood from the repeated stabs I gave the poor beast, for it was difficult, while swimming, to strike a vital spot with sufficient force for it to be fatal; that the dogs, in their excitement, were very apt to mistake me for the elk; that, finally, we all came tumbling into the shallow water together, and that there I despatched him—a splendid animal of unusual size. I have had several encounters with elk at bay, and more than once have seen dogs receive such severe wounds that they have died of them, so savagely has the elk fought; but none of them were so exciting as this—perhaps because I was alone.

One soon got to know, from the way they gave tongue, whether the dogs were on an elk or on some other animal. A steady barking for a long time in one place was sure to indicate either a wild boar or a cheetah. On one occasion, when we came up, we found the whole pack sitting in a circle round a tree, with their noses in the air, barking frantically, and on looking up we saw in the fork of the branches, about twelve feet from the ground, a cheetah, with his back curved like a cat, and his long tail swaying to and fro, looking viciously down, as though making up his mind for a spring, and only hesitating which hound to choose. It was a difficult matter to get the dogs off, and not altogether a safe one, as one never felt sure that the brute would not spring upon a hound as he saw them retreating. However, in spite of the aggressive expression of his ugly countenance, he was only too happy to be left alone, and we parted with every token of mutual respect, if not of esteem. This was the only occasion on which I ever saw the dogs "tree" a cheetah, and it is a somewhat rare occurrence; but they often used to bring a boar to bay, to the great disgust of their owner, who knew that it possibly meant the loss of a dog or two, and would certainly involve some severe wounds.

Once I came upon the pack when they had got a porcine monster ensconced in a bush, out of which gleamed his great curved tusks, while a dog lying dead by his side showed to what effective use he had already put them. The pack were evidently demoralised at the sight, for they kept at a respectful distance, but barked frantically. One or two dogs bolder than the rest would occasionally make a rush in; and they were so far useful, that they distracted the brute's attention, and enabled my friend and myself to crawl behind, while the dog-boy was helping the dogs to make demonstrations in front. Our object was to hamstring the beast while his attention was otherwise engaged; and this we succeeded in doing in one leg, though the suddenness with which he turned upon us when he felt the cut made us jump back with remarkable alacrity. We had meant to do both legs at the same moment, but the half-squatting position of the boar made it difficult, and I failed in mine; so we had to wait for another opportunity, for the boar was now on his guard. I did not note the time it took us to despatch this animal, but I do not think I exaggerate when I say that our struggle lasted half an hour, so wary was he, and so difficult was it to approach him near enough to stab him without getting gored. On the chance of having to deal with boars, it is as well to let the dog-boy carry a short spear.

In India, when out shooting from an elephant, I once shot a boar, paralysing his hind-quarters without killing him. I had been having good sport, and had only two or three bullets left. With the prospect of still needing these, I did not like to waste a ball on an animal unable to move, and thought of getting down to despatch him with my knife.

"Stop," said the mahout, when he learnt my intention; "that is quite unnecessary. I will tell the elephant to kill him."

The mahout accordingly communicated his instructions to the elephant, who evidently did not relish them. The more the mahout urged him to advance on the boar, the more the latter showed his angry tusks, and the more the elephant backed away from him. Suddenly,

as the result of repeated goading, the latter seemed to make up his great mind. He wheeled sharply round, backed upon the boar, got him between his hind legs, and fairly ground him up,—I heard all his bones cracking.

A very different kind of sport from that I have been describing at Newera Ellia, is to be had in the flat country in the northern province of Ceylon. One of the pleasantest shooting-trips I ever made, was in company with a friend —now the governor of a West India island—in this part of the country. We took a tent, a first-rate cook, and a train of a dozen or more men to carry our baggage, bedding, drinkables, and condiments, trusting entirely to our guns for the staple of existence for the whole party. As the game is most abundant in a region almost totally uninhabited, we could not rely upon the resources of the natives. We were then in the dry season, when the only water-supply is contained in ponds, or tanks, as they are called. Many of these dry up, and those that contain water, being far apart, become the resort of the wild animals inhabiting a wide range of country. The pleasantest time to shoot is at night: in the first place, because it is so fearfully hot, that it is almost impossible to be out during the day between nine in the morning and five in the afternoon; and in the second, because one is certain to see a much greater variety of game, and to have a much better chance at them.

Our plan of operations was to pitch our tent in the shadiest grove we could find near a tank. We then had two circular holes dug in the ground at a convenient distance apart on the edge of the tank—each hole four or five feet in diameter and about two feet deep. Round these we piled brushwood a foot high. This gave us a screen about three feet high, and in these holes we lay in ambush. A brilliant moon is of course indispensable for this kind of sport; and to assist our aim we whitened the sights of our rifles. Then, after a good dinner, we sallied forth, each accompanied by a native, who carried a bottle of strong cold tea, some sandwiches, and some dry elephant's droppings, to serve as tinder and keep a spark in all night for our pipes. I have counted the following different specimens of game come down to drink in the course of the night: elephants—a herd of sixteen—several buffaloes, a cheetah, two bears, some elk and wild boar, and a large herd of spotted deer, besides hog-deer, porcupines, and smaller animals. The latter always came early in the night; and in order not to disturb the larger game, which generally came after midnight, we usually refrained from firing at them. The deer were so numerous that it was always easy to kill two or three by daylight, so we reserved the moonlight hours for nobler sport. Even when the elephants came down it was more interesting to watch them than to shoot them. There would be the fine old patriarch with his harem, and the young ones performing the most fantastic aquatic gambols: the clumsy disportings of a baby elephant, at a loss to know how to give full vent to the exuberance of his spirits, is one of the most grotesque sights imaginable, and one only to be witnessed under such exceptional conditions as I have described. Looking through a peep-hole in the brushwood screen, one could watch them at one's leisure. On one occasion, on their return from the water in which they had been

paddling and splashing themselves to the jungle, the whole herd would have walked straight into the hole in which I was squatting had I not shown myself. I had already marked the father of the flock as the one I intended to kill, and he was not ten paces from me when I fired. He stopped, while the herd scattered, and fearing he would charge, I gave him the second barrel, and he sank ponderously to the earth. In my excitement I did not stop to reload, but making sure he was dead rushed out to secure my trophy. I had just got out my knife, and was stretching out my hand to lay hold of his tail to cut it off, when to my disgust he slowly rose and walked off after the ladies, leaving me amazed and confounded, and the subject of a good deal of chaff on the part of my companions. I was more lucky with a wild boar an hour or two afterwards. He, too, was approaching me in a direct line, coming from the jungle, when I fired at him, upon which he made a rush straight at me. The impetus was so great that, though he received the second barrel full in the forehead, he actually rolled dead into the hole. So close was my rifle to his head the second shot that his hair was all singed where the ball had entered. I have killed several wild-boar at different times in my life, but his were the largest tusks I ever got.

Feathered game were no less abundant and varied. There were pea-fowl, jungle-fowl — which is more like the domestic fowl than any other wild bird I know—and various kinds of water-fowl, from which it may be inferred that we fared sumptuously every day. Our cook, who was really an artist, and had served an apprenticeship under a French *chef* at Government House, found ample scope for his talents, and did full justice to his training. He had been careful before starting to lay in a good supply of sauces and flavourings. This was the kind of *menu* he used to place before us: hare-soup, wild-boar's head, venison-pasty, salmi of wild duck, roast peacock with buffalo-tongue, and curry of jungle-fowl. Our camp-followers rioted in good living; and though, including servants and horse-keepers, they numbered sixteen or eighteen, it was impossible for them to consume all the game we killed, and this in spite of neither of us being remarkably good shots.

The most singular shot I ever made was under rather peculiar conditions. It was a blazing hot day—I should think the thermometer must have been over a hundred in the tent—and I was lying panting on my bed, in a state of entire nudity, vainly trying to get a wink of sleep, in anticipation of the night-watch in store for me, when my servant stealthily crept into the tent with the intelligence that there was a flock of pea-fowl just outside. He held the flap of the tent back, and there they were strutting about within a hundred yards of it. As I looked they seemed to be taking alarm, and, afraid of losing them, I seized my rifle and rushed out with nothing else on. It was useless to attempt to stalk them — the plain upon which they were was a hard surface of baked cracked clay, with scarcely a shrub upon it. The only plan was to get as near them as possible—not an easy matter, for they took to running too, and pea-fowl can run faster than one has any idea of. At all events they seemed to me to do so, as with bare head and body exposed to the scorching rays of the mid-day sun I hurried on in pursuit, cutting my bare feet terribly on the sharp

angles of the cracked clay. At last they took to wing, and I brought down to my surprise a splendid bird—at least he was splendid to look at, but proved rather tough to eat, for he was an old cock. I thought of clothing myself with his feathers so as to be able to return to the camp with some decency, but it might have looked vainglorious, considering the wonderful shot I had made. Indeed I took some credit for it at the time, for it is not everybody who has knocked over a peacock on the wing at a hundred yards with a rifle, especially with nothing on; but I am free to admit, after this lapse of time, that it was a pure fluke. I was so out of breath and blinded by perspiration at the moment, that I fired without being able to take any kind of aim. In India, where pea-fowl are sacred, they are perpetually offering the most tantalising shots to the sportsman, who is unable to take advantage of them; but no such prejudice exists in Ceylon, and they form a most valuable addition to the larder.

I remember once, when campaigning with the Turkish army in the provinces of the trans-Caucasus, arriving at Sugdidi, the capital of Mingrelia, the day after the battle of the Ingour, only to find it deserted, and provisions scarce, and going out on a foraging expedition. Thinking that, as the palace had only just been abandoned by the Princess Dadiani, I might find something in the larder, I directed my steps in that direction, but found Turkish sentries at every ingress. Suddenly I heard the scream of a peacock, and my Ceylon experience recurred vividly to my mind. What a contribution to our mess he would be, I thought, if I could only get hold of him! Shooting him in the gardens of the palace was out of the question; indeed I found that the one he was in was enclosed with a high wall. Scrambling to the top of it by the aid of the branches of a tree, I saw several members of his family strutting about. Now, it so happened I had provided myself with a hook and line with the view of also trying my luck in the river, and as I had a piece of bread also in my pocket, the notion occurred to me of fishing for one of these majestic birds from the top of the garden wall. This idea I immediately put into practice, and in a few moments my efforts were rewarded, and I was gingerly hauling up a tender young hen, in an agony lest her weight and struggles should break the line before I got her safely landed. A night or two afterwards I was dining with Omer Pasha, and recommended him to try one of the Princess's pea-fowl, a hint which resulted in my partaking of one at his table shortly afterwards.

In Ceylon, as a rule, the game is so abundant that one is never reduced to experimenting on strange diet. I once dined off young monkey, which is something like rabbit, but immeasurably superior to it. Travelling in the wilds of America, I lived for some time on bear-meat, which is excellent; and once the entire rations for the day for four of us consisted of a jay, a magpie, and a woodpecker. During the last days of the siege of Paris I tried the dainties which were then in vogue; but they were so far disguised by the exercise of culinary skill, that they all tasted very good. It requires a little practice to recognise at once the difference between dog, cat, and rat, if they are all prepared with equal care and delicacy. One of my sporting friends in Ceylon, camping out with his pack, and depending solely upon their exer-

tions, succeeded, thanks to the talent and ingenuity of his cook, in giving some British tourists who paid him a visit a most varied *menu*. There was *ris de veau*, *filet de bœuf*, *côtelettes en papillotes*, *poulet sauté*, and I don't know what else besides. It was some time before his guests discovered that, under these high-sounding names, they were eating various preparations of elk. If it is the tailor who makes the man, it is the cook who makes the beast. In China and Japan diet is proverbially attended with the greatest uncertainty, and I never dined with a native of either of these countries without suffering for it the next day. On one occasion I was given a soup in which was floating what appeared to be pieces of vermicelli, chopped in lengths of about an inch. On inquiring what these little string-like substances were, I was informed they were rock-leeches!

But to return to our camp by the tank-side. I never in any part of the world saw so many deer as there were in its neighbourhood. The country was flat and park-like, the difference being that there was only a little burnt-up grass, and that the trees were for the most part represented by thorny bushes, from ten to fifteen feet high, dotted about it. Among these, large herds of deer were constantly feeding; and they had been so little molested, that it was no difficult matter to stalk them.

The tanks abounded in alligators, who came ashore to bask in the sun, all their heads turned towards the water except the watcher, whose face was turned landwards. When he gave the signal of danger, there was a general stampede into the tank. They were so numerous that we did not think them worth powder and ball, and their horny hides made it more trouble to kill them than they were worth. Once, when we were walking home, I saw my friend, who was walking parallel to myself on the other side of the tank, which was about fifty yards broad, take a shot at an alligator right in front of him; an instant afterwards I heard the ball crash into the branches of a tree under which I was walking. It had been deflected at right angles from the reptile's back, and I had a narrow escape in consequence. There is a method of catching alligators which I once saw practised in the southern part of the island, which affords some sport to those who are indifferent to the suffering it entails. You take a live puppy, and strap him on to a raft, formed of two pieces of tough wood lashed in the form of a cross. You sharpen all the four points of this cross, and fasten to it a hank of twine a yard long; to this you attach a rope. You then float your puppy, who is calling attention to his unhappy predicament by yelping loudly, on a still pool or backwater of the stream, and tie the end of the rope to a tree. You then see that your revolver is handy, and, with half-a-dozen or more natives, you sit under the tree and watch. In a few moments a pair of enormous jaws appear above the surface of the water, the puppy disappears into them, but they do not close with the facility with which they opened, for the cross has stuck in the brute's throat, and the strands of the hank of twine have got between his teeth. You now lay on to the rope with a will, and slowly draw the reluctant monster to shore, while he lashes the water with his tail in impotent rage. When you have got him on shore, you keep at a respectful distance, and make ball-practice with your revolver at his eye. If you

keep on doing this long enough, you finally kill him. The alligators in some of the rivers of Ceylon are so voracious and numerous, that the natives, who are very fond of bathing, stake off their bathing-places. From these strongholds you can safely taunt an alligator, should he come and poke his nose between the bars, and sniff your tempting flavour—even jobbing at it with a knife. Near the mouths of the rivers, I have had places pointed out to me by the natives where they said it was safe to bathe, as the water was too salt for the alligators and too fresh for the sharks. My impression is, had I made the experiment, that I should have found them both there.

I once made rather an interesting shooting excursion to a rarely visited island, called Karative, on the western coast of Ceylon. It was evidently once a mere sand-bank, and though it is fifteen miles in length, it narrows in places to a width of fifteen or twenty yards, the sea in rough weather making a clean breach over it. In parts it is more than a mile wide, and is covered with a low thick jungle, with patches of open. It is inhabited only by a few fishermen. It is well stocked with deer, buffalo, and wild black cattle. These latter are doubtless the descendants of cattle that were originally tame, but it must have been very long ago, for their fine delicate limbs and active motions, and uniformly black colour, present marked characteristics of difference from tame cattle; while their great shyness renders them an extremely difficult animal to shoot. I only managed to bag one, which I stalked after rather an original fashion. The herd were grazing in the open, so far from any jungle that it seemed impossible to get near them. It was a perfectly still day; the sea was like glass, as it generally was on the lee side of the island; and they were not above fifty yards from its edge. So I determined to stalk them from the sea. It was a nice sandy bottom, which did not deepen too abruptly, and when I had waded in about fifty yards I found myself up to the armpits. I had to wade for nearly a quarter of a mile, always keeping nothing but my head and shoulders visible, before I found myself opposite the herd, tormented the while by the fear that some sporting shark might consider me as good game as I thought the black cattle. Then crawling carefully shorewards, I got an easy shot at about eighty yards, and knocked over a fine young bull. We also stalked successfully, in the course of two days' shooting here, a couple of wild buffalo. The natives made a very novel suggestion: they were great fishers of porpoises, which they captured for the sake of the oil, and possessed in consequence a quantity of strong porpoise-nets. These they proposed to stretch across a narrow isthmus, from sea to sea, and staking them firmly, to drive the deer into them. As, when thus stretched and staked, they would be about eight feet high, there would be no chance of escape for the deer. At each end of the net men were stationed, who concealed themselves, as we did ourselves, while the drive was in progress, so as to prevent the deer, when they saw their danger, making a rush for the sea. It was a moment of great excitement as we heard the crackling of the jungle in advance of the beaters betoken the presence of game; then out rushed half-a-dozen noble animals. We sprang to our feet as they crossed the narrow patch of open at full speed, and turning neither to the right nor left, dashed head-

long into the net. In a moment all was confusion; there was a heap of deer entangling themselves more and more in their frantic struggles to break loose and escape, while the men ran up with ropes to bind them and make them captive: this was no easy matter, as their sharp hoofs and antlers inflict nasty wounds; however, it was at last successfully accomplished. I shall never forget the appearance which that struggling mass of men and deer presented, but I cannot now call to mind how many we captured —the stag with the finest antlers, I know, escaped.

Buffalo are very dangerous animals to shoot, I think more so than elephants, as it is more difficult to get away from them when they charge. I was once charged by one when riding peacefully on horseback and entirely unarmed, and he gave me an unpleasantly severe chase across country before I could shake him off.

The easiest way to shoot bears is to smoke them out of the holes or caves which they use as sleeping-places, and which the natives always know, and to lie in wait for them at the mouth; or to watch for them by tanks—though probably the commonest method is to drive them. This is the plan adopted in Turkey. Six years ago, while staying at Constantinople, I was invited to join a bear-shooting expedition. News had arrived that they were numerous on the peninsula of Guemlik, in the Sea of Marmora, and good sport was promised us as a certainty. Nearly twenty years had elapsed since I had fired off a gun. I had never used a breech-loader in my life, for they had come into fashion after my day, and I had lost all kind of sporting enthusiasm; but the trip promised to be enjoyable so far as climate, new country, and fine scenery were concerned, and I was tempted by the society of four agreeable companions to make one of the party, rather as a spectator than as an active participator in the sport, which was the more reasonable as I was the only one of the party who had ever shot a bear. We landed at Guemlik, where H.M.S. Fawn, then surveying the Sea of Marmora, was lying at anchor, and adding two or three of the officers to our party, made a night sail in a native boat to the small fishing-village from which we were to strike inland. From this point we advanced in the early morning through lovely scenery some three or four miles into the interior, and found ourselves in the midst of a beautifully wooded, rolling, upland country, with open grassy valleys, rich soil, and abundance of water, almost totally uninhabited, and only thirty miles as the crow flies from Constantinople. It is one of the anomalies of Turkey that a region twenty miles in length by about ten broad, comprising fine forests and splendid agricultural land, should be lying waste within so short a distance of the capital of the empire and of the market which it affords. However, had it not been so, we should have had to go farther afield for our bears. As it was, with a good gang of beaters, we toiled all day without any result except a few false alarms. *En revanche* we had splendid appetites and sound slumbers on leaf-beds under the blue canopy of heaven, for we had brought no tents with us. Meantime I had so far caught the infection that I had accepted the offer of his second gun from a friend, and had occupied the post assigned to me at each beat with the most sportsmanlike conscientiousness. Next day we tried some new country. I had expressly asked the master of the hounds to

post the others in the best stations, and was occupying the least likely place in one of the drives, my thoughts at the time far away from bear-shooting, when the sudden clamour of the dogs right in front of me roused my attention. There was no doubt about it this time. I was standing on the slope of a valley, bare except for a few bushes, near a path which led across a little stream into a wood on the opposite slope, which was now resounding with the shouts of beaters and the yelping of dogs. As I fixed my eyes on the point where the path entered the wood, I saw Bruin emerge. Slowly and deliberately he trotted up the path straight towards me; slowly and deliberately I retired behind a bush about six yards from the path, so as to screen myself from his observation and have a shot, which, even after twenty years without practice, it would be impossible to miss. The bear did not quicken his pace, and he was exactly abreast of me. I fired—at least I pulled the trigger. The first barrel responded with a gentle tick; the second followed suit. I almost fancied I could see the bear wink. At all events, he did not quicken his pace, and I had almost time to put a couple of cartridges into my gun—which, I need not say, did not go off for the simple reason that there was nothing in it—before he disappeared into some brushwood. Thus my first and only experience of breech-loaders has not been encouraging. But how was I, who had never been out with a party of breech-loading sportsmen, to suppose that, after I had loaded my own gun, and leant it against a tree during luncheon, somebody else's servant would come and abstract the cartridges and put them in his pocket, and then after luncheon hand me the gun without saying a word about it? I had been accustomed to consider that when I had loaded a gun myself it remained loaded unless I fired it off. The idea that any one else would consider himself entitled to draw the charge and pocket the cartridges never entered my head; but it seems it is the custom, for on my remonstrating with the man, who was an Englishman, he replied—

"Well, sir, I thought you would ha' looked to see whether the gun was loaded before you undertook to fire it off."

So I had to accept the situation, and the chaff by which it was accompanied; and as we none of us had another chance, I established my reputation as a "duffer," and we returned to Constantinople empty-handed.

The most magnificent country for sport, because the game is both larger and of a rarer description than in Ceylon, is in the Nepaulese Terai. Here, besides elephants, of which there are great quantities, there are tigers and rhinoceroses, and many other kinds of large game. In one of our beats here, which were organised on a large scale by the late Jung Bahadoor, whose guest I was at the time, we came upon traces of a rhinoceros, and were in great hopes that we should enclose him in the huge net of beaters that had been spread to surround the game, and which consisted of 400 elephants and two regiments of soldiers; but to my great disappointment he managed to break through and get away. We got, however, in the course of this beat, a couple of tigers, and several deer and wild boar. This is the only country in which the singular sport can be obtained of hunting wild elephants with tame ones, and capturing them alive,—

an experience of which the Prince of Wales partook, also under the auspices of Jung Bahadoor, on the occasion of his visit to India. His Royal Highness, however, witnessed it as a spectator on horseback, which is exciting enough, but nothing to be compared to participating in it as an active combatant on the back of one of the elephants engaged in the *mêlée*. When I proposed that I should be allowed to make this experiment when I was with Jung Bahadoor in the winter of 1851, he at first absolutely refused, on the ground that it would be too dangerous for a novice—and was at last only induced to consent on my acquitting myself creditably at a rehearsal, when I was sent among the trees on the bare back of an elephant, with nothing but a rope to hold on by, and made to dodge the branches, as he was sent through them at his full speed. But this was nothing to the difficulty of arriving sound in wind and limb at the end of the chase on the following day, when the elephant I bestrode, or rather upon which I squatted monkey-fashion, formed one of a band of 150, tearing at a clumsy run through the jungle after the wild herd, which it finally overtook, and with which it engaged in a pitched battle. I shall never forget the uproar and excitement of that singular conflict; the trumpeting of the elephants—the screams of the mahouts—the firing by the soldiers of blank-cartridge—the crashing of the branches as the huge monsters, with their trunks curled up, butted into one another like rams, and their riders deftly threw lassoes of rope over their unwieldy heads,—formed a combination of sounds and of sights calculated to leave a lasting impression. It is so difficult to take prisoners under these conditions, that we thought we did well in capturing four out of a herd of twelve. The mahout of the elephant I was on had particularly distinguished himself in one encounter, and presented me with the splintered tusk of an elephant that had been broken off in a charge upon us, as a trophy. I came home utterly exhausted by the violent exertion which had been necessary to escape being smashed to pieces by overhanging branches, or crushed by the mob of jostling elephants, which must have inevitably been my fate had I lost my grip of the loop of rope which was all there was to hold on by. In order the better to cling on, I had taken off my shoes, and my bleeding hands and feet bore testimony to the violence of the struggle it had cost me to retain my precarious position; but so great was my excitement at the time, that I only discovered afterwards how much my skin was the worse for wear.

All other sport in India of which I have partaken pales by comparison with this experience, though I know of nothing in its way to compare with a good day's pig-sticking, nor anything more disagreeably agitating than tiger-shooting on foot. Not being utterly reckless of existence, I was only once induced to share in this pastime; and as I felt that the chances were all in favour of the tiger, I was infinitely relieved to find that a rustling in the bushes within ten yards of me proceeded from a hyena, into which I did the unsportsmanlike thing of firing promptly, thus causing the tiger, which, I afterwards discovered, was just behind him, to head back upon the beaters, and break through them, to the great disgust of my poor host, a most daring sportsman and infallible shot, who afterwards fell

a victim in the Mutiny under the most painful circumstances. It was under his auspices that I shot my first and only blue bull or nylgau, an animal the flesh of which is capital eating.

One of the most interesting countries I ever visited, in so far as large game is concerned, is the Malay Peninsula. I once took advantage of the kind invitation of the Tumangong, now the Sultan of Johore, to cross over from Singapore into his territory, and found on my arrival at a village, situated on a river a short distance in the interior, which had been recently settled by Chinamen engaged in the cultivation of gambier, that the whole population was panic-stricken by the depredations of tigers. No fewer than fifty men had been carried off by these ferocious beasts during the preceding three weeks while out at work. On one day alone five had disappeared, and the graveyard was full of umbrellas, the sign that the bones below them had been picked by tigers. Twenty plantations in the immediate vicinity were deserted in consequence; and as I had brought my rifle with me, I proposed going to one of these with a live bait, and watching for a marauder. The Chinamen would not hear of beating the jungle, as they felt convinced that they would simply fall a prey to the tigers, with which it was literally swarming. They eagerly accepted the other proposition, however, and soon secured a couple of dogs, who were doomed for bait. With these we started for a night-watch. Unfortunately, we had scarcely reached the deserted plantation, from which three men had been taken a day or two previously, when the sky became suddenly overcast, and the rain came down in a tropical torrent, putting all hope of sport out of the question. I much regretted I had not time to prolong my visit to this village, as, by killing tigers here, one would have been rendering a real service to the people; besides this, the surrounding country was full of other and in some respects more interesting game.

On the banks of these muddy rivers the sportsman, if he is also a naturalist, will find a double interest in bagging a saladang or wild water-ox, a species peculiar to the Malay Peninsula. In the recesses of these magnificent but gloomy forests he may surprise the wary tapir; while rhinoceroses are abundant, and elephants and nearly all the animals known in Southern India and Ceylon are to be found besides. I do not know how it may be now, but twenty-nine years ago, when I was there, these jungles were untrodden by the sportsmen, and I feel convinced that any enterprising Nimrod who should go there now would find a happy hunting-ground.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

THE BUCHHOLZ FAMILY.

"VARZIN, *July* 9, 1884.

"I AM glad, dear sir (*Euer Wohlgeboren*), that your kind missive affords me an opportunity of thanking you for the long hours of pleasant intercourse with the Buchholz (*mit der Buchholz'n*) which I have enjoyed during the enforced leisure of my illness. From the subtlety of your sketches of Berlin life, and from their exact reproduction of the local dialect, I, who have spent half my life in Berlin, should never have guessed the author to be aught else than a Berliner bred and born. The discovery of my error has served only to heighten my admiration of the fidelity of these pictures. I hope the Buchholz's life (*das Leben der Buchholzen*) may hold out yet awhile against the enmity of the Bergfeldt (*der Bergfeldt'n*), and that she may be induced to delight us with further descriptions of it.

"V. BISMARCK."

Thus writes Prince Bismarck to Dr Julius Stinde, a native of Holstein, who has sprung into fame at a bound—his studies of middle-class life in Berlin, entitled 'Die Familie Buchholz,' having, since their appearance in 1884, already reached a thirty-seventh edition. A promising new writer of fiction, with an eye for virgin soil, is always and everywhere a notable phenomenon. He claims extra attention when he chances to arise in Germany, where masters of the craft have been rarer than in either England or France. Dr Stinde, whose *début* foretokens a brilliant future, and who comes so specially well accredited, is on every ground in himself worth knowing. Moreover, he opens up a little world entirely fresh to English readers, and all the more likely to attract them that it is so curiously different from their own familiar world, both of fact and fiction. Here, again, we have a fresh instance of the perennial force of Goethe's counsel—

"Greift nur hinein in's volle Menschenleben!
Ein jeder lebt's, nicht vielen ist's bekannt,
Und wo Ihr's packt, da ist's interessant."

Our author neither theorises, nor teaches, nor moralises. From the dense, bewildering throng of actors in the human drama, he has singled out one tiny group for study of an almost scientific accuracy and thoroughness, and has then fused his observations into such a living picture as only a true artist can create. His sketches are vigorous, realistic, and racy; they sparkle with bright fun and joyousness. Many a grave treatise on "Middle-class life in Berlin," arrayed in the full pomp of blue-book lore, would not be half so instructive, or furnish half so much to think about. Let us, then, without further preamble, avail ourselves of his guidance, and make straight for a quarter of the city comprised in the N.E. postal district. We will stop before a house in the Landsberger Strasse, distinguished from its neighbours by the absence of a shop-front, and the presence — somewhat puzzling to account for—of a pair of pilasters,

Die Familie Buchholz. By Julius Stinde. Part I., 1 vol., 37th edition. Part II., 1 vol, 29th edition. Berlin, 1885: Freund & Jeckel.

which, starting from the first storey, traverse the second, and reach nearly to the roof. They must have been devised by an architect, fired with a sudden ambition to build for once in the Grecian style, who had opened his design-book at a wrong page. The customary semicircular arch surmounts the street door, the one half of which is usually folded back in day-time, disclosing to view the entrance passage, whence a glass door opens into the yard. A shimmer of green, visible through the figured ground-glass panes, comes from a small garden behind, wherein an apple-tree and a few elder-bushes, thickly besprinkled with "blacks," and smelling of soot, carry on the struggle for existence. Yet there are days in May when, after being refreshed by a soft shower, even the little back garden in the Landsberger Strasse discourses pleasantly enough of spring.

In the modern house, so oddly tattooed with incongruous Greek conceits in stucco, dwell Herr Karl Buchholz, wholesale hosier and "Bezirks-Rath" (a dignity analogous to that of a British vestryman), Frau Wilhelmine his spouse (Bismarck's "the Buchholz"), and their pretty daughters, Betti and Emmi, who are emerging from bread-and-butter-misshood into that higher stage of feminine evolution, when it behoves a mother to be on the look-out for likely sons-in-law. This paramount duty is present to Frau Buchholz's mind at all times and places, and under all imaginable circumstances. She never loses sight of it. Son-in-law-hunting may be said, in Wagnerian parlance, to constitute her *Leit-Motiv*, although every now and then some other interest, more or less absorbing, will shoot through the dominant melody, and blend with it in a tangle of intricate convolutions, after the manner in which learned musical composers delight closely to interweave two or three separate themes, letting first one, and then another, come uppermost. Such a frequently recurring subordinate or second subject, is a chronic rivalry with the Bergfeldts, who are wont to give themselves airs, and to look down upon trade from the altitude of a small post in the civil service, notwithstanding that they have a hard task to make both ends meet, while abundance and growing prosperity reign at the hosier's.

Frau Buchholz is the central figure of the household, and indeed of the whole circle to which we are about to be introduced. She offers a type characteristic to some extent of Germany in general, but perhaps more especially so of Berlin in particular. She is essentially a specimen of the Berlin "middle-middle" class. In Germany, as in England and in France, the middle class splits up into three sections—the upper one, by imperceptible gradations, shading off into the aristocracy, the lower into the proletariat. The intermediate section it really is which, both in the good and the bad sense, embodies the qualities, peculiarities, and traditions that go to make what we mean by *bourgeoisie.* In order to understand Frau Buchholz and her satellites, and in order also to account for some apparent discrepancies between their social position and the cast of their minds, we must remember how high a development popular education has reached in Germany, and how freely most of the paths to intellectual life are accessible to a large proportion of the nation.

In Frau Wilhelmine streaks of the homeliest, most material, and prosaic preoccupations, and of

downright vulgarity, alternate with outbursts of genuine sentiment, of girlish gush and romance, and with a vague feeling for things intellectual and æsthetic, which is quite sincere, although clothed in "highfalutin." At one moment she is wholly concentrated on the preparation of some pet dish of her husband's (generally of a rather heavy and indigestible kind), or she is manufacturing "squirt-cakes" on a colossal scale for an impending tea-party, which is to be enlivened by thought-reading and experiments in magnetism. "We are so apt to run short, you know," she remarks to Betti, "whenever the Bergfeldts come." At another time she will be rhapsodising on the joys of wedded affection. "Her Karl," after more than twenty years of marriage, and despite a daily consumption of beer which can hardly have failed to add a good many stones to his weight, is still the adored lover of her youth; and anon in the course of a summer outing at Tegel, where Alexander von Humboldt lies buried, we find her aspiring to read his 'Cosmos.' "Such a historical background in our immediate vicinity," she soliloquises, "renders the workings of genius present to us in every walk we take, and fills us with a glad consciousness of belonging to the cultivated class ourselves." However, the "mountains of Mexico and their geological conformation," coupled with the overpowering heat, have a soporific effect inevitably fatal to even the keenest desire to be in touch with the associations of a hallowed spot; and 'Cosmos,' which Uncle Fritz (Frau Buchholz's mischievous and sarcastic younger brother) had all along declared to be far beyond her, is put by to be read under more favourable conditions.

To her own and her family's wonder, Frau Wilhelmine has drifted into journalism on the raft of a grievance. A play ostensibly suitable for a doll's theatre has found its way into the hands of the young folks, without previously undergoing the maternal censorship. It turns out to be fitter for the Paris "Vaudeville" or "Variétés," not to say the "Palais Royal," than for juvenile innocence in the perfectly proper atmosphere of the Landsberger Strasse. On Emmi's birthday some friends and Uncle Fritz come to see a representation of "A Giddy Young Woman," a farce in three acts, by Büttner and Pohl. Very few minutes elapse after the rise of the curtain, ere it grows clear that a terrible mistake has been made. "A pretty beginning!" whispers Frau Heimreich, who, even before the audience were seated, had shown signs of an inclination to ill-natured fault-finding. "What is the good of weighing every word in a pair of gold scales?" answers Frau Buchholz, at first thinking to brave it out. But things on the stage proceed from bad to worse. "The fun is getting faster, it seems to me," says Frau Heimreich, audibly. Poor Frau Buchholz is in agony. At last Büttner and Pohl attain a climax of impropriety which is too much for her. She jumps up and puts an extinguisher on the dolls and their guileless prompters. "In your house children may learn nice things, I must say," sneers Frau Heimreich. "Come, Agnes, Paula, Martha—come away with me! I will have nothing to do with such shocking goings-on. We are a respectable family. Your grandpapa, my late father, received the Order of the Red Eagle." "But only of the fourth grade," retorts

Frau Buchholz, goaded beyond endurance by Frau Heimreich's boastfulness, which never loses a chance of trotting out the old gentleman and his decoration. Well, the evening proves a miserable failure and humiliation, all because of the unscrupulousness of publishers and booksellers, who scatter their poisonous wares broadcast without labelling them. So in the public interest, and to make an outlet for her boiling rage, Frau Wilhelmine rushes to her desk and relates the story, with many details here omitted, to a weekly newspaper. Do London editors, I should like to know, ever send in return to the grievance-mongers who favour them with outpourings, a registered letter enclosing several guineas? That, anyhow, was the noble course adopted by the Berlin *rédacteur*, presumably with a view of tempting his correspondent to write again. In this way, bit by bit, in a series of letters to a newspaper, despatched at irregular intervals, extending over an indefinite number of years, the chronicles that were to enjoy such high favour at Varzin are supposed to have been woven. It was no small glory to have set Frau Wilhelmine's pen in motion, and to have been able to charm into forgetfulness of state-cares the supreme controller of European destinies. When the Reichskanzler deigned to ask for some more of the good lady's *causeries*, Dr Stinde, who is one of his ardent admirers and political disciples, was as ready to comply with a wish so flattering as was Shakespeare to exhibit Falstaff in love, at the bidding of Elizabeth. A continuation — "Buchholzens in Italien"—grew out of the Chancellor's request. However, it is with "Buchholzens in Berlin" alone that we are here concerned.

Barring a funeral, almost every solemnity in life figures in these pages. We have births and christenings, several betrothals, a *Polterabend*, and a wedding; also a death by suicide, a form of tragedy frightfully on the increase at Berlin. We are taken to buy fairings by gaslight in the Christmas market, and are regaled with *Mahnpielen* (a sort of frumenty), stewed carps and horse-radish sauce, a bowl of punch, and other dainties, on New-Year's Eve. Frau Buchholz gives, and goes to, divers tea and supper parties. She visits the "fisheries" (the precursors of those at South Kensington), and the annual exhibition of pictures; and, as a birthday surprise for "her Karl," she has her portrait painted in oil, for which the sittings take place by stealth in the artist's studio. She gets up picnics, she betakes herself to the sea-side, to a *villeggiatura* amidst the woods of Tegel, and to the mineral springs of Carlsbad for a "cure." She prepares a *trousseau*, she superintends the furnishing of a house, she intervenes in the pecuniary troubles of her friends, she sets a tavern threatened with bankruptcy on its legs again. In virtue of her connection with the press, she gets invited to the journalists' ball; she attends a regatta, and thrills with loyal pride at sight of the Crown Prince and his sons; she palpitates with patriotic sentiments and emotion among the surging crowd who witness the torchlight procession in honour of the Reichskanzler's seventieth birthday; she allows Uncle Fritz, for purposes of his own, to inveigle her into a somewhat "fast" music-hall; she is compelled to appear in a law-court, as defendant in a libel case. In short, she leads us through

scenes the most various, which shift incessantly.

It has been told what handsome acknowledgment her first letter to the weekly paper, anent the doll's-theatre *fiasco*, had brought its writer. Frau Wilhelmine was quite overcome on beholding the contents of the registered envelope:—

"My husband said," she records, "I may well be proud of you now, Wilhelmine, when I think of your having earned all that by authorship.'

"'Karl,' I answered, 'I have now and then lost my temper with you; but it shall never happen more—really not.' He embraced and kissed me, and again I had to burst out crying. Emmi and Betti clasped their arms around me at seeing me still so agitated; and their eyes, too, were wet with tears.

"'Come, come, children!' I said, in soothing accents, 'it is only joy that has upset me. If the Heimreich could but be here to see, how it would vex her!'"

The guineas are spent upon a new bonnet, but there is enough left over to justify a grand family treat. So in the evening Frau Buchholz, with the modish product of her pen on her head, sallies forth with "the children" for Bilse's concert-hall, where "papa" is later on to join them. "The delight of the children was boundless; and while we were about it, we thought we might as well begin by going to the confectioner's to have a cup of chocolate frothed with whipped cream, and something nice to crunch with our teeth. It was lovely!" At Bilse's we are for the first time presented to the formidable Frau Bergfeldt, who fills so large a space in Frau Buchholz's thoughts and talk. She is seated at a table with her daughter Auguste.

"We went up and exchanged salutations.

"'Good evening, Frau Bergfeldt,' said I; 'and can it really be you? How your Auguste has grown since last I saw her!'

"Of course, as I perceived at once, it was only her dress which made the girl look so tall. She was got up in the very height of the fashion, with a long train, a cuirass bodice, and her hair brushed over her forehead like a pony's mane. I shouldn't think of letting my girls be decked out so, although by this time such a gown would be quite as suitable for Betti as for Auguste Bergfeldt, who is so angular and awkward that it's a sin and a shame to dress her like a grown-up person, for all she was confirmed two years ago. However, long sleeves may do best for such sharp elbows."

The party are presently joined by Frau Bergfeldt's handsome son Emil and a young law-student named Weigelt. "Hm! hm!" I thought to myself, "there's something a-weaving on the loom; we must keep our eyes open." The concert begins, and out comes Frau Bergfeldt's stocking, whereat she knits as assiduously "as though she were bent on earning back the charge for admission."

"No one can stand up more for domestic industry, or more heartily detest idleness, than I do; but when one goes to a concert to cultivate one's mind, it is preposterous to divide one's attention between a symphony and a stocking. I don't think, either, that Beethoven's heavenly inspirations were composed with a view to a running accompaniment of knitting-needles. And how sublime is the impression wrought by one of these symphonies, when the whole audience is plunged four-flights-of-cellar-stairs-deep in thought, and it would almost take a pail of cold water to recall them to themselves! Then, truly, do we realise in its fulness the might of music!"

Frau Wilhelmine's *mémoires pour servir* cannot, for want of space, be further drawn upon now. Her destiny, like that of other

great historical figures, is a checkered one, and the vicissitudes she records are nearly as numerous and as startling as those of the Napoleonic career. Betti becomes engaged to Emil Bergfeldt; he jilts her for a richer bride; his marriage turns out disastrously; he destroys himself; his terrible mother is for a time crushed by the catastrophe. Frau Wilhelmine magnanimously forgives and forgets all the heartburnings the overbearing woman has caused her, and in the hour of her enemy's sorrow returns good for evil in unstinted measure. Dr Wrenzchen, the young family doctor, with an inveterate habit of diagnosing as "merely external" every ailment to which flesh is heir, and a flourishing practice, that renders him a most eligible *parti* for Emmi, proves hard to capture, and, when captured, impossible to rule. Many a severe tussle occurs between him and his mother-in-law before a *modus vivendi* can be established. At Tegel, whither Betti is taken for a change of scene, a child of murderous instincts, "der kleine Krause," pushes another little fellow into the river. A chance bystander—subsequently known as Felix Schmidt—jumps in to save the boy from drowning. While he is in the very act of struggling for two lives, a new matrimonial combination flashes through Frau Wilhelmine's teeming brain, and in her mind's eye she forthwith beholds Betti united to the as yet anonymous hero, and that hero taken into partnership in the hosiery trade, under the style of "Buchholz & Son," by "her Karl"—a vision happily realised later on. But meanwhile a cruelly sharp thorn penetrates into the worthy lady's side and very soul, in the shape of Dr Wrenzchen and Emmi's cook. That young person resists with mutinous violence the first attempt to supervise her culinary methods and procedure, displays abominable insolence, and almost thrusts the mother of her mistress out of the kitchen. Thenceforth it is war to the knife between them. One evening, while the doctor and Emmi are out, a burglary is committed at their house. When they return, accompanied by Frau Wilhelmine, they find Emmi's little dog poisoned, and the cook gagged, with her hands tied behind her back. All appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, Frau Buchholz's strong bias at once leads her to suspect Johanna of complicity, and in the unguardedness of vehement dislike she utters her suspicion. The immediate reprisal is an action for libel. Days and nights of fear, torment, and harrowing anguish ensue. "Her Karl" and Dr Wrenzchen both stand chivalrously by the poor "defendant"; but the thought of having to appear in a law-court, the contemplation of possible imprisonment and public disgrace, almost endanger her reason. At last comes the crisis. The grateful mistress of the tavern from which Frau Wilhelmine had averted ruin, now plays the part of the mouse in the fable, and gnaws asunder the net that holds the lioness captive. Frau Helbich is present at the trial. Her shrewdness speedily detects a flaw in the plaintiff's evidence, and suggests the line of cross-examination under which the cook is drawn on to incriminate herself. She is convicted of confederacy with the burglars, and punished as a felon. Frau Buchholz had been right after all! She issues triumphant from the fiery ordeal, and is even more jubilant than we saw her when her earliest venture with the pen brought such a golden reward.

She has shaken off a horrible incubus; she is relieved, thankful, radiant, at peace with herself and the whole world.

And so, in obedience to the canons of all great art, the closing impression is calm and serene. The strain and stress of the time when daughters were still unprovided with husbands; the heat and burden of the days of sharp conflict with stuck-up, insolent Bergfeldts, a recalcitrant medical son-in-law, and that son-in-law's villanous cook; the miseries and terrors of the law-court,—are done with, and the curtain falls on our Frau Wilhelmine dandling Franz the brown-eyed, and Fritz the blue-eyed (Emmi's twins), on her knees; getting things ready for the marriage of Betti and Felix Schmidt, and looking forward to the celebration of her own and "her Karl's" silver wedding, when next the elder-bushes in the back-garden scent the air with their blossoms.

We have been admitted to such close intimacy and companionship with these good folk, and have looked so deep down into their hearts and minds, that, when the last page is reached, it is like saying good-bye to actual flesh-and-blood friends. 'Tis small wonder the Reichskanzler, whose appetite for amusement appears to be not less robust than his appetite for sausages and colonies, should have wanted a second helping.

An English reader will not fail to be struck with the numerous points of difference between the life of the Buchholzens and that of the correlative "Browns" and "Joneses" at home. Church and chapel, which play so prominent a part in the doings of British *bourgeois,* and still more in those of the British *bourgeoise,* and constitute the sole source of excitement from without to numberless dull and dreary homes, are not so much as mentioned from first to last in Dr Stinde's volumes. So far as the men and women in and about the Landsberger Strasse are concerned, religious congregations might be supposed non-existent in Berlin. Dr Wrenzchen and Emmi are indeed married in church, after due performance of the civil rite; but half a page suffices to dispose of it all, and never again throughout does any one set foot in a place of worship. Even the christenings take place in the "gute Stube." The entire detachment from what is called "religious life" does not imply a break with theological belief. Frau Wilhelmine sends her aspirations heavenwards on state occasions, and no one dreams of uttering anti-religious or scoffing remarks. The whole subject of religion is simply ignored. Betti and Emmi, Emil, Franz, Weigelt, Uncle Fritz, and the rest of them, would not know what to make of it, could they see their English cousins spontaneously and gladly devoting hours and hours to a Sunday-school class, or going in with real zest for such dissipation as an evening-party opened with prayers, and enlivened by an address from a missionary!

Politics and public questions fare much the same as religion. When Dr Wrenzchen and his friends assemble at the tavern for those weekly Thursday evenings, whose continuance is the very first thing he stipulates for on becoming engaged to Emmi, they do not meet to talk politics, or discuss professional subjects, but simply to play *skat,* drink beer, smoke, and sup. We hear neither of debating clubs and mimic parliaments, nor of associations for promoting this or the other common object, nor of committee meetings, nor of leaguers banded together to

destroy some monopoly, privilege, or institution for which the time is gone by, who dig away perseveringly at the hard soil of conservatism, prejudice, and vested interests whence the evil thing draws nurture, until at last, after many a patient stroke of their spades, the decayed roots are laid bare and can be pulled up. "Mein Karl," indeed, at intervals disappears for an hour or two to fulfil his functions as Bezirks-Rath and treasurer, but his civic duties make only slender demand on his time and thoughts. Every now and then an incident such as the Reichskanzler's seventieth birthday, or a public appearance of the Crown Prince, will produce an outburst of patriotic ecstasy of a decidedly Imperial-Bismarckian brand, indicative of the latent existence of an ample fund of national sentiment available in an hour of need. Once, too, in the course of the story, a dim shadow of the spectre of social democracy flits across the stage, to the unutterable horror of Landsberger Strasse respectability. But political and civic interests, as large factors in men's daily lives, are not understood in the Buchholz *milieu*, as we understand them here.

On the other hand, we are struck by the marked superiority of our German friends in point of a certain faculty for assimilating things intellectual and æsthetic. Tried by one of Mr Matthew Arnold's favourite tests—ready accessibility to ideas—these denizens of the Landsberger Strasse are less of Philistines by a good many shades than, say,—of course it is but a rough method of comparison,—the London family in a small suburban villa at Holloway or Peckham. Although Dr Stinde makes no allusion to the subject of schools and education, he affords us most convincing indirect proof how good relatively must be the means of mental cultivation at the command of the German "middle-middle class"; whereas in England this same class, until quite recently, has been worse off than almost any other in the matter of instruction. Frau Buchholz and her set know how to enjoy a symphony of Beethoven's, a ballad of Goethe's, a tragedy of Schiller's. They meet at afternoon coffees to read "Cabale und Liebe" and other plays in parts. They hold a great poet, a great artist, in high honour. Then, too, they have a vocabulary. They are often highflown and grandiloquent, and sometimes shaky as to grammar; but they are not inarticulate. When an important event, such as a *Polterabend* or a wedding, comes off, they not only deliver well-rounded, effective speeches, but they compose and recite appropriate *vers d'occasion;* they devise *tableaux vivants* and dramatic entertainments; they cluster round the piano, and sing beautiful songs in good time and tune to a well-played accompaniment. In short, they almost instinctively call in the aid of art to glorify every festive occasion. The girls, after leaving school, go on with their "higher education" by means of classes and private lessons, and especially affect literature and literary composition. It would perhaps hardly be fair to let Betti, with Dr Stinde peeping over her shoulder while she writes, stand as a sample of her companions in general. Her story of the patented American Christmas-tree, that took to pieces, and was worked by machinery, which the children, in spite of all the clever Yankee dodges, thought such a poor substitute for the real fir-tree and its good fragrance, laden with happy associations, would not have dis-

credited Hans Christian Andersen himself. That the æstheticism of the Landsberger Strasse has also its comical side cannot be denied. For instance, among Emmi's wedding-presents we find a bronze bust of Schiller, "with a touch of verdigris about the hair," mounted on a black marble pedestal, into the front of which a thermometer has been inserted! But when we have had our laugh at this grotesque blending of the practical with the poetical, and at Frau Wilhelmine's tirades and malapropisms on the "sublime and beautiful," for which Schiller furnishes the text, there yet remains the incontrovertible fact that something has been done to give her and the like of her an inkling at least of life's nobler pleasures.

The moral tone of the Landsberger Strasse, without being exactly elevated, is thoroughly healthy. The marriage-tie and family life are respected in word and deed. Uncle Fritz, though given to levity, and rather a licensed personage, is never, even when most rampant, guilty of an unseemly remark or jest. There is much kindliness, too, among the Buchholzians. Herr Karl's purse is more than once placed freely at the disposal of friends in trouble: he is by temperament swifter than his wife to loosen its strings, but she always ends by heartily co-operating in his acts of generosity. Then she is ever ready to be actively serviceable, and at several critical moments her practical sense comes to the rescue in dealing with complications brought about by the folly, imprudence, or perversity of others. The feeling of parental responsibility also is strong, as a rule, in these worthy people. Not only do fathers and mothers endeavour earnestly, according to their lights, to equip their children well for the business of life, while the youngsters are growing up, but they further consider themselves bound to make substantial provision for the needs of after-years, especially in the way of laying by dowries for daughters. Every young woman who marries is expected, at the very least, to stock her husband's house completely with furniture and household linen.

The members of the Buchholz circle are not introspective; they do not exhibit the self-searching disposition, the unquiet of soul, the longing after a higher spiritual life, the fervour and glow for religious and moral ideals, which, reflected more or less faithfully from reality, are often held up to us in the mirror of English fiction. Their psychical texture is sound rather than refined; and herein they have much in common with the *bourgeoisie* of every country. Allowing for the vast difference of circumstances, they belong at bottom to the same genus as our unforgettable acquaintances by the banks of the "Floss,"—the Dodsons, Pullets, and Gleggs. Apart from an exception here and there, it is not in the zone where, on the one hand, petty avocations and interests tend to shrivel, while, on the other, ample material wellbeing tends to sensualise, men's natures, that the more exquisite and delicate growths of moral sentiment are likeliest to flourish.

The manners and customs which prevail in our little N.E. Berlin world are among its strangest and most distinctive, though perhaps not its most attractive, features. The eating and the drinking that go on are astounding. At a picnic, the party halt as early as half-past eight in the morning to feast on "delicious Norwegian herrings," anchovies, smoked tongue, caviare, and ever so many other salted

foods provocative of unquenchable thirst. They also agree that every windmill they pass—and the windmills follow each other in quick succession—shall be a signal for the brandy-bottle to make the circuit of the whole company, and the ceremony is piously observed. *Stullen,* a sort of rolls indigenous to Berlin soil, are consumed at all hours of the day and night. When Frau Wilhelmine has in hand the great enterprise of bringing Dr Wrenzchen to propose to Emmi, she invites him to dinner on pretext (an audacious invention, of course) of having received from Mecklenburg the present of a leg of veal which weighs twenty pounds. He had told her that a fillet of veal was his "ruling passion"; and although Herr Karl and the girls by no means share his liking for that joint, they are doomed to make the twenty pounds disappear, in the interest of the maternal projects. On Whitsunday, after an early dinner at home, the family wend their way to a restaurant at the Halensee, for the express purpose of there regaling themselves on *Protections-Spargel*—*i.e.*, asparagus of a very large and fine kind, to be had only by special favour and grace of the restaurant-keeper. Soon after their marriage, Dr Wrenzchen and Emmi give a supper-party of twelve, the number being determined by that of the dining-room chairs. The planning of the *menu* provokes a sharp contest between mother and son-in-law, she advocating a certain impressive stylishness in the shape of a tart from the confectioner, he fighting sturdily for the unpretending, economical simplicity of a home-made sweet. The outcome of their fierce encounter is—crabs, a fillet of veal, a huge mountain of potatoes, and several dishes of ground-rice and milk. The first symptom which arouses Frau Buchholzen's suspicion that something is wrong with Betti, when the lassie is going through love-troubles, is her indifference to her favourite "arrangement" of sausages and mashed potatoes! There are times, however, when the "fitness of things" calls for food of a more ethereal, ambrosial nature. Shortly before Emmi's wedding, for example, a reading-society farewell in her honour takes place at the Frau Polizeilieutenant's. It is then ("Cabale und Liebe" having been duly read, with the part of Lady Milford omitted as not edifying for maiden minds) that Emmi's young friends present her with the afore-mentioned bust of Schiller, which so neatly unites the useful with the beautiful. Supper follows, and the hostess conveys her affectionate regard for the bride-elect, through the medium of a chocolate-pudding with cream—Emmi's own particular *plat doux.* This delicate attention elicits lively gratitude and delight. The dish, moreover, seems subtly to harmonise with the sentiment of the whole proceedings. It bears a sort of inner, organic affinity to the "adieu" of the literature-loving ladies, to "Cabale und Liebe" itself, to Frau Wilhelmine's discourse upon genius, poetry, and the classics, and to the memorable Schiller-thermometer combination!

The abundant repasts described in these chronicles are, we learn, sometimes stigmatised as vulgar by impecunious gentility a step or two higher up on the social ladder than our friends of the Landsberger Strasse. Cards of invitation from these loftier regions are, with growing frequency, inscribed: "Es wird nicht genöthigt," which oracular phrase means—"guests will please to help themselves;" or, in other words, "expect nothing be-

yond weak tea and a biscuit." Frau Wilhelmine naturally pours down withering contempt on all such mean and stingy innovations.

It would need a Rabelaisian pen to do justice to the fabulous consumption of beer, wine, *schnaps*, and liqueurs—to the half-seas-over states of hilarity or maudlin sentimentality that now and again ensue—to the *katzenjammer* of the next morning—to the smoking, *skat*-playing, and jollification of divers kinds in which the masculine portion of the community habitually indulge. Their code with regard to drinking is far from rigorous, and an occasional lapse is dealt with tenderly, both by domestic and by public opinion, although these well-seasoned topers seldom appear to be much the worse for their excesses.

The amenities of personal intercourse in the Buchholz *monde* have a flavour of their own, in which there is often as much of bitter as of sweet. Dignified, self-controlled Mrs Jones or Mrs Brown of Alexandra Villas, to whom gesticulation of the hands and inflection of the voice are unknown, and whose movements and talk are hardly louder or more animated than the rustle of the black satin gown in which she sits in state in her little drawing-room on a Sunday afternoon, would be amazed at the tone that prevails among Frau Wilhelmine's friends. These ladies usually address each other simply by their surnames, "Buchholzen," "Bergfeldten," "Heimreichen," and so forth. In speaking *of* one another, it is "Die Buchholz," "Die Bergfeldt," &c. The prefix of "Frau" is economised to the utmost. But their disregard of formality extends far beyond this elliptic manner of address. They fall out on the slightest grounds, and pelt each other with retorts quite other than courteous—with personalities of the most stinging kind, and with very sharp words pitched in a very high key. Their skins are pretty thick, and the wounds soon heal. They quarrel and make it up again before one has had time to recover from the shock of their angry encounters. Their bouts of temper and of rough and rasping language alternate in the oddest way with fits of sentimentality, in which they gush and rhapsodise in a fashion that would, in the eyes of "Mrs Jones," qualify them for a lunatic asylum. When these moods are upon them, they see everything in a shimmer of silvery moonlight, and one almost listens for the sound of a subdued orchestral accompaniment to their monologues, as in a melodrama. On the whole, it must be conceded that manners are not their strong point. But then, what can one reasonably expect of the Landsberger Strasse, when in the Pariser-Platz itself the great Reichskanzler, surrounded by all the magnificence of a palace, delights in Gargantuan feeds of sausage, washed down by quarts of beer, smokes in the Princess's saloons, and enriches the euphemisms of diplomacy with such a phrase as "to let a people stew in their own juice"?

We do not gather much from Frau Wilhelmine's confidences regarding the relations of mistress and servant, a subject that would have been of interest. Not one of the families brought on the scene appears to have more than a single maid, and in several probably no regular servant is kept at all. In all these households the mistress and her daughters do a great deal of the work themselves, but the servant does not seem to become incorporated with the family, as

so frequently happens among the *petite bourgeoisie* in France.

An institution of which less mention is made than might have been expected is the theatre. Perhaps it is too expensive in Berlin to be indulged in often. The garden-concert, the music-hall, the exhibition, the subscription ball, the regatta, are the public entertainments of which we principally hear. Then in the intimacy of private life there are frequent tea and supper parties, musical and dramatic performances, reading-society gatherings, picnics, boating-parties, and rides in the tram-car, of which latter resource Dr Wrenzchen and Emmi avail themselves largely during the days of their nascent courtship. There is certainly no lack of recreation for either men or women.

If now the respective merits and demerits of German middle-class life as depicted by Frau Wilhelmine, and of English middle-class life as known to us from observation, were to be weighed one against the other, how would the account stand? The English *bourgeois* would probably come out best with regard to the higher capacity for zeal and sustained effort in behalf of political and social progress. He would also win the prize for good manners and agreeable personal habits. On the other hand, the German would, I imagine, be pronounced superior in the power of assimilating ideas, of taking an intelligent pleasure in poetry, music, and other forms of art, and of making generally good his claim to a share in the intellectual heritage of the race. Thanks to his readier access to those sources of unfailing delight which afford the best relief from daily toil and cares, his life is brighter, gayer, richer in colour, more luminous than that of his English counterpart, who too often leads a grey and joyless existence. But the Englishman, on his side, can point to the satisfaction he gets out of his larger part in the conduct of public affairs, out of his stronger civic interests, and out of more conscious striving to realise many earnest aims and ends. It is not easy to say offhand which of the two has the best of it.

The book which has led us to stray into the unknown territory of the Landsberger Strasse is somewhat difficult to label or pigeon-hole. It is not a novel. A slender thread of story indeed runs through these semi-detached sketches, and upon it are loosely strung a series of highly diversified scenes and situations; but each chapter is a study almost complete in itself. Light and airy though they be on the surface, a great deal of fine, careful, painstaking workmanship has gone into Dr Stinde's volumes. In their homeliness, their truthfulness, their realism, and their elaborate detail, his pictures are of the Dutch school. He does not paint with the enchanting finish of Gerard Dow, or the aristocratic elegance of Mieris. His broad brush is rather that of Teniers or Ostade. Yet certain touches of tender grace and poetic sentiment show that he commands reserve forces which on this occasion he has refrained from employing. His skill and power are perhaps nowhere more apparent than in the delineation of "der kleine Krause," the son of a schoolmaster and most worthy man, who belongs to the intimates of the Buchholz household. This child has clearly brought into the world the germ of a criminal nature, which the weak indulgence of his parents helps to foster. Eduard's growing tendency to crime from

babyhood to boyhood is, without being ever distinctly formulated, made to be felt in a way that is masterly, and recalls a similar *tour de force* in 'Elsie Venner.'

In casting about to find in English literature something analogous to 'Die Familie Buchholz,' two books occur to one's mind wherewith it might claim a sort of distant kinship. The one is Mrs Gaskell's 'Cranford,' that *chef-d'œuvre* ever to be counted among the precious gems of the language; the other is 'Sylvestra,' by Mrs Ellis, a quaint and charming record of English university, cathedral, provincial, and metropolitan life in the last century. Self-evidently the German writer cannot have much in common with the two English authoresses in point either of matter or of *genre.* But all three have had recourse to nearly the same form of structure; all three have placed under the microscope specimens procured from the same social stratum, and have pierced to the very core of *bourgeois* feeling; all three, in varying measure, are richly endowed with humour and pathos, although in each case the golden gifts have been coined in a mint of their own.

London is a deeper quarry to dig from than Berlin, and has an inexhaustible wealth of subjects for a literary artist. Its "Buchholzens," translated into "Joneses" and "Browns," as yet await their Stinde. When the possibilities they offer shall have evoked the right chronicler, he will — while determinedly eschewing servile imitation — make a contribution of high value to the natural history of English life, if he work, in the main, along the same lines and with the same purpose as his German prototype. Our own "middle-middle" class has undergone great modifications and changes, and the fiction of the present day has taken little account of it. A competent artist, who should set about tilling a field of itself so fertile, and nevertheless so scantily cultivated, would be sure to reap from it an abundant harvest.

THE CRACK OF DOOM.—PART IX.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

When Mrs Brockley and her daughter drove up to King's Cross Station on Tuesday morning, comparatively reassured about Tom, the pseudo-Count, by a letter from Stephen Millerby saying that he had really left London, and little knowing how he was then engaged at Slagsalve, Mrs Brockley was quite happy, and looked forward with enjoyment to their visit to Norport.

"How I wish I had your good spirits, mother!" said Mrs Rorke to her.

"Indeed, Ciss," said her mother, "my spirits are not always so good, and I have had plenty to try them in the course of my life."

Nobody likes to be complimented on such a brutish quality as good spirits — a mere virtue of the animal constitution.

"If you mean that I never give in to trouble," Mrs Brockley continued, "you are right. If I had been in the habit of giving in to trouble, I should not have been alive to-day. Spirits are what people make them. I never saw any good in moping, not when things are at the worst. Don't envy me, Ciss, but go and do likewise. Will you look after the luggage, or shall I? Here's a host of porters waiting for us like sharks."

Without waiting for an answer, Mrs Brockley thrust her head out of the window of the cab to engage a trustworthy-looking man, and in so doing caught sight of Fanny Douglas in the entrance, standing by her luggage as if waiting for somebody. She drew back at once.

"I declare, Ciss," she said, "as I am a living woman, here is the doughty Douglas on the move, 'to take a prey,' I have no doubt. Where can she be going? Not to Norport, surely. Let us wait till she goes away. She didn't see me."

There was a smouldering feud between these two ladies, which generally blazed out when they met. Miss Douglas could not keep from poking fun at Mrs Brockley, and Mrs Brockley was not slow, if rather wild, in retaliation. The elder lady was conscious of having the worst of it with her cool and ready foe, and her antipathy was mingled with a fear which she would not admit to herself. In the excitement of the moment she spoke very loud.

"Hush! mother," said Mrs Rorke; "she will hear you. We can't block the way here. We needn't travel with her unless we like. Let us get out."

"All right; you must tackle her, my dear. Her blood be on her own head if she meddles with me."

They stepped out; and Mrs Brockley spent as much time as she could in paying the cabman and superintending the transfer of the baggage. Meantime Fanny saw and recognised them, and came forward with a smiling face to shake hands with Mrs Rorke. It was not for her to be in a quarrelsome mood; she was disposed to be as agreeable as possible to all Hugh's friends.

"We are to be travelling companions, I believe," she said in her sweetest manner.

"How very pleasant!" said Mrs Rorke.

Mrs Brockley turned round from completing her arrangements, and was most effusively polite. "I am so very glad to hear it. And where is dear Mrs Smith?"

"She is not with me. She has taken the opportunity to go and see some of her relations. Mr Millerby is taking care of me."

A sharp answer was on Mrs Brockley's tongue, but fortunately Hugh appeared in the nick of time. He had been forward using bribery and corruption, with a view to getting a compartment for his party all to themselves.

"It is so good of you all to be punctual," he said. "I have got a carriage, and now we shall be able to take our seats quietly, and perhaps keep it to ourselves."

"Where to, ma'am?" broke in a porter, addressing Mrs Brockley.

"Wait a moment," said Hugh. "There are two routes. I have not taken the tickets till I should give you a choice."

"I vote for the shortest," said Mrs Brockley; but in turning to count her packages once more, and make sure they were all right, she suddenly discovered that one was missing. "The luncheon-basket!" she cried; "the basket with the luncheon! Cecilia, where is the luncheon-basket? Oh dear, it can't have been left in the cab. You needn't look for it there, dear; it is not there. And I had everything so nice, too!"

"It's of no consequence," said Hugh hurriedly, full of the responsibility of command, and anxious to have the question of the route settled. "We have plenty of time to lunch at York."

"I saw it on the dining-room table before we left," said Mrs Rorke.

"It is there still," cried Mrs Brockley, throwing up her arms with a gesture of dismay. "Dear, dear, how could you be so stupid, Cecilia, when you saw it there?"

"Take care, Mrs Brockley," said Fanny, gently pulling her out of the way of a humble traveller who was pushing in very heavily laden. He had a travelling-basket in one hand, and in the other a bundle tied in a red pocket-handkerchief with white spots. Under the arm that bore the bundle was a square paper parcel, which he seemed to have some difficulty in keeping in position. His face was very red and very hot, and he lugged along the basket as if he were all but dead beat. Behind him came a much sprucer figure, less heavily encumbered, a shabby black bag in one hand, a big paper parcel in the other. Hugh looked at them as Mrs Brockley made way, and recognised Orchestra Joe and Bellowin' Bill. Joe was bearing the burden and heat of the day. Behind them came Captain Laura Dale, erect and composed.

Hugh nodded to his friend Bill, a courtesy which Bill repaid by bowing as low as his encumbrances permitted, trying to indicate, by expressive movements of head and eyes, that he could not take off his hat. Hugh showed that he understood by raising his quickly; then turning to Mrs Brockley he said: "Well, how about the route? I thought you might like to travel over the first bit of railway made in England, and we can do that if we go one of the ways. They are just the same for length."

All agreed that they would like to have this unique travelling experience, and Hugh gave the necessary directions for the labelling of the luggage. Before he went for the tickets, he whispered to Fanny, "That is Captain Dale," indicating where the preacher stood at the

ticket office with her lieutenants in close attendance. Mr Popkins had handed over the baggage to a porter, and Joe stood mopping his head with an air of great relief.

Mrs Brockley caught the title, and looked also in the direction indicated. "I don't see any man that looks like an officer," she said, in the tone of one who had the honour of the profession at heart.

"It is a woman," said Miss Douglas, carefully scrutinising the preacher.

"You don't mean to say that women have taken to the army too?" cried Mrs Brockley, with great emphasis on the adverb. "I know we are moving fast, but I didn't think we had got quite as far as that yet. Where is the Amazon?"

The emphasis was, as it was meant to be, offensive to Miss Douglas; but she gave a soft answer, explaining that the woman was only a captain in the Salvation Army.

"Quite bad enough. I'm sure I don't know what women are coming to. They would have ducked her in my time. How stupid about the luncheon, Cecilia! I do so like picnicking. It quite spoils the journey. It can't have been left outside."

And taking Mrs Rorke with her as if to look, she whispered, "What does this mean? They can't be engaged."

"It looks like it," said Mrs Rorke.

"I am afraid she must have caught the poor boy. I will save him if it is not too late."

"How, mother? By catching him for yourself?"

"Cecilia! I will break it off—see if I don't."

"Don't try anything so foolish. Leave them alone. What business is it of ours?"

"You leave it to me."

Miss Douglas saw the manœuvre, and divined that she was the subject of the conversation. But she only smiled. She was determined not to take offence. She could afford to be generous.

Hugh soon returned, and they were conducted safely through the perils of the platform to their carriage. It was some time before Mrs Brockley was reconciled to the loss of her luncheon-basket. She continued to bewail it, and to enumerate the contents, and to worry with conjectures as to how it could possibly have been left behind. In vain Mrs Rorke took all the blame on herself. It was a good half-hour before her mother's travelling companions heard the last of it. It kept cropping up long after everybody supposed it had gone to rest. Her last idea was that somebody had cleverly stolen it in the station or off the cab, and she racked her memory for recollections of suspicious-looking characters.

They laughed at her at first, but by-and-by it became so serious that a determined and united effort was made by the whole party to restore her to good humour. In this benevolent enterprise Fanny took the lead, and the old lady was so cleverly disarmed by her adroit reception of all offensive thrusts, and so won over by her artful flattery, that long before they reached York, she was in the best of tempers, and had quite changed her opinion of Fanny. A substantial luncheon completed the cure so effectually, that when Hugh pretended to see a man on the platform with the missing basket under his arm, Mrs Brockley laughed quite heartily at the simple jest.

The old lady had not been happier for years, and her flow of talk was unceasing. At the North

Road station at Darlington they had a few minutes to wait, and Hugh took them to the door to see one of the sights of the North of England, the famous No. 1 engine of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, "Locomotion," the parent of all the hundreds of thousands that run and pull on rails of iron.

"I expected to see something much more cumbrous and unwieldy," said Mrs Brockley, after staring for a little at the venerable object, now released from active duty and mounted on a pedestal for men to gaze upon and wonder at.

"It is lighter and more picturesque-looking than the modern things," chimed in Miss Douglas.

"Beauty has been sacrified to utility," said Mrs Brockley, oracularly. "It would not be much good for our express trains, I daresay. But to think that trains were run for the first time in 1825! What a marvellous development! and what a subject for reflection! They ought to bring the Association to see it."

"It has been for show in America," said Hugh.

"Do they ever take it out for a run, poor old thing?" said Mrs Brockley. "It must feel very lonely rusting up there, and not a little jealous, I should think, to hear all its successors puffing and snorting through the station. Poor old weather-beaten thing!"

"What is the bell on it for?" asked Miss Douglas.

Mrs Brockley triumphed in a happy conjecture. "It must be instead of a steam-whistle, of course. It was made before steam-whistles were invented."

"Pity they ever were invented."

"Yes, that was not an improvement. They should have stuck to the bell."

"We should have had a good many more collisions, I am afraid," said Hugh. "The bell could not make itself heard very far."

"We can't complain of the whistle in that respect," Mrs Brockley said. "I think I would rather have had a few more collisions, provided always I was not to be in them myself."

The sycophants all laughed at this reservation, and Mrs Brockley re-entered the station, feeling as proud as a royal personage on a visit of complimentary inspection. "Is any part of the original station remaining?" she asked of the ticket-collector at the gate. Royalty itself could not have asked the question with a more courteous condescension.

"Well, not exactly, mum," was the answer. "But do you see that cabin down there?"

"By the signals? Yes."

"The old station stood there, so we call this the mother of all the railway stations in the world."

"But the mother station itself has been pulled down. Thank you. What vandalism!" Mrs Brockley observed to her friends, when they had taken their seats preparatory to their journey over the first piece of locomotive railway laid down in the world. "That's how mothers are always treated. They always have to make way for their children."

"But consider how their memory is venerated, Mrs Brockley."

"Thank you. I don't care to have my memory venerated. I mean to command respect myself as long as I can."

"There is considerable local difference of opinion as to where the first station stood," said Hugh; "quite a competition for the site. There are two stations at Darlington, you know—this one of North Road, and the other where we get

off the main line, called Bank Top. The other day I asked a porter at the Bank Top station about the mother of all the railway stations, and he pointed in just the same way to a cabin, and said: 'Do you see that cabin down there? That's where the old station stood.'"

"It's like the dispute over the site of Troy," said the learned lady. "But it might have been the same cabin."

"Oh no. There's a good mile at least between the stations."

"Well, all cabins look just alike to me, and I shall take this one for the true site, as I have seen it. But I say, Cecilia, don't you think we ought to leave these love-sick young things to travel over the original railway together? On such an interesting historical spot, so calculated to awaken tender feelings, don't you know, they ought to be alone. It is not fair to inflict our company on them."

"Wait till you are done with the historical spot," said Hugh. "It may make you feel more tender than you expect."

The meaning of this dark saying became apparent to Mrs Brockley before they had gone over much of the original line. There are, or seem to be, many windings and turnings in the railway between Darlington and Stockton, whether owing to the natural difficulties of the ground, or the caution or the inexperience of the engineers in this their first attempt at railroad-making. Anyhow, it is a very rough bit of travelling. Our little party of passengers were bumped about a good deal, and had their breath more than once taken away by unexpected changes of motion. The train bounced and bounded along as if driven by the very spirit of Northumbrian humour —strong, rough, and frolicsome. Sometimes it ran swiftly on one wheel, as if trying how high it could tilt itself without falling over; then with playful rudeness it would swing over to the other wheel, and try how high it could rise upon that; then in a perfect frenzy of boisterous fun it would swing rapidly from the one wheel to the other, making the passengers oscillate like empty soda-water bottles in a chopping sea. Even Mrs Brockley's volubility was checked by her efforts to keep herself straight.

"There is something wrong with this train, surely," she gasped and screamed, as she was pitched violently against Miss Douglas. "The engine must have taken too much milk at the mother station."

"Perhaps," suggested Fanny, "they keep the line rough, on purpose to remind passengers that they are travelling over the oldest bit of railway in the world."

"I don't know about that," rejoined Mrs Brockley, "but I can see a diabolical purpose in that young man's bringing us by this route. It is an act of treachery I will never forgive, and my poor old bones are not likely to forget it for some time. I suppose a surgeon always travels by the trains on this line. Oh!" she sighed, as she bumped against Fanny again. "You are so hard, my dear. I think I must sit next to Cecilia."

They had a refreshing interval of rest at Eaglescliffe Junction. "This is where we should have had to come on if we had come by the other route," said Hugh, who apologised for the original railway as well as he could. "We should have had to change and join this train. There is only one way for the rest of the journey. The train by the other route is apparently late."

They had waited so long at

Eaglescliffe that he leant out of the carriage-window to inquire how much longer they had to wait. At that moment the belated passengers were hurrying along the platform, and among them he recognised the three Salvationists—somewhat to his surprise, for it had not occurred to him that they were going so far from London. Bill and Joe were walking side by side with an air of great importance, Captain Dale, with a more impassive demeanour, behind them. The lady's basket had been consigned to the van; but Joe still carried his handkerchief-bundle and Bill his black bag, and each had a large paper parcel in his other hand. Hugh hailed Mr Popkins as he passed, and asked him if he was going to the British Association meeting.

"That's it, sir," said Bill, cheerfully. "Leastwise to Norport at the same time. Carry the war into the enemy's country. That's the way to do business. Me and Joe 'ere 'as got a few rounds o' hammunition with us," he continued hurriedly, indicating the paper parcels, "but there's waggon-loads more a-comin'. And the Cap'n, sir, she's a wonderful 'eart-searcher. We'll pull it down, sir, no fear. Good day, sir."

"What's the ammunition like?" called out Hugh, detaining him for a moment.

"'War-cries,' sir. Keep your powder dry." And he went off, Joe bustling along by his side.

"Who's your friend?" asked Mrs Brockley.

Hugh explained.

"Well," was her comment, "at least they had the good sense not to go by the original railway."

"There's still a bit of it to come."

"Oh!" she groaned, "pity the poor Salvationists! Couldn't we get out and walk? You dreadful man! you couldn't have treated me worse if I had been your mother-in-law."

They very soon reached the iron-smelting country. Mrs Brockley professed to be so much exhausted by the ordinary railway that she must remain silent for the rest of the journey. "How glad you must all be to hear it," she said. "It is too bad of me to have monopolised the conversation. But it is your turn now, Fanny, my dear. I may call you Fanny, mayn't I? You must be dying to hear all about this country from Hugh. You have an interest in it now, you know, dearie."

"We ought to have come at night to see Norport in all its glory," said Hugh. "I am afraid it is rather hideous by day."

"The white jets of steam against the dark background of smoke are very picturesque," Fanny said.

"That's right, my dear," broke in Mrs Brockley, in spite of her promise of silence. "Always look at the bright side of things. These white jets are really very pretty. And those gigantic kettles and caldrons and pipes, and the groups of chimneys, like Druidical circles, are picturesque enough too. But the smoke! I would rather look at that from a distance, I think. I don't think I should care to live in it. But of course Hugh would live in London."

"Hardhill is not in the smoke, though," said Hugh. "It is a few miles to the south, on a rising ground, quite out of the smoke. Norport is rather a fine sight from there at night, when the furnaces are in full blast."

"Of course. How stupid of me! You manufacturers know better than to live in your own smoke. You leave that to the work-people. Well, it's hardly fair. If you live by smoke, you should live in it, eh, Mr Millerby?"

"There seems a certain natural justice in what you say," assented Hugh.

"Perhaps," said Mrs Rorke, who had said very little during the journey, "if the factory-owners were compelled to live in the smoke, they would find some means of consuming it and abating the nuisance."

"A good way of stimulating invention," Hugh again assented.

"But why can't the workmen, who do live in it, invent some method of consuming the smoke?" Miss Douglas asked. "Why are they not stimulated? Surely they feel the smoke as much as the masters."

Hugh tried to explain this little puzzle. "In the first place," he said, "it is not every workman that is an inventor. A man does his day's work according to the custom of his trade, and puts up as best he can with all its customary inconveniences. He does not like them, but it does not occur to him that they can be removed. He takes them as necessary evils."

"A very good first place," said Mrs Brockley, encouragingly; "only I should put it in this way, that workmen, as a rule, haven't brains enough for invention."

"The same might be said for the masters," said Hugh. "The inventive brain is rare in any class."

"That's a Radical notion," said the lady. "But what is your second place?"

"My second place is a very commonplace, that supposing a workman, stimulated by his residence in a smoky town, did invent some means of consuming the nuisance, the owners of furnaces and factories would not apply it unless they could do so profitably. They would let the invention lie; they would look it boldly in the face and pass on, unless you could show them how to turn it to their advantage."

"True!" they all cried.

"Now, if, as Mrs Rorke proposes, capitalists were compelled to live in smoky towns, they would have a direct interest in encouraging invention for the consumption of smoke."

Mrs Rorke and Miss Douglas regarded the point as proved. Not so Mrs Brockley. It was one of the peculiarities of this lady's mind that she would contradict herself if other people took up and improved upon her ideas. So that, although she had virtually started this brilliant happy thought for the abolition of the smoke nuisance in manufacturing towns, she was inclined to turn against it now that it was fully developed.

"You children are so easily caught by Utopian fancies," she said, from the lofty point of view of a woman of experience. "As if all the smoke from furnaces could be consumed. Faugh! And why, pray, should men with brains be condemned to live in smoke? It would spoil their brains. They could not invent and organise. And what would become of the toiling millions then? There would be no trade, no manufacturers, no wealth. They must either starve or never come into existence. At any rate, Mr Millerby, I'm glad my old friend, your mother, doesn't live in the smoke. It's much better to look at it from a distance. I should think the British Association will find it rather trying. But is this the station at last? Dear me! Cecilia, we must get our things together."

It was the station. There was a branch line out towards Hardhill; but to save their guests the trouble of changing, the Millerbys had sent a carriage to take them direct from Norport.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Little was said, but much was thought, in the carriage as they drove behind a good pair of horses out of Norport into the open country, and on through a well-wooded plain towards the heights of Hardhill. The sloping rays of the afternoon sun gave a yellow tinge to the pasture-lands in which sheep and cattle were lying or lazily browsing, and to the corn-fields which had already begun to take on the hues of harvest. There was no trace of the roaring smoky new town here: all was as peaceful and truly rural as before it came into existence.

None of the party, not even Mrs Brockley, was disposed to talk, but it was not merely the silence of exhaustion. Each of the three ladies had her own train of thought as they drew near their destination, to keep the mind busy and the tongue at rest.

Mrs Rorke's thoughts wandered to her brother, with an uneasy presentiment of impending shame. Had Stephen Millerby anything more to tell her about him? He had left London—Stephen had ascertained this much; but where had he gone? There was something disquieting in the cautious words of Stephen's letter, in his merely saying that her brother had left London, and not saying whether he had gone abroad again. Did he know more? Was he keeping anything back? What if the rash boy should appear at the Association meeting? What would she do? Would Stephen help her? Then she thought with some bitterness of another person whose duty it was to help her, and how different her life might have been if she had made a different choice in those Cambridge days, when Stephen used to row her and her brother on the river. One of those boating afternoons came back to her now as she looked around, and, one by one, many incidents in her troubled life passed through her memory as she contrasted them with what life might have been in this peaceful country. Was a peaceful life possible still? No, it could not be. She thought once more of Stephen's offer, and how with all kindness she must give him firmly to understand that the thing he proposed was wildly impossible. Looking at her calm face opposite him, turned in the direction of the declining sun, the brother of the man about whom she was thinking not unkindly, concluded that she was absorbed in the quiet beauty of the scene, and forbore to disturb her meditations. Had she possessed the telepathic gifts which the Count had that morning disclaimed to Mr Quickset, and seen who arrived at Charing Cross as they arrived at Norport, these meditations would have been much more uneasy. But her presentiment of evil was perhaps due to the appearance of this new factor on the scene.

Her mother also was engaged, with a seriousness unusual to her, in comparing past and present; but the future, with its urgent demand for a predetermined line of behaviour, occupied a larger place in her active mind. How would Mrs Millerby that was, Gertrude Dickson that had been, receive her? They had been Julia and Gertie when last they parted, two girls together in a Yorkshire parsonage. Gertie's father had been very kind to Julia—had taken her up when her father and her mother died, and treated

her as if she had been his own daughter. She had repaid this kindness by supplanting her cousin Gertie in the affections of the Squire's son, and making a runaway marriage with him. A runaway marriage it had to be, for the breaking off of his engagement with Gertie might have brought to light certain little arts by which she had poisoned his mind against her friend. Gertie and she had not met since. Mrs Brockley had intended to recognise her long-lost friend in Mrs Millerby with surprise, coming to her house simply as the mother of a celebrated stranger. All the dramatic details of the recognition had been skilfully planned. She would say something to wake the curiosity of her hostess; it would come out that she knew Alderbeck—that her first husband came from there — that she was Julia Dickson; but Julia repentant, cured of her girlish folly, taught by age how badly she had behaved, longing for forgiveness and the renewal of early friendship. Forgiveness could not be difficult, seeing that no harm had been done. But Stephen's accidental disclosure, and his mother's subsequent guess, had spoiled the little comedy. Mrs Millerby, acting on the hint that Mrs Brockley was an old friend, had written a long and friendly letter, wondering whether she could be Julia Dickson, and showing the utmost willingness to let by-gones be by-gones. They were to meet now as Gertie and Julia reconciled, and Mrs Brockley had to prearrange her attitude for this situation. How much of her past life would she reveal? How much conceal? What colour give to the whole? How represent her present position in society? How give her old provincial friend to understand that she moved in the very highest circles in the metropolis? Not as the neglected mother of a celebrity would Julia of the town pose to Gertrude of the country; but as a lady who had seen much of the world, and was a welcome guest, on her own merits, in the haunts of intellect and fashion. But she must collect herself for a supreme effort, and therefore the brilliant conversationalist was silent, meditating a few telling impromptus, during the journey from Norport to Hardhill, assigning fatigue as the cause for her silence. The soothing motion of the carriage, after the jolting of the railway, was an excuse for leaning back, shutting her eyes, and seeming to doze.

And Miss Douglas? She also had her reasons for answering Hugh's remarks briefly, as if too tired and too much occupied with the passing scenery to be disposed to talk. Not without a purpose had she borne with Mrs Brockley so meekly, and ingratiated herself with such persistent art. There was more of the same work before her, if she was to secure the man who had fallen into her hands when she least expected him and after she had given him up as irretrievably gone. The reader may remember a certain anonymous letter which reached Mrs Millerby touching the character of her invited guests. Her folly in having penned the document was now an angry sore in Fanny's memory. She was madly incensed against Hugh when she wrote it. It was just after Grace had refused him, and he had virtually refused her, and she had caught with bitter spite at the first means of annoying him that presented itself. How could she so have lost her temper and forgotten her self-respect? She suffered for it now. What had become of the hateful

thing? Had Mrs Millerby kept it? She evidently had not acted upon it. The hand no doubt was disguised; but the writer was so beside herself at the moment with vindictive rage, that she had not taken much pains to make the disguise perfect. Her acceptance of Mrs Millerby's invitation was carefully written; there was not much fear of suspicion arising from a comparison with it. But Hugh was tolerably familiar with her hand. Would she show the anonymous slander to him? If he had known of it already, he was certain to have mentioned it. Mrs Millerby perhaps did not wish to annoy him, and would say nothing about it. They could hardly tax her with it directly. If they did, of course she would deny; but they could hardly do that merely on the ground of similarity of handwriting. At any rate she must do her utmost to avert all suspicion by appearing excessively friendly with the strangers. If she were on very cordial terms with Mrs Brockley — and she thanked her stars that she had so far succeeded in putting herself into the harridan's good books—it would never occur to Mrs Millerby that she could possibly be the anonymous libeller. What she most feared was Hugh's clever inquisitiveness. He had detected her other performance in the same line. His suspicion would probably turn on her at once as a person against whom a previous conviction was on record, if he heard anything of it. Fanny grew hot with shame and mortification as she thought of this, and she looked at the man sitting by her side, and felt that she could hate him. Was he worth all this trouble? If the engagement was broken off after all, she could console herself with this as she had consoled herself before in similar disappointments. After all, she was independent of men. But to be caught in such a trick. It was a humiliation she must strain every nerve to avoid.

Meantime the poor man little dreamt what was passing in his fair companion's mind. If she had known what was passing in his, it would not have improved her temper. For he had just caught himself wishing that it were Grace Quickset that he was bringing home with him, and he had suppressed the wish with an effort and a sigh that was almost audible. But, fortunately, we cannot read one another's hearts, and the Millerby carriage bowled its four inmates along to all outward seeming like any other pleased party of visitors to a country house. There was nothing to show their inward discomfort as they swept past the neat porter's lodge, and up to the portico, into which Mrs Millerby ran to welcome them at the first sound of the carriage-wheels.

Mrs Millerby gave her visitors a most cordial reception. The unaffected warmth of her greeting in fact quite upset Mrs Brockley's programme of theatrical speeches. It takes two actresses to make a good scene.

"And it is really you, Julia," she said, holding her at arm's-length. "I think I should have known you if we had met in the street."

"I should have known you at once anywhere," Mrs Brockley answered. Then in a stage whisper she added, "And you have really forgiven your poor Julia?"

"Of course I have. That was years and years ago. Run away in and have some tea. You must be tired to death. And is this the famous 'Jane Marjoram'?" she asked in a voice of

kindly respect, turning to Miss Douglas.

Hugh hastened forward to correct the mistake. "Well, I am very glad to see you both," said the simple lady. "As you are both very distinguished and very handsome, neither of you can complain. But I should not have been so precipitate, should I?"

Miss Douglas, perhaps, was not as pleased as she might have been at this compliment to the intellectuality of her appearance; but Mrs Millerby made amends with such tact, and seemed so willing to approve of her son's choice, that she could not take offence. Only one disagreeable thing was said at tea, and that was by Mrs Brockley.

"To think, Julia," Mrs Millerby said, "that we should not have met since we were girls, and that now I should be welcoming my son's wife. It makes us feel old, does it not?"

"Yes," said Mrs Brockley, and could not resist the temptation to add in the same tone of tender regret—"and she is older than we were then too."

"She has much more sense, I am certain, at any rate," Mrs Millerby said promptly.

Fanny was irritated, and had it on the tip of her tongue to retort on Mrs Brockley that sense does not always come with old age, but she refrained, and laughed pleasantly, and only said, "We can't all look as much under our age as Mrs Brockley, who is always taken for her daughter's sister," an audacious compliment which gave a much more agreeable turn to the conversation.

They were quite a merry party at dinner. If Stephen had any bad news to communicate to Mrs Rorke, he reserved it, and she was as cheerful as the others, and quite won the heart of Mrs Millerby, who was rejoiced to have both her sons with her in such pleasant company. Mrs Brockley quite dazzled Mr Millerby with her descriptions of the scenery and architecture of the Ganges, to which she rapidly passed from a humorous narrative of her sufferings on the original railway. He did not turn his back on her as Mr Raspian had done. He listened with much appearance of interest and many interjections of admiration at the pictures that poured from her eloquent tongue. And when the scenery was exhausted, he drew her out about missionary enterprise, which was perhaps nearer his heart. Mrs Brockley had not much love for missionaries, but she judged it prudent to dissemble, and delighted this munificent subscriber to missions with glowing accounts of the progress they were making in parts of India where she had or professed to have been. There was indeed one stage at which she threw a slight gloom over the table. Mr Millerby spoke seriously of the comet, and Mrs Brockley pulled so long a face and agreed with such lugubrious emphasis that it was well to be prepared, that an awkward pause occurred in the conversation. But Stephen intervened, and laughed so confidently at the idea of danger that the prudent lady considered it safe to recover her spirits, more particularly as she observed a humorous twinkle in old Mr Millerby's eye. Hugh also remarked the twinkle, and recalled it afterwards when circumstances enabled him to conjecture what it signified.

After dinner, Stephen proposed that they should walk up to the observatory, and have a look at the comet through a telescope. Mrs Millerby protested that the ladies must be too tired; but

Mrs Brockley declared that a walk on such a sweet moonlight night would be most refreshing, and was so girlishly eager to go, that the younger generation could not confess to fatigue. "I will go with you," Mrs Millerby said. "I often climb up with Stephen after dinner, when the evening is fine; but it is very steep, and I have to take a good many rests by the way." Mr Millerby retired quietly to his study.

The observatory stood on the hill behind the house, a large square tower, something like a Border peel, a conspicuous object in the landscape. A winding path, with here and there a flight of steps, led up to it. Fanny offered to race Hugh to the top, and these two started in front with the keys. The others climbed up in a more leisurely way, with many a halt to look back across the plain, bathed in moonlight, to where the furnaces of Norport blazed and leapt through the smoke. They could see the whole area of the smoke, with its great rolling banks, from the height on which they stood; to the left of it, softly gleaming reaches of the river—to the right, the broader sheet of the waters of the estuary. High above all streamed the comet, somewhat paled by the light of the moon, but still distinctly visible. Mrs Brockley, all breathless as she was with the steep ascent, gasped out a whole dictionary of adjectives in admiration of the scene.

"It is very fine," said Mrs Millerby; "but we are not quite so nimble as we were, Julia. We should have thought more of a race to the top once upon a time."

And the two old women fell to reminiscences of scrambles and tomboyades when they were girls together at Alderbeck. These recollections made them feel quite young again, and they became so absorbed in them, as they sat on one of the steps, that Mrs Rorke had an opportunity of speaking to Stephen about her brother.

"I hope he has gone back to Vienna," she said. "Did you find out at the hotel where he had gone?"

"No. He only told them to send any letters that came to him to the Pantheon Club."

The fact was that Stephen had got news of the so-called Count's whereabouts that morning, but he hesitated to tell his sister. He had, as the principal secretary, received a letter from Quickset that morning about the lecture. It was incidentally mentioned that Count Ramassy had kindly undertaken to assist him with his illustrations, and Quickset asked a platform ticket for him. Stephen thus knew that the Count was at Slagsalve, and had not gone back to Vienna; but why, he asked himself, should Mrs Rorke be worried about her brother's movements? He would take the scapegrace in hand himself. At first he thought of running down to Slagsalve to see him, and had actually taken a ticket for that purpose when a better idea occurred to him. He wrote to Quickset, enclosing the desired platform ticket, and said that if Count Ramassy would come up to Norport, he would show him the platform and the hall, and arrange with him as to the best position for the screen on which the illustrations would be thrown. Stephen calculated that in this way he would get a private interview with the Count without exciting any suspicion. He suggested three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon as a convenient time for him, and hinted at the amount of business

falling upon him as secretary as an excuse for fixing an hour. His intention was to insist that the Count should have urgent business at home and take his departure at once. If there was any difficulty about getting a substitute for him as assistant to Quickset, Stephen would volunteer himself.

This plan seemed so promising that Stephen thought he could manage to dispose of the troublesome Count without giving Mrs Rorke any farther anxiety on the subject. He therefore prevaricated when she expressed some fear whether he had not imposed on his mother, who was too easily imposed on.

"It is a very rash and foolish freak," Stephen said. "I don't know what can have possessed the boy, for he is little more than a boy. But if he should turn up again in this character, just leave him to me. I think I can make him listen to reason." Mrs Rorke was reassured and grateful.

That evening, before they went to bed, the two old friends, Julia and Gertrude, had a long talk together in Mrs Brockley's bedroom.

"This is quite like old times, Julia," Mrs Millerby said, when she went in.

"Yes, dearie; the old, old times. It makes me sad sometimes to think what a wicked girl I was then."

"Oh no, Julia; you were not worse than other girls. Girls are very thoughtless. I am sometimes glad I have no girls, and yet I can't help wishing that I had had just one."

"You are very fortunate in your sons, Gertie," Mrs Brockley said, with a sigh.

"You have a son too, Stephen tells me. I wish I had thought of asking you to bring him. I am sure I should have been so glad to see him. Stephen says he was such a nice boy when he was at Cambridge."

"Thank you, dearie. You were always so kind. But he is abroad. He was very clever, quite the pride of the school, best in every class. And it gave him no trouble. His master used to say that he seemed to drink in knowledge by the pores of his skin. But he is rather wild, I am afraid. I wish he were like yours, dearie."

"Why did you never write to me, Julia?" asked Mrs Millerby, musing.

"Well, to tell the truth, dearie, I didn't know that you would care to hear from me."

"Wasn't it strange that Stephen should meet you at Cambridge, and fall in love with Cecilia? He has told me all about it, now. Poor fellow! He must have been very fond of her. Do you know that it was very stupid of me to mistake Miss Douglas for her? If I had looked for a moment and remembered, I might very easily have known. But one is so fluttered and stupid when one has to receive so many strangers at once."

"Yes; she is like her father. You might have recognised her by him. Much more like him than me."

"It's not that I was thinking of. But Stephen has a photograph of a face like a saint's in his bedroom. I had always thought it was an ideal; but when I saw Cecilia with her bonnet off, I recognised the features at once."

"How strange!" cried Mrs Brockley. "I remember that photograph being taken at Cambridge. I remember the photographer begged her to let him pose her as a saint, and she refused, but I persuaded her to let him do it."

"She is very nice, so unassuming. You would never think to see her sitting so quietly that she was so famous. She would have made Stephen very happy, and me too. I wish she had been my daughter-in-law, Julia."

"You like her better than Fanny Douglas?"

"This is between ourselves, you know, Julia, and it must not go further; but, between ourselves, I do like her a good deal better than Hugh's choice. Not but what she is very nice in her way too, and I daresay quite the sort of wife for Hugh—very clever and sharp and witty, and able to talk about everything—only——"

"Yes, my dear, I think I know what you mean. She is much louder and more forward than Cecilia. You would think she was a much more famous woman than Ciss from the share she takes in the conversation."

"I don't know how it is, but she strikes me somehow as not being quite sincere. She has such a satirical way when she speaks of other people. I don't feel at ease with her somehow, as I did at once with your daughter. Jane Marjoram! What a pretty name! I am really quite in love with Jane Marjoram."

"It was my suggestion," said Mrs Brockley. "I often make suggestions to Cecilia; and she always takes them, though she sometimes gives them a turn of her own. She is not in the least conceited."

"No, I am sure she is not. I thought I recognised my father in 'The Yorkshire Vicar.'"

"Quite right; it was intended for him."

"Was it, indeed? How very curious! Of course it was you who told her about him. It was a dear portrait of the old man, true to the life. How nice now!"

"Cecilia finds me very useful to her in her novels. I sometimes say to her that she should put me on the title-page as joint author; only, of course, it is an assumed name, and nobody knows. I have seen so much of the world, you know, dearie."

"She is not very happily married, I am sorry to hear," said Mrs Millerby, after a pause, during which she thought of the anonymous letter she had received about her old friend's knowledge of the world, and what Stephen said about it. "I am sorry to think that she should not be happily married."

"No, my dear," said Mrs Brockley, with a certain hardness in her tones, and an artificial sigh. "It was rather an unfortunate marriage for poor Cecilia. He has not been a good husband to her, and I am sure she deserved a good husband. A very accomplished man too, very highly connected, and very fond of conversation with intellectual women—but that was before the marriage."

"He lives abroad now, does he not?" Mrs Millerby had a natural curiosity for further particulars, and tried gently and timidly to draw her old friend out.

"Yes; he has not been home for some years. They did not get on well together. I don't know how it was, dearie," she said, assuming a more confidential tone. "It must have been a love-match, you know, for Cecilia had no money." (Mrs Brockley did not think it necessary to mention that she lived in good style in the early years of her widowhood while her money lasted, and that a suitor might possibly have been mistaken as to the extent of her means.) "He must have been in love with her-

self. But somehow he seemed to tire of her very soon after the marriage. He was a man of the world, and a very selfish man. Ah, you don't know what they are, dearie. They are very selfish, and want a great deal of their own way. I think I could have managed him; but then she wouldn't take my advice, but was angry and discontented when he began to neglect her and go after other society—women's society, and not always of the best. He was very rude to me too, when I tried to make peace between them, and behaved like a brute, my dear—like a perfect brute. I can't tell you how rude he was."

"So they are separated," said Mrs Millerby, sympathetically.

"Well, it's not a legal separation, you know, it's a sort of mutual consent. Cecilia has a temper of her own, and can say very cutting things when she is angry, though you would not think it to look at her, and one day he went so far as to say that he had been a fool to tie himself down, and that he had been taken in by a—but I needn't tell you what he said. They had a dreadful quarrel, my dear—I shall never forget it to my dying day—and very angry words were said. She was very contemptuous to him, and I said to her that I did not think any man could be expected to stand it; but I got no thanks for my interference, I can tell you."

Mrs Millerby shook her head over this sad history.

"She said she had endured more from him than any woman ought to endure. He was free to go when he pleased, if he complained of being tied down, and she asked him how much money he expected his wife to bring him, and offered to make him an annual allowance, and let him be as free as he was before. It was done in the most contemptuous way, my dear, and I wonder he didn't sink into the earth with shame. But he only laughed, and said she was not to get rid him on such terms, and he stayed on and behaved most disagreeably to both of us for some time. We lived on the Continent mostly, at different places where he could gamble; but once when we were in London he got into some trouble, which made living there very uncomfortable for him. She positively refused to accompany him abroad, but she again offered him an allowance, and he was mean enough to take it this time. He had always been taunting her, in that polite way which is so provoking, with not putting the law in force against him, and protecting her earnings; and she told him quietly, when he went away at last, that if ever he came back she would take steps to protect herself. It is very sad, dearie, is it not? Women have a great deal to put up with. You don't know what men are here in the country."

Mrs Millerby was silent for a time, but presently she said, "It must be very painful living apart from one's husband in such circumstances."

"Yes, dearie. And then people will say nasty things, you know."

"Somebody was actually at the trouble to write to me before you came."

"What!" cried Mrs Brockley, sharply; "who was that?"

Mrs Millerby was frightened at her own indiscretion. "I don't know, my dear. It was anonymous. I oughtn't to have told you. I wouldn't have mentioned it if it had made any impression on me. It did perhaps, as you can understand, stagger me a little at first; but as soon as Stephen

told me something that made me guess who you were, I knew it must be false."

"That was very kind of you, dearie. You always were very kind. What did this stabber in the dark say?"

"Oh, only something about Mrs Rorke living apart from her husband. I really forget. It has quite passed from my mind, and now I know how ill-natured and untrue it must have been."

"I should like to see it. If I could find out who wrote that——"

"I don't know what I have done with it, dear. I will look for it to-morrow. But it really is not worth taking any trouble about. It is too bad of me to have mentioned such a disagreeable thing the last thing before saying good night. But I must say good night now, dear. It is selfish of me to keep you talking so late, when you must be so tired—with the original railway, too."

Mrs Millerby mentally resolved to burn the document if she could find it. She was too scrupulous to say that she had put it in the fire at once.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

We left Count Ramassy on Tuesday evening triumphant and elated at the prospect of further and complete triumph. He began to believe in himself as a man of destiny. Everything seemed to play into his hands. There must be some charm about him to blind people. He almost lost the sense of being an impostor. If he was not the Count that he pretended to be, he was a much greater man—Fortune's mysterious favourite, whom nothing could cross or defeat. He even had a physical feeling of expanded being; there was a sensation in his head as if his brain had burst the ordinary limits of the cranium. He had never felt his intellect so clear and strong to devise, organise, and combine.

He suspected a trap at once in Stephen Millerby's letter, and declined to go up to Norport to arrange with him about the lecture. The excuse he formed was prompted by his new-born sense of dignity and greatness.

"These local men are so troublesome," he said to Quickset, with quiet loftiness. "They make such a fuss about small details. It is really quite unnecessary to make all that prearrangement. As if you had never given a lecture with illustrations before, and as if the position of the screen could not be settled in less than five minutes! We can look in and do it any day."

Quickset was not a man to leave such details to the chances of the moment. He liked to have everything prearranged and clearly in his mind. "We might have a trial of the lantern on the spot on Thursday evening," he said, "when the hall is clear."

"Certainly," the Count said. "On Thursday evening I am at your service. But to make a special journey on purpose—the idea is preposterous, and could only have occurred to the brain of a local secretary."

Quickset laughed, and agreed with him.

On Wednesday morning he met with a little check, and was somewhat surprised to find how irritable he was in the very height of his confidence. Miss Quickset did not walk in the gardens before breakfast. Although the Exchange news was favourable—and he opened the

paper with a haughty confidence that it must be so — he chafed when she did not come. There had been a further fall at the close of the market, but even that did not compensate. He was not rich enough to feel much more elation at seeing that his £40,000 must now be doubled, than he had felt at the first tidings of what seemed to him unbounded wealth. On the other hand, he hungered for the company of his mistress with a passion which all the wealth of London could not have quenched. The little that we want is always greater than the much that we have, however much it may be. He raged within himself like a despot crossed. She must be brought to his feet. The man of destiny felt as if life would not be worth having without her.

In the midst of his imperious irritation, Fortune seemed to whisper that so it must be—that the destiny of this favourite child must not be marred and left incomplete; and a few minutes after he went in, it seemed as if this sublime confidence were justified. He met Grace as she came down-stairs, and exchanged a few words with her in a low tone. She laughed when he asked her whether she had thought of what he had said, and escaped with a hurried promise to tell him what she thought of it when the comet had passed. This promise transported him with hope.

An hour later Fortune tried the nerve of her favourite with a fright which almost startled him out of his faith in her protection. A telegram came from Bob Douglas: "I advise you to buy in at once. I am afraid of a corner." The Count had not the least idea of what a "corner" meant; but he sent a telegram at once with instructions to buy in, and lulled the occasional pangs of suspense with the mechanical exercise of painting slides for Quickset's magic-lantern. Outwardly he seemed unconcerned enough, and chatted in an easy tone with Quickset as to what could be the meaning of a "corner." And inwardly his confidence was on the whole loftily sustained, though keen shafts of misgiving shot through him now and then. It must come right. He could never break down after he had gone so far.

And it did come right. In an hour and a half he was relieved from his suspense. But with the good news came a very disquieting item, a bitter element in his cup of joy. The first lines of the telegram lifted him off his feet, and almost dizzied him with triumph. It was some time before he could read the conclusion of the telegram; but when he did, on a sudden fear that perhaps it might declare the first to be an illusion, his feelings underwent a change. The whole document ran as follows: "Have bought in. You net eighty-five thou. Not bad for beginner. Rorke here sends congratulations. Wishes see you."

Rorke in London! A sudden pain caught him at the heart. How had Rorke found out about the speculation? What did he want? What had he come to London for? Why did he wish to see him? For a moment the impostor felt the impostor again all over, trembling at the fear of detection, abject. But the panic did not continue long. Confidence in his destiny reasserted itself. The tide which had gone back with a sudden rush, returned in greater volume than ever, as the sea recedes in an earthquake to mount again with increased impetus.

"The fellow must be squared," he said to himself. "That, no doubt, is what he wants—a share

of the spoil. He shall have it—a little or more; perhaps enough to make up for his disappointment about the quicksilver business. I must see him and make it all right."

There was one reason the less for staying on at Slagsalve, that Grace had promised to give him an answer. Perhaps it was best to leave her to herself for a day or two. He resolved to start for London at once. Her half-serious promise would certainly become a more binding obligation if he showed her that he took it seriously. He contrived to whisper to her before he went, that he was going away so as to leave her more perfectly free to decide.

To Quickset he simply pleaded urgent business in London as his excuse for a sudden change of plan. Everything was now ready for the lecture. He would be back on the evening of next day (Thursday) for the proposed rehearsal of the illustrations. He could do another slide or two on Friday if it were wanted.

Quickset thought that the urgent business was connected with the lucky speculation, and begged the Count not to hurry back on his account. He could easily find a substitute. He was infinitely obliged to the Count for the trouble he had taken, but there was not the least difficulty about that.

But the Count insisted. It was an honour he would not let slip, a thing to remember with pride to the end of his life. He would on no account give it up, unless Mr Quickset wished him. If Mr Quickset was satisfied of his competence, he would certainly act as his assistant on such a memorable occasion. It would give him not the least trouble to get back by the following evening. His business would not take more than half an hour, only it required his personal presence.

Before he went, the Count telegraphed to the Grand Hotel at Norport to engage a private room and two bedrooms. It was Quickset's intention to remain at the Slagsalve Hotel, and travel up and down to the meetings. He doubted whether he could stand the smoke of Norport night and day. He might not be able to lecture. The Count, however, announced his intention to Quickset of trying what life was like in so smoky an atmosphere. He engaged two bedrooms, because he said Mr Quickset might find it convenient to sleep in Norport on the night after the lecture; and he would like to be able to place a room at his disposal.

The Count's brain was singularly clear and active when he took his seat in the train for London; and in his confident anticipations and plans for the future, a very happy thought occurred to him. The motion of the train in starting seemed to suggest it. It was a plan for getting Grace into his power. Could he not somehow contrive to get charge of her after the lecture on Friday to conduct her to Slagsalve, conduct her as if by mistake to the wrong platform, and put her with himself into a train going in the opposite direction?

This was the idea that flashed into his mind, and his imagination fastened on it with delight, and revelled in picturing how he would calm her fears when she found they were not going to Slagsalve, and with burning eloquence persuade her to share his destiny. She could not refuse him. He must win. It would be some time before she discovered the mistake. He would keep her in close talk till they reached Darlington, perhaps. He himself might be the

first to suggest that they must have got into the wrong train. She would be startled at first, perhaps angry. She might suspect a trick. But he would join her and go beyond her in deploring his blunder. He would do this with such vehemence that she must believe him. He would offer to do anything to save her reputation. She would weep, and say that he must take her back to her father. He would solemnly engage to perform this duty, but they could not return that night. What was to be done? There was only one way in which her honour could be saved. He would take her to the nearest hotel and leave her there; and for himself, what mattered it what became of him, since by his stupidity he had compromised the happiness of the woman who was dearer to him than life? What was his poor life worth? He had fairly forfeited it, and he must pay the forfeit. He would take her back to her father, and prove the truth of his story in the only way that could silence all evil-speaking tongues. She would exclaim against this, and by degrees he would bring home to her that there was only one way in which both her honour and his life could be preserved. She must throw in her lot with his. Then he would speak to her so that her heart should be as wax in the fire of his eloquence.

The idea intoxicated him, and in imagination his burning eloquence was irresistible. He was wrapt in the imaginary scene when the train stopped at Norport, and the bustle of the throng on the platforms recalled him to waking reality. Could the scheme be realised? He looked at the platforms, and thought of the passages that led to them. It could only be a question of turning to right or to left at some point; and what could be easier than to make the wrong turning in a confused crowd? He would study the approaches when he came back. If there was only one train leaving at the time, it would be more difficult, because the crowd might all be going one way. But if there were crossing trains—he fished Bradshaw hurriedly out of his bag, saying to himself that if there were crossing trains at a suitable hour, he would accept the fact as a sure omen of success. Yes; there it was. The finger-pointing of destiny was unmistakable. Trains crossed at Norport forty minutes after the hour fixed for the commencement of the lecture, one going to Slagsalve, the other—the way that he wished. The scheme was complete!

The scheme was complete. It remained only to devise some plan by which he might be intrusted with the charge of escorting Grace to the station. In the excited state of his brain the clever schemer was not long in making the requisite combination. What this combination was, we shall see. The Count had no doubt of its practicability. The web was all woven, every detail clear in his mind, and he lay back and went peacefully to sleep. As he closed his eyes the thought of Rorke and what he wanted came back, but it fell upon his slumbering senses as softly as a ball of thistle-down on a quiet sheltered pool. He only said to himself dreamily that the man must be squared.

CHAPTER XL.

While the Count was speeding towards London to see and square the brother-in-law who had appeared thus unexpectedly to increase his difficulty, this new agent in the situation was on his way to Norport. We must explain what induced him to go in search of the Count while the Count was in search of him.

Our readers may remember that Mrs Brockley wrote to Mr Darby Rorke as soon as she knew that her son was in London under a false name. She had not a good opinion of her son-in-law, and when she wrote she strongly suspected that Rorke was at the bottom of the mischief. And she did not express this suspicion by way of insinuation; she accused her son-in-law roundly of leading the youth astray. He had been poor Tom's evil genius. Could he not at his age have found some more worthy occupation than corrupting the mind of a boy who promised to be a credit to all that knew him? He had runied her daughter's peace; could he not be content without bringing her son to shame, and her own grey hairs with sorrow to the grave? Mrs Brockley was almost as voluble in written as in spoken composition, and she cursed the supposed criminal bitterly and at length.

Now Mr Rorke considered that it was due to his birth and breeding as a gentleman to take all things coolly, and never to lose his temper. But this was something too much for any artificial system of equanimity. It was the first news he had had of Master Tom's personation of an Austrian nobleman, and also the first news he had had about the business with which he had commissioned the ingenious youth. He had been impatient about it for days, when Mrs Brockley's letter came. Now if this precious young scamp was masquerading as Count Ramassy, what progress had been made? He was bound to take some action within a limited time—bound to show at least that he could bring capital to bear on the work, otherwise the concession lapsed. Most likely the young blackguard had pretended that the concession had been made to himself, and had somehow raised money on it.

"What a fool I was," he said to himself, "to send him on such an errand! And I took such trouble in priming him too! I now see why he entered into the thing with such deuced earnestness. And he picked it up fast too."

Rorke's reflections were broken by volleys of expletives. He read Mrs Brockley's letter again, and was almost choked with passion.

"I lead him astray! I his evil genius! The old hag! Me! Her d——d boy has swindled me out of the best chance I ever had in my life. By God! I will clap him in jail as a common swindler."

But great as was Rorke's anger against his mother-in-law, and furious as he was for revenge on her son, he was still more stimulated by anxiety about the fate of the concession itself. There might still be time to get a company started before the stipulated date expired. He must go to London himself.

It was not the first time Mr Rorke had been in the money market. He had been once too often before, had made a plunge, had lost heavily, and been under the necessity of leaving his broker to pay.

It was for fear that the memory of this transaction might still linger about the Stock Exchange that he had thought of employing young Brockley as an intermediary. He had calculated that the Rorke who had obtained the concession was less likely to be identified as the Rorke who had defaulted, if he, the Vienna correspondent of an important newspaper, sent his secretary with a copy of the concession to explain the circumstances. Instead of personating this humble official, young Brockley had done a personation apparently on his own account. There was nothing left for Rorke but either go himself or give up all hope of fortune from the concession which he had been lucky enough to obtain. He decided to go. He could not do worse than lose the concession; and that, it seemed, he would certainly do if he took no action. He was a fool, he said to himself, not to have risked it at first.

Accordingly he arrived at Charing Cross on Tuesday afternoon, at the time when his mother-in-law and his wife, as we have seen, were on their way from the station at Norport to Hardhill.

Mrs Brockley had mentioned that the pretended Count was living in great splendour at the St James's Hotel. Mr Rorke drove there at once.

The Count, as we know, had left, but his letters were to be forwarded to the Pantheon Club. Mr Rorke drove there, and asked if Count Ramassy was in the Club.

"No, sir; he has gone to the country," said the hall porter.

"Can you give me his address?"

"No, sir."

"Is that because you don't know it? I understand his letters are forwarded here."

"He left no address with me. He told me simply to keep any letters that came for him, and that he would write and tell me where to send them. But he has not written."

Mr Rorke felt tempted to ask the man if he knew who this Count Ramassy was, but on second thoughts he decided that this would be a rough and clumsy way of exposing him. Besides, it would be well to know, before taking any such step, what he had really done about the concession. Therefore he contented himself with thanking the porter, and directed his cab next to the house of Mrs Rorke, to see whether he could find any trace of the fugitive there.

Mrs Rorke was not at home. "Why, damme," cried Mr Rorke, forgetting himself in his vexation, "where has everybody gone to?"

"They left this morning, sir," the servant said, with a smile. "If you'll wait a moment, I will get the address." And she returned with it presently: "Care of S. Millerby, Esq., Hardhill, Norport."

"Where is Norport, can you tell me?"

"I don't know rightly, sir. But I hear Mrs Brockley say as how there is to be a great meeting there of the British Assassination, and they has gone to see it."

There was still one way left of tracing the Count, and finding out what he had done about the concession. Mrs Brockley had mentioned in her postscript, as confirming her suspicions about her son-in-law, that a certain Mr Robert Douglas, a City gentleman, had heard about his bubble company. On reading the passage again, he observed for the first time that Mrs Brockley wrote "*your* bubble company."

"He must have mentioned my name after all," Rorke reflected—

"unless the ancient hag calls it mine by guess, thinking that it must be mine if it is a wicked bubble. I must find out this Mr Robert Douglas, and see him."

There was nothing more to be done that night, however. So Mr Rorke betook himself to a hotel, and searching for the name of the City gentleman, found it in the list of stockbrokers.

Next morning he sent up his card to Mr Robert Douglas, stockbroker, and was presently admitted to an interview. "I believe you are acquainted with Count Ramassy," he said.

Mr Douglas smiled. "He had that honour."

He had often heard his sister Fanny express her curiosity about Mrs Darby Rorke's husband, and fully shared her suspicions about the Count's relations with that lady. Hence he looked at his visitor with peculiar interest.

Mr Rorke was a man of very aristocratic appearance and pronouncedly aristocratic manner. He would have passed for a lord on the stage—quite the man to have a handsome young Count as a rival, and to take his revenge in a cool, unflinching, aristocratic manner.

Mr Douglas respectfully waited for him to declare his business, with a certain pride in having such visitors, and a pleased consciousness of being actually within the circle of an aristocratic scandal, engaged in making that kind of history.

"I understand he has mentioned my name to you in connection with a concession which I hold from the Austrian Government."

"Yes. It seems to be a very good thing. The Count speaks very highly of the value of the Bosnian mines. Great capability of development, he says."

This was so different from what Mr Rorke expected, that he was puzzled how to proceed in his inquiry. What could the young fool have been doing? He had been pushing the thing after all, and apparently not in his own name. Mr Rorke felt as if in a maze, and that he must advance cautiously, otherwise he might injure his own affairs. Above all, he must see the young impostor before doing anything. This City gentleman evidently had not the slightest doubt about his title.

"I am sure I am very much obliged to him," he said, speaking slowly, so as to give himself time for reflection. "There is no doubt it would pay to work these mines. There is money in them, as you say in the City. Everybody who knows the country acknowledges that. But I did not come to take up your time at present in speaking about this. We may have more to say about it afterwards. In the meantime I came to ask your help, if you will be so kind, in a much smaller matter; and I will not detain you a moment, as I know that time is precious here."

Mr Douglas courteously signified that he would be delighted to be of service. "Why is he so deuced long-winded," he said to himself, "if he wishes to save time? Very much obliged to the Count, is he? Eh?" Bob chuckled to himself. A certain dryness in Mr Rorke's tone had suggested this last reflection.

"The fact is," continued Mr Rorke, "I have come to London unexpectedly, chiefly for the purpose of seeing Count Ramassy about this business of mine, for which he undertook to say a good word, and I find that he has gone out of town for a few days without leaving his address. I want to see him as soon as possible, as I

have but a few days at my disposal, and I thought you might know where he had gone." Really, of course, Mr Rorke had expected no such thing, having come on the chance of hearing what had been done in the matter of the concession, and he felt that he would be rather in a difficulty if Mr Douglas should ask why he should know Count Ramassy's address. "Mrs Rorke might have told me," he added, in an indifferent tone, as Bob took a few seconds to think; "but she is also out of town. I came, as I say, unexpectedly."

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Bob to himself; "this is very good. The wife and he are out of town together, and he wants to know the address. Very sly to put it on business grounds. Of course he came unexpectedly. Ought I to tell him?"

Aloud he said, with all the gravity he could command, but with a jocularity of tone which he could not entirely repress—

"I was just about to telegraph to the Count. He is a lucky f—— man." Bob had almost said "fellow," but he changed it to "man" as being more respectful.

"How?"

"Well, strange to say, just before you came in I had pulled off for him as good a thing as has been done on the Exchange for years—one of the biggest things ever done, in fact. Within the last half-hour he is a richer man by how much, would you think?"

"I have no idea," said Mr Rorke, very much interested in this revelation.

"Eighty-five thousand."

"The devil he is!" cried the astonished brother-in-law. "How did he manage that? The company is not floated, is it? He has been pushing the concession with a vengeance," thought Mr Rorke.

"No connection with any company," said Mr Douglas. "It was with the comet that he struck oil."

"I don't understand."

"A 'bear,' a very bold 'bear,' but a tremendously successful one, as it has turned out. I netted a good bit myself, but I did not go so deep, and I did not hold on long enough. It would have been an awkward thing, though, if he had been cornered. I suppose he is enormously rich!" Bob was thinking of the fact that he had held no "cover," as it is called, from the Count—nothing to cover the loss which the broker would have had to meet if the speculation had been a failure and his client's means had been insufficient.

"Enormously, I should say," answered Mr Rorke. He would keep the Count up for a little at what seemed to be his own valuation, and decide at his leisure what was to be done.

"Well, it might have taken a tidy fortune to get out of it if he had been cornered and there had been a rise when the scare was over. I expect there will be a big 'backwardation' to pay on Tuesday. He is well out of it—precious well out of it. I believe I bought in just in time. Very sad thing about his wife," added Bob, still pondering within himself whether it would be fair to give the Count's address to the injured husband, and wishful to evade the subject if possible.

"I don't know about his domestic relations," said Mr Rorke drily, inwardly much astonished, and curious to know how far this circumstantial romance had been carried. "Has he a wife?"

Bob remarked the dryness of tone. "She died lately, I believe.

My sister, who knows him in society, has told me about it. He was very much cut up about her death." ("It must have been before the marriage that he went after Mrs Rorke," Bob reflected. "The renewal of an old flame.")

"Indeed! I was not aware of it. But about this 'bear.' Do you mean to say that he has really made all this money?"

"Every penny of it. It will all be in his pocket next week, minus my little commission. A big haul, is it not?"

"Enormous. I must say I can't understand this extraordinary fall. The English people must have lost their senses. Is it this comet that is supposed to have done it all?"

"Well," said Bob, thoughtfully, "the Railway Dividend season may have had something to do with it. But I leave it to the clever gentlemen who write the City articles to account for it. We shall have it all explained to their satisfaction, no doubt. Anyhow, there is the fact. There has been an enormous fall, and the Count sold at the right moment, and bought in in the very nick of time."

"What on earth made him think of it?"

"He had heard of the blessed thing somehow before there was all this dust about it. He seems to be a bit of an astronomer, among other things. At least, so my sister tells me."

"You said you were just about to telegraph the good news to him. Might I ask you to send him my congratulations, if you have room for them in your telegram, and say that I should like to see him? Where is he living, did you say?"

Bob had not said, but he could not very well evade this direct question. "He is living at a place called Slagsalve, in the north of England. I happen to know where Mrs Rorke is too," he added, doing his best not to look sly, and thinking he might as well give this information also, since the Count's address had been got out of him.

"Indeed!" said Mr Rorke. "She is at Norport, somewhere in the north also, I understand. Is it anywhere near the other place—Slagslave, did you say the name is?" He detected the lurking slyness in Bob's look, and wondered whether the man, after all, suspected anything.

"Slagsalve is the Norport watering-place."

"I didn't know it. The truth is that, like many other Englishmen, I know the geography of the Continent better than that of my own country."

"My sister happens to be staying in the same house with Mrs Rorke. That is how I happen to know. There is a great meeting of the British Association at Norport, and the Millerbys, whom my sister knows,—in fact she is engaged to one of the sons,—have a party in their house, like the other magnates of the place. Count Ramassy will very likely be at the meeting too, for he is in the same hotel at Slagsalve with Quickset the astronomer." Bob was now willing to tell all that he knew about these great people.

"Has he such an interest in science?"

"He has made more out of it this time, anyhow, than most of them do," said Bob, facetiously.

"You will not forget my congratulations," said Mr Rorke, rising to take his leave. "I must really apologise for taking up so much of your time. I hope we may meet again."

All the slyness that had been suppressed in Mr Douglas's countenance burst into full blossom

when the door was shut on his visitor. "Here's a nice kettle of fish," he said to himself, rubbing his hands. "There will be quite a family party of them at the Association. Rorke is sure to go down. I could see it in his eye. He got the address out of me very neatly too. They're cool hands these nobs. But he didn't quite take me in about wishing to see the Count on business; no, not quite." Bob put his finger to the side of his nose, and looked very knowingly at an imaginary audience. "I must write and tell Fanny. It will be nuts for her."

Bob was right in his conjecture that Mr Rorke would go down to Norport. One thing in the interview particularly pleased Mr Rorke. It was apparent that the brother knew nothing about his little accident on the Stock Exchange in former days, and that although his name had been mentioned in connection with the concession, it looked as if the tradition had perished, and was tolerably safe against resuscitation. This was extremely comforting to Mr Rorke, and left his mind comparatively free to meditate revenge on his mother-in-law. His pride was grievously wounded by the impertinence of the woman in addressing him as she had done. There were old scores also which he had long felt the burden of, and would pay off with interest now that he had it in his power. Towards young Brockley himself he was considerably mollified now that he found that the concession had really been pushed, whatever else had been done. The young fool might be let off pretty easily and gently in the end if he behaved well, but in the meantime he was an instrument by means of which the others would be made to smart.

Rorke did not know how bitterly he hated them till this opportunity of revenge came. He had applied his habit of suppression to the feeling as to other strong feelings; but his wife's contempt had cut him to the quick, and the wound rankled — rankled all the more venomously that he had been powerless hitherto to resent it. He would tame the jade's pride now. His hatred had burst all conventional bounds now that there was a possibility of gratifying it. He found himself literally gnashing his teeth when he thought of her.

Yes, he would go to Norport; and he drove straight to his hotel with a view to catching the first train that went there. His business in London could make no progress till he had seen the precocious swindler. That was a reason the more for losing no time; but the truth is, that his vindictive anger was so hot and irresistible that he would have sacrificed even the prospective advantages of his concession for the chance of giving vent to it.

Millerby! Who were these friends of hers? The name somehow seemed familiar to him, and gradually his recollection of it became more definite. "Ah, I have you at last, madam!" he cried. "The young cub at Cambridge. So he has come scenting after you again. And mighty complaisant madam must be, if she goes to stay in his house. Under the wing of her mother, of course. It's always the way with those d—d prudes. And this is the fine lady who is too nice to live with her wicked husband, and pays him to keep away. Nice little games she can have in his absence. The lover is younger, no doubt, and much more agreeable, and agrees with her in hating such vicious scoundrels as me. High old times you're having, no doubt,

my precious turtles; but have a care! An old hawk is coming to join the party whom neither of you will be particularly glad to see. You were icy enough always to me, by George! but we shall see who will have the last word this time. Yes: it is a convenient thing to have a husband abroad, even when you pay pretty sweetly for the privilege; but it is not so convenient when he comes back without notice. Perhaps you'll offer to raise your figure. Women are seldom wanting in cheek when they are found out, even the mildest and most innocent-looking of the sex. Anyhow, you'll have to lower your pride, my angelic Cecilia."

The man was beside himself with gall and bitterness. He had been a gentleman, and all the mean shifts of an idle and impecunious life had not entirely obliterated his early training, when he was in his ordinary daily routine. But in his present state of mind he was possessed by thoughts as vile and base and savage as ever enter the conception of the lowest of his kind.

He even began to consider seriously whether he should not exact a large share of the Count's windfall as hush-money. This had crossed his mind at first, but the habit of honour was too strong to allow him to entertain the thought at first. It came back, however, again and again, and at last he began to consider it seriously, and to argue that it would only be just. The young scamp had come over to England as his emissary, his commissioner. He had thought fit to swindle and speculate on his own account, instead of going through with the business for which he had been sent. Whatever he had made belonged in fairness to the man who had sent him. But for Rorke he would never have been in a position to make this lucky speculation. Hush-money was an ugly word; but the false name under which he had passed, whatever his object had been in assuming it, had nothing to do with his successful gamble. That money had been made fairly enough, only it must have been made with the help of the start Rorke had given him, and to the neglect of Rorke's business. Rorke clearly had a right to be indemnified; and "By George, I will indemnify myself!" he resolved.

The reasoning was not perhaps clear, but the resolution was finally taken, and somehow it had the effect of considerably steadying Mr Rorke's temper. He felt much more cool and self-possessed. He would play with his victims for a little, and torture them with all the politeness in the world. He would have his hush-money in the end. What was there in a name after all? He could use the name with perfect self-satisfaction after he had argued the question out with himself. It was too good a thing to lose. His slice of the eighty-five thousand must be considerable, otherwise there would be a good deal less to distribute. But he would not show his hand at first. He would make them all thoroughly uncomfortable to begin with,—his excellent mother-in-law, who considered him such a contaminating influence, and his excellent wife, who consoled herself so pleasantly in his absence. He would have revenge and compensation both, and he might possibly manage to finance the concession too.

Thus it happened that Mr Rorke was on his way to Norport while the Count was on his way to London, each in search of the

other. When their trains crossed, Mr Rorke was smoking tranquilly, happy in the prospect of his little campaign of revenge; the Count still more tranquilly slumbering, in the happy confidence that it would be no difficult matter to square old Rorke.

CHAPTER XLI.

Mr Rorke arrived at Norport on Wednesday evening, and went to the Grand Hotel. It had occurred to him that very likely the hotels would be crowded in consequence of the visit of the Association, but there could be no difficulty in getting shelter somewhere. He tried the best hotel first. The best was not very inviting, Norport being a place to which people went on business and never on pleasure, and consequently very inferior to Slagsalve in the matter of hotels. Mr Rorke was prepared for this in a manufacturing town, and was not tempted by the third-rate appearance of the hall, and the untidy look of the servants loitering there, to try his luck elsewhere. He might go farther and fare worse.

Nobody paid any attention to him at first, but at last he succeeded in attracting attention, and courteously inquired whether they had a bedroom to spare. The man of whom he made the inquiry answered abruptly—

"How long do you want to stay?"

The man's abruptness amused Mr Rorke, and he replied softly—

"I don't suppose anybody need engage rooms for longer than Friday, with this terrible comet in the air; but I shall want a bedroom till then, I hope. But what has that to do with it? You either have a bedroom or you have not."

Mr Rorke's good-humour softened and his manner impressed the man, who answered in a more civil tone—"Well, sir, you see, we have and we have not. We have a bedroom for to-night, but it is engaged for to-morrow. It's this way, sir: a gentleman has engaged two bedrooms for to-morrow, and you could have one of them to-night. All the rest of the house is full."

"A gentleman connected with the Association, I presume?"

"Yes, sir; it's that makes us so full. A foreign gentleman—a count, I believe."

"Count Ramassy?"

"Yes, that's the name."

"Ah, he is a friend of mine. Perhaps it is for me he has engaged the extra bedroom. At any rate, I will sleep here to-night."

"All right, sir. No. 47. Take this gentleman's things to No. 47. What name shall I enter in the book, sir?"

Mr Rorke looked at the letters D. R. on his portmanteau, and taking the pen offered him with a flourish, entered himself Digby Reade. The Count might arrive and be alarmed at hearing that Mr Darby Rorke was in possession of one of his bedrooms.

There was a great meeting of the Association that night to hear the president's address; but the secretary's office was closed before Mr Rorke arrived, and he had to postpone qualifying himself as an associate till next day. He rather regretted it, for he was eager to show himself at once, and throw the enemy into perturbation. The Association, of course, had met in full force in spite of the comet.

Mr Rorke asked the waiter whether the comet had made any difference; but the waiter said he had heard that the numbers, on the contrary, were very large.

At dinner he was startled by a terrific noise outside, and looking up saw a motley crowd rushing past the window, led by a woman and two men marching backwards. The woman wore a coal-scuttle bonnet and a loose cloak of a dark colour, the men dark-blue jackets and caps with red facings. The woman and one of the men were singing at the pitch of their voices, some of the crowd joining in wildly, others following with tumultuous clamour. The attention of the crowd was chiefly directed to the man in uniform, who was not singing, but capering grotesquely, and at the moment they passed the window imitating the sound of a trombone. There was a flute also, and a cornet, and a drum; but though they were played with vigour, the sound of the trombone rose above them all.

"What on earth is the meaning of that?" asked Mr Rorke of the waiter, who had run to the door, and returned with a broad grin on his face. "Surely the British Association has not taken to this way of popularising itself?"

"Oh no, sir," the waiter said, grinning more broadly than ever. "It is the Salvation Army. Rum fellow that trombone. They call him Orchestra Joe, I believe."

"Ah! I have not been in England for some years, but I have heard something of their antics. Dear old England! It is a strange country, to be sure. But I suppose it will be some time before the British Association takes to playing in to such a tune."

"They don't seem to like the Association, sir," the waiter said, in a respectful confidential tone. "I went to hear them last night, and I hear the man who was singing out there at the head of them—going backwards, sir—him in the blue uniform—Bellowin' Bill he calls himself,—I hear him making a violent speech—very violent, sir—regular incendiary, I calls it. I think the police should interfere, I do. It's not safe, sir."

"What did he say?" asked Mr Rorke, with patronising condescension.

"I can't remember the half of it, sir. But he as good as told them that science was no use, and that there would be no great harm done if all their fine instruments were broken, and their observatories pulled about their ears. 'Oo are men of science?' he asked. 'What have they done?' he says. 'Their wisdom,' he says, 'is foolishness. They are trying to be wise above what is written. This 'ere comet is a judgment on them, just to show them how little they know and how little use it is. We are the true men of science,' he says, 'we who can show the way to everlasting life. Down with the British Association!' he cries, 'and up with the standard of the Lord Jesus!' I calls it blasphemy, and worse."

"And how did his audience take it?"

"Some of them cheered, and some of them laughed, and there was a regular babel. And then the captain, sir—they calls her the captain—her you seed outside marching backwards—she spoke up, and gave Bellowin' Bill a regular setting down for spiritual arrogance; and they cheered her till they was hoarse. But it's very dangerous, sir, to have them sentiments broached. Leastways I think so, if you will excuse my expressing an opinion, sir. I am a Conservative myself. I don't

know what we may come to if them ignorant bellowin' fellows is allowed to cry 'down' with things. Cheese, sir?"

Next morning after breakfast Mr Rorke found his way to the central reception-rooms of the Association, and bought an associate's ticket. "There are no preliminaries to be gone through?" he asked, when he made his application at the secretary's bureau. "Nothing in the nature of an entrance examination?" Mr Rorke was quite gay and jocular. The official in charge responded that anybody could join on payment of one pound. "You have only to pay the money and tell your name." "That's just as well," said Mr Rorke; "my science is somewhat rusty." The official condescended to reply that "a good many of our members might say that," and courteously showed the new associate, who gave the name of Digby Reade, where he might get information as to the proceedings.

With a bundle of documents in his hand, containing a plan of the meeting-places, and a programme of the papers and addresses for the day, Mr Rorke next sought a place where he might smoke a cigar and arrange his plan of action. There was no smoking-room provided inside the building, but there was a garden behind, or as good a substitute for a garden as was possible in the smoke of Norport, and there Mr Rorke betook himself.

Where was he most likely to come across his friends? There was nothing too high for the Count, but Rorke dismissed the Mathematical Section and the Mechanical Section as not presenting sufficient attractions even for his learned mother-in-law. Even when he had gone through the list of all the sections, and the titles of the papers to be read therein, he was puzzled to decide.

"What do women come here for?" he said to himself. "What a sham it all is, to be sure!"

Mr Rorke leant back on his bench and looked round him, with the intention of finishing his cigar and then strolling in to the nearest section, and so on till he had gone the round. There was an entrance to the reception-rooms through the garden, and as he looked up two couples passed on their way in. The gentlemen were extremely courteous to the ladies whom they were escorting, with the manners of the old school, as Mrs Brockley would have said.

"Yes," Mr Rorke mused, "I begin to understand now. That aged scient, or scientist, or whatever he calls himself, no doubt would rather talk to a pretty girl than to the most learned of his order. How magnificently he pushes the door open for her! What an air! The *grand seigneur* is on his own territory, and receives a friendly power with all the ceremonies. I wonder if women would come if they had other women to explain the wonders?"

The morning was fine and warm, and presently another couple came out, a young man this time. They sat down on a bench near Mr Rorke. Their conversation was loud enough for him to hear, and it interested him.

"It is much more pleasant sitting here than in those stuffy rooms," she said.

"Much," he agreed, "and not less instructive."

"I wonder how much Mrs Brockley will bring away from the anthropologists. She was so eager to go at once. I expect her

to be very overpowering at dinner to-night."

"She will bring away as much as the other two will get from the geographers, I believe. She is really very clever, you know."

"She is very odd. By the way, I have an amusing letter this morning from my brother Bob. Who do you think has arrived in London?"

"The King of Burmah, perhaps."

"A much more interesting stranger than that—to me at least. Mrs Darby Rorke's husband."

"Where did Bob meet him?"

"He called, apparently, at Bob's office. But here is his letter. I will read it to you."

She took a letter from her pocket and read: "My dear Fan,—Expect some fun at Norport to temper the dulness of science. Guess who has just been here asking for the address of your friend Count Ramassy. Guess again. Mrs Rorke's husband. I don't know who told him that I knew, but here he has been, and evidently bent on mischief. He tried to seem very cool, but I could easily see that he was boiling with inward fury. He turned quite green when he heard that his wife and the Count were both in the north, and would probably meet at the Association. He said nothing to me about his intentions, but I will bet you an even fiver that he turns up to complete the family party. Therefore I say again, expect some fun.—Your affectionate brother, R. D. *P.S.*—The Count has made a pot of money off the comet. Mr R. did not seem to like it. Remember that I advised you to go in and win. I have made a few thou. myself—a mere trifle to the Count's haul."

"I always said there was something queer," she added, when she had read the letter and he remained silent.

"Nothing queerer than that a man born a gentleman should behave like a cad."

Mr Rorke could hardly keep quiet at this description of himself. If they had seen his face at that moment, they would have been reminded of the indiscretion of discussing people by name in a public place. Mr Rorke was within an ace of declaring himself to his neighbours. But after a spasm or two he continued to smoke and listen.

"You wouldn't have a man let other men dangle after his wife?"

"What proof have you that the Count is dangling after Mrs Rorke? I have seen them together, and he has hardly spoken to her."

"Don't you pretend to be so jolly green. Of course he does not pay her marked attention in company. But that there is or has been something between them I am convinced."

"But he is not at Norport now. You seem to think there must be something between them because he keeps out of her way, and hardly speaks to her when they meet. Scandals are easily manufactured on such conditions."

"You are quite infatuated about her," she said, in an irritated voice.

"Not at all; only Stephen has told me the whole story. The man has behaved abominably to her."

Mr Rorke still preserved his neutrality, but it was not easy. He relieved himself in soliloquy. "Has he? So you know all about it, my young cock. Stephen has told you. Something will have to be said to Master Stephen which

he won't like. Wait till you hear the other side of the question. I am to have my innings now, and, by George, it will be a hot one!"

There was a pause in the conversation of Mr Rorke's neighbours, which presently the young man resumed by saying—

"Stephen tells me that my mother received an anonymous letter after Mrs Brockley and Mrs Rorke were invited to Fairton, trying to make her believe that they were disreputable characters. I have no doubt that her precious husband either sent it or inspired it."

Mr Rorke smiled contemptuously at the unconscious speaker. "This is a very cock-sure young man," he said to himself.

"That would have been blackguardly," she said.

"Very," commented Mr Rorke, complacently knocking the ashes off his cigar. "We always are so well informed about other people's affairs."

"Have you seen the letter?" she asked, carelessly.

"No. I suppose it has been burnt. But I will ask my mother whether she has kept it."

"It is hardly worth while," she said.

"They might know the handwriting, if we showed it to them."

"Handwriting is not very good evidence, however. Look how even experts differ. I believe you can see any resemblance that you are disposed to look for."

Mr Rorke had now finished his cigar. As he rose to go away, he cast at the speakers such a look of interested inquiry that they could hardly help suspecting who had been their auditor. Then he swaggered gracefully away.

"Now for the fun," he said to himself. "Where shall we begin? I am obliged to these young persons for saving me the trouble of reconnoitring."

He decided to seek his mother-in-law first among the anthropologists. She would be an easier draw. The Count apparently had not arrived; and he had, to tell the truth, a lurking fear of his wife.

Accordingly he directed his steps to the Anthropological Section. There sure enough was Mrs Brockley. He had not seen her for some years, but there was very little change in her appearance. Her face was a little redder, and her head-gear a little tamer; he noted no other points of difference. She sat with one elbow on the desk before her absorbed in the business of the section, a model associate.

The section met in a Nonconformist chapel, and Mrs Brockley sat in a pew beside a lady whom he did not know. He quietly took his seat by her side. She was too intent to look at the new-comer, and Mr Rorke waited patiently for her to make the discovery.

It was a paper concerning the inhabitants of an island in the South Seas. The reader had measured scores of them, and was surprised at their average heights. They averaged 5 feet 8 inches. It was this that struck him most, because previous travellers had described the inhabitants of this island as being of low stature. But he gave many other details about their facial angle, their jaws, their lips, their noses, and so forth. Mrs Brockley joined heartily in the applause when he sat down.

Then another member rose, who introduced himself by saying that he also had visited the island in question. He had listened with surprise to what the previous speaker had said relative to the height of the natives. Was this gentleman quite sure of the ac-

curacy of his measures? [The traveller nodded his head vehemently, and shouted "Perfectly."] He asked the question because there was nothing about which it was easier to make a mistake, and he also had measured many of the natives, and had verified the accuracy of his rules and tapes after he came home. The average height, he could assure the Association, was not more than 5 feet 6 inches.

After this startling contradiction half-a-dozen gentlemen rose excitedly at the same time to catch the chairman's eye. An extraordinary conflict of opinion was displayed. It was surprising how many of the audience had been at this far-away island, and how greatly they differed about this simple fact. One speaker said he could not profess to have measured, but judging from general appearance, the natives were decidedly and markedly of low stature. Another, judging in the same way, was equally positive that the average was high. A third claimed to have measured dozens, and he gave his average as little more than 5 feet 4 inches. The last speaker challenged the advocate of a high average in a way that was almost offensive, and questioned whether he had not mistaken the name of the island—a question which brought the first speaker on his feet in what would be called a violent rage in a non-scientific man. The audience was becoming excited over this conflict of testimony, and Mrs Brockley looked from one speaker to another with lively interest.

At last a quiet man, who had failed hitherto to catch the chairman's eye, succeeded in getting a hearing, and explained the matter satisfactorily. Both sides were right. It was a big island, and the natives on the north side were very different from the natives on the south. He had visited both regions, and had also measured dozens of the natives. The average in the one quarter was 5 ft. 8 in., in the other 5 ft. 4 in.

Mr Rorke was getting tired of the squabble. It was amusing enough in its way, but it was not what he had come for. Accordingly, he brought his own special business, which was to catch Mrs Brockley's eyes, to a point by uttering a loud "Hear, hear."

The startled lady turned to her neighbour a face of horrified alarm.

"A very interesting debate," he remarked.

It was Mrs Brockley's first idea to take no further notice of her son-in-law, and she turned her head away and professed to be again absorbed in the discussion. But he soon defeated this simple strategy.

"A very interesting debate indeed," he repeated, by no means in a whisper.

"Hush!" cried Mrs Brockley, as if he were a stranger.

"Won't you introduce me to your friends?" he said. Some other people cried "Hush!" this time, and Mrs Millerby looked at him as he leant forward and looked past Mrs Brockley at her.

Mrs Brockley rose and whispered to him, "If you wish to speak to me, sir, I will come out with you." She made a push towards the end of the pew as she spoke, and he conducted her out with the most scrupulous politeness.

"Well, sir," she said when they reached the street, "what do you want here?"

"What other people want, I suppose. I find it much more interesting than I had expected."

"How dare you force your company on me?"

"I am a stranger here, and was glad to see somebody I knew, more

particularly my excellent mother-in-law, whom I have not had the pleasure of seeing for so long."

There was something in his manner that rather frightened Mrs Brockley; but she was not prepared to give in yet, and blustered in her fright.

"You know the penalty of coming back. I can assure you that Cecilia will stand it no longer."

"Now that she has a protector in Mr Millerby, it is natural. My presence must be very inconvenient too."

"Have you come all the way from Vienna to offer this vulgar insult? If you have nothing more to say, I am going back to the meeting."

"Allow me to accompany you. I am here only to amuse myself."

"If you persist in persecuting me, sir, I will give you in charge to the nearest policeman."

"Softly, softly, my good woman. You are carrying the jest a little too far. There are not many quiet places in this miserable smoky pit, but there is a little garden behind the reception-rooms, where we might have a word or two undisturbed. Come along. I will show you where it is. I have something serious to say about Count Ramassy. Yes, I thought you would come. We needn't publish our little differences of opinion to the world. Take my arm."

On the way they met Mrs Rorke and Stephen Millerby. Mr Rorke simply lifted his hat to his wife. He made no movement to stop. It was enough to disturb her peace to see that he was there. Mrs Brockley might be trusted to report the substance of her interview with him. As they passed through the refreshment-rooms on their way to the garden, Mr Rorke politely offered her a glass of sherry, saying that he had bad news to give her, and she would be none the worse for a little artificial support. His self-possession had a demoralising effect on the good lady's courage.

She had still heart enough left, however, to take the offensive as soon as they were seated. "You received my letter, I suppose?" she said.

"Yes; that is why I am here."

"And are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"It was a pretty strong letter to write, was it not?" he asked, ignoring her question.

"Not too strong in the circumstances. It was surely enough to have spoiled my daughter's life; you might have let my poor boy alone."

"But rather too strong in ignorance of the circumstances, I venture to think. I see you retain your good old habit of jumping to conclusions. Should you not have waited till you knew whether I had anything to do with your poor boy's turning swindler?"

"He was a good boy before he came under your influence. Though I say it myself, there was not a more promising young man in the kingdom than Tom when I trusted him to you."

"Have you anything more to say on that head?" he asked, lighting a cigar. "You are utterly mistaken, but it would be cruel to deprive you of the pleasure of throwing the blame on me."

"I have only to say that you are a cruel, heartless, selfish, unfeeling blackguard, and that I wonder God allows such men to live."

"Nothing more? Now it is my turn. Would you be surprised to hear that I am the greatest sufferer by your son's rascality?"

"Very much." Mrs Brockley's

heart fell at this statement, but she still kept a bold face to her tormentor.

"The talent for fiction is strong in your family, but it is not a safe thing to carry into private life. I sent your son here to do some business for me——"

"I was sure of it," she interrupted.

"To do some business—perfectly legitimate and honourable business; and instead of doing it, he deliberately prefers the career of a vulgar swindler."

"It is false," cried Mrs Brockley. "He has swindled nobody. He told me himself that it was only a bit of harmless fun, and I will believe him yet in preference to you."

"He will find it rather an expensive bit of fun, I am afraid, when he is within the four corners of a common jail! And that is where I mean to put him."

"I don't believe you have the power."

"We shall see. I think I have. It is for his own good. It may sober him a little. If he got off this time, it would only be to do worse on the first opportunity. It is better for him to be caught and punished the first time."

It was not perhaps prudent on Mrs Brockley's part to defy her son-in-law; but she was infuriated by his coolness, and rendered desperate by the thought that her son was in his power.

"It is very considerate of you, I am sure, to have an eye to my foolish son's best interests. But are you sure that you have consulted your own in coming here for this charitable purpose? Remember that Cecilia threatened to cut off your allowance if you came back; and depend upon it, she will be a woman of her word this time."

"Very just, no doubt, and very elegantly expressed. What terms, now, do you suppose my dear wife would be willing to make on condition that I spared her brother? Mind, I don't admit that it would be sparing him. The greatest service that anybody could render him at present would be to put him in jail. But sparing is how you would put it, no doubt."

Mrs Brockley caught at the suggestion. "Cecilia would give anything to save us from this disgrace. And yet I don't know. She was very indignant against poor Tom—almost as hard as you."

"I don't call myself particularly hard. But do you think you could persuade her to raise the figure of my 'allowance,' as you call it?"

"I would try. O Reginald, remember there was a time when you were not so cruel! You can't have the heart to ruin my boy. Give him another chance."

Mr Rorke smoked for a time in silence, while Mrs Brockley continued to plead with him. Then abruptly changing the subject, he said—

"How about this Millerby whom we met with my wife out there? Does it not strike you as rather a strong thing for a married woman to live in the house of an old lover while her husband is abroad, even though the husband does get an allowance to keep out of the way?"

"But it was not Stephen Millerby who asked us. Stephen had nothing to do with our going there. It was his brother Hugh who asked us."

"Ah, that is your story, is it? Well, you had better get all the details pat for the Divorce Court, for that is where I mean to take you."

"What!" cried Mrs Brockley.

"It is a pity Cecilia should not

have her freedom. She has been tied to her worthless husband quite long enough. Her worthless husband is tired of it too."

"Cecilia is as innocent as the babe unborn," solemnly asseverated her mother.

"Very well, she will have an opportunity of proving it."

"You will only damage your own character, if that is possible."

"I will leave it in the hands of twelve of my fellow-countrymen."

"Heartless, cynical, cold, unfeeling brute," hissed Mrs Brockley, maddened by his cool malevolence, "do your worst! You are worse than a common man. A common man would be ashamed to act as you do and speak as you do. But you will suffer for it one day. Mark my words! A judgment will overtake you; I pray that it may come soon."

"It is expected on Friday, is it not?" he said, imperturbably.

She rose and left him, rushing off with her head in the air, and an inward dignity on which his look of contemptuous amusement could make no impression. She was sustained by a momentary confidence in the prophecy she had hurled at him.

He sat and smoked with a pleased pucker in the corner of his eyes. He had most effectually gained his object of startling his relations. "I have given the old cow something to chew," he said to himself. "It will take them some little time to settle down after that flutter. We must now see what can be done with Master Tom the Count."

He gloated over his triumph, sitting there in the warm mid-day, while members and associates came and went through the garden, with here and there the flutter of a bright dress, and now and again the hum and clatter of mutually agreeable speech and answer. But somehow, as he thought over it and the excitement of the contest subsided, less pleasant feelings began to intrude; conscience came with its odious comparisons; and after a time he became so uncomfortable that he went and fortified himself at the refreshment bar. Then he felt better, and strolled about from section to section, superciliously amusing himself with the vagaries of British Association science. Every now and again he called at the hotel to see whether the Count had arrived.

MR HOLMAN HUNT: HIS WORK AND CAREER.

Artists reveal themselves so vividly in their pictures, — they give to the world so much of their inner consciousness, their mental conflicts and convictions, infirmities and aspirations,—that scanning their life-work is like reading a confession or autobiography. And no painter was ever more outspoken than Mr Holman Hunt. The thirty-two oil-pictures and drawings, fairly representative of his thought and workmanship, now collected in the Gallery of the Fine Arts Society, proclaim the man. They tell, if not of direct revelation, of a faith and a mission, with a singular persistency of purpose which no discouragement could thwart and no temptation divert. And the whole survey and retrospect tempt us, notwithstanding two or three obviously inapplicable words, to address Mr Hunt in the well-known lines of the poet Wordsworth, written in honour of another of England's conspicuous thinkers and painters:—

> " High is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art
> (Whether the instrument of words she use,
> Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues)
> Demands the service of a mind and heart,
> Though sensitive, yet in their weakest part
> Heroically fashioned—to infuse
> Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
> While the whole world seems adverse to desert.
> And oh! when nature sinks, as oft she may,
> Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
> Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
> And in the soul admit of no decay,
> Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—
> Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!"

Mr Holman Hunt from the first showed himself aggressive; his art provoked hostility, and hardly yet has it gained in public opinion a majority of suffrages. But even opponents will concede to the artist conviction, constancy, and courage. Never has he for an instant swerved from his early faith or betrayed his first love. Hence his art is singular for unity and sequence: it is indeed so homogeneous as hardly to admit of division into periods. "The Light of the World," exhibited in 1854, and "The Triumph of the Innocents," finished after an interval of thirty years, are essentially products of the same mind and masterpieces in one school. Mr Hunt, amid vacillations on all sides, still points to the pole-star of truth. Among fellow-students known to fame, and once bound together in a common faith and labour, some have fallen by the way, others have forsaken the narrow path for a broader road, and thus it comes to pass that Mr Hunt stands as the last representative of the once famous or notorious pre-Raphaelite school.

Mr Hunt's early pictures now before us, carry the mind back nearly forty years: the "Scene from the Eve of St Agnes" is dated 1848. We learn from one who moved in the inner circle, how some seven students, animated by a common zeal, were accustomed to meet frequently for friendly converse and mutual help. Among this youthful company were Hunt, Millais, and the brothers Rossetti.

From all that ensued, it may safely be inferred that humility was not among the virtues fortified by these social gatherings. We are told that at these "frequent meetings and consequent discussions, was adopted an opinion in common respecting the ruined state of English Art;" and Dante Rossetti, at mature age, declared that an English school did not exist. This charitable verdict was fortified by a kindly critic, who called attention to the Exhibition catalogues of the time. The ideas, he asserted, were second-hand, borrowed from the 'Vicar of Wakefield' or other well-worn themes. And the painters of the day "did little more than represent studies of dresses, cleverly executed accessories placed upon motionless lay figures, each as inane as its fellow. This was a kind of art our students felt to be quite unworthy of the name, and little else than a disgrace to the nation, being, in short, worked only to the ideal adopted by the decorators of French plum-boxes."

Mr Holman Hunt had fought a hard battle before he was numbered among these brethren distinctively known as pre-Raphaelites. Born to trade, at the age of sixteen, in 1842, he was assistant to the London agents of Richard Cobden, calico-printer, Manchester. In the following year he left the desk in disgust, and entered himself a student in the antique galleries of the British Museum. In January 1845, after two unsuccessful attempts, he gained admittance as student in the Royal Academy. This encouragement came only just in time, for a promise had been given to the father to return to commercial pursuits and their profits should the third application to the Academy prove unsuccessful. The talents which justified adhesion to Art as a profession, the mode of going to work, may be judged from the fruits now on view. We are told that the student "neglected to cultivate the fascinating graces of style by which his competitors obtained the honours of the schools;" that instead he acquired "truly solid knowledge," "precision and firm manliness of handling," "dry and elaborate character," with "undeviating and unflinching adherence to nature."

The student in 1846 advanced to the rank of exhibitor; a small *genre* picture, "Hark!"—a little girl holding a watch to her ear—found a place in the Academy, but no purchaser. Two years later appeared the "Scene from the Eve of St Agnes," now "shown as an example of the steps by which the painter reached his mature aims in art." We are also told by way of apology that the work "was executed in two months, and daylight being at the time much taxed for portrait-painting, the accessories of the composition were painted at night by the light of a candle held in the hand with the palette." The picture now strikes the eye as strangely destitute of promise or prophecy, and the two principal figures oddly enough recall the pseudo-Venetian manner to which Mr Hook, R.A., was committed, before he turned from academic artifice and took to the school of nature. This "Eve of St Agnes," however, brought to the artist succour: it was sold for £63, and afterwards realised in the market 250 guineas! The battle of life at this turning-point waxed hard. With nothing but this sum of £63 for the coming year, a studio was taken,—"a dreary, dreadful place, standing in a squalid locality, looking upon a moist timber-yard." Out of the little fund another picture must be painted

and models paid. "Simple fare and scanty fires through the cold winter, working deep into the night and all through the dull and chilly day, were to be encountered, and were actually endured with the brave, light spirit of youth, self-devotion, conviction, and hope."

No painter, save Sir John Millais, has perplexed the world by presenting phases so unexpected. Mr Holman Hunt, though of determined will, shows moments of indecision, and evidently his art destinies were trembling in the balance, when, at the age of twenty-six, he took as his subject "A Family of Converted Britons succouring Christian Priests in their escape from the Druids." The unwonted style adopted may in part be due to the picture having been at first intended to stand in competition for the Gold Medal of the Academy,—in fact, it shows itself exceptionally academic. The work is not without historic dignity, the types have unusual nobility—hardly a face is ugly, or a form distasteful. For once the painter condescends to the amenities of art, and is not too proud to please. The lines of composition are not harsh or angular, the details are not distracting, or the colours blinding. The artist displays absolute mastery over the figure, the outlines are firm and true, the modelling is simple and broad, the flesh-painting has a tenderness in tissue and texture, with a moderation in the carnations, which unfortunately later on degenerated into crudities. The realism, the simple bits of nature about the foreground, are delightful to look at; all keep their relative places quietly as parts of a concerted whole. The *technique* it were hard to equal. The picture appears to have been painted up direct from the canvas solidly, needing little or no retouching afterwards, and it remains after thirty-six years without crack, flaw, or fading. The work is more than juvenile: it combines the fresh, facile charm of youth with the maturity of riper years.

The pictures which followed in steady succession, beginning with "Claudio and Isabella," date 1853, displayed, to the extreme verge of endurance, the imputed eccentricity and audacity of the "pre-Raphaelites." This term, never quite appropriate, and in the end little else than a nickname, may call for a word of explanation. The times were, indeed, ripe for one of those reactions which are known in history to have changed the face and complexion of the Arts. But why was "pre-Raphaelite" chosen as the watchword? These young men were not very deeply read or widely travelled. Yet somehow they had contracted, not without reason, antipathy for the Italian Renaissance, with the corruptions that for three centuries ran rampant over Europe. A like strong aversion had forty years before taken possession of Overbeck, Cornelius, Veit, Schadow, and other earnest, truth-seeking Germans, who set up in Rome a pre-Raphaelite school of religious and romantic art. Our English painters differed from their German precursors in several ways, especially in their strong grip on nature. But both schools were at one, not only while they eschewed the blandishments of the Renaissance, but equally when they clung lovingly to medievalism, its poetry, romance, and devotion.

And just as the German pre-Raphaelites found a champion and literary exponent in Frederick Schlegel, so did our English brotherhood set up an oracle in the

'Germ,' a suggestive title afterwards amplified into 'Art and Poetry; being Thoughts towards Nature, conducted principally by Artists.' This attempt at literature proved more inchoate and scattered than the new art it sought to commend; yet here and there a passage may be gleaned revealing throes of soul not unlike the painter's unburdening of thought and feeling in the life-work now before us. Pre-Raphaelitism is rapturously preached as follows: "What an array of deep, earnest, and noble thinkers, like angels armed with a brightness that withers, stand between Giotto and Raphael: to mention only Orcagna, Ghiberti, Masaccio, Lippi, Fra-Beato Angelico, and Francia. Parallel *them* with post-Raphaelite artists. If you think you can, you have dared a labour of which the fruit shall be to you as Dead-Sea apples, golden and sweet to the eye, but in the mouth ashes and bitterness." Then take the following, as showing how Mr Hunt and his comrades turned the old masters to modern uses: "The discovery of the New World without the compass would have been sheer chance; but with it, it became an absolute certainty. So, and in such manner, the modern artist seeks to use early medieval art as a fulcrum to raise by, but only as a fulcrum; for he himself holds the lever whereby he shall guide and fix the stones of his art temple." He shall use early art as a compass to direct his course in the ways of truth with such certitude that he can give up his whole soul to the purpose of his voyage; and God his endeavours prospering, discoveries shall be made as man-worthy as any hitherto beheld or by poets conceived.

Mr Holman Hunt and Sir John Millais started, as is well known, side by side together, animated by like motives and committed to similar methods. Thoroughly "pre-Raphaelite" was Millais's "Isabella," date 1849, a banquet-table whereat are seated the two Rossettis and others of the brethren. The same artist was still strictly within the school when, in the following year, he raised no small commotion in the Academy by "Christ in the House of His Parents." And such is the fickleness of criticism, and so completely have the organs of public opinion come round, that the painter who was ridiculed on the first exhibition of these pictures, has recently, on their appearance in the Grosvenor Gallery, been equally censured because he has seen fit to change his style! Mr Hunt's creations of the same period had, as we have said, similar aims, and yet distinguishing characteristics. How, indeed, was it possible that any two of the brethren could in the long-run tread in one undeviating path? A fundamental article of the common faith required that every artist must be true to himself, deliver to the world his own message, speak out frankly his individual conviction, and paint no other vision than that which nature impressed on his mind. Hence divergence became inevitable; hence, to the glory of the school, were evolved artists so diverse as Hunt, Rossetti, and Millais—each among the greatest of his kind.

Pre-Raphaelite, in the ultra sense of the word—as if not to justify the creed, but only to be excused by the creed—was Hunt's "Claudio and Isabella," from 'Measure for Measure,' exhibited, 1853, in the Academy. The two stand side by side within the prison:

the brother, impatiently handling the fetters on his foot, exclaims, "Death is a fearful thing!" the sister, laying both hands upon his breast, replies, "And shamed life a hateful!" The coward Claudio quakes with fear, the sister looks as one petrified, dismayed at the thought that the brother is ready to sacrifice her virtue to save his life. This was the painter's first full attainment of an end rightly held by the brethren as among the highest and noblest—the expression of inward thought and feeling through the outward form. Agony is engraven on the features, the bodily frame trembles under fear, the limbs are stricken with dread of death and cold obstruction. The aspect, with a difference, has points of contact with the withered lineaments, the mortification of flesh seen in Byzantine art; the incisive character and intensity of expression also recall the old Germans. At once, however, it became evident that heat of passion and the cankerworm of woe must inevitably sear and consume the forms of youth and beauty—a penal forfeiture the Greeks were known to abhor and shun—a penalty of ugliness which in no small degree brought down on the new school and its deeds the ridicule and aversion of England. But the zealots, taking little heed, and deaf to counsel, persistently flung defiance at popular taste and conventional art, and still clung to their heresy with all the ardour of superstition. Yet occasional appreciation came, even from unexpected quarters. Mr Egg, R.A., had given a commission for "Claudio and Isabella," in token of respect for the painter's high but ill-requited aspiration.

How stern and literal studies from outward nature were at this time carried on side by side with other pictures mystic in meaning, becomes patent in the landscape surroundings of "The Hireling Shepherd," the date 1852. Here is a close outdoor study, made under July's blazing sun, of golden fields of corn, green pastures, pollard trees and marsh-mallows. With obstinate resolve the painter sits down to work, and leaf by leaf, flower by flower, spells out nature. A more solid and brilliant piece of realism was never thrown out of hand: neither Van Eyck nor Memling, Bellini nor Basaiti, in landscape accessories carried out naturalism with greater force or detail. This nature-study rivals the exactitude of science; yet, though conducted fearlessly and fiercely, permitting no compromise or surrender, the picture comes together with little sacrifice of the unity imperative in art. The sunlight scorching the rank verdure is terrific as a sunstroke, yet cool shadows cast by overhanging trees go far to mitigate the intolerable heat. We are asked to believe that this "sunlight effect was an entirely new thing in art,"—that the painter appears as the first to put into practice the scientific truth hinted at by Leonardo da Vinci, explained by Newton, and fully developed by Davy and Brewster! "Hunt was absolutely the first figure-painter who gave the true colour to sun-shadows, made them partake of the tint of the object on which they were cast, and deepened such shadows to pure blue where he found them so." The science and the art treatment of shadows, and the distinction between shadows and reflections, have long been recognised as perplexing problems.

Raphael in his Vatican frescoes throws green as a complementary colour into the shadows cast by red draperies, and Mr Hunt here in his flesh-tints mingles green as the reflection from surrounding leaves. It may be remarked that the brethren, as part of their mission, conferred distinction upon green paint—a colour at the time eschewed in art, if indeed not accounted a blunder in nature! The green in this picture reaches its climax in a couple of sour apples upon which a pet lamb is feeding!

It is somewhat hard to tell whether we are expected to take "The Hireling Shepherd" seriously or in satire. The subject is suggested by Edgar's song in 'King Lear,' "Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?" The Fool in the play is present, and the scene is comic; and so in parts is the picture, though possibly unintentionally. An uncouth rustic makes blundering love to a country lass seated on the grass, and nursing in her lap a lamb. She might seem to hold her lover's amorous advances in derision. But the beholder receives a caution against unbecoming levity through the favourite instrument of symbolism. The shepherd, a hireling, unfaithful to his charge, has neglected his flock; the sheep—painted to marvellous perfection—go astray into miry places and plunge into a neighbour's corn! At this critical moment the intense shepherd thrusts before the eyes of the jeering girl, as evil omen, a death's-head moth; and, sad to relate, the lamb in her lap is discovered feeding on a green, unripe apple! What is it all about? The riddle might never have been guessed without the assistance of the catalogue. We are told in words suitably mystic, yet scarcely plain enough for minds uninitiated, that "Mr Holman Hunt painted his picture in rebuke of the sectarian vanities and vital negligence of the nation"! We prefer, however, to accept the work on its simpler merits, as a pastoral of a serio-comic bent.

Well do we remember "The Awakened Conscience," the place it held on the line of the Academy in 1854, the discussions and protests it provoked. Strangely enough, its meaning and moral, though sufficiently obvious, were misunderstood. The painter, absent in the Holy Land, was silent, and so his friend, the author of 'Modern Painters,' wrote to the 'Times' in explanation. A girl, in dress and mien the lady, placed in a richly furnished room, has been singing with her gay seducer, "Oft in the Stilly Night," when, at the sound of "sad memory" and "the light of other days" she starts up in agony. Her lover, not seeing the horror in the face or the torture in the clasped hands, sings carelessly on, striking the piano's keys with his gloved hand. "I suppose, writes the eloquent interpreter, "no one possessing the slightest knowledge of expression could remain untouched by the countenance of the lost girl, rent from its beauty into sudden horror: the lips half open, indistinct in their purple quivering, the teeth set hard, the eyes filled with the fearful light of futurity and with tears of ancient days." On the floor lies a bird which a cat is tearing—over the mantel hangs a print of Jane Shore—and outside a window, as seen reflected in a mirror, are fowls of the air preying on ripened ears of corn. By such apt symbols is the moral pointed. All

the colours of the paint-box are thrown upon the canvas as a bold gamester casts his cards on a table, risking all and winning. Most venturesome and hardly saved from confusion, is the illusive reflection in the mirror of a window with the outdoor scene beyond, otherwise not in the picture: the episode raises the curious interest of a play within a play. And, as feats in imitative art, never have been surpassed the veined wood of the piano, the glittering gilt on clock and mirror-frame, the lustrous silk of the embroidered shawl. If the actual scarf were placed by its counterfeit, the difference between the two could hardly be distinguished. Here verily was a painter of a brush cunning as that of the Dutch Mieris or Terburg, with an added symbolism and moral to which no Dutchman could plead guilty. And as we now look once more on the work, after the lapse of two-and-thirty years, we can hardly account for the hostility it provoked. Partly perhaps the artist proved distasteful because he wholly ignored the favourite doctrine that the primary purpose of a picture should be to please. "The Awakened Conscience" naturally offended when it brought on a cold shudder! And so the public turned away and found their heart's delight in perpetually pleasing "cattle pieces, and sea pieces, and fruit pieces, and family pieces: the eternally brown cows in ditches, and white sails in squalls, and sliced lemons in saucers, and foolish faces in simpers"!

Fortunately for themselves, and in the interest of art, the pre-Raphaelite brethren cannot be numbered among the world's martyrs. If passed through fire, they managed to survive. Pains and penalties fortified to endurance; castigation cured conceit and eccentricity; and even ridicule, serving for advertisement, saved from oblivion. Yet doubtless, for the moment, the ordeal proved sufficiently cruel. Dickens had raised laughter in 'Household Words,' and the press generally took advantage of a tempting topic to amuse readers. It is difficult now to reconcile with ordinary allegiance to art the rancour of the attacks then indulged in. Mr Ruskin writes: "The loudness and universality of the howl which the common critics of the press have raised against two youths, Millais and Hunt; the utter absence of all generous help or encouragement from those who can both measure their toil and appreciate their success; and the shrill, shallow laughter of those who can do neither the one nor the other,—these are, strangest of all, unimaginable unless they had been experienced. And as if these were not enough, private malice is at work against them, in its own small, slimy way." "I received an anonymous letter respecting one of them, from some person apparently hardly capable of spelling, and about as vile a specimen of petty malignity as ever blotted paper. I think it well that the public should know this."

And why did these perverse painters still persevere in a practice thus held in scorn? Partly because of the sympathy of a small minority weary of the art of the day. The feeling was growing that the fine arts, as distinguished from the industrial arts, lagged behind the age; that they were not on a par with advanced thought, did not give adequate expression to the motives

and aspirations moving the world; that they held but frivolous companionship with poetry creative in imagination, and with science progressive in new discoveries. What we want, cried some, is thought-pictures, — creations satisfying or appealing to the noble faculties of reason, imagination, conscience. Who could prove equal to these things? Possibly not the brethren. But at least let them have fair-play.

This prelude may prepare the spectator for that most startling of pictorial apparitions, "The Light of the World," exhibited with "The Awakened Conscience" in the Academy of 1854. A storm of discordant criticism beat around the picture. Yet a friendly pen pronounced it "one of the very noblest works of sacred art ever produced in this or any other age." The picture is an allegory bristling at every point with symbolism. A gaunt figure—"Christ in His ever-lasting offices of prophet, priest, and king," clothed in the white robe of the Spirit, with jewelled vest and breastplate, a radiant glory around the head, the crown of gold interwoven with the crown of thorns—stands, lantern in hand, at a closed door and knocks for entrance. On the picture-frame we read the words: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." The door—signifying a human heart sealed and obdurate—is fast nailed, and tightly held by an overgrowth of ivy and weeds. The scene is a waste orchard, with a reedy river looming in the distance. The time is the witching hour of stillness 'twixt night and morn, the lingering moon mingles with the light of stars, while in the far horizon gleams the grey gold of approaching dawn. A voice is heard, as of one crying in the wilderness, Open ye the door.

"The Light of the World" was begun in 1852, at a farmhouse in Surrey, where Hunt and Millais were together studying back-grounds. Often Mr Hunt sat up all night while painting from the farmhouse orchard the background to his picture. We are told, though we see little internal evidence for the statement, that in the face of the Saviour he sought for an ideal. More to the purpose, we find that he made studies direct from nature, received suggestions and took selections from more faces than one, and finally modelled a mask from which he painted. Thus we learn the artist's method; he has never thrown off hasty impressions,—on the contrary, he builds up slowly, and works out his mental conception laboriously in the face of nature.

The painter speaks in parables, and, as some poet-prophet, utters occult wisdom. To the irreverent he might appear but to give out pictorial puzzles — a kind of jugglery easier than might seem. But minds rightly prepared give to the revelation didactic interpretation. Thus one commentator entitled to a hearing sees in the lantern carried in the hand the light of conscience, and recognises in the glory radiating from the thorn-crowned head the hope of salvation. But men less gifted may possibly feel this meaning somewhat far-fetched and lying a little outside the province of art. We incline to set more value on the deep and indelible impression left on the outer and inner sense by the face and figure of the Saviour. Most moving is the sorrow-

ful appeal: love, compassion, and entreaty speak in the silence of the night. The picture, if rather *bizarre*, takes hold of the mind by a strange spell: it moves to awe and awakens to mystery.

Among hostile critics Dr Waagen is best entitled to a hearing. In a letter to the 'Times,' provoked by "The Light of the World," after expressing sympathy with our English pre-Raphaelites in their actuating principles, he states his belief that they are "totally mistaken" in their practice. They are right while inspired by the "pure and earnest religious feeling which pervades the works of Fiesole and other masters of the fifteenth century," but wholly wrong when they "transfer to their pictures not only the beauties but the defects of their great models—unmindful of the fact which a general survey of the history of art does not fail to teach, that the early masters attract us, not on account of their meagre drawing, hard outlines, erroneous perspective, conventional glories, &c., but, on the contrary, in spite of these defects and peculiarities. We overlook these, simply and solely because in the undeveloped state of the scientific and technical resources of painting at that period they could not be avoided. But it is quite another thing when these defects and peculiarities are transferred to the works of modern artists, who purposely close their eyes to those scientific and technical lights which have now become the common property of art, and so retrograde to a state of darkness for which there is no excuse." "That the system is already bearing its inevitable fruit is at once apparent in a picture by the well-known and highly talented painter Holman Hunt, now in the Royal Academy, called 'The Light of the World.'" Dr Waagen then urges sundry objections little else than archæological.

The pre-Raphaelites, we imagine, must have agreed in the main with Dr Waagen's readings of history. Indeed, truths so obvious could hardly have escaped students in any school. And impartial judges will incline to ascribe excesses to over-zeal rather than to perversity or incapacity. At the outset it might easily happen that even earnest truth-seekers should take a wrong path, that in tentative gropings among dark ages mistakes should be made as to the precise bearings of historic art upon nature-study. But the pilgrim who, in seeking distant or lofty shrines, misses the way does not lose his worship: faith in eternal verities sustains; though he falter, he does not fall; and whatever aspiration is nearest the heart he will reach in the end.

It is strange that Dr Waagen, with his knowledge of historic precedents, should not have even hinted at the palpable parallel between the old German painters and our modern pioneers. It is only too evident that Mr Holman Hunt is less Latin than Teuton; he does not share with Italians "the fatal gift of beauty"; his lines do not flow as melodies; his voices are not lyric. On the contrary, his analogues lie with such German masters as Meister Wilhelm of Cologne, Wolgemuth, and Dürer. His works have points of contact with the old painters in the Boisserie Collection: they are trenchant in character, strong in facial expression, rugged in lines, abrupt in angles, oppressed by weight of elaborated detail, and distracted as tapestries by wealth of decorative colour. And these, his distinguishing characteristics,

are scarcely to be counted as defects.

Mr Hunt having unburdened his mind in "The Light of the World," not unnaturally bent his steps to the land wherein his thoughts had long dwelt. In 1854, in the congenial company of the late Thomas Seddon, he first visited Egypt, "as the best portal to the regions of the oriental world;" he then passed on to Palestine, the country which became the scene of his most arduous studies. From this journey —afterwards more than once repeated—dates what may be termed the orientalism of his art. Difficult, if not impossible, it must always be to evolve Biblical types here in the midst of London life, with its turmoil, levity, and scepticism. But we know from personal experience how, from the moment the foot touches the Holy Land, the state of mind is wholly changed. When we tread the very paths Christ trod, enter the Garden of Gethsemane, or follow the track worn by ages up the Mount of Olives, to the spot fixed by tradition as the scene of the Ascension, the life of the Saviour, His teachings and sufferings, become every hour of the day vivid as a present reality. Mr Hunt set to work under the reasonable belief that, in a land among a people suffering comparatively slight mutation, he could reconstruct the cradle of Christianity, and breathe into the material form the spirit of the divine.

"The Scapegoat," the earliest outcome of the first journey to the East, on reaching the Academy in 1856, was greeted with little respect; even Mr Ruskin could minister only hesitating praise in his opening sentence: "This singular picture, though in many respects faultful and in some wholly a failure, is yet the one, of all in the gallery, which should furnish us with most food for thought." And the world, having given thirty years of such thought, assigns to the picture immortality. The canvas had the advantage, as may be guessed from its brilliance and veracity, of being painted out of doors on the spot, and the difficulties encountered enhance the triumph of the carrying out. The artist construed literally the Jewish custom of sending the scapegoat, stricken with the sins of the people, into a place uninhabited and desolate. The Dead Sea, with its arid shores, bearing visible scars of a relentless curse, appealed to the painter's imagination as the spot of all others suited to his pictorial tragedy. So he journeyed by that same road to Jericho where the man fell among thieves, to search out his painting-ground. After traversing the entire western margin of the Sea, he pitched his tent and set up his easel in the dry bed of a wild torrent, and from sunrise to sunset "painted, crag by crag, the purple mountains of Moab, and grain by grain the pale ashes of Gomorrah."

The scapegoat, with a scarlet fillet bound about its brow, tells its terrible story. It has been driven by the multitude out of the camp, pursued into the wilderness, and thus tormented, starved, and exhausted, it staggers on its feet ready to perish. "The Scripture does not tell us that the scapegoat necessarily died; but according to the Talmud, every one who saw it threw a stone at it to drive it further into its mystical outlawry." The eye looks piteously as entreating succour, yet finding none, for its grave is in the wasted plain of salt, which, tradition says, shrouded Lot's wife. The shore is strewn

with skeletons, for fable also tells how birds of the air, here pestilence-stricken, fall in their perilous flight. The painter possibly, in memory of the fires that consumed the cities of the plain, lights up the distant mountains of Moab, whereon Moses died, in the blood-red hues of an Eastern sunset. It may be but a fancy, yet we have often thought, that in these lands of miracle Nature herself essays the supernatural. Mr Hunt, in notes on his last great work, "The Triumph of the Innocents," describes, in eloquent words, the wild play of the elements in the land of the scapegoat. From heights he looked on "the mountains of Moab far away to the east, the Dead Sea below, and the great plain of Philistia down in the west. A storm thence seen produced the impression of sublime purpose. The lightning gathers beyond the great hollow, which includes Jericho and the lost Sodom and Gomorrah, and then wavers, as the fingers of a mighty player upon the keys of a musical instrument; collecting the errant forces of the air, and tremulous with dancing flame in the south, over the extending table-land, it seems to linger as though searching the plain of Philistia for its special mark, and there darts down in fury."

"The Scapegoat" pronounces a new departure; the old masters are out of mind; and the painter throws himself unreservedly on nature. And we have to reconcile as best we may the apparent paradox that pre-Raphaelitism has for its synonym naturalism! Here is an artist who might seem to call to his aid the telescope to discover distances in place and time; yet he peers into things present and close at hand, as with a microscope. Never before had been so happily blended the ken of the eagle with the eye of the mole. And the triumph was a marvel. Materialism in art acquired spiritual significance. The goat—realised to the life, as if animal-painting had been a sole vocation—is almost human; though dumb, it speaks. The landscape, while literal to the last touch, has a language. This is symbolism in the best sense, not the gratuitous affixing of far-fetched meanings, but the choosing and the accumulating of those forms and phenomena in the outer world which stand as the natural speech, visible signs, and immediate causes of inward emotion. "The Scapegoat" is at once a history and a poem; the scene calls up memories of ancient days, and haunts the imagination as a ghostlike vision.

The journey to Palestine was taken with the purpose of painting "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple." But an unexpected difficulty came in the way. It was reported that the artist had come to traffic with the souls of the faithful: the superstition of the people against sitting to be painted could not be overcome—indeed an interdict was issued. And not until "the excommunication of the models at Jerusalem was removed" could the painter proceed. Mr Hunt by this time was no stranger in the city; he had been a frequent visitor to the Jewish synagogue, and through introductions became a welcome guest in wealthy households. Taking advantage of these opportunities, he studied types superior to the common heads in Western Europe, as may be judged from the finished picture. Thus by slow degrees the important group of Jewish Rabbis advanced to com-

pletion. Serious difficulties, however, precluded the introduction of the Virgin and the Saviour upon canvas: the Jews who sat would take offence were the subject thus pronounced Christian. Hence nothing more was practicable then on the spot than studies and observations. After a sojourn of a year and a half in Jerusalem, Mr Hunt returned with his half-finished picture to England, and patiently continued his labours till their happy consummation in 1860. His method in London was like that in the East; he spared no pains to transcribe with fidelity the lineaments of the Semitic race. Through Baron Rothschild he obtained access to the Jewish school in Spitalfields, and selected models suited to his more youthful characters. The principal group, including Christ and the Mother, like Leonardo's chief head in the Supper, was left till near the last. The memoranda from Jerusalem were little more than suggestions —suitable types had to be searched out; and ultimately we learn that "the head of the Virgin was derived from a lady of the ancient race, distinguished alike for her amiability and beauty. The Saviour was painted from a pupil in one of the Jewish schools, to which the husband of this lady furnished a friendly introduction." The accessories, it will be remembered, are elaborated with infinite care. The costumes had been taken from the best available relics, and for the architecture of this, the second Temple, were consulted Jewish records and Assyrian and Egyptian remains. Thus is claimed to the painter's credit—a somewhat equivocal compliment it might seem—that he succeeded in constructing "a wholly new style of architecture"! The catalogue to the present Exhibition has the courage to declare that "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple" "was doubtless the first important treatment of a sacred subject," and that "this first Semitic presentment of the Semitic Scripture" makes an epoch.

The picture does not need description: few compositions are better known: and its success when exhibited in London and the provinces was not beyond its deserts. Yet demur was made, not wholly without reason, at the artist's habitual treatment of sacred themes. And the question may fairly be raised whether all this array of ethnologic science, antiquarian lore, costume, stone and wood carving, and metal-work worthy of a museum, enhances or detracts from the religious sentiment. Certain it is that sacred art in the olden times relied on widely different means. Not to place too much stress on a class of subjects known as "Sante Conversazione," wherein the scenes are laid mid-heaven, and saints meet and hold converse together, who on earth had been severed by centuries and hundreds of miles, it is sufficient to quote countless Nativities, Holy Families, Disputes in the Temple, indeed the whole Biblical series between Genesis and Revelation, to show how intense can be the devotion, how immediate the sense of the divine, in an art which takes little or no account of mundane conditions. With the old painters art was a conception from within—modern men begin outside: the former presents the soul, the latter the cuticle. Charles Lamb speaks to the point boldly when descanting on the "Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the Productions of Modern Art:" "By a wise falsification the great

masters of painting got at their true conclusions by not showing the actual appearances."

"Orientalism in art" would want its most brilliant characteristics without sunshine and colour. The land of the rising sun, clothed and jewelled as a tapestry or enamel, makes poor in comparison the resources of the painter's palette. And some will incline to think that Mr Hunt, in his endeavour to realise Eastern splendour, has spoilt his art. But, always dauntless, he faces fiercest sunlight in "The Shadow of Death." The artist mounted himself and his easel on the roof of the highest house in Nazareth, commanding the hills which rise from the Plain of Jezreel. Light and colour were thence studied day by day: the sun, moving across the sky as on a dial, serving as the timekeeper in this clockless clime, marked, as it approached its setting, the hour when the painter's task began,—necessarily the selfsame hour at which Christ, as depicted, weary of the long day's labour, rises to his feet and finds relief to the toil-worn body in outstretched arms. The blazing sun, shining full on the Saviour, casts on a near wall the figure's shadow: its form is the shadow of the cross, the foreshadow or symbol of death. The Mother, the only person present, bending over a casket which guards the Magi's gifts, lifting her eyes, sees the shadow of her crucified Son. The surroundings — a carpenter's shop, hung with tools of the trade, and thickly strewn with palpable shavings and sawings — startle the eye by their strange collocations and realism.

"The Shadow of Death," in subject and treatment, defines the line dividing modern from ancient art. If we search through history we do not discover the theme either in pre-Raphaelite or post-Raphaelite periods. Seldom indeed is the Saviour depicted as occupied in mundane work,—one probable reason being that sacred art in its character and mission demanded that the human should be merged in the divine. It was not till the arts became secularised that we find the carpenter's shop thrust boldly within the pale of pictorial narrative. Among modern Germans, Carl Müller and others have represented Jesus as a boy sawing wood; and Sir John Millais, in younger days, introduced Christ in the much-reviled picture, "The Carpenter's Shop." History shows that with the lapse of time spiritual significance became surrendered to material circumstance: thus sacred art was brought down to the level of *genre*-painting. Hence, in place of the high generalisation and the imaginative suggestion of Italian masters, we here encounter the literalness and realism of the Dutch painters!

It is at least curious, if not edifying, to learn with what fidelity the accessories were studied on the spot. We are assured that "the tools on the rack are from a collection of ancient carpenter's implements bought at Bethlehem." In like manner the draperies and the carved casket are transcripts from extant examples. Furthermore, this workplace was itself in part actually painted "in a carpenter's shop." What strikes as of more vital import is, that the head and figure of Christ were studied from actual men dwelling in Palestine. The known permanence of oriental forms might favour the belief that the picture represents more or less closely a structure with accessories familiar to the Saviour's eye.

Symbolism the artist once more calls to his aid: inanimate objects are clothed in spiritual meanings. Not only does the shadow on the wall prefigure the agony on the cross, but the tools arranged on the rack signify the instruments of torture, while reeds in the corner stand for the king's sceptre put into the hand in the hour of buffeting. Moreover, the circular window, looking out on the evening sky, is so placed as to serve for a nimbus round the head, while a smaller star-shaped opening symbolises the star seen by the shepherds. It were hard to say whether these teachings are of the nature of milk for babes or meat for strong men.

The picture is supposed to exalt the dignity of labour: it shows the Saviour "gaining His bread by the sweat of His face;" it claims to be the only representation of "Christ in full manhood enduring the burden of common toil." The age may be taken as between twenty-five and thirty, a period concerning which the Gospels are significantly silent. But in the apocryphal "Gospel of the infancy of Jesus Christ," we read the curious story, that St Joseph "was not very skilful at the carpenter's trade," and that among other blunders he made a mistake in a throne he had to construct for the King of Jerusalem. And the tradition goes that the child Jesus set all right as by miracle. The process, be it observed, was not through mechanical work as seen in Mr Hunt's picture, but by that miraculous power which with Christian painters in the olden times was the soul of sacred art.

The head of the Saviour and the figure, mostly undraped, are studied with the painter's habitual independence. Traditional forms have been cast aside and a new type is sought out from nature. Two or more models were employed; the torso and limbs are studies from a Syrian man, better known for fine physique than for moral conduct! No objection can be raised to the method, provided only in the end is realised that fundamental idea of the character, the divine residing in the human. The physical frame is that of a man well-proportioned, strongly and compactly knit in bone and muscle, fitted by nature for skilled manual labour; and so far the artist gains what he aims at. Yet Leonardo da Vinci and others reached something more. The figure, though lacking divinity, realises at least the rationalistic idea of M. Renan, that the spell of Christ's personal presence proves a physical beauty and perfection approaching the superhuman. The head is crowned with auburn hair falling in disordered curls upon the shoulders; the beard is short; the mouth open, showing teeth white as ivory; the eyes, liquid and lustrous as gems, are turned upwards. It is written, "and Christ looked up to heaven;" and in the face we read not only the weariness of the flesh through labour, but the anguish of the spirit and the prayer for divine aid. Mr Hunt, by his original conception and treatment, enlarges the area of Christian art.

Romance, in the historic sense of the word, colours the creations of England's new yet old school. The middle ages are reflected: we recognise a romance ardent as religion, a religion passionate as romance, and poetry in all. With Rossetti, of whom is exhibited a portrait instinct with poetry, the fire of romance burnt the brightest and endured the longest; in Mil-

lais, if not the faintest, it is the least constant; while in Hunt, the flame appears intermittent, smouldering and hidden from sight over considerable periods, and then bursting out anew as in its first fervour. And yet, to speak more strictly, we should perhaps say that in Hunt were merged and broken down the barriers which, with others, separated the romance of the imagination from the romance of religion. Hence it happens that, while compositions from Shakespeare and Keats have an unction akin to devotion, expressly sacred compositions are illumined by legends and interwoven with the tissues of poetry. A scene from 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' shows the artist to advantage as a romanticist, yet with the sharp articulation and the accentuated character of a naturalist. The scene is the moment of the conviction and repentance of Proteus. Julia in her boy's apparel has not yet declared herself: the outlaws are advancing with their captives. The work, in its scheme, study of character, and technical quality, is a masterpiece. And now, after the lapse of more than thirty years, such is the mutation in the standard of taste, that we can hardly understand how the picture, on its exhibition in the Academy of 1851, should have been denounced as mistaken in conception, ill in drawing, and incorrect in perspective. Imputed faults of commission and omission are accredited as merits, now that generalised characters, pretty china-plate faces, in common with conventional trees and rocks, have fallen out of fashion. The work shows itself exceptional, even among its fellows in this collection, by its astounding force and reality: like certain voices in song, the picture carries far; its accents are so loud —not in a bad sense—that they assault the spectator at the furthest point in the gallery. And the repellent power exercised by some of its neighbours becomes here reversed into force of attraction. Instead of phases of ugliness, are present forms of positive beauty —a natural perfection which the brethren strangely reckoned as a mark of weakness.

Romance, poetic and passionate, with outburst of tears, found utterance in "Isabella and her Basil Pot," inspired by Keats's paraphrase from the 'Decameron.' The picture, though almost oriental in decorative splendour, was conceived and executed in Florence, the scene of the poem, at a time when the artist passed through a terrible sorrow. Isabella is discovered in her rich Tuscan chamber, just risen from her bed to weep over the Basil Pot which enshrines the last remains of her murdered lover. The plant flourishing under her tender care is placed on her *prie-dieu;* and in all the abandonment of a broken heart, she bends over the relic as an altar. The artist, after an interval of fourteen years, reverts to the realism by which he first surprised the Academy in the accessories to "The Awakened Conscience." Here, again, appears an embroidered shawl, also an iridescent glass vessel, which might deceive experts in *bric-a-brac* as the grapes of Zeuxis took in the birds. In the painting of flesh—a feat far more difficult—the artist is not so successful: the carnations show increasing opacity and crudity. Also, it may be objected that the sentiment is pushed to sensational excess.

Tastes proverbially differ so widely in matters of beauty, that

no artist can be asked to surrender his favourite types. Yet Mr Hunt cannot escape the penalties incident to his departure, as exemplified in the present exhibition, from accepted standards. And impartial observers may opine that the hostility shown from the first to the pre-Raphaelite painters in no small degree was provoked by their deliberate outrage on beauty. Yet their assaults, if not to be pardoned, admit of explanation. They protested with reason against the smooth, senseless prettiness of the album and keepsake school. But they went further, and we cannot but think erred grievously, when they ignored the Greeks, and neglected the evolution of highest types wherein art must ever find its consummation. The fact is not a little significant that, among the thirty-two pictures and drawings now on view, not a trace can be discovered of classic studies. Yet when we visit the churches and galleries of Italy, we find not a single artist, however early or pure, who cared to sever himself wholly, even were he able, from his classic surroundings and antecedents. But English followers, while fighting under Italian banners, deserted to the opposite camp. The Italian and Grecian were forsaken in favour of the Gothic, with her twin-sister the Grotesque; the goddess of beauty was cast down from her pedestal, and instead enthroned the divinity of ugliness. The new worship proved infectious, at least among the elect. Ugliness, like age, was found to possess charms peculiarly her own; she commended herself by individual conviction, strength of expression, and occasionally by passionate appeal!

Throughout the artist's career, landscape goes hand in hand with figure-painting, to the mutual advantage of each. Hence landscape, as in a less degree with the outdoor studies of Millais, gains in certitude and significance, while figure-compositions profit by companionship with nature. Two landscapes are before us: the scene which environs "The Scapegoat," a sky revealing glory as of heaven's open gates, a shore paved with the image of the sky above. "Strayed Sheep," in contrast, relieves the eye by delicious coolness. A commission had been given to repeat the group of sheep—which indeed could not be repeated too often—in "The Hireling Shepherd"; but here the flock is differently disposed, and the artist, we are informed, "profited by the opportunity of painting a beautiful cliff-landscape studied near Hastings." The sheep have gone astray, having no shepherd; and scattered and wandering, they snatch a hasty mouthful among the brambles and grass of the green headland. The sea beyond, touched in with unwonted delicacy, leads the eye to a far-off horizon. The sun approaching its setting, floods the picture with dazzling light, attempered by reposeful shade. The sheep—the only tenants of the still solitude—painted lovingly, look out from the canvas knowingly, and by sprightly movements and almost human intelligence, impart to the landscape much of the character of a figure-picture. The artist's colour is apt to be startling as his conceptions; and here, as in "The Hireling Shepherd," the eye must be reconciled as best it may to the fearless use of that most intractable of pigments—green. These landscape-studies leave in the retrospect serene impressions; they are as healing and tranquillising medicine to the

mind, and sustain the trust that Nature never forsakes the heart that loves her truly. Mr Hunt, we understand, proposes in his projected Eastern journey to recur to sketching. After the severe stress in completing the memorable "Triumph of the Innocents," a little painting in the open air in Palestine will come as a restorative recreation.

It has often been objected that the most paintable subjects in the Biblical narrative have, by endless repetition, been worn out. Mr Hunt, however, once again opened a new line of thought in his last great effort, "The Triumph of the Innocents." And with much pains he expounds a composition fraught with mystic meaning. The picture, speaking briefly, is a flight into Egypt, with the addition of the blessed innocents floating in the air. The time of flight is fixed in April, about sixteen months after the birth of Jesus. "During the spring-time, rich in flowers and first-fruits, the holy travellers are represented as passing across the Philistine plain on the road to Gaza, at a distance of about thirty miles from their point of departure. The night is far spent. While the descending moon sheds its last rays on the natural objects in the picture, unearthly light reveals the embodied spirits of the martyred innocents advancing in procession. The Virgin is seated on a she-ass, of the breed now known as the Mecca race, and the foal follows its mother, as is seen to this day in the East." Mary rejoicing over the child Jesus in her lap, as safe from slaughter, "feels compassion for the murdered innocents and for the childless mothers, less happy and less honoured than herself." It is at this moment "that Jesus recognises the spirits of the slain innocents, his little neighbours of Bethlehem, children like Himself. They reveal the signs of their martyrdom. Garlanded for sacrifice, bearing branches and blossoms of trees," they rejoice in the glory of their misfortune. "Behind in the air are the babes as yet hardly awakened to the new life. In differing revelations of sorrow they show the influence of earthly terror and suffering, still impressed upon them. Towards the front are other spirits of children, triumphing in completer knowledge of their service. One of them in priestly office leads the band. Those who follow cast down their tokens of martyrdom in the path of their recognised Lord." The procession passes a shallow stream reflecting the quiet beauty of the night sky. A peculiarly mystic passage in the foreground of the picture, inappreciable to the uninitiated, the artist explains as "the flood upon which the spiritual children advance,—the living fountains of water—the streams of eternal life—mystically portrayed as ever rolling onward." "The play of the wavelets takes the form of airy globes, which image the Jewish belief in the millennium that is to follow the advent of the Messiah."

"The Triumph of the Innocents," seen in this gallery only a few months since, whatever be its shortcomings—which probably the artist would be the first to acknowledge—manifestly deserves to be approached in the spirit of reverence. Hasty impressions, which have come to our knowledge, formed in casual moments snatched from the rush and roar of city life, are little else than an insult to a work which, from first to last, cost more than ten

years of anxious thought. The picture, at any rate, claims consideration as the part fulfilment of a long-cherished purpose, which, to quote Mr Hunt's own words, with some curtailment, had for its end "to revivify on canvas, if it were possible to me, the facts of Scripture history. My aim was to advance nearer to the truth than had yet been done, by patiently working out a whole picture, surrounded by the very people and the circumstances of the life in Judea of old days." With the vital ambition of an artist to serve as high priest and expounder of the excellent works of the Creator, the purpose was to choose the highest types and combinations of His handiworks, so that men might admire the perfections of the great Author of all, and men's life might thus become a continual joy and solace. Likewise the endeavour was to embody the events by which God in His providence prepared the people of Israel as teachers and prophets to the whole Gentile world. "My idea suggested the experiment to me as worth making for myself; but the attempt was beset with difficulties beyond expectation."

If Mr Hunt's head be in the clouds, at all events he plants his foot on solid earth. And it cannot be laid to his charge that, like Blake and others, when soaring to the supernatural he forsakes the natural. The scene, almost to a fault, is presented to the senses in gross material, and even the stuff that dreams are made of is substantial as bodily flesh. None will deny to the handling and *technique* throughout utmost mastery. But the very conception committed the painter from the first to incompatibilities; he did not recognise essential distinctions between the arts of poetry and painting. Hence, it cannot but be felt that the mystic "stream of eternal life," and the "airy globes" reflecting visions, which might readily be conveyed to the imagination through rhythmical lines of word-painting, wholly elude pigments and the brush. We honour the artist's aspiration, yet the attempt to render the mind's intangible imaginings palpable to sense, is proved once more beyond the range of pictorial art. Yet it cannot be said that the striving to pass from the material and the mundane into the realm of the spiritual and the divine fails entirely of reward. The mind somehow is led insensibly along the pathway of miracle. And wonder is awakened when, in the dead of night, "partly stooping from the starlight, and partly floating on the desert mirage, move with the Holy Family, the glorified souls of the innocents. Clear in celestial light, and gathered into child-garlands of gladness, they look to the Child in whom they live, and yet, for them to die." Mr Ruskin probably carries the suffrages of the majority in his laudation that "none even of the most animated groups and processions of children which constitute the loveliest sculpture of the Robbias and Donatello, can more than rival the freedom and felicity of motion, or the subtlety of harmonious line, in the happy wreath of these angel-children." The infant Christ, in ecstasy of joy on recognising the martyred playmates of Bethlehem, is one of the brightest conceptions that ever entered an artist's mind. The mother—not youthful or quite beautiful—is moulded in grandeur like to a Michael Angelo sibyl. The landscape in shadowed solemnity fitly shrouds the sorrowful flight. Snow in April lies on the distant hills, and a tempest has

passed across the sky. Again the artist speaks, as he paints, with authority: "I rely only on my personal knowledge of a country and climate, acquired by many years of residence throughout all seasons, to understand how the sorrows of that night would be intensified by the angry elements." The Holy Child, the herald of peace, here passeth out of trouble into rest.

We congratulate Mr Holman Hunt on an exhibition which exalts him as an artist and as a man. Many painters have covered a larger surface, but few have concentrated on canvas thoughts so weighty and original. And the artist is not only a thinker but a teacher: he strives by his pencil to make the world wiser and better. And if in larger measure he rejoiced in the ideal, we should say that his creations set forth truth, beauty, and goodness, with a force and fulness seldom if ever seen before. Yet his movements and manifestations lie outside historic precedent and contemporary parallel, and are far from conforming to the order and symmetry of the heavenly spheres. His orbit is eccentric, his art a law unto itself, his career phenomenal. This life-work, born of duty and proved in self-sacrifice, has long won the sympathy of high-minded men. The prayers of many friends will go with Mr Holman Hunt in his approaching journey to Jerusalem. Strength we all trust may be given for the renewal of his labours: he has still in his mind ideas ready to take pictorial form. The Raising of Lazarus we venture to suggest to his pencil: the scene of the miracle is to this day pointed out at Bethany. But whatever may be the artist's next message, we heartily wish him God-speed.

THE CROFTERS: HOW TO BENEFIT THEM.

The Island of Skye is in a state of anarchy. The Queen's writ does not run, debts are not paid, rates are fearfully in arrears, the poor law and educational system are in danger of collapse, landowners are on the road to ruin, credit is at an end, all improvements have ceased, and there is no demand for the labour of the people. The two estates on which there are the largest population of crofters are—that belonging to Lord MacDonald, and that which is the property of Major Fraser of Kilmuir; and the following figures show the growth of lawless refusal to pay rent:—

MacDonald Estate.

Crofter rental per annum, . .	£3728
Arrears, 1881, ...	329
,, 1882, ...	367
,, 1883, ...	464
,, 1884, ...	2182
,, 1885, ...	4815

Kilmuir Estate.

Crofter rental per annum, . .	£2958
Arrears, 1881, ...	443
,, 1883, ...	990
,, 1885, ...	5718

In other words, out of a rent due on the MacDonald estate during the last two years of £7456, only £3105 has been paid; and on the Kilmuir estate, out of £5916, but £1188! There is no power to enforce payment; a sheriff officer attempting to discharge his duties is at once "deforced"; the Government of the Queen look on in imbecile inaction, and the government of agitation is paramount.

Rates are not paid any more than rent; at the close of 1885 the arrears then due were alarmingly high, and recent information points to a continuance of the evil. The parochial rates are almost entirely expended on the education and maintenance of the crofter population: they amount in Skye to sums varying from 3s. 6d. to 5s. in the pound. The rent is withheld, and yet the landowner is required to pay his moiety of those heavy rates upon money which he does not receive. In the case above-mentioned, where the arrears on the crofters' rents are £7456, placing the landlord's share of the rates at the low average of 2s. in the pound, he is required to pay £750 out of his own pocket. The Government which he supports by taxation of all kinds, offers him no assistance in obtaining fulfilment of bargains; while its threats and power are freely used to force him to pay that which it ostentatiously refuses to help him to collect.

The first result of this contempt of law and neglect of contract is disaster to the landlords. There are instances now occurring where proprietors who have never attempted to rack-rent their tenants —have probably not raised their rents within living memory—are compelled to relinquish residence in their own county, and are exposed to the most narrow straits of poverty. But the result, which follows as quick as thunder after lightning, and which is more deplorable, is the destruction of industry, the discharge of labour, the ebb of capital.

A gentleman in Argyleshire has for many years employed a considerable number of Skyemen in road-making and general improvements. On their leaving as usual late last autumn, Sandy, after wait-

ing in vain for a word of hope that he would return, asked, "And will I not be coming back again next May?" "No, Sandy; since you say the land is not to be mine any longer, why should I improve it?" And so ends a steady annual employment for ten or twelve industrious men, who will wait long before they get so good a berth from the Land-Law reformers.

Legislation is inevitable; and for this reason, if for no other, it is desirable. The Royal Commission reported in 1884 in favour of changes in the law. In 1885 the then Government brought forward a bill to deal with crofters' grievances. Lord Salisbury announced in the Queen's Speech in January last that it was his intention to introduce a measure in this sense; and Mr Trevelyan has fulfilled his adversary's promise by producing the "Crofters Bill, No. 2." The bill is drastic; yet is it sufficient? It passes by all the teachings of political economy; but does it benefit the people? It deprives the landowner of rights which he has bought with full sanction of the State; but does it add to the wealth of the country? Is there any reasonable chance, if the bill is passed in its present form, of the crofter difficulty being solved, and laborious prosperity taking the place of present agitation and discontent?

This bill is alleged to be based on the Report of the Commissioners. It is necessary briefly to glance at the recommendations, which were the result of a long and impartial inquiry. These are—

1. Compulsory improvement and enlargement of the township.
2. Government advances to proprietors desirous of offering new holdings to crofters in "overcrowded townships."
3. Compulsory granting of improving leases for thirty years to crofters paying not less than £6 annual rent.
4. Government advances for purchase by small tenants of their holdings.
5. Government advances for making harbours, for purchase of boats and nets.
6. Government assistance for improvement of communications, and especially for the making of a railway from Fort William to the west coast.
7. Assisted emigration of families.
8. In special reports Mr Cameron of Lochiel and Sir Kenneth Mackenzie dissent from the recommendation in favour of enlarging townships; and the former advocates a system of advance to the proprietor, on the security of the estate, to enable crofters to stock small farms of not less than £30 rent.
9. The Commissioners expressly record their disapproval of fixity of tenure and of adjusting rents by a land court.

Mr Trevelyan has not been successful in following the Commissioners' recommendations very closely, for he omits altogether Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; and the central proposals which he relies upon are No. 1, which was objected to by the two most experienced men on the Commission, and "fixity of tenure" and "fair rent," which were rejected by all.

This, then, is the outcome of so much inquiry and the fruit of such long delay. One of the great dangers is, that this attempt at legislation may be hurried through without minute debate—that people will pass the question by as a Scotch affair in which they have no interest, affecting a population equivalent only to that of a third-class English town. Nothing can be more dangerous; for the bill, whether good or bad, is of vital importance, and contains principles which, if admitted without special limitation to certain districts based on distinctions clear

and defined, will sweep an irresistible course through Britain.

The Government, however, have decided so to deal with the question. They give the crofter "fixity of tenure," which, in practice, he has already; they allow him to appeal to a tribunal to fix a "fair rent," which, save in a few special cases, he is not likely to do, as he knows the rent is far from high; they give him "compensation for improvements" when he goes—a thing perfectly right in itself, but as he has no intention of going, it does not improve his immediate position; and lastly, they allow him to apply for a compulsory enlargement of grazing-ground, which, in the present depressed condition of the sheep-farming industry, both landowner and sheep-farmer would be thankful to induce him to take, if only he could find capital to stock it. The unfortunate crofter has asked for bread, and he is given a stone. He has looked to Parliament to improve his position, to secure him better chances of profitable labour, and he is given a bill of 30 clauses, not one of which gives the average crofter of the Highlands any profit, gain, or advantage he does not now possess.

It is easy to suggest all sorts of schemes of land legislation, but before placing implicit faith in their miraculous power, Parliament should take the trouble to inquire how far any land legislation can deal with existing troubles. The population of the Northern Hebrides is 60,530. The gross rental is £92,060. The average rental per head is therefore £1, 10s. 4d.; while the average acreage, if the whole were equally divided, is 19½ acres per head.

The Commissioners, taking evidence on the spot, arrived at the conclusion that to live on the land with any prospect of comfort would require, not 19 acres, but 57. The land is there, and Parliament now claims the power to divide it, to give it to this man or to that, to say what rent shall be paid for it; but it is not in the power of Parliament to treble the area of the soil, or to restore content to the people by land legislation alone. Wealth from the land in the Highlands may be divided differently, but it cannot be increased. It is, in fact, admitted that legislation of the character proposed would decrease rather than increase the value of the land.

What we want is means to work both land and sea to profit. The crofters are good and industrious workmen when the opportunity for profitable labour is at hand. The only substantive proposal here is to give more land by means of a court appointed and maintained at the public expense. More land! At this moment there are thousands and tens of thousands of acres at the disposal of crofters, if they are willing and able to take it in small farms down to £30 or even £20 per annum. And what is recent experience? Three years ago, Lord Macdonald took the grazings of Ben Lee from a tenant who paid him £125 a-year, and gave it to the crofters of several adjoining townships at a rent of £74, 15s. They have never been able to stock it, they have never paid a penny of rent for it, and not only so, but the arrears on their original crofts have risen in two years no less than £274. Lady Gordon Cathcart adopted a similar course in the island of Barra, and now finds that the people are entirely unable to make use of the land, and that the concession has been useless to them and a dead loss to her.

On the Macleod estate, in Skye, two farms have been broken up in small holdings, and have been

given to crofters, who it is hoped and believed will prosper; but ceaseless advertisement of large tracts on the same estate has failed to secure tenants of the same class, because, unhappily, none have money to pasture and work the land. I have no hesitation in saying that if there are any crofters now prepared to offer for small farms of this kind, and to stock them, there will not only be no difficulty in getting what they want, but that every landowner in the Hebrides will compete for the honour of numbering them among their tenants.

The sea, however, holds out far other prospects. It is well known that the productiveness of any given tract of water depends upon the extent of coast-line which bounds it rather than upon the area of the sea itself.

The whole coast-line of the east of Scotland, from Berwick northwards, is only 425 miles, while the coast-line on the west extends over 2000 miles. The western fishing-grounds are wholly undeveloped compared with what they must and will become. Nevertheless, the value of the fish caught, in many places, already far exceeds the value of the produce of the land.

In 1884 and 1885 the two districts of Stornoway and Loch Carron, which comprise Skye, Lewis, and the Long Island, yielded the following returns :—

	Estimated Value.	
	1884.	1885.
Herrings, . .	£166,935	£130,732
Fresh fish of all kinds,	40,986	58,674
Cod and ling, .	...	20,022

In the island of Barra, whose gross rateable value is only £2566, the value of herrings alone landed during 1885 amounted to £57,000.

The East Coast districts are infinitely more productive, not because fish are more plentiful, but because markets are more accessible. In the 425 miles of eastern coast there are forty-four points from which fish may be transmitted by rail to market. On the 2000 miles of the western coast there are but two points of railway contact.

This evil must be remedied. The opening up of the west coast by railway communication is the essential need of the district. Fish, the most perishable of materials, abounds; there are plenty of people ready to devote their time to catching it; and at the other extremity there are millions who would be eager purchasers for fresh fish in plenty at reasonable rates. The Commissioners say in their Report: "We are of opinion that the fishing industry of the west can never be fully developed until the railway is extended to the sea at some central point on the west coast of Inverness-shire." Two years ago, a projected railway from Glasgow to Fort William, and thence to Inverness, was thrown out by a Committee of the House of Commons. This should be revived, but with a more direct and cheaply constructed route. It has been calculated that a railway from Kingussie to Fort William and thence to Malaig on the southern shore of Loch Nevis, immediately opposite the Point of Sleat in Skye, could be constructed in less than ninety miles and for less than £1,000,000. Fish and passengers could be transported by this line from the most central and convenient spot on the west to Edinburgh or Glasgow in eight hours; and an equal boon would be conferred on the population of the Highlands and that of the great cities of the empire. Such a railway would be of greater advantage to the crofters than all the provisions of Mr Trevelyan's Bill, for it would give

the people labour during construction, and permanent access to markets when finished.

Where is the £1,000,000 to come from — the country cannot produce it? In 1883 an Act was passed called the "Irish Tramways Act," which authorised a guarantee of two per cent on capital required for the construction of railways in Ireland. A guarantee from the State of two per cent in this instance—the remainder could be obtained from other sources—would be productive of infinite advantage; it would transgress no sound economic law, for new wealth would thereby be made; and it would create the one and only wholesome remedy for poverty and discontent — viz., a healthy demand for labour in developing the resources of the district.

If it is true, as I have tried to prove, that legislation affecting land-tenure only is of little or no avail, is it not reasonable and right, as a cure for poverty and wretchedness, and in face of a serious national danger, to attack the question in another way, and to try and make this population happier by making them richer, as a result of their own productive labour? Government, however, is as necessary as concession. Let us give the crofters the fixity of tenure which they ask for; let us open up their country and increase their wealth; but every effort will be in vain unless the executive has the courage to do its duty—to protect capital, to maintain order, and to insist that, whoever may be right or wrong in any particular dispute, the Government of the Queen shall be obeyed.

It is surely a striking fact that the Highland landowners, whose interests are so nearly touched, make no serious protest against legislation which singles them out from all others for interference and restriction. I believe the language which those concerned with this question would use, might be thus expressed:—

"We claim that the rights which we possess, whether by descent or purchase, under the continued sanction of the State, cannot be taken from us without a violation of contract just as gross and indefensible as if our lands were situated in Mid-Lothian or in Kent. We can point to charters giving the fullest possession four or five hundred years old; we can refer to leases, contracts, rent-rolls, showing for centuries past that the land has belonged to the individual, that he has made his own bargains with his tenants, has received from them a yearly revenue in exchange for the use of the land, and has exercised the free power to make contracts with whom he pleased. We are now told all this is to be altered. Our tenants are to have fixity of tenure. We have no objection to urge if it makes them happier, for we have no wish whatever to remove them, and so add to our own difficulties. They are to get a rent fixed by a court. We have not been in the habit of rack-renting, and therefore have no fear of such a provision. They are to have land provided for them at the expense of the larger farms. We have been, and are at this moment, seeking to get our vacant land taken by the crofters in small farms, but they are not able to avail themselves of the offer. No! we do not resist legislation; we do not cling to privilege or power; but we have a right to insist that the sacrifice we are forced to make is for the real good of the people—that it will leave them better, richer, happier, more contented, more law-abiding than they were before; in a word, that it will settle the question."

Reginald MacLeod.

IN SUSPENSE.

The Parliament of 1886 has now had time to settle down to its work. But settle down it cannot. There are elements in its composition which make the quiet of business-like work impossible. There are factors in the Ministry which controls its destinies in the meantime, tending still more to aggravate its condition of unrest. There are elements of pressure outside which lend their baneful influence to intensify the uneasiness which, like a nightmare, oppresses the mind of Parliament. Never in the history of this country has such a state of things existed as that which at present is found at St Stephen's. Never have those who can usually cast a horoscope for a new parliamentary era with tolerable accuracy, found themselves so puzzled as now. One fact, and one fact only, is patent—oppressively and painfully patent. It is that Ireland and her affairs once again will stop the way of all real progress in public business when the moment shall have come at which Mr Gladstone may choose for the fourth time to set the Irish ball rolling. The sore, for the perfect cure of which the self-complacent physician has so often already smilingly accepted gigantic cheques on the bank of public applause, has broken out in more virulent festering than ever. The perfect cure of 1869, the perfect cure of 1870, the perfect cure of 1881, have each and all proved to be but a temporary skinning over of the ulcer. Once again, without one word of acknowledgment of the folly of past treatment, without one syllable in explanation of past failure, the bland physician asks for confidence. Once more he promises a final success, and a complete restoration. Once more the gaping crowd of admirers presses round him in simplicity of faith, with words of fulsome flattery. One change, and only one, has come over the scene. But it is a change most ominous. Those whom the operator has hitherto met in consultation, decline to meet him any longer. Those whom he has taken into consultation are of mixed reputation. He to whom the great medicine-man gives special charge of the dressing of the sore, preparatory to the great operation, is inexperienced in practice, and of quack reputation in theory. It is this change of procedure that is causing so great anxiety in the public mind. Just as a patient might naturally be alarmed, if his attendant appeared at his bedside, not with the familiar consulting physician, but with a surgeon well known to be fond of sawing off limbs, so has the nation strong ground for uneasiness now. The old family attendant has once more come to the bedside. But who accompanies him?—not the experienced assistant who has all along insisted that amputation is out of the question, and would be of deadly danger, and that consistent treatment is all that is required; but the young and inexperienced theorist, who is known, before he was called in, to have declared that the limb must come off at once.

But this is not the only aggravation of the distressing strain which the changes of the last few weeks have brought upon the body politic. The doctor called in once more, and the new assistants who

surround him, seem to have been determined to intensify the distress still further by subjecting the patient to a long period of doubt and mystery. They have thrown out broad hints in the patient's hearing that the scalpel and the saw must be used. They have subjected him to all the agony of anticipation. But, on the other hand, they refuse him altogether the certainty which gives fortitude to bear that which, hanging uncertainly over the head like a sword of Damocles, is unendurable. It would seem as if the aim was to produce that tension of nerves which results in a reckless desire to escape at any cost from further suspense. When overwrought feeling is driven wild by uncertainty, there is a tendency to the condition of mind which says, "Well, well, do what you like; only get it over."

There has never been before in the constitutional history of our country a more discreditable course pursued by a public statesman than that which Mr Gladstone has been following for the last few weeks. It is a fiction of the most transparent kind for him to stand up before the nation and say, as he did lately, that he must have weeks to mature his plans, and indeed, as he said on the 4th March, that he should have three months. It is so for a double reason. First, he had no right to make a great constitutional crisis, the greatest of this century, without being prepared at once to calm the public mind by distinct declarations if he could, or to submit to the public verdict of condemnation if his declarations produced an opposite effect. It is all very well to take shelter behind the already worn-threadbare plea that a physician is not to be expected to prescribe till he is called in; such a simile states only half the case. A physician who is selected by others, and called in, may be well entitled to have time for diagnosis, if he has never seen the patient before, and has never studied his case. But a physician who is called in practically at his own request, and because he says the case has been the object of his long and constant study "by day and even by night," and who asks, not that the former physician should receive his aid, but should be turned out of the house as failing to understand the case and apply the proper treatment—such a physician is in a totally different position. His very accusations against the other practitioner imply —if he is an honest man—that he has diagnosed the case. This would be a just inference, even if the physician had never seen the patient; but it is irresistible when the practitioner has known the subject well, and only ceased to prescribe for him six months before. And if so, how can he escape the demand for immediate prescription? How can he turn round to the patient, and say, "You have at my instigation dismissed your attendant, because I have satisfied you that his treatment was wrong; but although I know your case well of old, and have examined it carefully enough now to know what it is wrong to do, I have no idea what is right. You must just go without treatment, and take your chance—in fact, be practically without help, till I have made up my mind. And in the meantime I shall try if I can get any hints about your condition from other people. It will take some time to collect information, but an 'old hand' like me always takes his time. So good-bye till the 1st of April!"

But it is further clear to de-

monstration that, whether Mr Gladstone when called in was in a position to act promptly or not, the fault was entirely his own, if the truth is that he was not. For what has he himself told us in the plainest language? Not only has he told us that the condition of matters which he is now delaying to deal with has been his daily and his nightly study for a long time before Parliament met, but he has told us also that, long before it met, he was satisfied in his own mind that Lord Salisbury, as his Government had no majority in the House of Commons, would follow the precedent of Lord Beaconsfield in 1868, and tender his resignation at once. And Mr Gladstone has further, in his place in the House of Commons, ridiculed the idea, as one which no sensible man could entertain for a moment, that a Ministry which had only 250 supporters in that House could possibly carry on the Government of the country at all. And that this was no opinion formed late in the day, is proved by the rhapsodical letter which he wrote from Hawarden, whenever the county elections began to go in his favour, and which was described by his own supporters as written in a "fine rolling frenzy." No one will believe for a moment that Mr Gladstone during the whole course of the autumn expected anything else than that his party would be in a majority over the Conservatives. That was a matter as to which he had no misgivings. The earnestness of his soul went out in longing for such a majority as should make him independent of the Parnellite vote. Therefore he knew perfectly well, upon his own showing, that he must come back into office, and he knew this by the beginning of December. Why, then, was he unable to prescribe in February? Let it not be forgotten that he had been out of office for a space of time scarcely longer than the ordinary duration of the prorogation of Parliament. Let it further not be forgotten that previous to that time he had been for more than five years in office, during which the state of the sister island had been the constant subject of official report and Cabinet Council, and that the condition of Ireland must have been carefully studied by him and his colleagues, if they were not traitors to duty when they extended the franchise in that island. And when all these things are remembered, let all honest men judge whether the plea can be taken off Mr Gladstone's hands that he should have three months to hum and haw at the bedside before sitting down to write his prescription? The answer can be given conclusively from both aspects—he should not have required three months, and he had three months.

Let there be no misunderstanding about this matter. It is not contended that Mr Gladstone should have had a bill, cut and dry, to lay on the table of the House of Commons. No one will suggest anything so unreasonable as that. But a declaration of policy, which should be intelligible to the nation, was called for by every principle which is characteristic of sound statesmanship. The nation was entitled to know at once and without delay the general character of the policy contemplated. "Old parliamentary hands" are not entitled when the country is anxious, and rightly anxious, at a great crisis in public affairs, to play a game. They are bound to respect public anxiety, and to make such declarations as will allay it. To do otherwise, is to play with responsibility. It is

to allow fire to smoulder where there is risk of explosion.

But there is another possible contingency which may be held to be even more than possible in the case of one who openly boasts that he is playing a tactical game as an old parliamentary hand. It is that he is conscious in his own mind that the statement of the principles of his policy will not allay public uneasiness, but will act as a spark to the pile which the heat of anxiety has dried to a dangerously inflammable state. He may be desirous—this old hand—to gain time, in the hope that what is now a state of alarm may be damped down in the vicissitudes of political weather. He knows his countrymen well, and that they soon get accustomed to and submit to evils, if only they are cajoled and gulled for a while. The same man who is always so loud in his praise of the great intelligence of the British elector, has gauged his gullibility long ago. He knows that he has succeeded in making him time after time believe that under the guidance of the old parliamentary hand he was winning, when in fact he was continually losing. He knows that he has managed to accustom John Bull to see Gladstonian failure disclosed to him in little bits at a time, and to accept it all as success, and he probably hopes to do the same once more. It is almost incredible that in this case he should succeed yet once again in dribbling poor Bull into acquiescence with a fatuous policy; but we must do Mr Gladstone the justice to say that he has had little cause in the past to distrust his own powers. The passes of mesmerism require time to produce effect, but the influence of the mesmeriser over his subject is said to become more dominant by continuous exercise. In the same way, Mr Gladstone may be right in assuming that by utilising delay he may succeed in bringing under his will, more easily and more absolutely than ever, that public to which he has been a Balthazar so often, and with such uniform success. He may well expect that when he has had time to make his passes, the subject which has been "willed" so often into implicit obedience, and made to follow the "willer" like a lapdog, will swallow, as if it was a sweetmeat, the bolus, however horrible, that has been so long concealed in the old parliamentary hand.

It must be plain to every person who takes a calm survey of the situation, that in what has been said there is no overdrawing of the picture. For those who constitute Mr Gladstone's keenest supporters are the very men who, with a cynicism almost incredible, and disgraceful beyond precedent, openly proclaim that their hope of maintaining the Liberal party in power, depends upon the ignorance, indifference, and selfishness of the lower and most numerous class of voters. What care the farm-labourers of Norfolk and the West Riding for Ireland, or what do they know about it? Who among the miners of Wales or of Cornwall cares one brass farthing how Ireland is governed? Ireland is to them a distant country, of which they know nothing and think less. Their ideas of geography are decidedly limited, and history is to them a sealed book. Their own little personal hopes of favours to come from the socialistic policy of their Chamberlains, their Jesse Collingses, their Illingworths and their Arches, bulk as mountains in their eyes beside so dim and distant a speck as Ireland, which to them is a place beyond the seas, as much as America

or Australia. Allotments and small holdings, fixity of tenure, and all the rest of it, glitter before the rural eye, while ransom is a dazzling gewgaw successfully dangled before the workers connected with trade and commerce. Therefore, "Ireland be hanged! The sooner it is out of the road the better. All we know about it is that it stands in the way of our acres and our ransom. If it was out of the way, we should be able to get along."

Such is the kind of rude but perfectly natural reasoning of the least educated voter. And who shall blame him? How can he think otherwise, when those who have got his ear, and who know better, are not ashamed to minister to all this folly, which, through their aid, will soon become worse than folly? When Mr John Morley preaches to them that they will not get on with their schemes as long as Ireland has not a separate Parliament, how shall they be reproved for being led? How can men be blamed for selfish disregard of the nation's general good when those who make themselves their leaders inculcate selfishness as a duty, and proclaim a policy which is self-seeking personified, in which there is not one spark of true national and patriotic feeling, in which the good of the empire is sacrificed with a light heart, in order that the supposed good of classes may be hurried on, and a fictitious popularity maintained for Radical leaders?

Nor does the state of affairs become more creditable either to people or leaders when a higher class in the social scale is reached. While the lower or non-political and ignorant classes, led by such men as the present Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, are prepared, from motives of personal gain in prospect, to consign Irish affairs to Jupiter or Saturn, so far as they are concerned, the middle class, which is essentially political, is tending in the same direction, but from a motive somewhat different. Being above the temptation to covetousness in its grosser form, and therefore averse to socialism, because they have something to lose, their greed goes out in a different direction. They are so grossly intolerant and grasping in the matter of political power, that anything is to them more endurable than the idea that their political creed shall not have the upper hand in the House of Commons. A Radical Government on the right of the Speaker's chair is the *summum bonum* of political good; a Radical party in Opposition is to them a wrong too great to be forgiven to Providence. Accordingly, they also, from motives of the most arrant selfishness, are beginning to look with complacency on the idea of an Irish Parliament. And this not because they believe it will be a blessing to Ireland. No man of education and judgment who has had to sit in the same House with the Nationalist representatives, can honestly believe any such thing. And further, it is not because they believe that it can be for the good of the empire. Radicals are at least intelligent; and when they belong to the class that is reasonably well informed, they can believe no such folly as that. The very fact that they are all ardent Free-traders makes it impossible. For they know perfectly well that the instant the financial affairs of Ireland are in the hands of the Parnellites, prohibitory tariffs will become part of the fiscal system of what is still—save the mark!—to be called the "United" Kingdom. This, according to every doctrine preached

by the educated Liberal, can be neither for the good of the Irish people nor the people of Great Britain, and certainly cannot tend to union or integrity. But for all that, political selfishness is tutoring itself to submit to this, and many other difficulties, and to not a few deadly risks and dangers both for Ireland and this country. Again it must be asked, all for what? Only for this,—that Radicalism may have full swing; that there may be no risk of a Gladstonian Government being turned out of office by Irish votes. Parnellites may be very useful as "chuckers out" of Conservative Ministers, but they must be "relegated to a distant place" that they may not use the same freedom with others. Such is the political morality of 1886 among the middle-class Radicals.

And if such is the position of matters among the new voters and the general body of the Radicals, what is that of the upper ten of the Liberal party, the Whig contingent, the remnant of the old oligarchs who once lorded it over sovereign and people? Could anything be more lamentable or humiliating? The volcanoes show themselves once more practically extinct; not a heave of remonstrance disturbs their black cold lava. The jelly-fish politicians, so transparent that it can be seen there is nothing in them, are being washed up higher and higher by the tide, flabby and helpless. While in the regions where there is no fear of the ignorant wave of low-class Radicalism some life and backbone are manifesting themselves, and while in one or two isolated cases a struggle is being made not to be swept away in the tide, the remnants of Whiggery are allowing it to sweep them on, without showing one sign of life. While peer after peer of that Liberal group which in former days the Radicals delighted to honour, has declared that he can no longer go with a party which has become untrue to the very fundamental doctrines of Liberalism, and is rushing wildly and recklessly in a course contrary to sound principles, Liberals of exactly the same stamp, whose position compels them to truckle to the ignorant, show an absence of all courage and consistency. When things are said and done which thirty years ago would have shattered the strongest parties in the country, and caused strenuous and determined resistance which would have brought to his senses any Minister that even seemed to give such ideas countenance, one of the great parties of the State is found to-day as a man in his dotage, deaf, blind, and uninterested, living like a vegetable, querulous only for his own ease and comfort, and regardless of the good or the safety of the household. The two or three who have made noble sacrifices, for which history will do them honour, serve only as bright spots to bring out the gloomy darkness of the situation. They seem unable to communicate the spark of their patriotism to the mass of their friends. While they are respected they are not supported. There is no rallying round them. They are strengthless because their friends are poltroons. They are not attacked by their foes because they are seen to be scarce worth powder and shot. It is a waste of strength to fight generals when they have no soldiers. The courtesy shown by the Radicals to those who have patriotically refused to turn their coats, is the courtesy that is shown to respectable weakness. It is not worth while to make martyrs of men who have no

following. It is bad tactics to goad men into active propagandism whose action has not brought them any substantial surrounding. The cold of civility is more destructive to them than the hot fire of attack. They are good fellows, but Quixotic and slow. Let them alone, they will do no harm.

This is the course which is being followed by the Gladstonian Liberals to those men of distinction who have not seen their way to parting with their principles in order to get a seat on the Repeal coach. "Drive on, coachman," they say; while they good-naturedly add, "Good-bye, old fellow; sorry you can't join us," to those left at the stage. And they have proved themselves wise. Already it is manifest that those left behind feel that they are left behind indeed. There is no rush of friends to rally round them; no warm grip of the hand in sympathy with their honourable consistency; no promise of active, energetic support. Accordingly, having no encouragement, they can show no vigour. It is useless to attempt to force an enthusiasm of which there is no germ, or which is crushed below interest or party spirit. So, instead of vigorous and energetic action, these leaders, who have sacrificed their own ambitions, are reduced to temporising platitudes, tainted with bad logic, and therefore certain to be productive of evil. "Mr Gladstone," they say, "must be allowed to mature and develop his scheme; his action must not be anticipated; his proposals must receive calm and careful consideration, when they are laid before us in their entirety." Thus has Lord Hartington, not in these exact words, but in effect, addressed the Eighty Club, and retained their sympathy. But in doing so, he has tacitly confessed that while he distrusts their leader, he feels that he cannot lead himself. He says, in effect, "Mischief is brewing; but as I cannot stop it, brew on it must." His whole position is that of one who, having no strength, makes a protest to maintain his consistency, but who feels that resolute opposition is vain, because he will not be supported by the strength of those who agree with him in his opinions. He knows that they have not the manliness to put them in practice.

But the course taken by Lord Hartington is not only a weak and feeble course; it is one radically wrong in tactics, and contrary to the distinct teaching of experience. When he recommends that Mr Gladstone should be allowed to mature his plans, and that they should not be anticipated, his tactics are essentially faulty; and when he suggests that they must be looked at as a whole, and not dealt with till the entire scheme is before the country, he shows how little he has learned of Mr Gladstone's modes of procedure. To talk of waiting till plans are matured and schemes complete, is to forget the true nature of the case. This is not a question of some ordinary social or parliamentary reform—an extension of the franchise or a division of electoral areas. It is a question affecting the very fabric of the State itself. The matter is one which, in spite of Mr Gladstone's counter-arguments, must be considered "fundamental." What is being matured is not a bill but a revolution. If it is not, why all this concealment and keeping close of parliamentary hands? Therefore, what is called for on the part of those who cannot get proper reassurances is action, not watching. If the situation is such that there is alarm of attack on the very

citadel itself, then it is the action of generalship and not mere watching by guards that is called for. What is the use of keeping a mere ordinary outlook over the open, when the sap may be going forward and the mine is in the course of being laid? What general worth the name will sit idle while the zigzags are being cut, out of which the enemy may emerge in force at any moment? The sap must be met by counter-sap, the approach of the enemy must be prepared for by pushing forward advanced-posts. Every instinct of defence points to the necessity of being beforehand with your enemy, and every dictate of prudence bids the defender keep the garrison active. To neglect the one is to weaken the positive strength of your position, to neglect the other is to reduce and enervate the spirit of your force. Yet this is what is being done by Lord Hartington and his friends. They are treating the question as if it was a mere political field-day, instead of addressing themselves now to the work of defence. Should it not be enough for patriotic politicians that the maintenance of the legislative Union is put in doubt? What do they require more than to know that those in whose hands power is, cannot and will not say whether they intend to maintain that which Lord Hartington has severed himself from them, rather than run the risk of imperilling? In such circumstances, waiting, and giving time to mature plans, and promising them a fair consideration, is like waiting till the match is ready to be applied, before going out and attacking the invaders in their trenches. When it comes to a question of revolution in the State, the ordinary and fundamental rule of war applies with absolute exactitude — he who waits for his enemy has given him half his victory. An army on the defensive is an army lost. A true defence consists in going out to meet the enemy, not in waiting till he can make all his dispositions for coming down upon the defenders. And therefore it is painful to see the attitude assumed by men who, beyond doubt, deserve well of their country, for the stand they took when Mr Gladstone, in forming his Government, refused to give them assurances that he would resist the disintegration of the empire. They do not seem to realise that the facts which called on them so loudly that they could not refuse to respond, are facts which mean political war. They seem unconscious that delay is dangerous. They fold their hands, and allow the invader of what they hold dear to be prominently in the front as the only activity. They produce the impression on those whom they ought to lead straight on, that the crisis is not so serious as people imagine; and they thus unconsciously, but not less unfortunately, lend a negative aid to that master of political manipulation, who can handle the British subject with such skill that, while appearing to lead him straight, he can bring him round to move in the exactly opposite direction, his victim all the while being quite unconscious that he is following the bidding of another, and believing that all is fair and straightforward.

But this is not the only point in which the *quondam* leader of the Liberal party and his friends show their inability to understand the political situation, and thus run the risk of handing over the citadel to the foe, almost without a struggle. Long as they have known Mr Gladstone, they do not

seem to understand him yet. Do they indeed suppose that when the 1st of April is reached they will receive a frank, full, and faithful development of the Prime Minister's plans or intentions? Are they fatuous enough to believe that the old parliamentary hand is to open wide, and that when they have seen what lies in it, they will know all? Have they no suspicion of a commanding card being up the sleeve, that, when they have studied the hand disclosed, and acted accordingly, will suddenly be tabled, and the stakes triumphantly carried off? Surely it is incredible that men who have watched Mr Gladstone's career for so many years should still, like new-born babes, remain in a condition of undeveloped intelligence which shall hold him to be as other men. It is scarcely possible to believe that they are still blind to what is known and boasted of by Mr Gladstone's keen supporters. These latter revel in the fact that he has the power of using words which convey to every one who hears and reads them a particular sense, and yet that sense can be repudiated when it suits the exigency of political tactics to do so. After the whole nation has accepted his words as having a definite meaning, and he has suffered that acceptance without a word of remonstrance, they are explained to mean something totally different. Nay, worse. After he has traded upon the acceptance of his words as meaning one thing, and taken all advantage he can out of the state of the public mind thus produced, he can turn round, and by some minute grammatical construction or sophistical explanation, smilingly repudiate what he has known to be the universally accepted reading of his utterances.

Every one who knows anything of the history of politics in this country during the last decade is perfectly aware of the truth of these facts. But is it quite so clear that men—honest, straightforward Englishmen—have come to realise how degrading such a state of things is to political life, and how demoralising to political society? Skill in manipulating words, and using them to mean what suits the moment, while reserving the right to explain afterwards that they meant something totally different, is a kind of skill which is generally associated with "Old Bailey"—two words which have acquired a signification the reverse of complimentary. But there are two classes of "Old Bailey." There is the bold and the open, there is the unctuous and the Heepish. Can it be otherwise than injurious to the tone of public life that the latter has not only become a factor of much power in parliamentary warfare, but that it has evidently been elevated to the position of an admired factor? The worshipping partisans of the Prime Minister look forward with the same expectant delight to one of his Januslike appearances, as the gallery at the Old Bailey eagerly looks for a specially clever quirk of some Q.C. versed in making black white. They revel in his twistings and turnings, his developments of policy by degrees, altering as he goes along, as a sailor trims to catch every wind. They have come to consider this kind of thing as the very acme of statesmanship, and to glory in it as a triumph of genius. Is not such a state of things a cause for grief to all who hold the business of Government to be a high trust, far above the chicanery of party? The time may be short that Mr Gladstone

will control the destinies of this country in person; but the evil influence which a man of his tremendous powers may exercise upon the political life of a country is not to be measured by the time of his own presence on the scene. Just as the mannerisms which the genius of a great actor may injuriously develop among his fellow-performers of his own generation, through the commanding power of his talent, will not cease to offend eye and ear upon the stage till long after he is gone, so the evils brought about by an example such as Mr Gladstone gives will, most unfortunately, survive long after he has retired from public life.

Even as we write, news comes to hand which confirms the view above stated, as to the folly of accepting Mr Gladstone's utterances as those of other men. Every one who read his declarations as to the time at which he would disclose his scheme, expected that on the 22d of March this disclosure was to be made, or some reason given for further delay. But Mr Gladstone calmly announces now that, after looking over his former utterances, he does not consider himself bound to do either of these things. By some subtle reading, which sophists may be able to understand, he holds that he pledged himself to nothing. The 22d, the House of Commons is told, shall not be the day of a declaration of policy, but only the day when Mr Gladstone shall name another day, which he thinks will be the day when something shall be said upon the subject. The patting of the restive horse, the familiarising him with the disagreeable object, is not yet at an end. Mr Gladstone requires more time. He has nothing to tell. He has warnings to give that rumours which are current are to be received with "prudent reserve" and "wholesome scepticism." But still not a word to relieve public anxiety. "Some day next week," he "hopes" to be able to mention some other day, when the anxiety of the nation will be relieved or increased. Thus the old tactics are still the order of the day, the old procedure by "dodge" is still dominant.

Of this most injurious course of procedure the British public is likely to see a special development when the postponing of a declaration of policy from one day to another can no longer be carried on. The courage with which the Prime Minister has thrown himself into the work of endeavouring finally to settle the Irish difficulty, is of itself proof that his confidence in the arts he has practised for many years is unabated. It is impossible to imagine that he can have entered upon it with any other idea than that his powers of cajolery are boundless in their extent and strength. For what is it that is before us? It is the prospect that the British tax-payer is to provide a hundred and fifty or two hundred millions sterling to be handed over to Ireland in loan, and that the arrangements for securing the loan are to consist in our abandoning practically the government of that country, and handing it over to men who have openly declared their undying hostility to Great Britain, and to all people who are loyal to the union of the three kingdoms. They are men who have no desire or intention that their race should be on terms of amity with this country. But that is not the worst of it. They are men whose own lives would not be worth a day's purchase if they were to declare that such was their desire or intention. They are the masters of Ireland,

only because they are the respectable-looking and well-dressed, and so far cultivated, elements of an organisation which, in its essence, is the enemy of all law but the tyranny of mob rule, which relies on fear and cruelty as its most effective weapons. It is an organisation in the track of which intimidation, personal mutilation, and murder follow as certainly as night follows day. It is an organisation so perfect, that it supersedes all law, and can enforce its decrees with all the persistency and certainty of the most perfectly developed executive system. A most remarkable instance of this deserves to be noticed, both as indicating the completeness of the system of terrorism, and the sympathy of the general population with its work. But a few days ago, at a time when the black-coated leaders of this organisation were—because it suited their diplomacy in view of favours to come from Mr Gladstone—ostensibly endeavouring to prevent outrages, a murder was committed on the person of a man named Finlay. This man had been under police protection for a very long time. But so well, so diligently, so unweariedly, was the work of the executive of this Court of Terrorism carried on, that it required only one half-hour of failure on the part of the police in watching their man to bring about his death. The Thugs of India have never shown more deadly and persistent determination than this. And what of those who lived upon the scene of this dastardly, deliberate, and diabolical outrage, committed in the cold blood of months of waiting against a man who had done no wrong? Did they assist the police to hunt down the assassins, as brave men on this side of the Irish Channel tracked and caught the murderers of the policeman at Netherby Hall? No; all their sympathy was with the criminals. Not content with giving no help to justice, they, with a brutality that the savage of the desert would scorn, jeered at and insulted the mourning widow of their victim, refused a coffin or a grave for his remains, and his body had to be placed in a disused burying-ground by the police, his own brother's life being threatened if he accompanied his remains to the grave.

It is a nation in which such things are possible, and from which, as a nation, no cry of shame goes up when they are done in her midst, that now asks for self-government, and fawns upon and flatters the man who once denounced such things in the honest indignant terms that come to the lips of every right-thinking person, but who now, through his subordinate, speaks of a similar murder as an "unfortunate death." It is this population, savage to brutality, that stops at no crime, to whom the concession of Home Rule is calmly talked of as a matter of course, and to which all men expect the Prime Minister to propose to hand over a sum so enormous, on no security whatever, except the security of a right of re-conquest by civil war. It is impossible to believe that any such scheme, when it is fairly broached, will receive the assent of the country. But it is painful to confess that this impossibility arises, so far as can be judged, not from the high patriotic motive which calls for a strong, firm, and effective government for Ireland, but solely from the interested motive which the money question raises. It is humiliating to think that vacillation and want of steadfast purpose in the past have, by allowing things to slide, gradually accustomed the easy-

going mind of the modern politician to the idea that it is justifiable to hand over a part of the United Kingdom to the worst of all tyranny—the tyranny of the mob-law of a people shown to be brutalised and incapable of civilised self-government; still more humiliating is it to have to admit, as every man's conscience must compel him to do, that the acceptance of such an idea is based upon the meanest and most selfish of motives. The cynical confession of Mr John Morley, that British business could not get on till the Irish members were bundled across the Channel to College Green, represents the average latter-day Radical's state of mind exactly. And the fact that to this declaration Mr Morley owes his situation as Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, is a painful proof how the Prime Minister accepts this view of the situation. For it is quite certain that no qualification whatever does Mr Morley possess for such a position as that of Chief Secretary except this declaration of his views. His appointment said in plain words to the Irish party, "We know how disagreeable you can make yourselves. We know that you can stop, and have the will to stop, all public business, unless you get your way. Keep quiet, like good fellows, and it will be all right. You shall have your Parliament on College Green, provided you don't make yourselves a nuisance, and prevent our men obeying the whip." And so the Irish members took it. It has been most amusing to see how the guns that used to be always firing into the Treasury bench, are now silent, except when occasionally a blank-firing parade is held, to keep up the noise for the benefit of the readers of Nationalist newspapers. There is generally more noise and trouble now from the Radical benches below the gangway on the Ministerial side, than is to be heard from the Irish quarter. Their loudest salvos are fired when their friend Mr Morley turns his answers to their friendly questions into opportunities for sneering at and throwing obloquy on the Loyalists of Ireland. Any young member who, fired by a study of former Home - Rule speeches in the House, opens his mouth to roar on his own account, is speedily frowned down, and told to hold his tongue. Compliments are bandied with the Treasury bench, and all the powers of wit and sarcasm are expended on those who are known to desire to uphold the legislative union of the Three Kingdoms.

To this state of things have the vanity and wrong-headedness of the Prime Minister brought us. It is one of those instances in which the fascinations of a man, and the powers of genius, which would give a vast power for good over men, are unfortunately being used for the promotion of unmitigated, and, it is to be feared, incurable evil, unless his progress can be stayed. Even as we write, the air is thick with rumours that some of his stanchest and keenest supporters are unable to join with him in this crowning folly of the policy of many years regarding Ireland. But no man can gauge Mr Gladstone's powers of cajolery and explanation, and bit-by-bit persuasion. It is significant that those who are said to be unable to go along with him in his policy are Radicals of Radicals, who would be deterred by no scruples as regards historical constitution or the traditions of statesmanship. If they refuse to stand by the Prime Minister in his latest venture, it must be because they are satisfied that his proposals

are unworkable, either on the ground that the public will not accept them in theory, or that there is the gravest doubt of their success in practice. Probably both grounds exist in their minds; and the first must undoubtedly be the case if the ordinary British subject is the least like what he used to be; while the latter is as certain as anything that is in the future can be.

Meanwhile, what is the duty of all patriotic men? Are they to sit with folded hands and allow the unity, and what is the same thing, the prosperity of the empire, to be staked and lost in a futile attempt to win over to loyalty and obedience to the law a demoralised and brutalised people, led by men who have fomented all the evil that exists among them, and taken advantage of all its wickedness to promote their own ends? Let it be hoped this will not be their course. Whether they can avert the calamities that threaten the country is not the question. Duty calls that in a great national crisis every man should be up and doing, in the faith that the right will prevail, and in determination that it shall do so. The present juncture is big with fate. Let those who have exerted themselves for their country in the past, redouble their exertions now. Let those who have done little, do much. Let those who have left the work to others till to-day, rouse themselves from their torpor, and set their hand to the work. This is a time for sacrifices, a time for diverting energy from pleasure, from social calls, and even from business, to give it to direct service to Queen and country. Let no man, when the crisis is over, be in the position of feeling that he had no share in the work of endeavouring to save the State in the time of its need. May each of us be able to feel that if evil schemes prevail, not only have we contributed nothing to their success, but that we can with a good conscience believe that their success has been in spite of our most earnest exertion. And if—which God grant—these evil schemes are defeated, may every loyal man have the pride of a real share in the triumph of principles over disloyalty and faction.

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CHAPTER I.

In the year 1865 Rome was still in a great measure its old self. It had not then acquired that modern air which is now beginning to pervade it. The Corso had not been widened and whitewashed; the Villa Aldobrandini had not been cut through to make the Via Nazionale; the south wing of the Palazzo Colonna still looked upon a narrow lane through which men hesitated to pass after dark; the Tiber's course had not then been corrected below the Farnesina; the Farnesina itself was but just under repair; the iron bridge at the Ripetta was not dreamed of; and the Prati di Castello were still, as their name implies, a series of waste meadows. At the southern extremity of the city, the space between the fountain of Moses and the newly erected railway station, running past the Baths of Diocletian, was still an exercising-ground for the French cavalry. Even the people in the streets then presented an appearance very different from that which is now observed by the visitors and foreigners who come to Rome in the winter. French dragoons and hussars, French infantry and French officers, were everywhere to be seen in great numbers, mingled with a goodly sprinkling of the Papal Zouaves, whose grey Turco uniforms with bright red facings, red sashes, and short yellow gaiters, gave colour to any crowd. A fine corps of men they were, too, counting hundreds of gentlemen in their ranks, and officered by some of the best blood in France and Austria. In those days also were to be seen the great coaches of the cardinals, with their gorgeous footmen and magnificent black horses, the huge red umbrellas lying upon the top, while from the open windows the stately prelates from time to time returned the frequent salutations of the pedestrians in the street. And

often in the afternoon there was heard the tramp of horse as a detachment of the noble guards trotted down the Corso on their great chargers, escorting the holy Father himself, while all who met him dropped upon one knee and uncovered their heads to receive the benediction of the mild-eyed old man with the beautiful features, the head of Church and State. Many a time, too, Pius IX. would descend from his coach and walk upon the Pincio, all clothed in white, stopping sometimes to talk with those who accompanied him, or to lay his gentle hand on the fair curls of some little English child that paused from its play in awe and admiration as the Pope went by. For he loved children well, and most of all, children with golden hair—angels, not Angles, as Gregory said.

As for the fashions of those days, it is probable that most of us would suffer severe penalties rather than return to them, beautiful as they then appeared to us by contrast with the exaggerated crinoline and flower-garden bonnet, which had given way to the somewhat milder form of hoop-skirt madness, but had not yet flown to the opposite extreme in the invention of the close-fitting *princesse* garments of 1868. But, to each other, people looked then as they look now. Fashion in dress, concerning which nine-tenths of society gives itself so much trouble, appears to exercise less influence upon men and women in their relations towards each other than does any other product of human ingenuity. Provided every one is in the fashion, everything goes on in the age of high heels and gowns tied back precisely as it did five-and-twenty years ago, when people wore flat shoes, and when gloves with three buttons had not been dreamed of—when a woman of most moderate dimensions occupied three or four square yards of space upon a ball-room floor, and men wore peg-top trousers. Human beings since the days of Adam seem to have retired like caterpillars into cocoons of dress, expecting constantly the wondrous hour when they shall emerge from their self-woven prison in the garb of the angelic butterfly, having entered into the chrysalis state as mere human grubs. But though they both toil and spin at their garments, and vie with Solomon in his glory to outshine the lily of the field, the humanity of the grub shows no signs of developing either in character or appearance in the direction of anything particularly angelic.

It was not the dress of the period which gave to the streets of Rome their distinctive feature. It would be hard to say, now that so much is changed, wherein the peculiar charm of the old-time city consisted; but it was there, nevertheless, and made itself felt so distinctly beyond the charm of any other place, that the very fascination of Rome was proverbial. Perhaps no spot in Europe has ever possessed such an attractive individuality. In those days there were many foreigners, too, as there are to-day, both residents and visitors; but they seemed to belong to a different class of humanity. They seemed less inharmonious to their surroundings then than now, less offensive to the general air of antiquity. Probably they were more in earnest; they came to Rome with the intention of liking the place, rather than of abusing the cookery in the hotels. They came with a certain knowledge of the history, the literature, and the manners of the ancients, derived from an edu-

cation which in those days taught more through the classics and less through handy text-books and shallow treatises concerning the Renaissance; they came with preconceived notions which were often strongly dashed with old-fashioned prejudice, but which did not lack originality: they come now in the smattering mood, imbued with no genuine beliefs, but covered with exceeding thick varnish. Old gentlemen then visited the sights in the morning, and quoted Horace to each other, and in the evening endeavoured by associating with Romans to understand something of Rome; young gentlemen now spend one or two mornings in finding fault with the architecture of Bramante, and "in the evening," like David's enemies, "they grin like a dog and run about the city:" young women were content to find much beauty in the galleries and in the museums, and were simple enough to admire what they liked; young ladies of the present day can find nothing to admire except their own perspicacity in detecting faults in Raphael's drawing or in Michael Angelo's colouring. This is the age of incompetent criticism in matters artistic, and no one is too ignorant to volunteer an opinion. It is sufficient to have visited half-a-dozen Italian towns, and to have read a few pages of fashionable æsthetic literature—no other education is needed to fit the intelligent young critic for his easy task. The art of paradox can be learned in five minutes, and practised by any child; it consists chiefly in taking two expressions of opinion from different authors, halving them, and uniting the first half of the one with the second half of the other. The result is invariably startling, and generally incomprehensible. When a young society critic knows how to be startling and incomprehensible, his reputation is soon made, for people readily believe that what they cannot understand is profound, and anything which astonishes is agreeable to a taste deadened by a surfeit of spices. But in 1865 the taste of Europe was in a very different state. The Second Empire was in its glory. M. Emile Zola had not written his 'Assommoir.' Prince Bismarck had only just brought to a successful termination the first part of his trimachy; Sadowa and Sedan were yet unfought. Garibaldi had won Naples, and Cavour had said, "If we did for ourselves what we are doing for Italy, we should be great scoundrels;" but Garibaldi had not yet failed at Mentana, nor had Austria ceded Venice. Cardinal Antonelli had yet ten years of life before him in which to maintain his gallant struggle for the remnant of the temporal power; Pius IX. was to live thirteen years longer, just long enough to outlive by one month the "honest king," Victor Emmanuel. Antonelli's influence pervaded Rome, and to a great extent all the Catholic Courts of Europe; yet he was far from popular with the Romans. The Jesuits, however, were even less popular than he, and certainly received a much larger share of abuse. For the Romans love faction more than party, and understand it better; so that popular opinion is too frequently represented by a transitory frenzy, violent and pestilent while it lasts, utterly insignificant when it has spent its fury.

But Rome in those days was peopled solely by Romans, whereas now a large proportion of the population consists of Italians from the north and south, who have been attracted to the capital by many interests—races as different from

its former citizens as Germans or Spaniards, and unfortunately not disposed to show overmuch good-fellowship or loving-kindness to the original inhabitants. The Roman is a grumbler by nature, but he is also a "peace-at-any-price" man. Politicians and revolutionary agents have more than once been deceived by these traits, supposing that because the Roman grumbled he really desired change, but realising too late, when the change has been begun, that that same Roman is but a lukewarm partisan. The Papal Government repressed grumbling as a nuisance, and the people consequently took a delight in annoying the authorities by grumbling in secret places and calling themselves conspirators. The harmless whispering of petty discontent was mistaken by the Italian party for the low thunder of a smothered volcano; but, the change being brought about, the Italians find to their disgust that the Roman meant nothing by his murmurings, and that he now not only still grumbles at everything, but takes the trouble to fight the Government at every point which concerns the internal management of the city. In the days before the change, a paternal Government directed the affairs of the little State, and thought it best to remove all possibility of strife by giving the grumblers no voice in public or economic matters. The grumblers made a grievance of this; and then, as soon as the grievance had been redressed, they redoubled their complaints and retrenched themselves within the infallibility of inaction, on the principle that men who persist in doing nothing cannot possibly do wrong.

Those were the days, too, of the old school of artists—men who, if their powers of creation were not always proportioned to their ambition for excellence, were as superior to their more recent successors in their pure conceptions of what art should be as Apelles was to the Pompeian wall-painters, and as the Pompeians were to modern house-decorators. The age of Overbeck and the last religious painters was almost past, but the age of fashionable artistic debauchery had hardly begun. Water-colour was in its infancy; wood-engraving was hardly yet a great profession; but the "Dirty Boy" had not yet taken a prize at Paris, nor had indecency become a fine art. The French school had not demonstrated the startling distinction between the nude and the naked, nor had the English school dreamed nightmares of anatomical distortion.

Darwin's theories had been propagated, but had not yet been passed into law, and very few Romans had heard of them; still less had any one been found to assert that the real truth of these theories would be soon demonstrated retrogressively by the rapid degeneration of men into apes, while apes would hereafter have cause to congratulate themselves upon not having developed into men. Many theories also were then enjoying vast popularity which have since fallen low in the popular estimation. Prussia was still, in theory, a Power of the second class, and the empire of Louis Napoleon was supposed to possess elements of stability. The great civil war in the United States had just been fought, and people still doubted whether the republic would hold together. It is hard to recall the common beliefs of those times. A great part of the political creed of twenty years ago seems now a mass of idiotic superstition, in no wise preferable, as Macaulay would have said, to the Egyptian wor-

ship of cats and onions. Nevertheless, then, as now, men met together secretly in cellars and dens, as well as in drawing-rooms and clubs, and whispered together, and said their theories were worth something, and ought to be tried. The word republic possessed then, as now, a delicious attraction for people who had grievances; and although, after the conquest of Naples, Garibaldi had made a sort of public abjuration of republican principles, so far as Italy was concerned, the plotters of all classes persisted in coupling his name with the idea of a commonwealth erected on the plan of "*sois mon frère ou je te tue.*" Profound silence on the part of Governments, and a still more guarded secrecy on the part of conspiring bodies, were practised as the very first principle of all political operations. No copyist, at half-a-crown an hour, had yet betrayed the English Foreign Office; and it had not dawned upon the clouded intellects of European statesmen that deliberate national perjury, accompanied by public meetings of sovereigns, and much blare of many trumpets, could be practised with such triumphant success as events have since shown. In the beginning of the year 1865 people crossed the Alps in carriages; the Suez Canal had not been opened; the first Atlantic cable was not laid; German unity had not been invented; Pius IX. reigned in the Pontifical States; Louis Napoleon was the idol of the French; President Lincoln had not been murdered,—is anything needed to widen the gulf which separates those times from these? The difference between the States of the world in 1865 and in 1885 is nearly as great as that which divided the Europe of 1789 from the Europe of 1814.

But my business is with Rome, and not with Europe at large. I intend to tell the story of certain persons, of their good and bad fortune, their adventures, and the complications in which they found themselves placed during a period of about twenty years. The people of whom I tell this story are chiefly patricians; and in the first part of their history they have very little to do with any but their own class—a class peculiar and almost unique in the world.

Speaking broadly, there is no one at once so thoroughly Roman and so thoroughly non-Roman as the Roman noble. This is no paradox, no play on words. Roman nobles are Roman by education and tradition; by blood they are almost cosmopolitans. The practice of intermarrying with the great families of the rest of Europe is so general as to be almost a rule. More than one Roman prince is an English peer; most of the Roman princes are grandees of Spain; many of them have married daughters of great French houses, of reigning German princes, of ex-kings and ex-queens. In one princely house alone are found the following combinations: There are three brothers: the eldest married first the daughter of a great English peer, and secondly the daughter of an even greater peer of France; the second brother married first a German "serene highness," and secondly the daughter of a great Hungarian noble; the third brother married the daughter of a French house of royal Stuart descent. This is no solitary instance. A score of families might be cited who, by constant foreign marriages, have almost eliminated from their blood the original Italian element; and this great intermixture of races may account for the strangely un-Italian types

that are found among them, for the undying vitality which seems to animate races already a thousand years old, and above all, for a very remarkable cosmopolitanism which pervades Roman society. A set of people whose near relations are socially prominent in every capital of Europe, could hardly be expected to have anything provincial about them in appearance or manners; still less can they be considered to be types of their own nation. And yet such is the force of tradition, of the patriarchal family life, of the early surroundings in which are placed these children of a mixed race, that they acquire from their earliest years the unmistakable outward manner of Romans, the broad Roman speech, and a sort of clannish and federative spirit, which has not its like in the same class anywhere in Europe. They grow up together, go to school together, go together into the world, and together discuss all the social affairs of their native city. Not a house is bought or sold, not a hundred francs won at *écarte*, not a marriage contract made, without being duly considered and commented upon by the whole of society. And yet, though there is much gossip, there is little scandal; there was even less twenty years ago than there is now—not, perhaps, because the increment of people attracted to the new capital have had any bad influence, but simply because the city has grown much larger, and in some respects has outgrown a certain simplicity of manners it once possessed, and which was its chief safeguard. For, in spite of a vast number of writers of all nations who have attempted to describe Italian life, and who, from an imperfect acquaintance with the people, have fallen into the error of supposing them to live perpetually in a highly complicated state of mind, the foundation of the Italian character is simple—far more so than that of his hereditary antagonist, the northern European. It is enough to notice that the Italian habitually expresses what he feels, while it is the chief pride of Northern men that whatever they may feel they express nothing. The chief object of most Italians is to make life agreeable; the chief object of the Teutonic races is to make it profitable. Hence the Italian excels in the art of pleasing, and in pleasing by means of the arts; whereas the Northern man is pre-eminent in the faculty of producing wealth under any circumstances, and when he has amassed enough possessions to think of enjoying his leisure, has generally been under the necessity of employing Southern art as a means to that end. But Southern simplicity carried to its ultimate expression leads not uncommonly to startling results; for it is not generally a satisfaction to an Italian to be paid a sum of money as damages for an injury done. When his enemy has harmed him, he desires the simple retribution afforded by putting his enemy to death, and he frequently exacts it by any means that he finds ready to his hand. Being simple, he reflects little, and often acts with violence. The Northern mind, capable of vast intricacy of thought, seeks to combine revenge of injury with personal profit, and in a spirit of cold, far-sighted calculation, reckons up the advantages to be got by sacrificing an innate desire for blood to a civilised greed of money.

Dr Johnson would have liked the Romans—for in general they are good lovers and good haters, whatever faults they may have.

The patriarchal system, which was all but universal twenty years ago, and is only now beginning to yield to more modern institutions of life, tends to foster the passions of love and hate. Where father and mother sit at the head and foot of the table, their sons with their wives and their children each in his or her place, often to the number of twenty souls — all living under one roof, one name, and one bond of family unity — there is likely to be a great similarity of feeling upon all questions of family pride, especially among people who discuss everything with vehemence, from European politics to the family cook. They may bicker and squabble among themselves,— and they frequently do,—but in their outward relations with the world they act as one individual, and the enemy of one is the enemy of all; for the pride of race and name is very great. There is a family in Rome who, since the memory of man, have not failed to dine together twice every week, and there are now more than thirty persons who take their places at the patriarchal board. No excuse can be pleaded for absence, and no one would think of violating the rule. Whether such a mode of life is good or not is a matter of opinion; it is, at all events, a fact, and one not generally understood or even known by persons who make studies of Italian character. Free and constant discussion of all manner of topics should certainly tend to widen the intelligence; but, on the other hand, where the dialecticians are all of one race, and name, and blood, the practice may often merely lead to an undue development of prejudice. In Rome, particularly, where so many families take a distinct character from the influence of a foreign mother, the opinions of a house are associated with its mere name. Casa Borghese thinks so and so, Casa Colonna has diametrically opposite views, while Casa Altieri differs wholly from both; and in connection with most subjects the mere names Borghese, Altieri, Colonna are associated in the minds of Romans of all classes with distinct sets of principles and ideas, with distinct types of character, and with distinctly different outward and visible signs of race. Some of these conditions exist among the nobility of other countries, but not, I believe, to the same extent. In Germany, the aristocratic body takes a certain uniform hue, so to speak, from the army, in which it plays so important a part, and the patriarchal system is broken up by the long absences from the ancestral home of the soldier-sons. In France, the main divisions of republicans, monarchists, and imperialists have absorbed and unified the ideas and principles of larges bodies of families into bodies politic. In England, the practice of allowing younger sons to shift for themselves, and the division of the whole aristocracy into two main political parties, destroy the patriarchal spirit; while it must also be remembered, that at a period when in Italy the hand of every house was against its neighbour, and the struggles of Guelph and Ghibelline were but an excuse for the persecution of private feuds, England was engaged in great wars which enlisted vast bodies of men under a common standard for a common principle. Whether the principle involved chanced to be that of English domination in France, or whether men flocked to the standards of the White Rose of York or the Red Rose of Lancaster, was of little importance; the result was

the same,—the tendency of powerful families to maintain internecine traditional feuds was stamped out, or rather was absorbed in the maintenance of the perpetual feud between the great principles of Whig and Tory—of the party for the absolute monarch, and the party for the freedom of the people.

Be the causes what they may, the Roman nobility has many characteristics peculiar to it and to no other aristocracy. It is cosmopolitan by its foreign marriages, renewed in every generation; it is patriarchal and feudal by its own unbroken traditions of family life; and it is only essentially Roman by its speech and social customs. It has undergone great vicissitudes during twenty years; but most of these features remain in spite of new and larger parties, new and bitter political hatreds, new ideas of domestic life, and new fashions in dress and cookery.

CHAPTER II.

The hour was six o'clock, and the rooms of the Embassy were as full as they were likely to be that day. There would doubtless have been more people had the weather been fine; but it was raining heavily, and below, in the vast court that formed the centre of the palace, the lamps of fifty carriages gleamed through the water and the darkness, and the coachmen, of all dimensions and characters, sat beneath their huge umbrellas and growled to each other, envying the lot of the footmen who were congregated in the ante-chamber up-stairs around the great bronze braziers. But in the reception-rooms there was much light and warmth; there were bright fires and softly shaded lamps; velvet-footed servants stealing softly among the guests, with immense burdens of tea and cake; men of more or less celebrity chatting about politics in corners; women of more or less beauty gossiping over their tea, or flirting, or wishing they had somebody to flirt with; people of many nations and ideas, with a goodly leaven of Romans. They all seemed endeavouring to get away from the men and women of their own nationality, in order to amuse themselves with the difficulties of conversation in languages not their own. Whether they amused themselves or not is of small importance; but as they were all willing to find themselves together twice a-day for the five months of the Roman season—from the first improvised dance before Christmas, to the last set ball in the warm April weather after Easter—it may be argued that they did not dislike each other's society. In case the afternoon should seem dull, his Excellency had engaged the services of Signor Strillone, the singer. From time to time he struck a few chords upon the grand piano, and gave forth a song of his own composition in loud and passionate tones, varied with very sudden effects of extreme pianissimo, which occasionally surprised some one who was trying to make his conversation heard above the music.

There was a little knot of people standing about the door of the great drawing-room. Some of them were watching their opportunity to slip away unperceived; others had just arrived, and were making a survey of the scene to ascertain the exact position of their Excellencies, and of the persons they most desired to avoid,

before coming forward. Suddenly, just as Signor Strillone had reached a high note and was preparing to bellow upon it before letting his voice die away to a pathetic falsetto, the crowd at the door parted a little. A lady entered the room alone, and stood out before the rest, pausing till the singer should have passed the climax of his song before proceeding upon her way. She was a very striking woman; every one knew who she was, every one looked towards her, and the little murmur that went round the room was due to her entrance rather than to Signor Strillone's high note.

The Duchessa d'Astrardente stood still, and quietly looked about her. A minister, two secretaries, and three or four princes sprang towards her, each with a chair in hand; but she declined each offer, nodding to one, thanking another by name, and exchanging a few words with a third. She would not sit down; she had not yet spoken to the ambassadress.

Two men followed her closely as she crossed the room when the song was finished. One was a fair man of five-and-thirty, rather stout, and elaborately dressed. He trod softly, and carried his hat behind him, while he leaned a little forward in his walk. There was something unpleasant about his face, caused perhaps by his pale complexion and almost colourless moustache; his blue eyes were small and near together, and had a watery undecided look; his thin fair hair was parted in the middle over his low forehead; there was a scornful look about his mouth, though half concealed by the moustache; and his chin was slightly retreating. On the other hand, he was dressed with extreme care, and his manner showed no small confidence in himself as he pushed forwards, keeping as close as he could to the Duchessa. He had the air of being thoroughly at home in his surroundings. Ugo del Ferice was indeed rarely disconcerted, and his self-reliance was most probably one chief cause of his success. He was a man who performed the daily miracle of creating everything for himself out of nothing. His father had barely been considered a member of the lower nobility, although he always called himself "dei conti del Ferice"—of the family of the counts of his name; but where or when the Conti del Ferice had lived, was a question he never was able to answer satisfactorily. He had made a little money, and had squandered most of it before he died, leaving the small remainder to his only son, who had spent every scudo of it in the first year. But to make up for the exiguity of his financial resources, Ugo had from his youth obtained social success. He had begun life by boldly calling himself "Il conte del Ferice." No one had ever thought it worth while to dispute him the title; and as he had hitherto not succeeded in conferring it upon any dowered damsel, the question of his countship was left unchallenged. He had made many acquaintances in the college where he had been educated; for his father had paid for his schooling in the Collegio dei Nobili, and that in itself was a passport—for as the lad grew to the young man, he zealously cultivated the society of his old school-fellows, and by wisely avoiding all other company, acquired a right to be considered one of themselves. He was very civil and obliging in his youth, and had in that way acquired a cer-

tain reputation for being indispensable, which had stood him in good stead. No one inquired whether he had paid his tailor's bill; or whether, upon certain conditions, his tailor supplied him with raiment gratis. He was always elaborately dressed, he was always ready to take a hand at cards, and he was always invited to every party in the season. He had cultivated the science of amusing with success, and people asked him to dinner in the winter, and to their country houses in the summer. He had been seen in Paris, and was often seen at Monte Carlo; but his real home and hunting-ground was Rome, where he knew every one, and every one knew him. He had made one or two fruitless attempts to marry young women of American extraction and large fortune; he had not succeeded in satisfying the paternal mind in regard to guarantees, and had consequently been worsted in his endeavours. Last summer, however, he appeared to have been favoured with an increase of fortune. He gave out that an old uncle of his, who had settled in the south of Italy, had died, leaving him a modest competence; and while assuming a narrow band of *crêpe* upon his hat, he had adopted also a somewhat more luxurious mode of living. Instead of going about on foot or in cabs, he kept a very small *coupé*, with a very small horse and a diminutive coachman: the whole turn-out was very quiet in appearance, but very serviceable withal. Ugo sometimes wore too much jewellery; but his bad taste, if so it could be called, did not extend to the modest equipage. People accepted the story of the deceased uncle, and congratulated Ugo, whose pale face assumed on such occasions a somewhat deprecating smile. "A few scudi," he would answer—"a very small competence; but what would you have? I need so little—it is enough for me." Nevertheless people who knew him well warned him that he was growing stout.

The other man who followed the Duchessa d'Astrardente across the drawing-room was of a different type. Don Giovanni Sarracinesca was neither very tall nor remarkably handsome, though in the matter of beauty opinion varied greatly. He was very dark—almost as dark for a man as the Duchessa was for a woman. He was strongly built, but very lean, and his features stood out in bold and sharp relief from the setting of his short black hair and pointed beard. His nose was perhaps a little large for his face, and the unusual brilliancy of his eyes gave him an expression of resistless energy; withal there was something noble in the shaping of his high square forehead and in the turn of his sinewy throat. His hands were broad and brown, but nervous and well knit, with straight long fingers and squarely cut nails. Many women said Don Giovanni was the handsomest man in Rome; others said he was too dark or too thin, and that his face was hard and his features ugly. There was a great difference of opinion in regard to his appearance. Don Giovanni was not married, but there were few marriageable women in Rome who would not have been overjoyed to become his wife. But hitherto he hesitated—or, to speak more accurately, he had not hesitated at all in his celibacy. His conduct in refusing to marry had elicited much criticism, little of which had reached his ears. He cared not much for what his friends said to him, and not at all for the opinion of the world at large, in consequence of which state of mind

people often said he was selfish—a view taken extensively by elderly princesses with unmarried daughters, and even by Don Giovanni's father and only near relation, the old Prince Sarracinesca, who earnestly desired to see his name perpetuated. Indeed Giovanni would have made a good husband, for he was honest and constant by nature, courteous by disposition, and considerate by habit and experience. His reputation for wildness rested rather upon his taste for dangerous amusements than upon such scandalous adventures as make up the lives of many of his contemporaries. But to all matrimonial proposals he answered that he was barely thirty years of age, that he had plenty of time before him, that he had not yet seen the woman whom he would be willing to marry, and that he intended to please himself.

The Duchessa d'Astrardente made her speech to her hostess and passed on, still followed by the two men; but they now approached her, one on each side, and endeavoured to engage her attention. Apparently she intended to be impartial, for she sat down in the middle one of three chairs, and motioned to her two companions to seat themselves also, which they immediately did, whereby they became for the nonce the two most important men in the room.

Corona d'Astrardente was a very dark woman. In all the Southern land there were no eyes so black as hers, no cheeks of such a warm dark-olive tint, no tresses of such raven hue. But if she was not fair, she was very beautiful; there was a delicacy in her regular features that artists said was matchless; her mouth, not small, but generous and nobly cut, showed perhaps more strength, more even determination, than most men like to see in women's faces; but in the exquisitely moulded nostrils there lurked much sensitiveness and the expression of much courage; and the level brow and straight-cut nose were in their clearness as an earnest of the noble thoughts that were within, and that so often spoke from the depths of her splendid eyes. She was not a scornful beauty, though her face could express scorn well enough. Where another woman would have shown disdain, she needed but to look grave, and her silence did the rest. She wielded magnificent weapons, and wielded them nobly, as she did all things. She needed all her strength, too, for her position from the first was not easy. She had few troubles, but they were great ones, and she bore them bravely.

One may well ask why Corona del Carmine had married the old man who was her husband—the broken-down and worn-out dandy of sixty, whose career was so well known, and whose doings had been as scandalous as his ancient name was famous in the history of his country. Her marriage was in itself almost a tragedy. It matters little to know how it came about; she accepted Astrardente, with his dukedom, his great wealth, and his evil past, on the day when she left the convent where she had been educated; she did it to save her father from ruin, almost from starvation; she was seventeen years of age; she was told that the world was bad, and she resolved to begin her life by a heroic sacrifice; she took the step heroically, and no human being had ever heard her complain. Five years had elapsed since then, and her father—for whom she had given all she had, herself, her beauty, her brave heart, and her hopes of happiness—her old father, whom she

so loved, was dead, the last of his race, saving only this beautiful but childless daughter. What she suffered now—whether she suffered at all—no man knew. There had been a wild burst of enthusiasm when she appeared first in society, a universal cry that it was a sin and a shame. But the cynics who had said she would console herself had been obliged to own their worldly wisdom at fault; the men of all sorts who had lost their hearts to her were ignominiously driven in course of time to find them again elsewhere; and amid all the excitement of the first two years of her life in the world, Corona had moved calmly upon her way, wrapped in the perfect dignity of her character; and the old Duca d'Astrardente had smiled and played with the curled locks of his wonderful wig, and had told every one that his wife was the one woman in the universe who was above suspicion. People had smiled incredulously at first; but as time wore on they held their peace, tacitly acknowledging that the aged fop was right as usual, but swearing in their hearts that it was the shame of shames to see the noblest woman in their midst tied to such a wretched remnant of dissipated humanity as the Duca d'Astrardente. Corona went everywhere like other people; she received in her own house a vast number of acquaintances; there were a few friends who came and went much as they pleased, and some of them were young; but there was never a breath of scandal breathed about the Duchessa. She was indeed above suspicion.

She sat now between two men who were evidently anxious to please her. The position was not new; she was, as usual, to talk to both, and yet to show no preference for either. And yet she had a preference, and in her heart she knew it was a strong one. It was by no means indifferent to her which of those two men left her side and which remained. She was above suspicion—yes, above the suspicion of any human being besides herself, as she had been for five long years. She knew that had her husband entered the room and passed that way, he would have nodded to Giovanni Sarracinesca as carelessly as though Giovanni had been his wife's brother—as carelessly as he would have noticed Ugo del Ferice upon her other side. But in her own heart she knew that there was but one face in all Rome she loved to see, but one voice she loved, and dreaded too, for it had the power to make her life seem unreal, to make her wonder how long it would last, whether there would ever be any change. The difference between Giovanni and other men had always been apparent. Others would sit beside her and make conversation, and then occasionally would make speeches she did not care to hear, would talk to her of love—some praising it as the only thing worth living for, some with affected cynicism scoffing at it as the greatest of unrealities, denying themselves a moment later in some passionate declaration to herself. When they were foolish, she laughed at them; when they went too far, she quietly rose and left them. Such experiences had grown rare of late, for she had earned the reputation of being cold and unmoved, and that protected her. But Giovanni had never talked like the rest of them. He never mentioned the old, worn subjects that the others harped upon. She would not have found it easy to say what he talked about, for he talked indifferently about many subjects. She was

not sure whether he spent more time with her when in society than with other women; she reflected that he was not so brilliant as many men she knew, not so talkative as the majority of men she met; she knew only—and it was the thing she most bitterly reproached herself with—that she preferred his face above all other faces, and his voice beyond all voices. It never entered her head to think that she loved him; it was bad enough in her simple creed that there should be any man whom she would rather see than not, and whom she missed when he did not approach her. She was a very strong and loyal woman, who had sacrificed herself to a man who knew the world very thoroughly, who in the thoroughness of his knowledge was able to see that the world is not all bad, and who, in spite of all his evil deeds, was proud of his wife's loyalty. Astrardente had made a bargain when he married Corona; but he was a wise man in his generation, and he knew and valued her when he had got her. He knew the precise dangers to which she was exposed, and he was not so cruel as to expose her to them willingly. He had at first watched keenly the effect produced upon her by conversing with men of all sorts in the world, and among others he had noticed Giovanni; but he had come to the conclusion that his wife was equal to any situation in which she might be placed. Moreover, Giovanni was not an *habitué* at the Palazzo Astrardente, and showed none of the usual signs of anxiety to please the Duchessa.

From the time when Corona began to notice her own predilection for Sarracinesca, she had been angry with herself for it, and she tried to avoid him; at all events, she gave him no idea that she liked him especially. Her husband, who at first had delivered many lectures on the subject of behaviour in the world, had especially warned her against showing any marked coldness to a man she wished to shun. "Men," said he, "are accustomed to that; they regard it as the first indication that a woman is really interested; when you want to get rid of a man, treat him systematically as you treat everybody, and he will be wounded at your indifference and go away." But Giovanni did not go, and Corona began to wonder whether she ought not to do something to break the interest she felt in him.

At the present moment she wanted a cup of tea. She would have liked to send Ugo del Ferice for it; she did what she thought least pleasant to herself, and she sent Giovanni. The servants who were serving the refreshments had all left the room, and Sarracinesca went in pursuit of them. As soon as he was gone Del Ferice spoke. His voice was soft, and had an insinuating tone in it.

"They are saying that Don Giovanni is to be married," he remarked, watching the Duchessa from the corners of his eyes as he indifferently delivered himself of his news.

The Duchessa was too dark a woman to show emotion easily. Perhaps she did not believe the story; her eyes fixed themselves on some distant object in the room, as though she were intensely interested in something she saw, and she paused before she answered.

"That is news indeed, if it is true. And whom is he going to marry?"

"Donna Tullia Mayer, the widow of the financier. She is immensely rich, and is some kind of cousin of the Sarracinesca."

"How strange!" exclaimed Corona. "I was just looking at her. Is not that she over there, with the green feathers?"

"Yes," answered Del Ferice, looking in the direction the Duchessa indicated. "That is she. One may know her at a vast distance by her dress. But it is not all settled yet."

"Then one cannot congratulate Don Giovanni to-day?" asked the Duchessa, facing her interlocutor rather suddenly.

"No," he answered; "it is perhaps better not to speak to him about it."

"It is as well that you warned me, for I would certainly have spoken."

"I do not imagine that Sarracinesca likes to talk of his affairs of the heart," said Del Ferice, with considerable gravity. "But here he comes. I had hoped he would have taken even longer to get that cup of tea."

"It was long enough for you to tell your news," answered Corona quietly, as Don Giovanni came up.

"What is the news?" asked he, as he sat down beside her.

"Only an engagement that is not yet announced," answered the Duchessa. "Del Ferice has the secret; perhaps he will tell you."

Giovanni glanced across her at the fair pale man, whose fat face, however, expressed nothing. Seeing he was not enlightened, Sarracinesca civilly turned the subject.

"Are you going to the meet to-morrow, Duchessa?" he asked.

"That depends upon the weather and upon the Duke," she answered. "Are you going to follow?"

"Of course. What a pity it is that you do not ride!"

"It seems such an unnatural thing to see a woman hunting," remarked Del Ferice, who remembered to have heard the Duchessa say something of the kind, and was consequently sure that she would agree with him.

"You do not ride yourself," said Don Giovanni, shortly. "That is the reason you do not approve of it for ladies."

"I am not rich enough to hunt," said Ugo, modestly. "Besides, the other reason is a good one; for when ladies hunt I am deprived of their society."

The Duchessa laughed slightly. She never felt less like laughing in her life, and yet it was necessary to encourage the conversation. Giovanni did not abandon the subject.

"It will be a beautiful meet," he said. "Many people are going out for the first time this year. There is a man here who has brought his horses from England. I forget his name—a rich Englishman."

"I have met him," said Del Ferice, who was proud of knowing everybody. "He is a type—enormously rich — a lord — I cannot pronounce his name—not married either. He will make a sensation in society. He won races in Paris last year, and they say he will enter one of his hunters for the steeplechases here at Easter."

"That is a great inducement to go to the meet, to see this Englishman," said the Duchessa rather wearily, as she leaned back in her chair. Giovanni was silent, but showed no intention of going. Del Ferice, with an equal determination to stay, chattered vivaciously.

"Don Giovanni is quite right," he continued. "Every one is going. There will be two or three drags. Madame Mayer has induced Valdarno to have out his four-in-hand, and to take her and a large party."

The Duchessa did not hear the remainder of Del Ferice's speech, for at the mention of Donna Tullia

—now commonly called Madame Mayer—she instinctively turned and looked at Giovanni. He, too, had caught the name, though he was not listening in the least to Ugo's chatter; and as he met Corona's eyes he moved uneasily, as much as to say he wished the fellow would stop talking. A moment later Del Ferice rose from his seat; he had seen Donna Tullia passing near, and thought the opportunity favourable for obtaining an invitation to join the party on the drag. With a murmured excuse which Corona did not hear, he went in pursuit of his game.

"I thought he was never going," said Giovanni, moodily. He was not in the habit of posing as the rival of any one who happened to be talking to the Duchessa. He had never said anything of the kind before, and Corona experienced a new sensation, not altogether unpleasant. She looked at him in some surprise.

"Do you not like Del Ferice?" she inquired, gravely.

"Do you like him yourself?" he asked in reply.

"What a question! Why should I like or dislike any one?" There was perhaps the smallest shade of bitterness in her voice as she asked the question she had so often asked herself. Why should she like Giovanni Sarracinesca, for instance?

"I do not know what the world would be like if we had no likes and dislikes," said Giovanni, suddenly. "It would be a poor place; perhaps it is a poor place at best. I only wondered whether Del Ferice amused you as he amuses everybody."

"Well then, frankly, he has not amused me to-day," answered Corona, with a smile.

"Then you are glad he is gone?"

"I do not regret it."

"Duchessa," said Giovanni, suddenly changing his position, "I am glad he is gone, because I want to ask you a question. Do I know you well enough to ask you a question?"

"It depends——" Corona felt the blood rise suddenly to her dark forehead. Her hands burned intensely in her gloves. The anticipation of something she had never heard made her heart beat uncontrollable in her breast.

"It is only about myself," continued Giovanni, in low tones. He had seen the blush, so rare a sight that there was not another man in Rome who had seen it. He had not time to think what it meant. "It is only about myself," he went on. "My father wants me to marry; he insists that I should marry Donna Tullia—Madame Mayer."

"Well?" asked Corona. She shivered; a moment before, she had been oppressed with the heat. Her monosyllabic question came low and indistinct. She wondered whether Giovanni could hear the beatings of her heart, so slow, so loud they almost deafened her.

"Simply this. Do you advise me to marry her?"

"Why do you ask me, of all people?" asked Corona, faintly.

"I would like to have your advice," said Giovanni, twisting his brown hands together and fixing his bright eyes upon her face.

"She is young yet. She is handsome—she is fabulously rich. Why should you not marry her? Would she make you happy?"

"Happy? Happy with her? No indeed. Do you think life would be bearable with such a woman?"

"I do not know. Many men would marry her if they could——"

"Then you think I should?" asked Giovanni. Corona hesitated; she could not understand

why she should care, and yet she was conscious that there had been no such struggle in her life since the day she had blindly resolved to sacrifice herself to her father's wishes in accepting Astrardente. Still there could be no doubt what she should say: how could she advise any one to marry without the prospect of happiness she had never had?

"Will you not give me your counsel?" repeated Sarracinesca. He had grown very pale, and spoke with such earnestness that Corona hesitated no longer.

"I would certainly advise you to think no more about it, if you are sure that you cannot be happy with her."

Giovanni drew a long breath, the blood returned to his face, and his hands unlocked themselves.

"I will think no more about it," he said. "Heaven bless you for your advice, Duchessa!"

"Heaven grant I have advised you well!" said Corona, almost inaudibly. "How cold this house is! Will you put down my cup of tea? Let us go near the fire; Strillone is going to sing again."

"I would like him to sing a 'Nunc dimittis, Domine,' for me," murmured Giovanni, whose eyes were filled with a strange light.

Half an hour later Corona d'Astrardente went down the steps of the Embassy wrapped in her furs and preceded by her footman. As she reached the bottom Giovanni Sarracinesca came swiftly down and joined her as her carriage drove up out of the dark courtyard. The footman opened the door, but Giovanni put out his hand to help Corona to mount the step. She laid her small gloved hand upon the sleeve of his overcoat, and as she sprang lightly in she thought his arm trembled.

"Good night, Duchessa; I am very grateful to you," he said.

"Good night; why should you be grateful?" she asked, almost sadly.

Giovanni did not answer, but stood hat in hand as the great carriage rolled out under the arch. Then he buttoned his greatcoat, and went out alone into the dark and muddy streets. The rain had ceased, but everything was wet, and the broad pavements gleamed under the uncertain light of the flickering gas-lamps.

CHAPTER III.

The palace of the Sarracinesca is in an ancient quarter of Rome, far removed from the broad white streets of mushroom dwelling-houses and machine-laid macadam; far from the foreigners' region, the varnish of the fashionable shops, the whirl of brilliant equipages, and the scream of the newsvendor. A vast mass of irregular buildings are built around three courtyards, and face on all sides upon narrow streets. The first sixteen feet, up to the heavily ironed windows of the lower storey, consist of great blocks of stone, worn at the corners and scored along their length by the battering of ages, by the heavy carts that from time immemorial have found the way too narrow and have ground their iron axles against the massive masonry. Of the three enormous arched gates that give access to the interior from different sides, one is closed by an iron grating, another by huge doors studded with iron bolts, and the third alone is usually open as an entrance. A tall old porter stands there in a long livery-coat and a cocked-hat; on holidays he appears in the traditional garb of

the Parisian "Suisse," magnificent in silk stockings and a heavily laced coat of dark green, leaning upon his tall mace — a constant object of wonder to the small boys of the quarter. He trims his white beard in imitation of his master's—broad and square—and his words are few and to the point. No one is ever at home in the Palazzo Sarracinesca; there are no ladies in the house; it is a man's establishment, and there is something severely masculine in the air of the gloomy courtyards surrounded by dark archways, where not a single plant or bit of colour relieves the ancient stone. The pavement is clean and well kept, a new flagstone here and there showing that some care is bestowed upon maintaining it in good repair; but for any decoration there is to be found in the courts, the place might be a fortress, as indeed it once was. The present owners, father and son, lived in their ancestral home in a sort of solemn magnificence that savoured of feudal times. Giovanni was the only son of five-and-twenty years of wedlock. His mother had been older than his father, and had now been dead some time. She had been a stern dark woman, and had lent no feminine touch of grace to the palace while she lived in it, her melancholic temper rather rejoicing in the sepulchral gloom that hung over the house. The Sarracinesca had always been a manly race, preferring strength to beauty, and the reality of power to the amenities of comfort.

Giovanni walked home from the afternoon reception at the Embassy. His temper seemed to crave the bleak wet air of the cold streets, and he did not hurry himself. He intended to dine at home that evening, and he anticipated some kind of disagreement with his father. The two men were too much alike not to be congenial, but too combative by nature to care for eternal peace. On the present occasion it was likely that there would be a struggle, for Giovanni had made up his mind not to marry Madame Mayer, and his father was equally determined that he should marry her at once: both were singularly strong men, singularly tenacious of their opinions.

At precisely seven o'clock father and son entered from different doors the small sitting-room in which they generally met, and they had no sooner entered than dinner was announced. Two words will suffice for the description of old Prince Sarracinesca—he was an elder edition of his son. Sixty years of life had not bent his strong frame nor dimmed the brilliancy of his eyes, but his hair and beard were snowy white. He was broader in the shoulder and deeper in the chest than Giovanni, but of the same height, and well proportioned still, with a tendency to stoutness. He was to all appearance precisely what his son would be at his age —keen and vigorous, the stern lines of his face grown deeper, and his very dark eyes and complexion made more apparent by the dazzling whiteness of his hair and broad square beard — the same type in a different stage of development.

The dinner was served with a certain old-fashioned magnificence which has grown rare in Rome. There was old plate and old china upon the table, old cut glass of the diamond pattern, and an old butler who moved noiselessly about in the performance of the functions he had exercised in the same room for forty years, and which his father had exercised there before him. Prince Sarracinesca and Don Gio-

vanni sat on opposite sides of the round table, now and then exchanging a few words.

"I was caught in the rain this afternoon," remarked the Prince.

"I hope you will not have a cold," replied his son, civilly. "Why do you walk in such weather?"

"And you—why do you walk?" retorted his father. "Are you less likely to take cold than I am? I walk because I have always walked."

"That is an excellent reason. I walk because I do not keep a carriage."

"Why do not you keep one if you wish to?" asked the Prince.

"I will do as you wish. I will buy an equipage to-morrow, lest I should again walk in the rain and catch cold. Where did you see me on foot?"

"In the Orso, half an hour ago. Why do you talk about my wishes in that absurd way?"

"Since you say it is absurd, I will not do so," said Giovanni, quietly.

"You are always contradicting me," said the Prince. "Some wine, Pasquale."

"Contradicting you?" repeated Giovanni. "Nothing could be further from my intentions."

The old Prince slowly sipped a glass of wine before he answered.

"Why do not you set up an establishment for yourself and live like a gentleman?" he asked at length. "You are rich—why do you go about on foot and dine in *cafés?*"

"Do I ever dine at a *café* when you are dining alone?"

"You have got used to living in restaurants in Paris," retorted his father. "It is a bad habit. What was the use of your mother leaving you a fortune, unless you will live in a proper fashion?"

"I understand you very well," answered Giovanni, his dark eyes beginning to gleam. "You know all that is a pretence. I am the most home-staying man of your acquaintance. It is a mere pretence. You are going to talk about my marriage again."

"And has any one a more natural right to insist upon your marriage than I have?" asked the elder man, hotly. "Leave the wine on the table, Pasquale—and the fruit—here. Give Don Giovanni his cheese. I will ring for the coffee—leave us." The butler and the footman left the room. "Has any one a more natural right, I ask?" repeated the Prince when they were alone.

"No one but myself, I should say," answered Giovanni, bitterly.

"Yourself — yourself indeed! What have you to say about it? This is a family matter. Would you have Sarracinesca sold — by the new law—to be distributed piecemeal among a herd of dogs of starving relations you never heard of, merely because you are such a vagabond, such a Bohemian, such a break-neck, crazy good-for-nothing, that you will not take the trouble to accept one of all the women who rush into your arms?"

"Your affectionate manner of speaking of your relatives is only surpassed by your good taste in describing the probabilities of my marriage," remarked Giovanni, scornfully.

"And you say you never contradict me!" exclaimed the Prince, angrily.

"If this is an instance, I can safely say so. Comment is not contradiction."

"Do you mean to say you have not repeatedly refused to marry?" inquired old Sarracinesca.

"That would be untrue. I have refused, I do refuse, and I will refuse, just so long as it pleases me."

"That is definite, at all events. You will go on refusing until you have broken your silly neck in imitating Englishmen, and then—good night, Sarracinesca! The last of the family will have come to a noble end!"

"If the only use of my existence is to become the father of heirs to your titles, I do not care to enjoy them myself."

"You will not enjoy them till my death, at all events. Did you ever reflect that I might marry again?"

"If you please to do so, do not hesitate on my account. Madame Mayer will accept you as soon as me. Marry by all means, and may you have a numerous progeny; and may they all marry in their turn, the day they are twenty. I wish you joy."

"You are intolerable, Giovanni. I should think you would have more respect for Donna Tullia——"

"Than to call her Madame Mayer," interrupted Giovanni.

"Than to suggest that she cares for nothing but a title and a fortune——"

"You showed much respect to her a moment ago, when you suggested that she was ready to rush into my arms."

"I! I never said such a thing. I said that any woman——"

"Including Madame Mayer, of course," interrupted Giovanni again.

"Can you not let me speak?" roared the Prince. Giovanni shrugged his shoulders a little, poured out a glass of wine, and helped himself to cheese, but said nothing. Seeing that his son said nothing, old Sarracinesca was silent too; he was so angry that he had not the thread of his ideas. Perhaps Giovanni regretted the quarrelsome tone he had taken, for he presently spoke to his father in a more conciliatory tone.

"Let us be just," he said. "I will listen to you, and I shall be glad if you will listen to me. In the first place, when I think of marriage I represent something to myself by the term——"

"I hope so," growled the old man.

"I look upon marriage as an important step in a man's life. I am not so old as to make my marriage an immediate necessity, nor so young as to be able wholly to disregard it. I do not desire to be hurried; for when I make up my mind, I intend to make a choice which, if it does not ensure happiness, will at least ensure peace. I do not wish to marry Madame Mayer. She is young, handsome, rich——"

"Very," ejaculated the Prince.

"Very. I also am young and rich, if not handsome."

"Certainly not handsome," said his father, who was nursing his wrath, and meanwhile spoke calmly. "You are the image of me."

"I am proud of the likeness," said Giovanni, gravely. "But to return to Madame Mayer. She is a widow——"

"Is that her fault?" inquired his father irrelevantly, his anger rising again.

"I trust not," said Giovanni, with a smile. "I trust she did not murder old Mayer. Nevertheless she is a widow. That is a strong objection. Have any of my ancestors married widows?"

"You show your ignorance at every turn," said the old Prince, with a scornful laugh. "Leone Sarracinesca married the widow of the Elector of Limburger-Stinkenstein in 1581."

"It is probably the German blood in our veins which gives you your taste for argument," remarked Giovanni. "Because three hundred years ago an ancestor married a widow, I am to marry

one now. Wait—do not be angry—there are other reasons why I do not care for Madame Mayer. She is too gay for me—too fond of the world."

The Prince burst into a loud ironical laugh. His white hair and beard bristled about his dark face, and he showed all his teeth, strong and white still.

"That is magnificent!" he cried; "it is superb, splendid, a piece of unpurchasable humour! Giovanni Sarracinesca has found a woman who is too gay for him! Heaven be praised! We know his taste at last. We will give him a nun, a miracle of all the virtues, a little girl out of a convent, vowed to a life of sacrifice and self-renunciation. That will please him—he will be a model happy husband."

"I do not understand this extraordinary outburst," answered Giovanni, with cold scorn. "Your mirth is amazing, but I fail to understand its source."

His father ceased laughing, and looked at him curiously, his heavy brows bending with the intenseness of his gaze. Giovanni returned the look, and it seemed as though those two strong angry men were fencing across the table with their fiery glances. The son was the first to speak.

"Do you mean to imply that I am not the kind of man to be allowed to marry a young girl?" he asked, not taking his eyes from his father.

"Look you, boy," returned the Prince, "I will have no more nonsense. I insist upon this match, as I have told you before. It is the most suitable one that I can find for you; and instead of being grateful, you turn upon me and refuse to do your duty. Donna Tullia is twenty-three years of age. She is brilliant, rich. There is nothing against her. She is a distant cousin——"

"One of the flock of vultures you so tenderly referred to," remarked Giovanni.

"Silence!" cried old Sarracinesca, striking his heavy hand upon the table so that the glasses shook together. "I will be heard; and what is more, I will be obeyed. Donna Tullia is a relation. The union of two such fortunes will be of immense advantage to your children. There is everything in favour of the match — nothing against it. You shall marry her a month from to-day. I will give you the title of Sant' Ilario, with the estate outright into the bargain, and the palace in the Corso to live in, if you do not care to live here."

"And if I refuse?" asked Giovanni, choking down his anger.

"If you refuse, you shall leave my house a month from to-day," said the Prince, savagely.

"Whereby I shall be fulfilling your previous commands, in setting up an establishment for myself and living like a gentleman," returned Giovanni, with a bitter laugh. "It is nothing to me—if you turn me out. I am rich, as you justly observed."

"You will have the more leisure to lead the life you like best," retorted the Prince; "to hang about in society, to go where you please, to make love to——" the old man stopped a moment. His son was watching him fiercely, his hand clenched upon the table, his face as white as death.

"To whom?" he asked, with a terrible effort to be calm.

"Do you think I am afraid of you? Do you think your father is less strong or less fierce than you? To whom?" cried the angry old man, his whole pent-up fury bursting out as he rose suddenly to his feet. "To whom but to Corona d'Astrardente—to whom else should you make love?—wasting your youth and life upon a mad passion!

All Rome says it—I will say it too!"

"You have said it indeed," answered Giovanni, in a very low voice. He remained seated at the table, not moving a muscle, his face as the face of the dead. "You have said it, and in insulting that lady you have said a thing not worthy for one of our blood to say. God help me to remember that you are my father," he added, trembling suddenly.

"Hold!" said the Prince, who, with all his ambition for his son, and his hasty temper, was an honest gentleman. "I never insulted her—she is above suspicion. It is you who are wasting your life in a hopeless passion for her. See, I speak calmly——"

"What does 'all Rome say'?" asked Giovanni, interrupting him. He was still deadly pale, but his hand was unclenched, and as he spoke he rested his head upon it, looking down at the tablecloth.

"Everybody says that you are in love with the Astrardente, and that her husband is beginning to notice it."

"It is enough, sir," said Giovanni, in low tones. "I will consider this marriage you propose. Give me until the spring to decide."

"That is a long time," remarked the old Prince, resuming his seat and beginning to peel an orange, as though nothing had happened. He was far from being calm, but his son's sudden change of manner had disarmed his anger. He was passionate and impetuous, thoughtless in his language, and tyrannical in his determination; but he loved Giovanni dearly for all that.

"I do not think it long," said Giovanni, thoughtfully. "I give you my word that I will seriously consider the marriage. If it is possible for me to marry Donna Tullia, I will obey you, and I will give you my answer before Easter-day. I cannot do more."

"I sincerely hope you will take my advice," answered Sarracinesca, now entirely pacified. "If you cannot make up your mind to the match, I may be able to find something else. There is Bianca Valdarno—she will have a quarter of the estate."

"She is so very ugly," objected Giovanni, quietly. He was still much agitated, but he answered his father mechanically.

"That is true—they are all ugly, those Valdarni. Besides, they are of Tuscan origin. What do you say to the little Rocca girl? She has great *chic;* she was brought up in England. She is pretty enough."

"I am afraid she would be extravagant."

"She could spend her own money then; it will be sufficient."

"It is better to be on the safe side," said Giovanni. Suddenly he changed his position, and again looked at his father. "I am sorry we always quarrel about this question," he said. "I do not really want to marry, but I wish to oblige you, and I will try. Why do we always come to words over it?"

"I am sure I do not know," said the Prince, with a pleasant smile. "I have such a diabolical temper, I suppose."

"And I have inherited it," answered Don Giovanni, with a laugh that was meant to be cheerful. "But I quite see your point of view. I suppose I ought to settle in life by this time."

"Seriously, I think so, my son. Here is to your future happiness," said the old gentleman, touching his glass with his lips.

"And here is to our future peace," returned Giovanni, also drinking.

"We never really quarrel,

Giovannino, do we?" said his father. Every trace of anger had vanished. His strong face beamed with an affectionate smile that was like the sun after a thunderstorm.

"No indeed," answered his son, cordially. "We cannot afford to quarrel; there are only two of us left."

"That is what I always say," assented the Prince, beginning to eat the orange he had carefully peeled since he had grown calm. "If two men like you and me, my boy, can thoroughly agree, there is nothing we cannot accomplish; whereas if we go against each other——"

"Justitia non fit, cœlum vero ruet," suggested Giovanni, in parody of the proverb.

"I am a little rusty in my Latin, Giovannino," said the old gentleman.

"Heaven is turned upside down, but justice is not done."

"No; one is never just when one is angry. But storms clear the sky, as they say up at Sarracinesca."

"By the by, have you heard whether that question of the timber has been settled yet?" asked Giovanni.

"Of course—I had forgotten. I will tell you all about it," answered his father, cheerfully. And so they chatted peacefully for another half-hour; and no one would have thought, in looking at them, that such fierce passions had been roused, nor that one of them felt as though his death-warrant had been signed. When they separated, Giovanni went to his own rooms, and locked himself in.

He had assumed an air of calmness which was not real before he left his father. In truth he was violently agitated. He was as fiery as his father, but his passions were of greater strength and of longer duration; for his mother had been a Spaniard, and something of the melancholy of her country had entered into his soul, giving depth and durability to the hot Italian character he inherited from his father. Nor did the latter suspect the cause of his son's sudden change of tone in regard to the marriage. It was precisely the difference in temperament which made Giovanni incomprehensible to the old Prince.

Giovanni had realised for more than a year past that he loved Corona d'Astrardente. Contrary to the custom of young men in his position, he determined from the first that he would never let her know it; and herein lay the key to all his actions. He had, as he thought, made a point of behaving to her on all occasions as he behaved to the other women he met in the world, and he believed that he had skilfully concealed his passion from the world and from the woman he loved. He had acted on all occasions with a circumspection which was not natural to him, and for which he undeniably deserved great credit. It had been a year of constant struggles, constant efforts at self-control, constant determination that, if possible, he would overcome his instincts. It was true that, when occasion offered, he had permitted himself the pleasure of talking to Corona d'Astrardente—talking, he well knew, upon the most general subjects, but finding at each interview some new point of sympathy. Never, he could honestly say, had he approached in that time the subject of love, nor even the equally dangerous topic of friendship, the discussion of which leads to so many ruinous experiments. He had never by look or word sought to interest the dark Duchessa in his doings nor in himself; he had talked of books, of politics, of

social questions, but never of himself nor of herself. He had faithfully kept the promise he had made in his heart, that since he was so unfortunate as to love the wife of another—a woman of such nobility that even in Rome no breath had been breathed against her — he would keep his unfortunate passion to himself. Astrardente was old, almost decrepit, in spite of his magnificent wig; Corona was but two-and-twenty years of age. If ever her husband died, Giovanni would present himself before the world as her suitor; meanwhile he would do nothing to injure her self-respect, nor to disturb her peace—he hardly flattered himself he could do that, for he loved her truly—and above all, he would do nothing to compromise the unsullied reputation she enjoyed. She might never love him; but he was strong and patient, and would do her the only honour it was in his power to do her, by waiting patiently.

But Giovanni had not considered that he was the most conspicuous man in society; that there were many who watched his movements, in hopes he would come their way; that when he entered a room, many had noticed that, though he never went directly to Corona's side, he always looked first towards her, and never omitted to speak with her in the course of an evening. Keen observers, the jays of society who hover about the eagle's nest, had not failed to observe a look of annoyance on Giovanni's face when he did not succeed in being alone by Corona's side for at least a few minutes; and Del Ferice, who was a sort of news-carrier in Rome, had now and then hinted that Giovanni was in love. People had repeated his hints, as he intended they should, with the illuminating wit peculiar to tale-bearers, and the story had gone abroad accordingly. True, there was not a man in Rome bold enough to allude to the matter in Giovanni's presence, even if any one had seen any advantage in so doing; but such things do not remain hidden. His own father had told him in a fit of anger, and the blow had produced its effect.

Giovanni sat down in a deep easy-chair in his own room, and thought over the situation. His first instinct had been to be furiously angry with his father; but the latter having instantly explained that there was nothing to be said against the Duchessa, Giovanni's anger against the Prince had turned against himself. It was bitter to think that all his self-denial, all his many and prolonged efforts to conceal his love, had been of no avail. He cursed his folly and imprudence, while wondering how it was possible that the story should have got abroad. He did not waver in his determination to hide his inclinations, to destroy the impression he had so unwillingly produced. The first means he found in his way seemed the best. To marry Donna Tullia at once, before the story of his affection for the Duchessa had gathered force, would, he thought, effectually shut the mouths of the gossips. From one point of view it was a noble thought, the determination to sacrifice himself wholly and for ever, rather than permit his name to be mentioned ever so innocently in connection with the woman he loved; to root out utterly his love for her by seriously engaging his faith to another, and keeping that engagement with all the strength of fidelity he knew himself to possess. He would save Corona from annoyance, and her name from the scandal-mongers; and if any one ever dared to mention the story——

Giovanni rose to his feet and mechanically took a fencing-foil from

the wall, as he often did for practice. If any one mentioned the story, he thought, he had the means to silence them, quickly and for ever. His eyes flashed suddenly at the idea of action—any action, even fighting, which might be distantly connected with Corona. Then he tossed down the rapier and threw himself into his chair, and sat quite still, staring at the trophies of armour upon the wall opposite.

He could not do it. To wrong one woman for the sake of shielding another was not in his power. People might laugh at him and call him Quixotic, forsooth, because he would not do like every one else and make a marriage of convenience—of propriety. Propriety! when his heart was breaking within him; when every fibre of his strong frame quivered with the strain of passion; when his aching eyes saw only one face, and his ears echoed the words she had spoken that very afternoon! Propriety indeed! Propriety was good enough for cold-blooded dullards. Donna Tullia had done him no harm that he should marry her for propriety's sake, and make her life miserable for thirty, forty, fifty years. It would be propriety rather for him to go away, to bury himself in the ends of the earth, until he could forget Corona d'Astrardente, her splendid eyes, and her deep sweet voice.

He had pledged his father his word that he would consider the marriage, and he was to give his answer before Easter. That was a long time yet. He would consider it; and if by Eastertide he had forgotten Corona, he would——he laughed aloud in his silent room, and the sound of his voice startled him from his reverie.

Forget? Did such men as he forget? Other men did. What were they made of? They did not love such women, perhaps; that was the reason they forgot. Any one could forget poor Donna Tullia. And yet how was it possible to forget if one love truly?

Giovanni had never believed himself in love before. He had known one or two women who had attracted him strongly; but he had soon found out that he had no real sympathy with them, that though they amused him they had no charm for him—most of all, that he could not imagine himself tied to any one of them for life without conceiving the situation horrible in the extreme. To his independent nature the idea of such ties was repugnant: he knew himself too courteous to break through the civilities of life with a wife he did not love; but he knew also that in marrying a woman who was indifferent to him, he would be engaging to play a part for life in the most fearful of all plays—the part of a man who strives to bear bravely the galling of a chain he is too honourable to break.

It was four o'clock in the morning when Giovanni went to bed; and even then he slept little, for his dreams were disturbed. Once he thought he stood upon a green lawn with a sword in his hand, and the blood upon its point, his opponent lying at his feet. Again, he thought he was alone in a vast drawing-room, and a dark woman came and spoke gently to him, saying, "Marry her for my sake." He awoke with a groan. The church clocks were striking eight, and the meet was at eleven, five miles beyond the Porta Pia. Giovanni started up and rang for his servant.

MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE.

VII.—THE OVERLAND ROUTE FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

I WAS a very young stone indeed, when I began rolling—a mere pebble in fact; but some of the moss which I collected then has stuck to me with greater tenacity than much that has gathered itself upon my weather-worn surface in later years. The impressions of early travel are generally so deeply stamped at the time, that the memory of them does not easily fade. Thus I have made the overland journey to the East, backwards and forwards, eight times, but the recollection of the first one continues the most vivid; and it is the same with my passages across the Atlantic—of which I have made twenty-two—but perhaps that is because it lasted seventeen days, was made in the depth of winter, and under circumstances calculated to cause themselves to be remembered. My first voyage to the East was by the overland route in the winter of the years 1841 and 1842; and so imperfect were the arrangements in those days, that it took me two full months to reach Ceylon. At Boulogne, where we arrived in a steamer direct from London Bridge, my companion and I seated ourselves in the *banquette* of an old-fashioned diligence—for very few miles of railway had been built in France in those days; and from our elevated perch, which we preferred to retain throughout, we had abundant opportunity for a survey of "La belle France," as we rumbled across it from one end to the other, accomplishing the journey from Boulogne to Marseilles in eight days and five nights of incessant diligence travel; our only adventure being that we stuck for some hours of the night in the snow near Chalons, and had to be dug out. At that time there were no passenger-steamers from Marseilles to Malta, and the mails were conveyed in a man-of-war, which was also compelled to submit to the humiliation of having to take passengers. The only incident of which I have any recollection during the voyage was that of pitching head-foremost from the quarter-deck on to the main deck, in the course of a race in sacks, and the flash of thought which suggested instant death as I went over. From this accident I remained insensible for twenty-four hours, but was otherwise none the worse. At Malta we changed steamers for Alexandria, where the East burst for the first time upon my surprised senses. The foreign population was probably not a quarter of what it is now; carriages had not been introduced; the streets were narrow, ill-paved, and crowded with camels, donkeys, veiled women, and the traffic characteristic of an Eastern city, but all was life and bustle: the place was just beginning to quiver under the impulse of the movement which the invention of steam was imparting to the world, and one of the earliest evidences of which was the direct route to India, which Lieutenant Waghorn had just opened through Egypt.

One of the pleasantest experiences of the journey was the voyage along the Mahamoudieh Canal in canal-boats towed by horses, as far as Atfeh. This was a perfect picnic while it lasted; the culinary arrangements

being extemporised to meet the difficulties of the situation, principally by the passengers themselves, for the organisation was still so defective that they had largely to trust to their own resources and exertions to secure their comfort. The morning of "Cook" had not yet dawned, and we were still in a sort of twilight of ignorance and dragomans. We had been looking forward to a sail up the Nile in *dahabeeyahs* to Cairo, but the first steamer had just been put on the river; notwithstanding which, owing to various delays, which I for one did not regret in a country where all was so new and interesting, it took us three days to get from Alexandria to Cairo. Here, as there was no civilised hotel—for Shepheard's had not yet sprung into existence—we had to go to a native khan, where a number of bare unfurnished cells opened upon a corridor, enclosing four sides of a square, which was filled at all hours of the day and night with a mob of grunting, munching camels, and their screaming, quarrelling drivers; and here we found Mr Waghorn himself, indefatigable in his exertions for our comfort, and in a constant struggle with the authorities, which, considering that only a few months before we had bombarded the Egyptians out of Acre, and had handed Palestine over to the Turks, was by no means to be wondered at. Looked at by the light of subsequent events, we should probably have done better had we left things as they were; but in that case subsequent events would have been so different that we might have had occasion to regret them still more. No doubt there were reasons why it seemed best at the time to separate the interests of Palestine from those of Egypt; but the fate of each country must ever be powerfully influenced in the future, as it has been in the past, by the destiny of the other, and their relative position towards each other, topographically and commercially, must always cause the influence which is paramount in Egypt to be powerfully operative in Palestine. And this will become the case, in a still more marked degree, when the two countries are united, as they must be before long, by a railway from Cairo to Damascus. There is no line probably in the world, except perhaps between the populous cities of China, more certain to pay than one which should connect Egypt and Syria, and which would convey the greater part of that produce which is now carried in native boats by sea, or transported wearily across the intervening desert on the backs of camels. The Eastern question will have, however, to be reopened and closed again before we can hope to see it constructed. Meantime we were almost as unpopular in Egypt in 1841 as we are now; but then, at all events, we had a clear and definite policy, and knew distinctly what we were aiming at. What we lost in one direction we gained in another, instead of losing all round, as we do in these days, and which we shall continue to do in the degree in which the British mob is invited by subservient statesmen to dictate to them the policy to be pursued in foreign affairs. However, these are merely the views of a rolling stone, with which it is impossible that stones which form a part of the pavement of London streets, and can see no further than the houses on either side, can sympathise; but of this they may feel sure, that if they were picked

out of their political gutters, and sent rolling about the world for a few years, they would get rid of a good deal of the dirt of party, and gather a little of the moss of patriotism.

Forty-five years have worked a far greater change in Cairo than they have in Alexandria. In fact, they have transformed the city to an extent which makes it no longer recognisable. From the most oriental of oriental cities, which it was when I saw it first, it has become the most European—the broad *boulevards* and miles of roads and streets, the hundreds of carriages plying for hire, the magnificent hotels and handsome villas with their surrounding gardens, have superseded all that was quaint, Eastern, and picturesque. The Ezebekeyeh, where in old days one sat in the still evenings, and smoked *chibouks* and *narghilehs*, and drank coffee and sherbet, and listened to the twang of native instruments, in company with groups of venerable Moslems, is now a park where nursemaids and babies and *petits crevés* go and listen to a military band. And one has to make an expedition expressly into the native quarter to know that it exists. We were detained a couple of days in Cairo, while Mr Waghorn was arranging for our transport across the desert to Suez, and we were never tired of exploring its narrow streets on donkeys, and spending money on articles which could never be of any manner of use to us in its crowded and well-stocked bazaars.

We crossed the desert in several four-horse vans—horses having been recently substituted for the camels which were at first attached to these vehicles—and found waiting for us at Suez the steamer India. The journey from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, including two days' stay at Alexandria, had occupied eight days. The last time I crossed from one sea to the other it was by an express train without any delay at Cairo, and the time occupied was nine hours. Before the establishment of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company, the mails were conveyed from Suez to Bombay by one of the East India Company's men-of-war. The first merchant-ship which carried passengers and mails direct from Suez to Calcutta was the India, and this was her first voyage. She was commanded by a Captain Staveley, and was considered a large ship in those days, though she was not over 1500 tons. The survey of the Red Sea was also, I imagine, imperfect. At any rate, on the second night after leaving Suez we were all nearly thrown out of our berths by the ship running full speed upon a coral-reef, on which the scene of panic usual on such occasions occurred. All the passengers, male and female, were on deck in the lightest of attire in a moment, and were somewhat reassured by the fact that the sea was as calm as a mill-pond, and the ship as motionless as a statue—so much so, indeed, that one weak-minded cadet, who had been the butt of the younger members of the party all the way, thought the opportunity a good one in which to write his will, which he proceeded with great earnestness and good faith to do in the saloon, assisted by several of his friends, whose good faith was not so obvious. When he had finished it, we took charge of it, and promised that in case any of us were saved from the wreck, which he thought imminent, the survivors would see that it was executed. I have often wondered since whether this youth ever rose to command the regiment he went out to join. We

stuck on this reef several hours, and then with the help of the little tide there is in the Red Sea, and the boats, we floated off, with, as it afterwards turned out, a severely damaged bottom. However, we steamed slowly on for two or three days more, and then ran out of coal. As there was not a breath of wind when this discovery was made, the prospect of lying for an indefinite time, "like a painted ship upon a painted ocean," was not encouraging. However, the ocean was fortunately a very narrow one, and with the aid of a puff of wind which ultimately sprang up, we managed to work our way into Mocha. As I was not in the slightest hurry to reach my journey's end, I was delighted at this *contretemps*, as it gave me a chance of seeing a very rarely visited place.

We lay off Mocha for three days, taking in wood. Its aspect from the sea is not particularly inviting. It is merely a row of white flat-roofed houses, with a minaret or two rising above them, glistening in the broiling sun, with a palm-grove at either end, and a desert beyond. Some of us went on shore to explore the town and pay a visit to the Governor or Shereef. We then found that the white houses looked far grander at a distance than on nearer acquaintance; and that there was a bazaar behind them, in which a large proportion of desert Arabs mingled with the Moslem townspeople, bringing in strings of camels with coffee and other produce for sale. I was told that, though the country immediately surrounding Mocha was barren and unprepossessing, there was a fertile, well-watered hill-region behind, where the celebrated coffee called after the town is produced, but which, even to this day, has been only very partially explored. At present, the obstacles to exploration are even greater than when I was at Mocha. At that time it was virtually, if not technically, the capital of Yemen, a rich and fertile province about 400 miles long by 150 wide; and though the Sultan of Turkey cast covetous eyes upon it, and even attempted to lay some claim to sovereignty over it, it was practically an independent country, — the supreme authority being the Imaum, whose palace was at Sana, a town equidistant from Aden and from Mocha, being about 160 miles from each, and the centre of a trade which found its way to the sea-coast at Mocha. Now all this is changed. There is no longer an Imaum at Sana: after a protracted war, which has lasted over several years, and which never raged more fiercely than it did last year, though we heard very little about it, Yemen has been annexed to the Turkish empire and constituted into a Vilayet, with a Turkish Pasha resident at Sana, where, however, his authority does not extend beyond the bayonets of his soldiers, of whom a large force is kept under his orders. I have conversed with many of these men who have returned from service in Yemen, and they all tell me that the country is in a state of chronic revolt; that the Arabs are intensely hostile to the authority of the Porte; that they are very brave, and that their conversion into peaceful subjects seems an almost hopeless task. I have also met in Jerusalem a very interesting set of Jews, who only arrived there as refugees a little more than a year ago from Yemen, where they say they have been settled from long before the final dispersion, for they claim to be descended from the tribe of Dan: they are learned in the Scriptures,

and more devout and unsophisticated than those who have been in contact with Western civilisation. They say they were compelled to leave Yemen in consequence of the war between Turks and Arabs, where they found themselves between the upper and the nether millstone.

So far as I was able to gather, there is, however, a strong tribe of nomads, all pure Jews, who have sided with the Arabs in the late war, and who have retired into fastnesses, where the Turks have had a difficulty in following them, for parts of the country are very mountainous. I have also heard from more than one source of the existence of a valuable gold-mine somewhere in Yemen, and conversed with those who have seen the ore that has been extracted from it.

The creation of Yemen into a Turkish Vilayet brought the frontier of the empire almost to the gates of Aden; and the native Arab tribes, who, on the occasion of my first visit, made it unsafe to venture a hundred yards from the fortification, were glad to seek our protection rather than fall under Turkish rule. The result has been a certain tension between the Turkish authorities and British officials, arising out of this newly born propinquity; and the fear lest our influence should spread into the interior has induced the Ottoman Government strictly to prohibit Englishmen from entering Yemen. When I was at Mocha, it was only necessary to enlist the favour of the Shereef of that place and obtain permission from the Imaum of Sana to get into the interior, which, although it was never thoroughly explored, had already been visited by Wellstead, Cruttenden, and other travellers.

Meantime Mocha has suffered severely under all these changes; and from having a population of 10,000 inhabitants, has dwindled down to a mere village, all the trade of Yemen finding its outlet at Aden, which is only eighty miles distant from it by sea.

The Shereef of Mocha, when we visited him, was a great personage, and received us with much ceremony, gave us excellent coffee, which, under the circumstances, was only to be expected, and was delighted with the present of a ship's musket, which the captain gave him to enlist his influence in the wood question. He immediately loaded it, and took a shot at a mark on the opposite wall of the street, which was not more than a foot or two above the heads of the people, by whom it was crowded. Their alarm and astonishment, as the ball whistled close to their ears, were ludicrous to behold, and highly amused the Governor, who I don't think would have been much affected even if the consequences had been serious.

The indifference of the natives to human life was remarkably illustrated while we were here. From morning till night our ship was surrounded by boats loaded with wood, their crews keeping up a most discordant din of screaming refrain while engaged in the process of discharging their cargoes into us. The abundance of this article was a strong evidence of its existence in the interior; but as it had all come on camels' backs, it must have been an expensive commodity. One of these boats, with a couple of men in it, got capsized, the boat turned over, and the men scrambled on to the keel. There must have been a strong current, as they speedily drifted out to sea, without any efforts being made by their comrades to rescue them, though the

accident took place at mid-day, in full view of everybody. I suppose our captain thought that it was the business of the natives to look after each other. We watched them with our glasses until they disappeared on the horizon; but as the sea is very narrow at this part, it is to be hoped they drifted ashore on the opposite side.

From Mocha, with our wood fuel and our rickety bottom, we steamed slowly round to Aden, where the ship was laid up for repairs, and I was kindly received as a guest by Captain Staines, then Commissioner at that place. Forty-five years has worked a great change at Aden, as at all the other places on the route. It had then been only two years in our possession, and was held like a post in an enemy's country. Every morning and evening long strings of camels were to be seen passing into the camp from the interior with supplies, and returning again to the desert, every Arab who accompanied them being compelled to have a pass, and none of them being permitted to sleep within the gates for fear of treachery.

We have now reduced all these unruly tribes to subjection, and within a certain radius of Aden the petty sultans by whom they are governed have been placed under our protection—notably the Sultan of Lahaj, whose village is a day's ride distant into the interior, and who can now be visited with perfect security. We have annexed a small district adjoining the peninsula, and upon it, three miles from the fortifications, have established a town called Sheikh Osman, which has a population of 12,000, composed of Somaulis, Hindoos, Abyssinians, and Arabs. Each of these nationalities has its own quarter, and perfect peace and order are maintained without the intervention of any European—there being no white man in the place. Aden itself has now a population of at least 50,000, and is a growing commercial emporium, while large sums are about to be spent upon its fortifications. When I first visited it, the resident population outside the garrison were to be counted by hundreds; and both at the "Camp" and the "Point," into which the settlement was divided, the residences were of the most flimsy description. To me, however, their quaint and unsubstantial character possessed all the charm of novelty; and the conditions of existence generally were so strange and unlike anything to which I had been accustomed, that I enjoyed my week's stay immensely, and was quite sorry when the repairs of the ship were completed, and we were called upon to bid adieu to its hospitable society.

The remainder of the voyage was only remarkable for our slow rate of speed, and we reached Ceylon without further incident, sixty days after leaving England.

VIII.—AN ASCENT OF ADAM'S PEAK IN CEYLON.

I read a very interesting article in 'Maga' not long since on sacred footprints, in which the writer suggested that many of them were originally coronation-stones, and in which he offered some ingenious suggestions as to the religious character which attaches to them among the various races in the different countries where they are found. They seem, indeed, to possess a peculiar fascination to

the devotional mind among oriental races; and we not unfrequently find the same footprint invested with a traditional sanctity by the adherents of religions which have no relation to each other beyond one or two of those broad ideas which are more or less common to all worship. This is notably the case with the print on Adam's Peak, the Sripada of the Buddhists; the penitential mountain of our first parent, of the Mohammedans. It was from here that Gautama is supposed to have stepped across the Bay of Bengal into Siam—a gigantic stride—but not so wonderful a performance as that attributed to Adam, as described by a devout Mussulman to a friend of mine, when discussing the means by which he transported himself to Ceylon, after his expulsion with his wife, according to Moslem traditions, from the Garden of Eden. It seems that poor Eve, after being separated from Adam for two hundred years, and reunited with him on Mount Ararat, died before he left Arabia; for her tomb, which is regarded with great veneration by Moslems, is pointed out to the pious pilgrims on their way to Mecca, at Jeddah. According to this tradition it was at the former place that Adam knelt down to ask forgiveness upon that stone, which has been invested with the utmost sanctity from a period long anterior to Mohammed—the sacred Caaba of Mecca; and there he had his penance imposed upon him. Then, travelling to the coast, Eve died, and was buried about a mile from Jeddah, in a tomb 200 feet long; for she was a tall woman. The human race seems steadily to have degenerated after her time, for Noah occupies a tomb which was pointed out to me near Zahleh, in the Lebanon, only 104 feet long by 10 wide. If Eve was 200 feet high, her husband, to judge by the present proportions of the sexes, must have been a good deal taller, say 25 or 30 feet. Now the difficulty which my friend suggested to his Moslem disputant was—how, in those early days, a man 220 or 230 feet high could find a *sambook*, or craft such as are now used in those seas, big enough to carry him on a long voyage?

"There was no difficulty at all about it," replied the Moslem; "he went over to Ceylon in *several sambooks!*"

After performing such a wonderful feat as this, the fact that he should have been able to stand on the top of Adam's Peak on one leg for a thousand years, and leave his footprint there deeply embedded in the rock, dwindles into insignificance. Moslem traditions vary considerably in regard to the proceedings of our earliest ancestors, and I by no means pin my faith to this one. According to another, Ceylon itself was the Garden of Eden, and in that case Adam's post of penance was handy, while his enormous height would enable him to reach the top a great deal more easily than I did, and then Eve must have gone over in "several *sambooks*" to Jeddah. Again, the most commonly accepted version of the origin of the Caaba is, that it was originally a white stone given by the angel Gabriel to Abraham, and has since been blackened by much kissing; while others again say that Hagar rested there with Ishmael, when, after being turned out of house and home, they drank at Mecca at the sacred spring Zemzem. These are all fertile themes of discussion among Moslems, and the reader may take his choice of them. Meantime many pilgrims go annually to the top

of Adam's Peak, which is about 7500 feet above the sea-level, both Moslem and Buddhist; and must feel not a little indignant with each other at finding it appropriated by two such very different characters as Adam and Buddha. By far the greater number, however, are Buddhists.

There are two paths of ascent: the one most commonly taken by pilgrims is from Ratnapoora, a place which owes its importance chiefly to its trade in precious stones. The sand-washings of the river which flows past it yield rubies, sapphires, amethysts, cat's-eyes, besides cinnamon stones and others of less value, and furnish a fair source of profit to the inhabitants. While watching the washers one day, I bought on the spot a cat's-eye from one man I saw find it, which, when polished, proved to have been a good bargain.

As it is rather a fatiguing day's journey from Ratnapoora to the top of the Peak, I made an early start with a friend from the house of the hospitable judge who was at that time exercising his functions in this district, attended by our horsekeepers — as grooms are called in that country—and some natives, who acted as guides and carriers of the provisions we required for a three days' trip. To say that our way led us through beautiful scenery is to use a platitude in connection with the central and mountainous districts of Ceylon, where the luxuriance of tropical vegetation merges as we reach higher altitudes with the heavy forests peculiar to them—where the villages are no longer embowered in groves of cocoa-nut trees, or nestle beneath the broad leaves of the plantain, but where they are surrounded by coffee-bushes red with berry, and are shadowed by the feathery bamboo; while the valley bottoms are terraced for the irrigation of rice, another variety of which, called hill-paddy, clothes the steep hill-sides where these are not already occupied by forest. Now, these once heavily-timbered slopes are for the most part covered with coffee plantations up to a certain elevation, beyond which coffee gives place to tea and cinchona. But forty years have made a difference in this respect; and when I ascended Adam's Peak, the villages became fewer and farther between as we increased our elevation, while our path often led us up the steep mountain-flank, through a dense jungle, as yet untouched by the hand of the foreign capitalist. We passed the night at a native house in one of the higher villages, and leaving our horses there, on the following morning pursued our way on foot amid scenery which at every step became more grand and rugged, the path in places skirting the edge of dizzy precipices, at the base of which foamed brawling torrents. The way was often rendered dangerous by the roots of large trees, which, having become slippery by the morning mist, stretched across the narrow path, and one of these nearly cost me my life. The path at the spot was scarped on the precipitous hillside; at least 300 feet below roared a torrent of boiling water, when my foot slipped on a root, and I pitched over the sheer cliff. I heard the cry of my companion as I disappeared, and had quite time to realise that all was over, when I was brought up suddenly by the spreading branches of a bush which was growing upon a projecting rock. There was no stand-

ing-ground anywhere, except the rock the bush grew upon. For some time I dared not move, fearing that something might give way, as the bush seemed scarcely strong enough to bear my weight. Looking up I saw my companion and the natives who were with us peering over the edge above, and to their intense relief shouted that so far I was all right, but dared not move for fear the bush would give way. They, however, strongly urged my scrambling on to the rock; and this, with a heart thumping so loudly that I seemed to hear its palpitations, and a dizzy brain, I succeeded in doing. The natives, of whom there were five or six, then undid their long waistcloths, and tying them to each other, and to a piece of cord, consisting of the united contributions of all the string of the party and the packages they were carrying, made a rope just long enough to reach me. Fastening this under my armpits, and holding on to it with the energy of despair, or perhaps I should rather say of hope, I was safely hauled to the top; but my nerve was so shaken that, although not in the least hurt, it was some moments before I could go on. This adventure was not a very good preparation for what was in store for us, when not very far from the top we reached the *mauvais pas* of the whole ascent. Here again we had a precipice with a torrent at the bottom of it on one side, and on the other an overhanging cliff—not metaphorically overhanging, but literally its upper edge projected some distance beyond the ledge on which we stood; it was not above forty feet high, and was scaled by an iron ladder. The agonising moment came when we had mounted this ladder to the projecting edge, and had nothing between our backs and the torrent some hundreds of feet below, and then had to turn over the edge and take hold of a chain which lay over an expanse of bare sloping rock, to the links of which it was necessary to cling firmly, while one hauled one's self on one's knees for twenty or thirty yards over the by no means smooth surface. My sensations, at the critical moment when I was clinging backwards on to the ladder, remind me of a subsequent experience in a Cornish mine. I was some hundreds of feet down in the bowels of the earth, crawling down a ladder similarly suspended; and feeling that the temperature was every moment getting warmer, I said to a miner who was accompanying me—

"It is getting very hot down here. How far do you think it is to the infernal regions?"

"I don't know exactly, sir," he promptly replied; "but if you let go, you will be there in two minutes."

Thus did he meanly take advantage of my precarious and helpless position to reflect upon my moral character!

It was my companion's turn, after we had safely accomplished this disagreeable feat of gymnastics, to pant with nervousness. And here let me remark that the Alpine Club did not exist in those days, and we were neither of us used to go about like flies on a wall. He was a missionary, in fact; and he was so utterly demoralised that he roundly declared that nothing would induce him to make the descent of the same place. Now the prospect of imitating Adam, and staying permanently on the top of the peak called after him, was so appalling, that I proposed opening a bottle

of brandy, which we had brought with us, and fortifying our nerves by taking a light repast there and then—a measure which was further recommended to us by the fact that the spot commanded an extensive and magnificent bird's-eye view of the whole southern portion of the island, with the sea distinctly visible in the extreme distance, and thousands of feet below us the forests from which we had so abruptly ascended. We had one or two pretty steep places after this, but nothing comparable to the *mauvais pas*, and reached the summit an hour or so before sunset. Here we found the solitary inhabitant of a single hut to be a Buddhist, who was guardian of the sacred footprint, over which was a wooden erection something like a light arbour, and which was secured to the rock by chains riveted into it. The print itself was about four feet long and nearly three wide, so far as I can recollect, and was so misshapen that it required some stretch of imagination to detect in it a resemblance to a human impression on a gigantic scale, more especially as the toes were almost undefined. The whole area of the summit, which was almost circular in shape, was not more than twenty yards in diameter; and the sensation of being perched up at so great an elevation on such a relatively minute point of rock, was an altogether novel one. One felt as though a violent gale of wind might blow one off it into space; and that there was some such danger was evident from the fact that the two flimsy erections upon it were fastened to the rock.

We now congratulated ourselves on having brought up thick blankets; for, accustomed as we had been for some time past to the heat of tropical plains, we felt the change to the sharp night air of such an elevation, — the more especially as the priest's hut was too filthy-looking for us to occupy, and we preferred taking shelter under its lee. We had no inducement, after a night on the hard rock, to sleep late; and by getting up an hour before sunrise, I was fortunate enough to witness a spectacle which was well worth all the fatigues and perils of the ascent.

As Adam's Peak rises from a comparatively low range of hills in the form of a perfect cone, it presents a far grander aspect than its rival Pedrotallagalla, which, although more than 1000 feet higher, neither stands out from its neighbours with the same solitary grandeur, nor does it furnish anything like the same extent of panoramic view, while it is easy of ascent on horseback. When I awoke to look about me, by the light of a moon a little past the full, in the early morning, I looked down from this isolated summit upon a sea of mist which stretched to the horizon in all directions, completely concealing the landscape beneath me. Its white, compact, smooth surface almost gave it the appearance of a field of snow, across which, in a deep black shadow, extended the conical form of the mountain I was on, its apex just touching the horizon, and producing a scenic effect as unique as it was imposing. While I was watching it, the sharpness of its outline gradually began to fade, the black shadow became by degrees less black, the white mist more grey, and as the dawn slowly broke, the whole effect was changed as by the wand of a magician. Another conical shadow crept over the vast

expanse on the opposite side of the mountain, which in its turn reached to the horizon, as the sun gently rose over the tremulous mist; but the sun-shadow seemed to lack the cold mystery of the moon-shadow it had driven away, and scarcely gave one time to appreciate its own marvellous effects before the mist itself began slowly to rise, and to envelop us as in a winding-sheet. For half an hour or more we were in the clouds, and could see nothing; then suddenly they rolled away, and revealed the magnificent panorama which had been the object of our pilgrimage. Even without the singular impression which has captivated the religious imagination of the devotees of two faiths, the peculiar conditions under which this remarkable mountain was exhibited to us were calculated to inspire a sentiment of awe which would naturally be heightened in the minds of the ignorant and superstitious by the discovery on its summit of a resemblance to a giant's footprint.

My companion having taken counsel with himself during the sleepless hours of the night, had now screwed up his courage for the descent, which we accomplished without further adventure; and we reached the hut where we had left our horses, in time to proceed on our journey the same day to visit some coffee plantations which had been recently opened in the neighbouring district of Saffragam.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

ZIT AND XOE: THEIR EARLY EXPERIENCES.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next few months passed away like a long-drawn-out dream of things almost unutterably beautiful—of cloudless skies and unruffled seas, of exquisite perfumes, of soft and brilliant and most delicately tinted flowers, of the sweetest and subtlest of all melodious sounds. Xoe was so supremely happy that the atmosphere of happiness around her enveloped not myself only, but all things, animate or inanimate, seemed to borrow a fresh new joyousness from her very presence, and to be like her illumined when a stray ray from her halo touched them for a moment. Work and toil were quite forgotten. Our wonderful inventions were all bundled up together, like so much lumber. We lived, as the flowers lived, in the warm sunshine and the cool fresh air.

But we were little more than children at the best, and without a thought of a darker future, we made the most of this happy holiday. We pelted each other with roses until either she or I begged for mercy. We ran wonderful races on the sands, and yet were never able to determine whether her horse or mine were the fleeter. Xoe, too, became a great archer in these days; and, except perhaps when on horseback, she never looked lovelier than when she was drawing her bow. If I could beat her when I chose, what did it matter? She had to make the victor's wreath of laurel, and here she was far cleverer than ever I was at archery. It was much the same, too, at hide-and-seek. I had generally to implore her to come out of her ingenious hiding-places, though she found me quick enough, and it was always I who had to pay the forfeit.

The forest was full of the most charming, little, bosky bowers where, when tired of walking and riding and playing, we used to sit for hours together, quite sheltered from the sun, and talking softly, or thinking, or watching the beautiful curve the blue river made down below among the thick masses of dark-green trees. It was enough to count the stately swans gliding slowly up and down, to see the salmon leaping over the falls, to wonder if the water-fowl would ever come up again after their long deep dives. Life had suddenly grown deliciously lazy and tranquil; and as weeks slipped into months, that past when I had wandered aimlessly about, heart-sore, desolate, and wretched, became an impossible nightmare. Every moonlit night re-echoed with our songs of loving content, as we wandered hand in hand through the woods—never so mysterious and never quite so fragrant as in the early evening hours—or on the sands, close to where the long waves broke gently in floods and flashes of phosphorescent light. Our hearts were often too full for speech, and speech, indeed, was scarcely needed, for day by day our thoughts seemed somehow or other to move more closely in unison. When I spoke, Xoe used to cry out, "Stop, Zit! I was just going to say that;" and I was always accusing her of stealing my very best jests before they were uttered.

We used at this time to have the most curious little arguments; and though I hate arguments, there was always a new idea, or, at all events, a novel line of thought, in what Xoe said. I especially recollect one very sultry afternoon, and I remember it so well, that the heavy languid perfume of the champak buds above us comes back to me even now, and again I seem to see the mist slowly rising from the river down below, till the sharp shadows of the rocks and trees were dim and faint. And again, close by, I seem to watch the wings of a singularly beautiful purple butterfly floating lazily, as if half sleeping, from one of the white waxen champak flowers to another; I was lying in the shade at Xoe's feet, far too content to speak, and I was looking up, whenever she gave me the chance, into the heaven of her soft blue eyes.

"I often wonder, Zit," she said, suddenly, "why it has not always been like this. Do you remember that even on the very first night we spent together you said you could scarcely imagine it had not always been so? I thought a great deal about those words of yours, then and afterwards, for the very same idea was passing through my mind, though of course I could not talk about it at the time. But what ever did you think of before you thought of me, sir? and what did I myself think of before I met you? Either you or I might twenty times a-day have taken a different road from the road we really followed. Yet now we seem to have known each other almost ever since I remember anything. Really, it is a very few months since I came across you on the shore. But my whole life seems but into two halves, and that last half, only a few months long, is far longer than all the years before."

"There is nothing in that," I answered, without a moment's hesitation. "Nothing in the world could have prevented us from meeting, dear. Both you and I might have strayed off, as you say, twenty times a-day on the wrong track. But we were meant to come together at last. Love is far stronger than Chance. And now I know why my restless spirit drove me irresistibly forward from sunrise to sunset."

"It is nice of you to say that," she said, stooping for a moment to look very earnestly into my eyes, and then suddenly throwing back her long hair, which had fallen like a golden glory across my face. "It is nice of you to say that, Zit, and I am sure you are right. Nothing could have kept us asunder, just as nothing can ever part us. But still sometimes I wonder why it has not always been like this, and why you and I have had all these long, cold, lonely years!"

I have a whole book of Xoe's sayings at this time. But they are written on my heart, and meant for none but me.

"Right and wrong!" cried Xoe one day, as purely out of too much happiness I tried to get up a little dispute. "You are my right and wrong, Zit. You must be, dear, for there is no one else."

So we mounted our horses, and galloped off to watch the sun set over those unknown worlds beyond the point. These gold and purple islands seemed to have a strange and increasing fascination for Xoe, and one day, to my utter astonishment, she burst into tears because I could not, or as she said would not, take her to them.

"I daresay I could swim to the nearest of the islands if I practised, Xoe," I said, "and then I could

swim on to the others, and be able to tell you all about them by-and-by."

"How selfish of you, Zit! No! I don't mean selfish, dear," she cried, noticing my look of distress; "I haven't used the word for months now, and I never thought it suited you at all. Surely you know I could never swim there, and if you are right I shall never be able to swim a single stroke. But I am certain I can never allow you to go alone. Don't let us think any more about these stupid islands."

It was easy to say this, but, hide it as she might, I know Xoe thought of nothing else, though I did all I could to divert her attention. I had amused her and myself by covering my different sticks with carvings of her face and her figure. I was never anything like satisfied; but she used to vow they were beautiful and flattering. It was just at this time that I learnt how to draw. I had been out hunting, and was coming back laden with spoil. I heard Xoe's clear, ringing voice of welcome, and, looking up, I saw her waving a fleecy scarf, that fluttered out lazily and lightly in the wind. But Xoe was poised as lightly and gracefully as ever her scarf was.

She stood just in front of a huge, smooth, white marble rock, and on the surface of the white rock to my great joy I saw her figure repeated, line for line and curve for curve, in a black silhouette. It was only her shadow, of course, but a most lifelike resemblance of her for all that.

"Don't move! don't stir, dear!" I shouted. "Please stay exactly where you are. I will tell you why when I come."

I ran to the fire. I collected a bundle of half-burnt sticks. Xoe and the shadow when I returned were precisely in the same position as when I left them.

"Please don't turn till I tell you to," I said. And then I sketched her profile. It was my first picture, an airy, light, little sketch, and almost my happiest. Xoe was as pleased as I was; and for some days after this, whenever I saw she was thinking of those wretched islands I used to say, "Come and be taken, Xoe. What will you wear?"—for she had a wonderful wardrobe now, and had grown quite a coquette; "how soon will you be ready? and how shall I draw you?" And in a short time all the rocks about were covered with Xoe. But before long this ingenuous amusement interested me a great deal more than it did Xoe, so intent was she on reaching her islands, and so sad and wistful did she sometimes look.

I was helpless, or thought so. But I swam a great deal every day, so as to be able if necessary to reach the islands at last. One sunny morning I charged right into a tree-trunk as it came floating down the river. I was a little stunned, and seizing hold of it I jumped on. I found that I could direct it pretty much as I wanted with my hands and feet, and still more successfully with one of the branches I tore off. And though it was absurd to think that Xoe could ever reach her wonderful islands on a clumsy thing like this, the log gave me a wrinkle which I proceeded to carry into execution with a secrecy that cost her many tears, and exercised my own self-denial considerably.

"You are always leaving me for that horrible river!" Xoe would cry. "If you want fish, why don't you fish properly with your hooks and lines? and, then, you know I hate fish now."

But with one subterfuge or another I persevered. Whenever Xoe was lazy, I contrived to steal a morning for my new inventions.

I chose a quiet, well-wooded little bend of the river, where I could not be overlooked, and where the largest trees grew close down to the water's brink. In the first place I cut a tree down, shaped it so as to adapt it to the water, and sharpened it at either end. This was as much better than the old tree-trunk as my new, broad, flat paddle was better than the rough branch I had tried to row with. But still, when I mounted my log it sank so deep that I knew Xoe would never be dry upon it. Then I made what I thought a great advance. I tied half-a-dozen trees together, and when they floated side by side I had a raft on which Xoe might be as comfortable as at home. But, to my horror, I could neither steer my raft nor paddle it. I was turning away in despair when I noticed that, though the trunks were all the same size, one of them floated much higher than the others. This was a mystery that must be solved. I attacked it with my axe, and with the aid of some big wedges I soon split the tree into two. It was hollow for a long way down the centre. I launched the two halves. They floated buoyantly. I had found what I wanted. I went home so happy that, without giving me a word of rebuke, and indeed without knowing why, Xoe was all that evening as happy as I was.

Next morning I began to construct my first boat, a sorry little thing I thought it afterwards, and only meant for two; but it sorely taxed my ingenuity and used up nearly all my hatchets. Fortunately I remembered that fire burns wood; and what with my hatchets and Xoe's fire, I had completely hollowed a large log out in a fortnight, and given it quite an elegant shape externally. But Xoe was so cross now at my repeated disappearances, and had such a strange, injured way of looking at me when she thought I did not observe her, that I had to wait another week before I could launch it. My boat floated beautifully. I could turn it about and direct it almost as easily as we guided our horses. There was a seat for Xoe, and a seat for me. Now we could go to the islands when we pleased. I turned to row ashore, and there was Xoe at the landing-place, clutching an overhanging date-palm with one arm, and watching me intently. She clapped her hands merrily as I came in.

"Now we can go to our islands," she cried. "O Zit! how good and thoughtful you are, and I am sure I don't deserve it! I have been horrid lately, and so lonely when you were away, and, O Zit! can you believe it? so jealous! I have been fighting against my wretched thoughts for weeks past, but to-day I could bear them no longer. I dogged you down, step by step, to see what you were doing. Look here, Zit!" she continued, showing me one of my hatchets concealed within the broad folds of her scarf, "I am almost sure that I should have killed her if you had found any one else. How you must despise me! Sometimes I wonder how you bear with me at all. But I will never be bad again, never. I will always believe you, and always do what you tell me."

Xoe was still half-laughing and half crying as I helped her into the boat. "Now for the islands," she said, as I pushed out into the stream.

"Oh no, Xoe!" I replied. "I must try the boat first in the open

sea. We are only going out on the river for a few minutes just to please you. For I really don't know if it will answer in the sea, or whether we could reach our islands in it or not, or even be able to come back again."

"It is I who want to go to the islands, not you, Zit," she said, pouting. "You know you don't care two straws about them. And do you really think I am going to let you start alone? Pray, sir, what should I do if you never came back?"

"I could always swim back if anything happened," I answered, "and you couldn't. Remember your promise, Xoe, dear, and please throw that clumsy hatchet overboard. It is luncheon-time now, and we had better go back at once."

I spoke with as much severity as I could command. Xoe yielded with the best possible grace in the world. That was one of her strong points. But by the time she had made all her conditions, I felt myself a regular tyrant. She was to ride as near the sea as she could all the way to the point. I was to keep on signalling by a number of clever little contrivances to show how I was getting on. Above all things, I was not to land until she could come with me.

There was an ebb-tide after luncheon, so I ran down for my boat, and directly I turned the great sand-bank at the mouth of the river, I saw Xoe waiting for me on her white horse. We had a pleasant little talk in shouts and signals. My boat went splendidly, and did not ship a drop of water. The last ebb of the tide was with me, and as I knew it would soon turn, I ran ashore at the point.

"Can't you do it?" cried Xoe anxiously, as I came in. "Oh, what a pity! what a pity!"

"Oh, I can do it!" I shouted back. "It is far easier than I thought. The boat goes beautifully. I am afraid of nothing now, so you can come with me, dear, and be the first to set foot on those wonderful islands of yours."

I paddled away manfully, but even Xoe's light weight made a difference.

"O Great Inventor!" she said, laughing, holding her tiny hands up in reproof; "next time you invent a boat, or anything else for that matter, ask me to help you. You have been watching the swans sailing by on the river with their big white feathers ruffled out to catch the wind all these weeks, and never noticed what you need now. Put your paddle away. I will take you in. Hold this," she said, giving me one end of her pointed scarf, and spreading the other two corners out, one in each of her outstretched hands. The breeze caught it at once, and away we scudded before the wind at a pace that put my poor paddle to shame.

"You see the use of it now, sir," laughed Xoe triumphantly. "You would have your mystery. You almost teased my life out. What is the consequence? I am the captain and you are the mate."

So we bounded on in the most deliciously easy motion over the little billows, until both Xoe and I agreed that the ripple they made as we passed over was the most soothing sound ever heard. Our boat seemed to be a living thing. Out at sea here, with the cool salt breeze blowing freely, the sun lost all its fierce heat, and every wave, laughing and sparkling in the sunshine, told of the cold, green depths below. We could still see our banian-tree on the hill and Xoe's white horse at the point.

But they each grew smaller and smaller.

Our island, as we approached it, was extraordinarily beautiful, and quite unlike anything either of us had ever seen before. It was about a mile and a half round, and, with the exception of one rocky peak, completely covered with rich, firm, soft turf, and trees, whose broad branches all stretched wistfully in the direction of the mainland. I steered a little on the sly with my paddle, so as to be able to run exactly where I was bidden, into a little cove, half-rock, half-sand, under the shelter of a frowning hill.

Xoe was quite excited as I helped her out of the boat. Directly she touched the shore with her feet, she gave a cry of triumph. I followed quickly, so as to assist her over the wave-worn rocks that guarded a stretch of fine white sand, covered at low tide, as it was now, with the most beautiful and fantastic anemones. She stopped to touch them, and to marvel at the coy way they drew themselves back when they were touched; and then, almost before we knew it, we stood beneath an enormous arch, composed entirely of stately pillars and columns of a beautiful, sombre stone-colour, grouped together in perfect masses, at once solid and light. The feeling this arch gave us both, as we stood beneath it, was a feeling of expectancy and awe. Xoe was the first to break the silence.

"What does it remind you of, Zit?" she asked, taking my hand, so as to give us both confidence.

"It reminds me most vividly of something; perhaps of the palm-forest at noonday," I answered; "but I really cannot tell what."

"I can," said Xoe. "It is only the music of your songs, Zit, and perhaps of some of mine, put into another form. Nothing is wrong here, nothing out of place. All the columns are lovely in themselves, and when they are massed together they are harmoniously perfect. They are only broken or twisted just where they should be. It is a lovely arch. O Zit! What a beautiful world we live in, and how small even you seem here!"

I put Xoe's hand to my lips, and then led her on. The large and lofty hall we entered was, like the archway, all made of pilasters and columns. The sunlight streamed before us, covering everything with a dazzling brightness, till the walls and all the roof glowed again in infinite varieties of gold and red and green. Long afterwards, when I became acquainted with the properties of precious stones and crystals, I used to think that these stalactites, for they were really nothing else, must have shone on that glorious afternoon like diamonds and rubies and emeralds and sapphires.

There were many little chambers off the great hall, all exact miniatures of it, and each with its little arch of tiny columns. These we explored carefully until we were tired. At one time the stormy sea must have swept through them all, for nothing but an irresistible power like the raging ocean could have been the patient architect of anything so everlastingly perfect. This was evident enough. But it must have been countless ages since, for the floor was now carpeted with dry sparkling sand, and the very oyster-shells washed in by the tide had disappeared in these cycles of untold time, leaving nothing but their pearls behind them.

With these glistening pearls the sand was thickly strewn. Xoe had noticed them at once, and

before going she tried how they looked in her hair.

"They must be almost more beautiful than the flowers," she said, turning appealingly to me.

"They are much more beautiful now," I answered, "and I don't think they will ever fade. They are almost as pure and white as your neck, dear. They would look lovely there. Try them against your neck for a minute, Xoe. Then you can see them, too."

"You dear old Zit!" she retorted, laughing. "There! what do you think of them? I should never care how I looked, if it wasn't for you. But you know I promised to obey you always. So pick out a handful or two of the very finest, and we will carry them with us as a reminder of our island voyage."

The wind had died away completely by the time we reached our boat, and as Xoe was dead-tired, this was perhaps as well. But we had a strong tide with us, and I had not the least difficulty in making the point. I lifted Xoe gently on to her horse, and led him home through the gloaming. The good, patient beast, in spite of his long wait and his high spirits, understood directly that his mistress was tired, and ambled on most sedately. So I let his bridle go, and drawing close to Xoe supported her as I walked.

"Oh, I am so tired, Zit!" she said; "but very, very happy, and this is very pleasant. It reminds me so of that first ride, when we were each afraid of the other, and of all those rides in the moonlight when you would kiss my hand."

"I thought you never knew that," I cried.

"Oh, I was horribly proud in those days," Xoe answered very softly; "and then a girl never can tell all she knows, Zit. But this is much nicer. I can think of nothing happier than the life we are leading now. You are all the world to me, and when I feel your great strong arm tight round me, I know that I am everything to you. You have had your mystery, sir, and I have mine. But I am sure that mysteries are wrong. We must have no more secrets, and I will never be cross again."

It was late when we reached home. But we loitered a long time over supper. And after supper, while Xoe was half dozing, I contrived to thread a string of great pearls together as a necklace. Xoe put them on with a smile, and in the firelight they gleamed and glistened more beautifully than ever.

Early next morning, Xoe, who was still very pale and tired, said there was nothing in the house to eat, and sent me out hunting at once. The deer had grown so wise and wary now that it was weeks since any of them had fallen into our larder-trap, and indeed an unaccountable and most disagreeable change had come over all the forest beasts of late. But I was in high spirits, and consequently had an unusually lucky day. I rode back with all the spoil I could carry.

"Xoe!" I shouted, as I always did, in coming through the pass; and for the first time there was no answer. I remembered how tired she had looked, and, possessed by a dreadful foreboding of something amiss, I galloped on. I threw myself off my horse. I lifted the mat that hung over our doorway. I heard a feeble little cry which, though it went straight to my heart, was certainly not Xoe's.

"Xoe! Xoe!" I called.

"Hush, Zit! dear old Zit!" I heard her answer. "I thought

you would never come, and I have so longed for you! Look, Zit, here is my mystery!"

I looked at Xoe, and in her eyes I saw the most ineffable joy and tenderness. I stooped and kissed her.

"Not me, Zit!" she whispered, with her white arm round my neck for a moment. "Kiss him, but very, very softly!"

Nestling beside her on the couch lay a tiny, helpless, little image of myself.

"O Zit!" said Xoe, as I bent over them both, "he is so like you, dear, and I was so dreadfully afraid he would have wings!"

CHAPTER VII.

That boy was for a long time to come the joy and the plague of my life. At first, of course, he was strictly neutral; but he soon went over to Xoe's party, and both of them together were too many for me. I was hardly allowed to touch him. I gave him a little sambre-skin pelisse or jacket a few days after he was born. But Xoe had very pronounced views. "A baby is like a flower," she said. "He must live in the fresh air and the sunshine. He would die if he were swaddled up in that fine pelisse of yours, Zit. I never heard him crow so lustily as when I took it off. Come and look at him, and then tell me if he wants any pelisses."

Baby certainly seemed far happier as he was, lying on his back on a soft grass mat, in a warm, shady corner, cooing away to his heart's content. He threw up his little fists and his pretty little pink toes as we bent over him.

"I wonder if he sees us, Xoe?" I asked, "or if he hears us?" and I began to boo away very gently. But he had no ears or eyes for me.

"He can see me," replied Xoe exultantly, snatching him up in her arms; "and he can always hear me. Can't you, baby?" And there was no doubt whatever that Xoe was right. "He hears you, too. But as he doesn't know what you mean yet, he attaches no importance to anything you say. It is the same with all the outside sounds from the forest, and the sea, and the beasts." (Any one but Xoe and her baby were outsiders now, it seemed.) "They have no meaning for him yet, dear little fellow. But when he looks at me, or laughs or cries, it is different. And when I look at him and try to talk his language it is different too. We understand each other."

Xoe looked wonderfully pretty with her baby in her arms. Her cheeks had a new colour, quite different from that of our courting days, but quite as beautiful; and her eyes, like all her words now, were full of soft and gentle meanings. I could not, if I wished it, deny the truth of what she said, so I adroitly attacked her in another direction.

"Cold water is all very well," I exclaimed; "but I do wish, Xoe, you would not always be douching him with cold water. I shouldn't like it myself night and morning, and it can't be good for a baby."

Xoe gave a merry little chuckle at this, and when baby and she had stared defiantly at me for a while, she condescended to reply.

"My dear Zit," she said, "you know a good deal about boats, and bows and arrows, and pots, and all that; you know a little about

horses; but I flatter myself I do know something about babies!"

"I don't know why you should, Xoe," I cried, "and I don't know where you learnt it!" And then, before she could retort, I beat a hasty retreat to get dinner ready.

I was the hunter and the cook and the general servant now, and everything but head-nurse, and as this was the first time Xoe was going to dine in her old place by the fire, a very pretty little repast I had prepared.

Baby lay between us, for I really would not allow him to be altogether monopolised, and said so plainly. But Xoe knew as well as I did that our disputes now were all a make-belief. We never really differed. Apart from baby, she was ruled by what I said, and with regard to baby I had the most implicit confidence in his mother.

Xoe hushed him to sleep on her knee, and as soon as dinner was over and I drew closer up, I was graciously allowed to watch him. Then, the first time for a month, we had a long after-dinner talk, just as in the old days, and when she laid her head on my shoulder I had many questions to ask.

"Why did you think he would have wings?" I began.

"Nothing could be more natural," answered Xoe, promptly. "Our boy, to begin with, must be quite different from us."

"I don't see that at all, Xoe," I interrupted; "please be logical."

"So I am, Zit, and you may be just as jealous as you like. I don't know much about logic, but I can believe my eyes. He is much better than either of us. You have only to look at him as he sleeps to tell that. But if you want logic you shall have it. We were a great deal better than the others, and as we could walk I thought he would very likely fly. But I am not a bit disappointed, Zit. He is just as perfect as he can be. And it really would be a dreadful trial for us when he grows bigger to see him nod his pretty little head pleasantly every morning before he flew off, leaving us to plod away after, wondering when he would have a fall."

"Your logic is not at all bad," I answered; "but still you see baby hasn't got wings."

"I don't care for that," said Xoe; "you said my logic was not bad."

"No more it is, dear," replied I, patting his cheek very gently, "and I am glad the wings are not there. That would have been a trial, indeed. But what strange fancies you have, Xoe! I should never have thought of this."

"You, Zit! you never think of anything."

"I do, Xoe. I have been wondering all day long what we ought to call him. You should know. You found a name for me quick enough."

"I don't think it is quite fair to put it in that way, dear," she said. "I liked you from the first, and I don't care who knows it. But that was very different. I knew my Zit would come some day or other. I expected you, sir. I was prepared for you. But dear baby was so thoroughly unexpected. . . ."

I gave Xoe a very sceptical look just then. She cut her speech short, and ended her argument, as she generally does when she is getting the worst of it, by saying, "Don't tease!"

I tried to please her. I changed the subject completely. But that was never the way to get round Xoe. She would talk of nothing else; and finally I learnt she had already determined to call baby "Zit."

We used to fight over this night by night for the next few months, and I was never perhaps happier in illustration than when I foreshadowed the confusion that would inevitably ensue.

But baby had a stronger will than either of us. He called himself Pip the moment he could talk; and as he has stuck to that name manfully ever since, I may as well call him Pip from the first.

"There is only one thing that frightens me, Zit," said Xoe, when we had tucked baby snugly into his cradle, "but I can think of nothing else. When baby was born, I knew for certain that you and I must die. Before that I used to think that, as we were both so different from all the others, we might differ from them here, and that there would be no more death in the world. Now your horrid logic has given me all manner of dreadful thoughts. But how should I live without you, Zit? or how could you live without me? or how would baby live without either of us?"

Xoe's questions were sometimes terribly perplexing. Baby's arrival had never struck me as a melancholy foreshadowing of our own departure. I did not quite know what to answer. So I kissed her tears away, and then, stealing her own words, said, "Don't tease!"

This was a fairly good reply at the time. But whenever I was away from home, or when either of them was ill, or even when I felt unusually dull and stupid, I used to ponder over Xoe's problem.

Fortunately, perhaps, I had not much leisure for melancholy reflections just then. For months past, I had noticed a significant change in the demeanour of all the forest beasts. This became daily more pronounced. The deer, as I have said, would not be driven into the pitfall. The hideous, shapeless monsters that infested the dark places in the woods no longer slunk uneasily aside when I gave my cry of warning. And one day, when I was enjoying very quietly a little inoffensive pig-sticking, a herd of infuriated boars actually charged at me in a body. I fought for dear life, and had to spear five of them before I escaped from their terrible tushes. I said nothing to Xoe, of course, and in itself this one fight would scarcely have been worth notice. But the plot was obviously preconcerted. I was soon convinced beyond all doubt that there was a general conspiracy on foot, and had very good reason to believe that those wretched beings from whom we came were at the bottom of it. Our perfect happiness, since little Pip's arrival, had been too much for them; and judging by the roaring and bellowing, the hissing and snarling, that went on in the forest, the most preposterous and exaggerated accounts were evidently being circulated about my innocent exploits in the hunting-field.

The forest soon became absolutely crowded with living things. Reinforcements poured in from all sides; and though a certain amount of indecision was still visible, I thought it was quite impossible to prevent Xoe and Pip noticing the ceaseless tread of these terrible battalions by day and their horrible sounds by night.

Never was I more mistaken. Xoe and her baby were so completely wrapped up in each other that nothing short of an earthquake would give them any uneasiness. Every day she made more discoveries out of Pip, small as he was, than I had managed to make out of the rich, broad world before me.

One afternoon when I was lean-

ing over a rock that commanded the valley, planning a complete system of fortifications, Xoe rushed up to me, and in a low, breathless voice cried, "It has come!"

"What has come?" I shouted, springing wildly to my feet, and seizing a hatchet in either hand.

"Baby's first tooth," said Xoe. "O Zit! are you not sorry now for saying he was getting as cross as you are, and that he really should not be allowed to cry all night long?"

"Of course I am sorry, Xoe," I answered; "and baby at all events does not think badly of me. But are you sure you are right? I can't see it."

"See it! who asked you to see it?" she retorted. "Perhaps you can't feel it?"

And I am shocked to say I really could not. But I had learned to trust Xoe in these matters, so I only kissed Pip and said, "Now that he has got his tooth, Xoe, I suppose I had better go and kill a buffalo or a hog or two for his dinner."

Xoe turned upon me more savagely than she had ever done in her life.

"Don't, Zit!" she cried, "don't teach the boy to despise you! You can't see his tooth! you can't feel his tooth! Well, perhaps you can't see his lower jaw either. It is not half so pronounced as yours! There! At all events," added Xoe, frankly, "I almost hate you for making me say things like this."

Pip, who always knew far more than we thought, set up a timely howl just then, and in bringing him round we reconciled each other. But Xoe, I am sure, never quite forgave herself for the way she treated me at that moment.

This was one of the events that distracted me from anxious thoughts, and without them I scarcely know what would have become of me. I grew so nervous that I almost slept with one eye open. I spent my mornings and evenings reconnoitring. But in the lazy afternoons I had my reward, when I thought of nothing but Xoe and her baby. I only mention all this, however, to show how I was able to spend the greater part of my time in blocking up the pass. With a few stout young trees as levers I piled stone upon stone, rock upon rock, trunk upon trunk, so that we were not only completely fortified on this side, but were furnished with an almost inexhaustible supply of ponderous missiles. Xoe surprised me at my work one bright and very sunny afternoon. She had strolled down lazily with baby in her arms, singing softly as she came. She found me, as it happened, just as I was straining every muscle to upset a big rock from which we had often watched the sun sink into the sea over our islands.

"More mysteries, Zit?" she said quietly. "Why can't you tell me everything?"

Then she stopped short. There was no time to tell her everything when the whole forest re-echoed with the most hideous sounds, and when every other tree concealed the outline of some monstrous form.

Xoe, as she always does in times of emergency, saw something of what had happened.

"Poor old Zit!" she said, "you look awfully tired. I had no right to scold you. I would not frighten baby for worlds, and you knew that if you frightened me you frightened baby. You are always thoughtful. But what shall we do now, and how can I help you?"

"Put baby on the grass, dear," I answered, knowing that hard

work was the best thing possible for her at the moment. "Then help me to push this rock into its place. It will be the keystone of the whole position. When that is fixed, we shall be perfectly safe for a while."

"There!" cried Xoe, when our task was done, "we are perfectly safe. You said so yourself, Zit; and now that we are safe, I think you really might have asked what brought baby and me down here so unexpectedly."

"You are never unexpected," I replied. "I was sick of struggling alone. You came just when you were needed."

"Of course," cried Xoe, triumphantly. "But why did we come? Because baby speaks."

I turned round to baby, who had been lying neglected on the grass all this time. He threw his little arms out towards me, and, in support of his mother's assertion, said "Papa" as clearly and distinctly as I could have said it myself if I had happened to try.

"You are a perfect tyrant, Xoe," I exclaimed, crying papa to baby, and being answered as often as ever I did so; "why has this been hidden from me all these months?"

"Nothing has been hidden," said Xoe, half laughing and half crying. "When you went away this morning, looking vexed and very cross, and without a word for either of us, baby pointed straight at you and said papa, and he has been saying it almost ever since."

"Why didn't you bring him down at once, Xoe?" I asked; "and what else has he been saying?"

"He was not very distinct at first," she answered. "He called you papa and then he called himself papa, and when I called him Zit he insisted on a compromise, and called himself Pip."

I could not quite understand the compromise, but Pip did, and very proud he was of his new accomplishment. He kept on addressing himself as Pip in a most engaging manner nearly all the way up the hill, though every now and then he patted my cheeks and called me papa.

I was still terribly anxious, but I made the most of Pip's extraordinary talents.

"I wonder he didn't sing, Xoe, before he could talk," I said; "you thought he would fly before he could walk."

"Can't he sing?" asked Xoe, scornfully. "Why, he has done nothing else since he came. But what do you care about singing? Since I began to sing to Pip you have never once asked me to sing to you."

So Xoe and I sang again as in the old days, just as if there were no worries and troubles in the world.

But for all that we spent a terrible evening. The shrieks and roars from the forest grew louder and fiercer. The air was filled with clouds of villanous insects. The ground was covered with creeping things innumerable. I piled all the arms I had in a great heap close beside us, and we sat hand in hand beside the fire till midnight. Then I persuaded Xoe to let me go down to the pass.

Before starting, however, we both stood watching baby for a while. He was sleeping very pleasantly. He smiled as we looked at him, and as he smiled we knew that happy, peaceful dreams of mysteries about which neither of us knew anything were passing through his mind. I stooped and kissed him softly. I kissed Xoe too. Then I went.

I found, as I had feared, that the fortifications were being rapidly destroyed. I used my lever as I had planned, and every ponderous rock that went crashing through the pass brought back an answering echo of pain. For a moment the horde below were disconcerted —and then with a cry that began in defiance and ended in despair, they turned and fled.

I returned home joyfully. I told Xoe my good news. She pretended to be just as satisfied as I tried to look. Then somehow or other I dozed off. Suddenly I heard Xoe shriek out. I leapt to my feet. I saw her smite a ghastly, black shadow with a burning brand plucked from the fire. It disappeared into the outer darkness with a yell of intense agony, and then I saw Xoe snatch baby up from the grass and cover him with kisses.

"He dropped from a tree. He tried to steal baby!" she cried; "I can stay here no longer. Don't be frightened, Zit," she added gently. "Baby is cooing and crowing again. Nothing frightens him. But go we must."

"Why should we go?" I said. "Why not keep them at bay, and drive them back terror-stricken and dismayed? If we do go they will destroy all your things, Xoe, and then, where shall we go to?"

"To our island, of course," said Xoe, pressing Pip to her breast. "What do I care for the things when baby's life is at stake! Come and find the boat!"

From the sound of the falling rocks I knew that the enemy had returned, and that my fortress was being rapidly demolished. It was too late to hesitate now. I took baby in one arm, and with the other I helped Xoe down the steep path that led directly to the river and the sea.

We spent the most painful half-hour in our lives in clambering over the stones. Now and then the terrific sounds behind us compelled us to look back, and through the gloomy night we saw the remains of our fire being hurled about hither and thither by invisible hands. This diversion in all probability saved our lives. We leapt into our boat and pushed wildly off from that accursed shore. Just as we did so the heavy clouds rolled away from the moon, revealing a perfect panorama of horrors.

The shore was lined with hideous monstrous forms right down to the water's edge. But they could not pass beyond it. We were safe now, and, under the spell of some dreadful fascination, I turned to watch the terrible drama being played out before us.

The Beasts had dared to declare war against Man, and were now venting their disappointed fury on each other. I could see in the distance the hatchets and spears I had so prized wielded madly and fiercely by scores of bony hands. I could hear the cries of the great beasts, as with bleeding flanks they learned for the first time what real pain was. Unsightly forms I knew of old leapt in and out of the seething crowd with such prodigious rapidity that they seemed wellnigh innumerable. Then with maddening roars each beast turned on the monstrous creature nearest, and began a combat of life and death.

Here Xoe touched me gently on the shoulder. "It is an awful punishment, Zit," she said. "But we must not wait to see it out. What should we do if baby caught cold! Row on!"

CHAPTER VIII.

The morning sun sprang up red and glowing from the sea, to give a genial warmth to the fresh salt breeze that awakened Pip, as he lay, a rosy little mite, in the midst of his magnificently pilastered nursery. He opened his brown eyes in amazement. But he took in the situation at a glance, and its incongruity amused him immensely. He laughed aloud, and as Xoe of course chimed in, their ringing voices blending merrily together filled these vast glittering halls with a joyous life to which for countless ages of time they had necessarily been strangers.

Inspired by these cheerful sounds, I went outside to look once more at the mainland. It was still covered by a thick mist; but, as the rising sun left the mist beneath, I felt that a new life had dawned upon me too. What were my wrecked homestead and all my shattered inventions to me now, so long as my wife and child were safe! Henceforth, as far as I could will it, all my interests, like my joys, must be wrapped up in them. It was, indeed, in that early stroll along the island beach that a most extraordinary change in me really took place, and that to all intents and purposes I became a husbandman instead of a wanderer, a herdsman instead of a hunter. I was dreamfully wondering how the change would eventually be worked out, when Xoe called to me from the cave to ask what I thought about breakfast.

"I should like it above all things," I answered. "You light a fire, Xoe, and long before you are ready I shall have plenty for you to cook."

Nor was my confidence misplaced. I had not gone ten yards when I stumbled across an enormous turtle. I picked myself up with an apology, but the ungrateful brute threw up such a shower of sand with her flappers that she was well over the water's edge before I could clear my eyes. However, I had fallen into a nest of turtle's eggs to begin with; and as I chased the turtle into the sea, I contrived to catch a couple of big black lobsters. I laid the lobsters beside the eggs, and then went a little way inland, where I discovered plenty of ripe dates and pomegranates. There were, I knew, two or three earthen pots in the boat; and, considering our circumstances, we breakfasted sumptuously. Baby, out of pure good-nature, nothing more, took the liveliest interest in the proceedings, clapping his little hands manfully; and he was not half so disconcerted as we were, when the black lobsters turned scarlet in the pot.

Watching Xoe narrowly, I could see that in spite of the entertainment Pip gave us, she was still very dull at heart. She could never keep a secret long, and soon she told me what was the matter.

"I will never set foot on that miserable shore again, never!" she cried; "and no more shall Pip. My mind is quite made up, Zit; nothing can shake it. Once for all, come what may, we must break with our past, if not for our own sakes, for baby's. Those horrible, mean creatures are jealous of him and his beauty and the joy we have in him. What are they to us or we to them? We will go on from island to island through the world, till even the very memory of them shall be left

so far behind that baby will never hear the faintest echo of it. Somewhere, Zit, we shall find a pleasant resting-place, where the past is all unknown, and where the beasts shall be as friendly and as gentle as they were at first; and there we will found our home."

There was much in what Xoe said. Indeed I had, or rather perhaps now thought I had, turned it over in my mind during my morning stroll. I said nothing of this. I only told her then, as I tell her still, that in all grave matters her thoughts and mine are the same. We agreed that Pip must never know anything of the misery and degradation of our past; but that, as we were perfectly safe, we would halt here for a while and go on when we chose. Then, after a little fight, Xoe agreed that I should reconnoitre our old home when I could, so as to look after the horses and save what I was able from the wreck. After settling our future plans, we spent a very happy day, all the happier because it was one long picnic, in which we had to invent everything afresh.

While Xoe and Pip were having their regular siesta, I cut down the shattered trunk of a curious old tree, the big hollows in which were almost filled with honeycombs. The bees buzzed about me in swarms till I was nearly blinded. But, like the beasts at first, they were too much astonished to resent anything I did; and, indeed, it was not till years afterwards that I learnt to my cost how bees could sting. The fragrance of the honey, which had attracted my attention originally, was quite justified by its taste.

I bore it off in triumph to the cave. I stole in quietly, so as not to disturb the siesta. But the siesta was a noisy one. There was Xoe, half hidden in her long yellow hair, her cheeks flushed with romping, her eyes sparkling with fun, crouching down at the further end of the hall; and in the middle Pip, on his hands and his sturdy little brown legs, was taking his afternoon lesson in crawling, or whatever one might term the vigorous method in which, by a series of little leaps and bounds and much laughing and shouting, he contrived to cover the ground. He had just started for Xoe when I came in. But he turned at once and crept lustily towards me, in spite of all her enticements. I broke off a tiny bit of honeycomb, and Pip gave a shout of decided approbation when he tasted it.

"You are a cheat!" cried Xoe, pretending to be vexed, though in reality there was nothing she liked better than being cut out here by me. "You are a cheat, sir, and, good gracious! what are you tempting the poor innocent child to eat?" Then, in the very middle of her scolding, she too gave a cry of delight.

I was walking slowly before him, holding a great piece of honeycomb in front of me, and so anxious was Pip to get possession of it that he forgot all his terrors, balanced himself on his little feet for a moment, and then toddled bravely after me as I retreated.

"Don't touch him, Zit!" cried Xoe, clapping her hands. "Let him fall if he must; it will only give him confidence, and he will pick himself up again. Make him run after you right down the hall."

After one or two preliminary tumbles, Pip actually accomplished this tremendous feat. We were both astonished.

"Well, you are wonderful creatures," said Xoe, patting his head and mine impartially as we reached

her. "I never gave you credit for so much sense, Zit. Here have I been slaving away for weeks together, trying to teach him to walk, and without thinking twice about it you discover the way and rob me of all the glory. O Zit! Zit! I shall never hear the last of this. Give me a bit of that yellow stuff!"

Pip toddled after her, just as prettily as he had done after me. Xoe was quite satisfied.

"Isn't he manly?" she cried. "Look how he puts his feet down and holds his hands out! Were you ever so proud of him before, Zit?"

But Pip, judging by the way he crowed and shouted, was just as proud of himself as ever I or even his mother could be. To keep up old traditions, we took our dinner in the open. The afternoon was very still and warm. The blue sea ran merrily up the glittering floor of the little cove, and the waves, as they died away on the white sand at our feet, laughed and sparkled in the sunshine. One solitary bird on a tree somewhere far behind us trilled a passionate appeal to a mate who never answered.

"How peaceful the world is, how beautiful, and what a contrast to last night!" said Xoe, breaking a long spell of silence and laying baby on my knee, as she only did when she was perfectly content.

"Do you know why the world is beautiful?" I answered. "You make it beautiful, Xoe, you and Pip, and your great love for me. The place itself is nothing. A few hours ago, when I carried you over the sands, you thought that our happy days were over."

"That is true," said Xoe, slowly; "and yet it seems hardly possible. Fancy baby walking to-day, of all the days in the year, and fancy this being the very happiest day in the whole of my life since I met you first, Zit!"

It was not often Xoe talked like this, and I began to feel quite sorry for the singing-bird behind us, whose mate could not hear what she was singing.

"What is your idea of happiness?" asked Xoe, after another long pause, during which she had recovered possession of Pip.

"A little wife, and a little child, and a little work," I replied promptly, "and life in the open air beside the sea."

"Why, you dear, simple old creature," said Xoe, "you have got all that! Oh, I see! you are laying a little trap for me. Well, I was never happier than I am now; I own it. But first thoughts are good thoughts. We will be happy here for a little. Then we will go and be happy somewhere else. Look at baby yawning, Zit! That is because he can't talk properly, and he can't forget that we were all up the whole of last night. It is delicious here in the twilight, but I really think we ought to go to bed early."

We had a long lazy night's rest, but with the first grey streak of dawn we had another little fight. I wanted to run ashore before breakfast. Xoe wanted me to put off the trip for a day or two; and I knew what that meant. But as we had left all our property behind us, I stood firm, and Xoe and Pip had to content themselves with waving their hands from the great archway until their white figures disappeared in the distance.

There was not the least cause for alarm. The shore was thickly strewn with noisome carcasses, but not a sound was heard save from the flapping wings of the hideous vultures.

I paddled straight up the river,

and fastened my boat beneath the clump of trees, of one of which it had been built. There were the same horrible traces of carnage round our banian-tree. Our homestead had been trampled and dashed to pieces. But the storeroom had scarcely been touched, and while I was selecting what we needed for immediate use, I heard both the horses whinnying joyfully, not far off. They were delighted to see me again.

To my astonishment they were not alone, but most affectionately watched and guarded by a creature something like one of those jackals, who had so often made night hideous. He was, however, much hairier; and when he thrust his cold nose into my hand and looked up, I could see his wistful eyes were very mild and gentle, and that, in spite of his rugged coat and gaunt limbs, he had an expression of extraordinary sagacity and benevolence. We became warm friends at once, and henceforth he played an important part in my family life. Without his assistance, indeed, I should never have become a true husbandman, and the flocks and herds which now constitute our fortune would still have been a prey to the wild beasts of the forest. Xoe laughs at me when I tell her that for every leg of mutton and every cheese we eat, and every coat I wear, we have to thank our friend the dog. But it is true for all that. The animals in their way can exist happily enough without us. But without them we could never do more than exist.

In some way or other, which it was of course impossible to ascertain, this wise, rough, hairy brute had evidently saved the horses from the overwhelming attacks of the night before. Already they seemed almost as fond of him as of Xoe; but when I turned, he left them at once and followed me closely, wagging his tail. Nothing, however, could induce the horses to come up to the house. The evil surroundings were too much for them. Horses are, I think, more sensitive than even men here. I, at all events, had my work before me, and could not afford to be squeamish. I carried out everything we wanted to the horses by degrees. Then I fastened a mighty load on each, and vastly pleased they were to be of service.

We made our way down the pass without much difficulty. The huge rocks and tree-trunks with which I had filled it up, had been tossed hither and thither. Everything bore marks of wanton destruction. Even the marble rocks, on which I had sketched and cut so many images of Xoe, had been defaced and maltreated; and, as if to mock us, cruel hands had traced grotesque and brutal figures all around. In everything I recognised a ludicrous imitation of my own handiwork which was far from flattering, and it was easy to see that for a long time past we had been most carefully watched. I left the horses at the mouth of the river; and with my dog pioneering the way in front, never far ahead, I started for the boat. Then I took as large a load as I could safely carry. The dog leapt in on guard. I turned for a moment to the horses, who were looking at me very sadly with their big brown eyes. I patted and petted them for a little and pushed off. But this did not suit Xoe's horse at all. He trotted into the sea. At first the broken water frightened him terribly, but he persevered till he had crossed the waves, and then he began to swim boldly after me. I did not know that horses could swim till then; but the distance

to the island was so great that I was afraid to try the experiment without adventitious aid. So I came back and cut down a few young cork-trees, which I fastened round them both in the manner of floats, and then with the horses in tow I started again.

The tow-ropes were so long that my followers were easily able to get in advance of me, and for some time they actually dragged the boat along. But when they were tired I had good reason to thank my forethought in having provided them with floats. Before I reached the little cove I was nearly dead with fatigue.

Xoe and Pip were still looking out from their archway. But, so far from having been there ever since I left, Xoe had such a number of adventures to relate that she would scarcely listen to mine. Of course they both went into ecstasies over the horses. Then the dog, who had been waiting for a good opportunity of an introduction, came up very humbly, and Xoe gave a loud shriek and rushed towards Pip.

"Zit!" she cried as she ran, "you have brought one of those horrible beasts over here. I will never forgive you, never! Help me to save Pip!"

But Pip had already got both his little arms round the dog's neck, and the dog was very gently licking his face.

"He is eating Pip!" exclaimed Xoe; "look there!" And she rushed at the dog, who, without disturbing Pip in the least, very gravely offered Xoe a paw. She touched it for a second, and then fell back abashed.

"Oh, what a wonderful child!" she said in a low voice. "He has tamed that awful monster already. Did you ever know anything like it, Zit? and do you think it will last? I really quite like the animal. What a gentle beast he is, and how wise, and what friends they are! Look at him! He is bringing Pip to me on his back!"

Xoe nevertheless recovered possession of Pip as quickly as possible. I lay down on one side of her, the dog on the other, and, completely reassured, she began an account of her day's experiences, the first day since she had met me, as she said, that had been spent without the benefit of my cheerful society. She had begun by making a large grass-plaited sail for my boat. Then she made a pearl necklace for Pip, who, when she was engrossed in her work, took the opportunity of walking boldly out of doors. Xoe, of course, thought he had fallen over the rocks and been swept away by the sea. But Pip, who had an extraordinary sense of humour—something, so I thought, like my own—had only hidden his little body behind a huge cactus-leaf, and dried up all Xoe's tears by crying, "Peep ho!" They made friends again; and since then, after various little culinary experiments, they had been occupied in looking out for me, Pip with his jewel necklace on, and very proud of it.

After these thrilling tales, my own poor adventures were scarcely worth narrating. But the things I had brought with me were properly appreciated none the less.

CHAPTER IX.

Life on the island was, after all, nothing but a long delightful interlude. We both felt that, so we never treated it very seriously; and without looking backward or forward, we tried to enjoy it to the uttermost. Xoe's sail, about the merits of which I heard a good deal certainly, enabled me to go from island to island, and to visit the mainland when I chose. Sometimes Pip went with me, standing up like a little man all the time, firmly planted between my knees.

We used to stop away for hours together, and somehow as I came to know Pip better I began to think that I had been quite wrong in the cruel thoughtless way I had treated all the animals. There is something very humanising in the frank society of a little child. I taught him almost all I knew, and marvellously quick he was at learning. In a few months he had mastered a language thoroughly. He had learned to walk, and swim, and ride, and climb, and shoot; to stop crying when crying was no use; to go to sleep when he was bidden; and to call the flowers, and beasts, and birds, and insects by their proper names. Finally, he knew as much about my poor inventions as I knew myself. Pip's education was an education for both of us. Looking back now, I can say with the most absolute certainty that I learned far more from that child than ever I taught him.

It had been one of Xoe's first thoughts when I met her that I would take the business of killing things off her hands, and little Pip's companionship somehow or other made me wish that I could now relegate this duty to some one else. I had constructed a fish-pond, and a turtle-pond, and an oyster-bed. Sometimes I had to do a little hunting for the larder. That could not be helped. But Pip was so fond of all living things who would let themselves be petted, that my old sporting instincts almost died away. Nothing pleased us so much as when our forays to the mainland enabled us to bring back a couple of long-horned goats and their kids, some sheep and their lambs, a large-eyed gazelle, or a basketful of white rabbits or furry-legged fowls. And here I am bound to say the dog was most wonderfully useful. In a short time the island was peopled with animals, who day by day became more grateful for Pip's kindness. Soon we had as much milk and as many eggs as we wanted, and wherever we went the friendly beasts came bounding towards us to be fed, or only petted, and all day long their voices sounded as blithe and clear and musical as the voices of the singing-birds with which all the trees now abounded.

Xoe was inexpressibly delighted with the change, and she would have it that Pip's plan was far more successful than mine. If I argued the question, she pointed quietly to the dog, who never left Pip for a moment, and growled even at us if we talked too loudly when his little master was sleeping. She delighted in our afternoon rides through our picturesque dominion, of which Pip was now the lord and master, with Xoe and myself and the dog for his humble administrators. I used to lead the way, with Pip sitting in front of me trying to coax my horse, now very fat and very lazy, out of his usual amble. Xoe followed after, intent on losing none of Pip's ingenious

remarks. She was singularly quick at finding out his witty sayings; and when she repeated them to me from behind us, I often wondered at my own stupidity in not having detected them at first. When she and Pip happened to laugh together, the dog used to trot eagerly from one to the other with a most expressive and encouraging bark.

But, between ourselves, I think Pip and I enjoyed our early morning walks almost as much as the rides. At this time Xoe was busy with household duties, and we, as useless creatures, were free to do what we pleased. So we would start off hand in hand for a sandy pool we knew under a clump of overhanging trees. As Pip trotted beside me he would prattle away of all the great things he was going to do by-and-by—just as I had talked, but to myself, alas! in times long gone. Then as he warmed up he would run off on that side or this, mowing down the tall plants with his little cane, and performing prodigies of valour on every big dandelion within reach. When we came to the blue sea he always made a pretence of running away, until I caught him and flung him in, to dive after him as he sank. In this way Pip soon learned to swim. And wonderfully pretty and chubby he looked, lying on his back in the cool fresh sea, laughing with delight, and splashing the white ripples at me or at the dog with his little hands and feet. Then we ran races home again, and Xoe was always on the look-out to cover the victor with kisses, and the victor, as it happened, was always Pip.

"You are spoiling that child!" Xoe used to say regularly every day, with the same fond look of admiration in her eyes. "I thought I had you pretty well in hand, but, Zit, you are a perfect slave to him."

Pip always used to laugh out merrily at this, as if he knew, and I have no doubt he did, that I was not the only one who spoiled him. But Pip was a boy who could stand a good deal of spoiling before he was any the worse of it. Here Xoe and I were quite in accord, and we often talked this over quietly, after we had tucked him up into his little white cot for his siesta.

He was dressed just like me now, and he had in miniature everything I owned myself. His tiny hatchets had a rack beside my own. His little leather sandals, when they lay beside mine in the cave at night, made my feet seem terribly clumsy and enormously big. He was a dead shot, too, with his little bow; and as his arrows were, of course, all blunt at the point, for fear he might prick his fingers, it was a favourite amusement of the kids and lambs about to come up and be shot at.

"This really won't do!" cried Xoe one afternoon, as, with Pip on my shoulder, I ran into the pretty little cave she kept as her own dressing-room, followed helter-skelter by half the colony of beasts and birds. "This won't do, Zit," she continued, snatching Pip from me, and driving the whole tribe of his followers away with waving of hands and gentle imprecations, and a good deal of eager help from the dog.

"What won't do, Xoe?" I asked, in the most profound astonishment. "I never saw you looking prettier, or brighter, or happier, than you look now."

"That is exactly it," said Xoe, trying to pucker up her dimpled cheeks into a woe-begone expression. "We are far too happy. Don't you remember that you agreed we should be happy here for a little, and then go away and be happy

somewhere else. We are forgetting all that. I have never been near that wretched mainland since we left it, and I sit here and shiver all the time Pip is over there. We must think of his future, dear. We must see that he never suffers as we have suffered. We must be sure, beyond any possibility of doubt, that nothing of our past ever reaches him."

"I daresay you are right, Xoe," I answered. "But I really don't think Pip would ever care two straws about the lot of them. You ought to have seen him kill that cobra yesterday morning."

"I have no patience with you, Zit," said Xoe. "The boy is as brave as he can be. Nothing frightens him. I daresay he will talk like you when he is as old as you are. But you only talk like this because you are a man. You know nothing of the way in which those horrible creatures hate us. It takes a happy woman with her little baby laughing and crowing in her arms to know that, and you were asleep when they were gibbering all around us in the trees that awful evening. I saw them though, with their bony fingers and their narrow foreheads, and with jealousy, envy, malice, and all unspeakable meannesses glinting out of their small eyes. They hate us because we love each other dearly, and because Pip is as beautiful as our love itself, and because we are happy with a happiness quite unfathomable to them. That is all. So long as they feel their degradation like this, and their miserable inferiority, we can never hope to change them, Zit. You must kill them off or leave them to snarl away among themselves. But why should you kill them off, poor wretches? Surely, you have killed enough. And from what you told me of the mainland when you went back to it, they are more noisome dead than alive. Look at Pip and think of them. Can we stretch too wide a gulf between the two?"

Xoe's face had become quite flushed and almost hard-set as she spoke, but her eyes were soft with tears when she looked towards Pip.

"You are a dear good creature!" I cried. "I had forgotten how you suffered. We will go when you like."

"Thank you," said Xoe. "It is best. But you are a dear good creature too, Zit, and much cleverer than I am. Anybody can be a mother, but it takes months of training to make a father, and I never thought you would get on with Pip as you do. Sometimes he seems far fonder of you than of me. I wish you could only see how he imitates you when you are away. How he struts about like you, and tries to make himself look big, and talks in a deep low voice. Sometimes I am so amused that I answer him as if he really were you, Zit, and then he always ends, as I daresay you would like to, by giving me a regular scolding. You are both of you a little bit conceited, dear, and I tell you what —I am more conceited than either of you in having such a husband and such a son. If I want to go away, it is only because I feel that the great happiness we have here cannot possibly last."

So by degrees we built our boat, and building on a large scale was easy to me now, after all the boats I had made since we reached our island. So one gloomy morning we sailed away, our eyes full of tears for the friends we left behind, but our hearts beating bravely when we thought of the new home that was waiting for us somewhere beyond the gold and crimson glories of the sun

that had sunk far across the sea the night before. As soon as the big sail was set, I silently took the tiller from Xoe. I let the boat go with the wind, and it bore us out to sea, straight away from our islands. But even the great sea itself was an illusion. It was only a broad gulf after all, hemmed in on either side by tall black mountains, and towers, and turrets, and columns of black rock, which, when the mid-day sun shone on them, changed to a singular bright rose-colour. This I took as a good omen. I turned the boat boldly down the gulf, and we sailed on until we lost all record of time.

. . . . .

It was rather odd, was it not, that my great-great-granddaughter should have taught me how to read and write. But here I am, nevertheless, finishing this brief record of our early days on a broad verandah overlooking a hill-girt lake that was never so peaceful, so sultry, so placid as it is just now.

Work is over for the day. From the long stretches of yellow corn-fields the husbandmen and their lazy cattle are coming slowly home. Beside the huge brick furnaces the hissing bronze is hardening into shape under the firm, wet sand, and white-robed girls, with great baskets of luscious fruit deftly poised upon their heads, are loitering to talk with the thirsty, grimy smelters. The carpenter's adze and the weaver's shuttle lie at last at rest, and all the idle gossips are laughing together under the peepul tree by the well. The children in the village round about have just escaped from school, and are dancing gaily down the street to the music of the panpipe and the lute. I had laid my reed-pen aside to watch them, when Pip suddenly burst in, burly, tanned, stalwart and very determined, and for long years the ruler of us all.

"Father!" he cried, "there has been another robbery in the village, and they all know the culprit as well as we do. They talked of expelling him last night. So long as you are with us our simple village life will last. But if we have ever to carry you away, father, to that dismal burning ghaut beside the lake, I shall be able to restrain them no longer Men will turn against men, like those beasts you told me of long since, and we are so much cleverer than the beasts that the battle will be cruel indeed, and will not soon be over."

"Hush, Pip!" said Xoe, who had come quietly upon us. "Don't say such dreadful things to your father. Can't you see that he is busy with his writing? You are always looking forward, Pip, and your father and I are always looking back. But you will never be half the man your father was if you let every petty squabble upset you so. You should think of us a little; and just now, when I want to speak seriously to your father, I wish you would give them a hint that their panpiping would sound sweeter and far softer from the other side of the lake."

Pip kissed his mother gently, and went out to do her bidding.

"Poor Pip!" said Xoe, when he had gone; "though he has not so much control over the others as you have, Zit, he has a wonderful control over himself. But I wish he would not talk about such dreadfully improbable things. How is the book getting on?" she continued. "I am far more afraid of that book of yours than of all Pip's forebodings."

"I won't write another word

after to-night!" I cried firmly, rather glad of an excuse for the idleness that was fast growing upon me. "My poor old reed-pen is worn down to a stump. Let me finish off this scroll, Xoe, and I will never touch papyrus again. How still it is to-night! Listen to the sheep-bells on the hillside, and look at the sultry mist slowly covering the blue lake like a beautiful veil!"

But Xoe was still looking over my shoulder, giving my white hair a loving little pat, that always presages a scolding.

"You haven't said anything about our origin, Zit?" she asked, very anxiously. "You and I are proud, of course, of the way in which we have got on. But the children know nothing of our past, and why should we tell them?"

"Xoe," I retorted, "you made our great-great-granddaughter teach me how to read and write, and it would not be fair on the child if I put down anything in black and white that is not really true."

"True and false, my dear old Zit," said Xoe, promptly, "they are nothing more than my right and wrong of long ago. It all depends. The children are not like me. They take everything far more seriously. I know all your old stories by heart. I love them just as I love the trees in our garden, because I have watched them grow. But they believe everything as you tell it. They all believe every word of your famous bear-story. Why should we degrade them so terribly with the tale of our mean origin? They are what they are, thanks to us; let them thank us for evermore."

"I have written down everything, Xoe," I said, very tenderly kissing her hand, "because I owe everything to you, and I cannot for the life of me help saying so. Still, nobody but you can read my writing, so it does not really matter."

"That is true," said Xoe, dubiously; "and, of course, you always know best, Zit."

"I am glad you think so, at last, Xoe," I cried, intensely gratified; "but why have you never owned it before?"

"Because I am not quite sure of it now," answered Xoe. "And oh, I do wish you had never written that wretched book!"

THE STATE'S EMINENT DOMAIN.

In these days, when doctrines of Ransom and Restitution are being openly taught to the New Democracy by the apostles of "Progress," it is idle to hide from ourselves that many of the most "fundamental laws" are likely soon to be put upon their trial, if not given a short shrift. But scarcely less dangerous to the common-weal than these and the like reckless theories are subtle attempts to throw dust in the eyes of the people, by giving to the most arbitrary dogmas a colour of legality. The British public have a profound respect for the law, and it is only necessary to persuade them that any principle has a legal basis to render it comparatively easy to cheat them into believing in its economic soundness. In the absence, then, of any great present encouragement to persevere in the empty promulgation of such teachings as "the rights of man" and the like, many advanced politicians are now busying themselves with recommending the application of the American doctrine of the State's Eminent Domain in various directions and for various purposes in this country. The theory of Eminent Domain arises so easily out of the notion of State Supremacy, that the new departure is instructive as an illustration of Radical tactics. It may, then, not be uninteresting to consider the principles upon which this fiction of the American jurists is founded. It has been enunciated in the following terms: "There exists in every sovereignty the rightful authority to appropriate and control individual property for the public benefit, as the public safety, necessity, convenience, or welfare may demand."

It is needless to point out the consequences which would result, in view of the analogous theory of Reservation, from the unrestrained application of such a principle. Nor is it very surprising that the lawyers of the United States should have fenced it round with such a multiplicity of juridical restrictions, since otherwise private property in America would have been wholly at the mercy of the Legislature. Yet some of our *doctrinaire* politicians, fired with a new-born zeal for the public welfare, have hailed the doctrine (of the existence of which it seems they have only lately heard) as a godsend, and not without reason, since it enables them to pose as the apostles of a progressive jurisprudence instead of chartered plunder. Of the wholesale attempts which are being made to Americanise our institutions, none are more dangerous than those which seek to tinker the Constitution after the American pattern. It cannot be too often stated that there is little in common between the rules of constitutional law in the two countries, and that principles which are well adapted to the one are wholly unsuited to the other. The Constitution of the United States as a whole, and those of the States individually, precisely defined as they are in written instruments which have been respectively agreed upon as the absolute rule of decision for the Federal and State Legislatures, are not elastic. The reciprocal rights and duties of State and citizen are narrowly defined, and any infringement of them, even by the direct action of the Legislature, whether Federal or State, is

unconstitutional, and as such is set aside as soon as it is brought before the Courts. Consequently certain of the rights of citizenship, whether relating to person or property, or arising under contracts, could not be interfered with against the will of the possessor even by the supreme authority. As a necessary result, in many cases enterprises of great public utility were prevented by private constitutional rights; and in order to get over the difficulty without touching the Constitutions, the United States politicians coined the theory of Eminent Domain, which gave the State the necessary powers of interference with private property. In its beginnings, then, the doctrine was purely artificial. It was an attempt to engraft some of the elements of sovereignty upon the States, notwithstanding the limitations of their Constitutions, and was expressly adapted to the needs of the State Governments, which are charged under the American system with the regulation of the rights, privileges, and immunities of their citizens, so as to give them the power of fulfilling their public functions; while for national purposes it was decided that the National Government could also exercise it within all the States of the Union.

Broadly speaking, then, almost throughout the United States, the right of Eminent Domain can be so applied as to justify any act of appropriation or expropriation, however arbitrary, upon the sole ground of "public convenience." It is, for instance, only necessary to determine that any property of any description is required for "public purposes" to oust *pro tanto* all private rights. "Every description of property," it has been declared, "which may become necessary for the public use, and which the Government cannot appropriate under any other recognised right, is subject to be seized and appropriated under the right of Eminent Domain." And again, "the right to appropriate private property to public uses lies dormant in the State until legislative action is adopted, pointing out the occasions, the mode, conditions, and agencies for its appropriation." These enunciations might be indefinitely multiplied; but the above are sufficient to show that the crude theory is only rendered tolerable by the substantial qualifications under which its application has come to be restricted by the American Courts. Eminent Domain is a tremendous legal dogma. Not only is it unrestricted, but it is indefeasible. Even the State, it is argued, cannot barter away the power, or preclude itself from exercising it. The grant of exclusive privileges, for instance, is only made subject to it; and even an express agreement in a charter, that the power of Eminent Domain should not be so exercised as to infringe the franchise granted by the charter, has itself been held to be necessarily liable to be appropriated, if occasion require, under the right, a deduction which, to use the familiar and expressive language of Euclid, is absurd. We have already pointed out that it has been held by the American judges that every species of property which may become necessary for the public use is liable to be seized under this right. Thus lands for the public ways; buildings which for any reason it is necessary to take or destroy for the public good; streams of water, when required for public purposes; and, generally, legal and equitable rights of every description, can be so appropriated.

Money alone is excepted; although it seems that even money can be taken under it as an enforced loan, which can be justified in time of extreme peril, where neither the credit of the Government nor the powers of taxation could be made available. And besides these and the like private rights, even public privileges, such as corporate franchises, have been held to be liable to forfeiture under this extraordinary doctrine. "Policy," it has been urged, "as well as law, requires that a grant for one public purpose must yield to another more urgent and important." But the purposes for which the right may be exercised have come to be more and more strictly limited, and it is of importance to notice that it has been decided all over the States that they must be strictly "public purposes." The Courts and the Legislatures have, it is needless to remark, for many years been engaged in one incessant conflict as to those purposes and uses which are to be deemed "public." "If the public interest," runs one authoritative exposition, "can be in any way promoted by the taking of private property, it must rest in the wisdom of the Legislature to determine whether the benefit to the public will be of sufficient importance to render it expedient for them to exercise the right of Eminent Domain, and to authorise an interference with the private rights of individuals for that purpose." It is, then, not surprising that under the action of many of the State Legislatures the liberal exercise of this doctrine in its crude form should have rendered private rights dangerously insecure. So, in order to meet the evil, the Courts have gradually come to extend the peculiar controlling power which they possess over the actions of the Legislature, until by degrees they have built up a *ratio decidendi* which has to a large extent obviated the dangerous elasticity of the original rule. Of course in many cases there is no room for doubt. Public highways, turnpike roads, and canals, wharves, basins, ferries, and the like, have all long been admittedly "public uses," which justify the expropriation of private individuals. But it has been held not to be within the powers of the State Governments to appropriate wild lands in order to cultivate them; or low lands in order to drain them; or buildings merely because they are dilapidated, —and so on. Then in the infancy of many of the States the right was exercised in order to establish public mills, which were required to grind in turn for all comers at regulated tolls. So long as water was the chief motive power, it was often found requisite to appropriate the lands required for the erection of a dam, or to give compulsory powers for the purpose of obtaining the necessary supply. The rights granted under these Flowage Acts were described by one Chief-Justice as "granted for the better use of the water-power, upon considerations of general policy and the general good." But in the State of New York, Eminent Domain has never been exercised in favour of mills of any kind; and there is a well-known dictum to the effect that "sites for steam-engines, hotels, churches, and other public conveniences might as well be taken, by the exercise of this extraordinary power,"—a deduction which certainly commends itself to one's common-sense. But frequent attempts to use the power colourably for private advantage rather than for public good led to judicial declarations that it is not competent to the Legislature to take the property of one individual and

pass it over to another, without reference to the uses to which it is to be applied. "The right of Eminent Domain," runs a well-known decision, "does not imply a right in the sovereign power to take the property of one citizen and transfer it to another, even for a full compensation, where the public interest will be in no way promoted by such transfer." Thus the Legislature cannot authorise private roads to be made across the lands of unwilling owners, and so on. Nor is it sufficient that the public should be incidentally benefited, a distinction which is well worthy of attention.

In the same way very valuable restrictions have come into force as to the quantity of property which may be taken, and it has now been finally settled that this can only be decided by a suitable and independent tribunal, and the Courts have laid down generally that no more can be taken than is required by the necessities of the case. Thus, "if only a part be needed, the taking of the whole is not justified." Attempts have often been made to appropriate, for instance, the whole of a valuable site, where only a small part was required for the ostensible public purpose; but the judges have so far stoutly defended the rights of individuals, and have declined to allow such spoliation under the thinly veiled guise of public convenience. In all cases the test to be applied is whether the taking is by the public, the use by the public, and the accruing benefit shared by the public. It was long contended that it rested exclusively with the Legislature to decide, in the first instance, as to the necessity for the taking; that none of the parties interested had any right to be heard on the question, unless the State Constitution expressly conferred such right as an incident of citizenship; and that a reference to any tribunal upon this point was of favour and not of right. But it was soon found necessary, in order to give effect to the constitutional limitations by which the acts of the Legislatures of the States are restrained, to allow a final decision as to whether the appropriation possesses any adequate element of public utility to be a question for an independent tribunal. It has been argued that the mere authorising of the taking of private property for a public use involves the inference that such property shall not be taken from the owner without his consent for any other use, and in practice it was found that this immunity could only be secured through the Courts. Here is a remarkable decision in this connection: "The possession and exercise of such a power would be incompatible with the nature and object of all government; for it being admitted that a chief end for which government is instituted is that every man may enjoy his own, it follows necessarily that the rightful exercise of a power by the Government of taking arbitrarily from any man what is his own for the purpose of giving it to another, would subvert the very foundation principle upon which the Government was organised, and dissolve the political community into its original chaotic elements." And again, in the words of a Virginian Chief-Justice: "Liberty itself consists essentially as well in the security of private property as of the persons of individuals; and this security of private property is one of the primary objects of civil government, which our ancestors, in framing our Constitution, intended to secure to themselves and their posterity, effectually and for ever."

As regards the principle of com-

pensation, too, the American Courts have exercised the most wholesome influence. An Act which provides no means of ascertaining and paying compensation, for instance, is invalid, and the owner is remitted to his remedy under the ordinary law. But the fifth article of the Constitution of the United States provides that private property shall not be taken for the public use without compensation, a fact which we commend to the study of Radical reformers. Hence it is a primary requisite to the exercise of the right of Eminent Domain that compensation should be made, notwithstanding the theory that it is a reserved right, subject to which all property is holden. This serves to indicate the distinction between the exercise of the right of Eminent Domain and Taxation. In the former case the citizen is compelled to surrender to the public something beyond his due proportion for the public benefit, so that the benefit and protection he receives from the Government are not a sufficient compensation; for these benefits are equivalent to the taxes he pays, and the other public burdens he assumes in common with the community at large. Compensation must, too, it has been held, be pecuniary, and very precise rules have been framed for estimating its amount. But while these differ according to the particular features of each case, they are now for the most part conspicuously fair. It is, for example, not necessary that the property in question should be appropriated in whole or in part, for the right to accrue to the owner. If its value be destroyed or seriously impaired, the taking is held to be complete, and the right to compensation becomes indefeasible. But it is, on the other hand, quite settled that the mere exercise of the right without injury does not entitle any one to compensation, and there is no remedy unless the owner is, at least, deprived of the ordinary use of his property. The later decisions of the State Courts, moreover, show a leaning to give fuller protection to vested interests, and any intrenchment upon the constitutional rights of citizens is now rigidly repressed. Thus, in New York State, compensation must be ascertained by a jury, and an attempt on the part of the Legislature to abrogate this privilege was avoided, because unconstitutional. Again, in Texas, the Legislature lately sought to give cities the right to appoint "three disinterested freeholders" to assess the amount of compensation to be paid to landowners whose property was appropriated; but the Act was at once annulled by the Courts as a breach of the Texan Constitution.

These considerations will suffice to show that a large body of law has grown up in the United States side by side with this remarkable theory; and that when the State Legislatures have sought to exercise the powers, which have thus been created, tyrannically, the State Courts have asserted their jurisdiction, and have constituted themselves into regular revising tribunals of the proceedings of the Legislatures, in the same way as the Supreme Court adjudicates upon the constitutional validity of the Acts of Congress. The result is a discreditable conflict of jurisdiction, and a regrettable depreciation of the prestige of the legislative authority. The American Law Reports are filled with a multiplicity of decisions upon innumerable problems in constitutional law, which owe their existence to this intricate doctrine. But the least consideration of the powers which could be exercised by a corrupt

Legislature under the pretence of Eminent Domain will convince most people that it is a fortunate thing for the stability, such as it is, of American institutions, that the judicial can control the legislative authority. There are advantages in a written Constitution.

It may, then, be hoped that the attempts which are being made to give the doctrine of Eminent Domain practical application in this country will be narrowly watched, in the interests both of the Constitution and of the rights of property. In England, it is scarcely necessary to say, the Courts have no jurisdiction to review the powers of Parliament, which are "so transcendent and absolute that they cannot be confined, either for causes or persons, within any bounds." It has been over and over again decided that it is the function of the Courts "to declare and not to make the law." It is only where there is an ambiguity in the meaning of an Act of Parliament that the judges will apply their own rules of interpretation. In all cases where the rights of individuals are affected, these are perfectly well understood. Thus they will not, unless it is indisputably the intention of the Legislature, so construe an Act as to deprive persons of their estates. So where an Act is capable of two constructions, one of which will have the effect of destroying the property of large numbers of the community, and the other will not, the rule of construction is that the Legislature intended the latter to be applied to it. But, it may be added, even if direct confiscation were intended, the Courts would not shrink from enforcing it, and would have no other alternative. In this connection Mr Gladstone was appropriately emphatic in his speech on April 8th on the Home Rule Bill. He dwelt with great unction upon "the peculiarities of the British Constitution" with regard to "the absolute supremacy of Parliament." "We have," he said, "a Parliament to the power of which there are no limits whatever, except such as human nature in a divinely ordained condition of things imposes." The occasion gives the reminder an added significance. It is well to remember that persons may be injured by an Act, and have no legal or other remedy than an appeal to the Legislature. Nor, moreover, have these cases been few or far between. But the rules upon which Parliament has acted in granting and exercising compulsory powers are very clear. Claims to compensation have been tacitly or expressly acknowledged wherever rights of action have been taken away by the Legislature. This has been clearly laid down by the late Sir Alexander Cockburn in the New River Company *v.* Johnson: "The recent decisions have fully established the principle, which is also in accordance with common-sense, that Acts of Parliament which give to parties injured a right to compensation must be taken to mean that, while they confer powers of compulsory interference with the rights of property, and take away from the owners of property the right to bring actions, they provide that parties injured by the exercise of those powers shall not be damnified by being deprived of their right of action; and, correlatively, that persons shall have no right to compensation unless the injury which they would have sustained by the exercise of the powers is such as would have been actionable." In all these transactions,

too, the public has only been placed by Parliament in the position of a purchaser. Although somewhat obscurely, it has further been contended that since the necessary powers can only be granted by the concurrent act of the three estates of the realm, consent is to be assumed on the part of each individual citizen. The doctrine of a reserved power in the State to arbitrarily dispropriate individuals for the benefit of other individuals, possesses so far no legal sanction, although it is within the power of Parliament to put it into practice. We are on the eve of a revolution in fundamentals. The Allotments and Small Holdings Bill, for instance, goes very far in this direction. Many Radicals seem to be solely engaged in seeking to take the root out of things, and the principles of private ownership are likely before long to be rudely tested. It is, then, well for the public to be on their guard against so-called American models. In England the doctrine of Eminent Domain would give the colour of legality to the most outrageous schemes of public and private plunder. Such a system, without any of those constitutional limitations by which its application is circumscribed in the United States, would be pregnant with mischief, would utterly destroy individual right, and leave all distinctions between *meum* and *tuum* at the mercy of the State and the creatures of the State. We have no such protection even as that afforded by the Constitution of the United States, which renders the right to compensation indefeasible. Magna Charta, it is true, has declared that no freeman shall be disseized or divested of his liberties or free customs but by the judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land; and there are many old statutes which provide that no man's lands shall be seized into the king's hands against the Great Charter and the law of the land. But an Act of Parliament is "the law of the land," and anything, as we all know, can be done by Act of Parliament. It is one thing to set aside the ordinary law upon well-understood conditions, and another for the State to delegate the possession of legal powers of confiscation. It cannot, then, be too carefully borne in mind that if Eminent Domain become an accepted principle in this country, it will be essential in the interests of private ownership that independent tribunals should be given a control over its application. No other alternative, it is to be feared, would be possible, unless we are prepared to bid good-bye altogether to the fundamental maxim of law and equity that it is "the public interest to protect the rights of individuals."

THE CRACK OF DOOM.—PART X.

CHAPTER XLII.

"*Corruptio optimi pessima*," was Mrs Brockley's comment to her daughter and Stephen when she had finished her account of the interview. "Who would believe in the existence of such a brute? And a gentleman by birth, too. And I to have held all my life that there was so much in blood and breeding."

The indignant lady's first step, after leaving Mr Rorke, had been to return to Mrs Millerby, with a view to explaining her abrupt departure. Mrs Millerby had gone, and her next step was to search for her daughter. "We must hold a council of war," she said, when she had found Mrs Rorke and Stephen. "Mr Millerby, I am sure, will help us if he can. We have nothing to conceal from him." And the above was the conclusion of her opening statement of the business of the council.

A good thing gone wrong—a gentleman emancipated from the restraint of honour—there is nothing worse in human nature. Mrs Brockley was right. There were men present at the great scientific gathering who could have supported the old saw with the results of modern observation, and talked by the hour of the degeneration of complex types. In the line of the most beautiful and complex organisms—the law holds in plant-life as well as in animals—you find individual instances of hideous deformity, backslidings to uglier forms than the organism started from in the race of development. There are not many better types of man to be found than a sound-hearted English gentleman; but such a type can only flourish in certain conditions, and in the absence of these conditions there are inevitably many individual cases of moral degeneracy. A worse case could not easily have been found than Mr Darby Rorke.

"A gentleman by birth, too!" This was Mrs Brockley's indignant exclamation to her council. But what was to be done? Were they helpless in Mr Rorke's hands? Stephen made a suggestion as soon as the voluble bearer of the bad news gave him a chance of speaking. It was that they should leave it all to him.

"It is not so bad as it seems, after all. Mr Rorke's coming may, in fact, be a help to us. Our great object is to get Tom to give up this extraordinary freak and go away; and he can hardly help taking fright now."

This was excellent sense, and it soothed Mrs Brockley to find that Stephen took so calm a view of the situation; but she was too excited to see it at first. What weighed on her most was the fear of having her son put in prison as a swindler. This was too alarming a prospect to be looked at coolly.

"But I thought Tom had gone away," she said.

"Yes," said Stephen; "he has left Slagsalve; but we don't know for certain that he has left England, and it is just possible that he may come back here. But you leave him to me now. I think I can have no difficulty in persuading him now."

Stephen had heard from Quickset that the Count had gone to London on urgent business, and he

had told his friends this to tranquillise them, without mentioning that Quickset had also told him of the Count's proposed return on Thursday evening. He had rather given them to understand that Tom must have taken fright at his proposal for an interview.

"But what if Rorke should arrest him at once?" said Mrs Brockley. "I do hope he will not come back. Oh that I knew how to warn him! Could we not telegraph somewhere? Could we not telegraph to his hotel? He is sure to be there."

"I don't think there is any fear of immediate arrest," said Stephen. "That must be all bluster."

"Do you think so?" cried Mrs Brockley. "I am so glad to hear you say so. That is just what I told him. But he laughed at me. He spoke of being swindled himself."

"That could not have been by personating Count Ramassy."

"Of course not," cried Mrs Brockley; "of course not."

"I think you may keep your minds easy about that, even if he should come back."

"Perhaps it would be best after all that he should come back; that is, if he has not left England altogether, because then you would see him."

"Precisely," said Stephen.

"As for his other threat," said Mrs Brockley, "that can only bring disgrace on himself."

"I should say so," answered Stephen, warmly. The truth was that Mr Rorke's threat to sue for a divorce did not give him as much pain as sympathy with the persecuted woman would have demanded. His main regret was that the man had no case. But this part of Mr Rorke's scheme of persecution was a delicate subject to discuss, so he turned it off by saying: "And now that we have held our council and got everything ready against the enemy, let us go and have some luncheon."

On their way to the refreshment rooms, they met Grace Quickset and Adam Napier. "Isn't she a bright girl?" said Mrs Rorke.

"A little too small for my taste," her mother said; "but there is something fetching about her. Yes, a bright little thing; and she and her companion seem to be on very good terms."

"I wonder if I should say anything to warn her," said Mrs Rorke to Stephen in a low tone. "The one thing that haunts me in this sad business is that Tom may have imposed on her. We don't know what may happen. I think it is my duty to warn her."

"Do," he said. "I will stop Napier for a minute or two." It struck him as Miss Quickset came nearer, and he caught her eye, that there was something forced in the animation with which she was conversing with Napier.

But it was not an easy matter for Mrs Rorke to carry out her purpose. As soon as Stephen had drawn off Napier, Mrs Brockley took the lead with her usual volubility, her sanguine mind now completely recovered from the alarm produced by Mr Rorke, nothing remaining from that incident but a somewhat increased degree of excitability.

"I hope you are enjoying the meeting, my dear. Of course you are quite the belle of the assembly, and your father such a leading figure too! It must be very pleasant to be made so much of. But you don't stop in Norport for the meeting?"

"No; we go up and down every day from Slagsalve. The trains are so convenient—almost as many of them as on the Underground."

"I am sure I wonder that anybody can live in this smoky atmosphere. You must be quite gay and brilliant down by the sea—quite a meeting by yourselves; for many of the members must do as you do. It is so much pleasanter than stopping here. We are a good way out of the smoke, though we have a splendid view of it from a distance."

"I believe you have Count Ramassy with you at Slagsalve," said Mrs Rorke, striking in abruptly when her voluble mother paused for breath.

The remark was so abrupt that Grace was not a little confused, and stammered out simply—"Yes; but he has gone to London. He has made some immense sum of money on the Stock Exchange, I believe, and has gone to London to see about it."

The mention of the Count's name and this news about him struck Mrs Brockley dumb, and she walked a few paces forward to conceal her emotion, which gave Mrs Rorke an opportunity of saying hurriedly—"You must pardon me for being so abrupt, and you must not think me intrusive for what I say, but I must warn you seriously against this Count. Do not trust what he says. He is not to be trusted. I don't suppose the warning is necessary. Forgive me. It is my interest in you that makes me speak. I cannot say everything here that I should like to say."

With this they parted. If Grace's merriment was forced before, she was now too much disturbed to be capable even of the pretence of interest in her companion's conversation, and after a few of his best witticisms had fallen flat, he gave it up, much wondering what had happened. She was disturbed and inclined to be angry. Why should everybody interfere with her in this way? Mrs Rorke, whom she hardly knew? What was the meaning of this mysterious warning? and why should Mrs Rorke warn her? Was she in love with him, and had she shown it? She blushed at the thought. She was not in love with him. He rather frightened her at times. She only found him an interesting study. She would trust him no farther than she pleased. She needed nobody to warn her. Then she thought of Fanny's insinuations about something between him and Mrs Rorke. But from this her thoughts passed quickly to Fanny's own conduct and Hugh Millerby's. Napier and she had met them in the morning, and Hugh had looked at her in such a way that she knew at once that he was still in love with her. Unspoken apology and wistful regret were plain in his countenance, and she laughed to think of the comic contrast between his appearance and Fanny's radiant looks of triumph. She had thought of it more than once since they met, and always she laughed inwardly, but with a certain amount of pity for him, and a touch of remorse on her own side. He did not look happy. Was she in love with him? She did not think she was; but she liked him well enough to wish him to be happy. With so many thoughts to occupy her mind, it was no wonder that Adam Napier found her a somewhat inattentive listener, and not apt at reply.

Meantime the other party passed on, and Mrs Rorke was taken sharply to task by her mother for her hints about the Count. The susceptible mother had heard enough to make her insist upon knowing the whole, and she was very angry with Cecilia for saying

anything that might bring her son into danger. The son was naturally the mother's first thought. Why could she not wait till he went away? They were sure of getting him to go quietly now. Why should his safety be imperilled for the sake of a chit of a girl who was perfectly able to take care of herself? It must be admitted, too, that this rumour of a fortune that he had made disposed Mrs Brockley to think, after all his sins, that he was a good enough match for anybody. She was quite on his side again, quite hopeful about him, and she took her daughter sharply to task. But Stephen strongly backed up Mrs Rorke. The mother's blind partiality and injustice annoyed him. He was quite willing to believe that it was a youthful freak this personation; but if the foolish youth persisted in it as he was doing, he did not deserve so much consideration, and those who knew owed it to themselves to stop any mischief they could prevent. Stephen indicated this to Mrs Brockley with as much delicacy as he could, to avoid hurting her feelings, and she was silenced if not convinced.

After lunch they went to hear a paper in one of the sections, Mrs Brockley still bent on making the most of this grand opportunity of acquiring knowledge; but she soon complained of a headache, and Stephen saw them home to Hardhill. He had to return in the evening on the chance of meeting Count Ramassy, but he would be the better he said, when Mrs Brockley protested against his coming so far, for a breath of the fresh country air to steady his nerves.

They had not expected to find anybody at Hardhill when they arrived, it being yet early in the afternoon; but there was a sound of discussion in the drawing-room as they entered, and they heard the voice of Miss Douglas say in distinct tones, "Much better burn it." Mrs Brockley took in the situation at a glance, and dashed into the thick of what proved a very pretty fray.

Mrs Millerby was there, and Hugh, and Miss Douglas, and we must go back to explain how it was that they arrived before the other party, and what they were discussing when Mrs Brockley appeared so opportunely on the scene.

When Mr Rorke left Fanny and Hugh sitting in the garden behind the reception-rooms, he gave them a look so full of meaning, that as soon as he was out of hearing they simultaneously uttered his name.

"Well," was Hugh's remark, "I hope it will do him good to hear a disinterested opinion of his character."

"If it is disinterested," she said; and there was a little breeze between them on the subject of Mrs Rorke, and Mr Rorke, and the Count, Fanny obstinately maintaining that Mr Rorke's appearance was conclusive as to the existence of a something.

"Why should he come here, if not to look after her?"

"Perhaps to extort money from her," Hugh suggested.

"Oh," said Fanny, "that is only her story. I don't believe in his extortion of money."

"Why should you doubt it?"

"Never mind. I do. I don't believe everything that is told me."

There was too much earnest in this sparring between the engaged couple. Each thought the other ought to give in. It was a revelation of incompatibility of temper. Hugh thought Fanny spiteful, and she thought him a sentimental fool. The cheerful man was depressed.

"If it's like this before marriage," he thought, "what will it not be after?" She registered a vow that he would have to be a good deal less indiscriminate in his devotion to interesting women when he married her, otherwise he should hear of it.

Things were at this pleasant pass, each thinking hard thoughts of the other, when Napier and Miss Quickset appeared in the garden. Grace was surprised to see Fanny there, no mention having been made of her coming in the letter, and Fanny whispered an explanation. When they had gone, Fanny, who had marked the expression of Hugh's countenance, rallied him on it; and he answered so testily that she saw she was in danger of going too far, and treasured up her wrath for a future day of reckoning.

By-and-by they encountered Mrs Millerby alone, after her desertion by Mrs Brockley. She was rather tired of the "sections," and announced her intention of going home. Fanny, who was most anxious to be agreeable to her future mother-in-law—till she was her mother-in-law at least—said she would like to go with her; she also was tired of it—it was rather a bore after all. Mrs Millerby protested against dragging her away; young people should always be learning, though she was too old to begin to know anything about science. But Fanny said she had not a scientific mind; she would rather do some sketching about Hardhill in the afternoon—it was such a pretty country. Thus they started from Norport together, an hour or so before Mrs Brockley.

Sometimes when we try most to make ourselves agreeable, we are least successful. It was so with Fanny in her efforts to ingratiate herself with Mrs Millerby. There was an involuntarily patronising tone even in her flattery, which jarred on the shy and sensitive old lady. Fanny rattled on about London celebrities whom she knew, with many details of their private lives, which she thought would be interesting; but Mrs Millerby was tired, and the clatter of this gossip was a strain, and the tone of Fanny's comments irritated her. Fanny was particularly unfortunate in her references to Mr Rorke, although she nominally assented when Mrs Millerby put in a word to the effect that she thought Mrs Rorke had been very badly treated. Fanny could not help letting it be seen that in her opinion the husband might not have been entirely to blame, and the manner of the insinuation was almost more annoying than the matter. When the daughter-in-law that was to be became affectionately confidential, as if already one of the family, Mrs Millerby found herself involuntarily shrinking. "How could Hugh have chosen such a woman?" she groaned to herself. "She would reduce me to a bundle of nerves in six weeks."

In the course of the drive home, Hugh broached the subject of the anonymous letter. He was full of the idea that it must have come from Rorke, and suggested that it might be shown to Mrs Brockley. He was so full of this idea that it did not occur to him that people don't like to read calumnious accounts of themselves. His mother thought of this, however; but he was so eager for the document as a convincing proof of Rorke's malevolence, that she consented to look for it when they went home.

Accordingly, a search was instituted, and the letter was found in the pocket of the dress that Mrs Millerby had worn on the morning when she showed it to Stephen at breakfast. She had put it there at the time to keep it out of the way

of the servants, intending afterwards to burn it or lock it up.

Mrs Millerby brought the letter to Hugh and Fanny in the drawing-room. "Here it is at last!" she cried, waving it with a pretty air of triumph.

Hugh took it from his mother, and Fanny, with affected eagerness, leant on his arm and peered past his shoulder, with her cheek resting trustfully against it. He had not read far, when she was conscious of a tremor in his arm, and feared that he suspected the real authorship; but she did not change her attitude, and waited in a sort of dare-devil humour for the upshot.

It was some little time before Hugh spoke. He seemed to read the letter through more than once. Miss Douglas's hand, as is often the case with artists, was very characteristic, and the disguise was far from complete. As she hung on his arm and read her own words, she remembered that she was in a reckless mood when she wrote, and did not very much care if she were detected. The right suspicion had flashed upon Hugh at the first glance, but what was he to do? He could not accuse his intended wife upon suspicion—a suspicion that, from the nature of the case, could not be proved; for, as she had truly said in the morning, even experts differ about the identification of handwriting. This saying of hers came back to him as a confirmation of his suspicion, and also, as she had expected, her previous trick of the same kind. But he could not accuse her. It would look like ungenerously seeking a pretext for breaking off the engagement. He was in for it and must stick to it. The pill was bitter, but he decided to swallow it. Only it was better that the suspicion should not go beyond himself. Perhaps, too, Fanny's confident and loving attitude was not without its influence.

"Well, what do you think of it?" said Mrs Millerby.

"It is a shame, is it not?" said Fanny, relinquishing her hold of Hugh's arm with an affectionate squeeze.

"It would be better, perhaps, after all, that Mrs Brockley should not see this," he said, with a gloomy brow.

"That is what I said," Mrs Millerby assented.

"It would only make mischief," Fanny said.

"Yes; it would only make mischief," Hugh agreed.

"What am I to do with it? Burn it?"

"I don't see that you can do anything better. It would only annoy Mrs Brockley to no purpose."

Although the weather was far from cold, there was a fire in the drawing-room. Mrs Millerby had apologised to her visitors for it before, and explained that it was a fancy of Mr Millerby's. It looked cheerful, he said; he liked to see it; the weather was never very warm on the Yorkshire hills, and you could always keep the windows open if the day was exceptionally hot. A fire was good for ventilation also. Thus there was a fire in the room, and Mrs Millerby, holding the letter in her hand, waved it in the direction of the fire and looked to Fanny as if for final instructions.

"Much better burn it," said Fanny.

At that moment Mrs Brockley entered, followed by her daughter and Stephen.

Mrs Millerby had just thrown the letter at the grate; it had left her hand and was still fluttering down when it caught the eye of the new-comer. It fluttered down, and fell just outside the bars. Miss

Douglas gave a little scream and a laugh, and stooping down placed it on the fire.

But Mrs Brockley was too quick for her. Divining that this was the letter of which Mrs Millerby had spoken, she rushed forward and rescued it before the flames had caught it.

"It's only that atrocious letter, my dear," said Mrs Millerby, with a movement as if to take it from her. "You really should not annoy yourself by reading it. It is a shame to have sent such a thing, whoever did it."

"A great shame, I am sure," echoed Fanny; but her face was perceptibly paler. "Mrs Millerby is quite right. She shouldn't read it," and Fanny turned to Mrs Rorke, who had not heard of the letter, and was very much astonished at her mother's conduct.

But Mrs Brockley, holding the letter firmly in her left hand, with her right had adjusted her double eye-glass, and after glancing rapidly through the letter, proceeded to read it in a loud tone and with strident emphasis, much to the embarrassment of more than one of the company.

There was a dead silence when Mrs Brockley had finished. Fanny's cheek burned like fire, and Hugh joined Stephen in looking out of the window. "What a pity we did not burn it before you came in!" he remarked in an undertone.

"You shouldn't have read it, my dear," said Mrs Millerby, soothingly. "We all know that it is false, and a cruel libel. But I am almost as bad as the writer not to have burned it. Stephen told me he was bad enough for anything. Oh, why did I not burn it at once?" cried the poor lady, wringing her hands in her distress.

"Come to your own room, mother," said Mrs Rorke. "And put it in the fire. Nobody here believes these spiteful insinuations."

"I am not so sure of that," cried her mother, tossing her head and affecting to laugh. "Oh, I assure you, I don't mind it in the least. But it's well to know who are one's friends and who are one's enemies. Yes; I have seen a good deal of life, and I know there are people who will fawn upon you and flatter you to your face and not scruple to write such things as that behind your back. But no lady would condescend to such a dirty trick,—don't you think so, Miss Douglas?"

Hugh understood at once why Mrs Brockley addressed Fanny in that pointed way; but to the other auditors, except Fanny herself, her sudden hostility was unaccountable. There was no mistaking Mrs Brockley's tone. It was decidedly hostile, and Mrs Millerby looked at Fanny in astonishment, thinking that she must somehow have betrayed sympathy with the libel. Fanny changed colour under her assailant's flaming eye; but there was a militant ring and a touch of contempt in her answer.

"I quite agree with you, Mrs Brockley."

"Yes; you quite agree with me —now."

"I am not aware that I have ever expressed any other view."

"Of course not, dear," said Mrs Millerby; "of course not. Don't be so excited about it, dear. We all think it detestable. Fanny, I am sure, as much as any of us."

"Does she?" cried Mrs Brockley. "I am not so sure of that."

"Mother," said Mrs Rorke, reproachfully, "what do you mean by picking a quarrel with Miss Douglas? Why get so excited about so trumpery a thing? I am sure you would excuse her if you knew," she continued to Fanny.

"She has been a good deal worried to-day. Come to your own room, mother—there's a good mother." Mrs Rorke was under the impression that Fanny must have laughed when her mother was reading the letter.

"Cecilia," answered Mrs Brockley, with dignity, "I am not excited, and I am not given to picking quarrels, and I hope I know too well to make a scene in any lady's drawing-room, and I would not embarrass my dear old friend Gertrude for the world, and I agree with you that this is a trumpery thing, not worth making a fuss about. But," she continued, waving the letter in her left hand, and bringing it under her glasses again with an affected laugh, "this is really very diverting. Don't you know this fine artistic hand? It is very peculiar, you know. Look at it, Gertrude. Don't you know it?"

Mrs Millerby looked at her before she looked at the letter, with a momentary fear that she must have gone out of her mind, and saying, "Mr Rorke never wrote to me, Julia," prepared her glasses for inspection.

"Mr Rorke! Ha, ha! Mr Rorke never wrote that. Look at it. You have seen the handwriting before."

While Mrs Millerby was looking at the letter, and Mrs Brockley was tittering with affected amusement at her elbow, Fanny crossed to Hugh and Stephen, and said in an undertone, "You see, I was quite right in thinking it would be a mistake to let her see it. It seems to have driven her out of her senses."

"I seem to have seen something like it before," Mrs Millerby admitted at length.

"I have no doubt of it, dearie. Try to remember. Not so very long ago, either. I thought it would strike you. You said you thought she was not quite sincere."

Mrs Millerby did remember, but kept silence; and Mrs Brockley again took possession of the letter.

"Look at it, Cecilia," she said with triumph. "Very singular, is it not?"

Fanny began to feel very uncomfortable, and inwardly braced herself for the impending struggle. "I suppose," she said, addressing Stephen in her ordinary tones, "this meeting gives you a great great deal of work. But it is a great success, is it not?"

Stephen gladly accepted the diversion, and began to talk with her about the meeting. He suspected her of nothing worse than a want of sympathy with Mrs Brockley, and a propensity to ridicule, although the angry woman's glances were very pointed and aggressive. Fanny had now turned her back on them.

"I think Mr Hugh might also recognise the hand," cried Mrs Brockley, relentlessly. She was quite playful in her manner now, as if it were the most entertaining of jokes.

"Oh, throw it in the fire," laughed Hugh in return. "It is not worth while."

"It is the best thing you can do now, dear," said Mrs Millerby.

"Yes," Mrs Rorke said; "throw it in the fire."

"Well," said Mrs Brockley, carefully folding the document up, "now that we all know the writer, it doesn't matter so much. Only it may be worth preserving as a curiosity." But though she tittered and tee-hee'd with an affectation of genteel levity, she was inwardly in too insane a rage to refrain from bringing matters to a still more unmistakable point. "Do you always write on the same kind of paper, Miss Douglas?" she asked in her sweetest tones.

Fanny grew pale with rage. She was prepared for a direct charge of having written the letter. She would have met this with an indignant denial. But this attack in flank disconcerted her for the moment. Her courage fell, and affecting still not to understand Mrs Brockley's meaning, she answered, "Generally, I believe," and fled through the open window on to the lawn, beckoning to Hugh to follow her.

Mrs Millerby was much relieved. She had feared a violent scene. She turned to Mrs Brockley, who had discharged a mocking laugh after the flying enemy, and said—"I see what you suspect, Julia; and certainly when you mention it, there is a certain resemblance. But don't you think you are going too far on mere suspicion?"

"It is too bad of you, mother," Mrs Rorke said. "I wonder you can forget yourself so. Whatever you suspected, you should have kept it to yourself."

But Mrs Brockley was perfectly satisfied with her own conduct. "I always knew she was double and spiteful; but I did not think she would have condescended so far. It is atrocious."

"But how can you know? How can you be sure? You must really apologise to Miss Douglas."

"If she didn't do it, why did she not deny it at once?"

"You must remember that you never directly accused her."

"Well," said Mrs Brockley, "there is a very simple way out of the difficulty, Gertrude. She must have written to you when you asked her here. Have you kept the letter? We can compare them, and if any of you have the slightest doubt, I will go down on my knees and make the most abject apology. The hand is so peculiar that there is no mistaking it."

"Come, now," said Stephen, "that is a fair offer. We will sit as a committee of experts on the two letters. Have you got the other letter, mother?"

Mrs Millerby was somewhat reluctant; but he persuaded her that it was the quickest way of settling the matter. "If there is any doubt," he said, "the accused shall have the benefit of it."

So the letter was brought, and they were put side by side. The resemblance in general character was unmistakable.

"But we can't put that against her denial," Mrs Rorke said. "We can't sit as a court of justice upon her, and convict her on such evidence."

Mrs Brockley suddenly seized the two letters and held them up against the light. They bore the same water-mark.

"What do you say now?" she asked, triumphantly. "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, what is your verdict?"

"Many people use the same paper," said Mrs Rorke. "And handwritings are often alike. The evidence is really very slender."

"Look how the *t's* are formed in both letters," cried Mrs Brockley; "and the *m's*, and how the *i's* are dotted. And look at the figures of the date. I am sure any expert would say the handwritings were the same."

"Not sufficient evidence to convict in a court of justice," Stephen said. "But it does look rather suspicious, I must confess."

Mrs Millerby agreed with him.

"Well," said Mrs Brockley, "if you are all agreed, I will not press for vindictive damages. I am quite satisfied with unmasking the traitor. In fact," she added, in a burst of generosity, "I will apologise for my rudeness to her. I have seen a good deal of life, as she says, and as a woman of the

world, I know that there must be little concealments sometimes. We can't always say what we think. I should be most sorry to cause any unpleasantness, my dear, in your house, and I will ask her to excuse me for being misled in the heat of the moment by an accidental resemblance, if you are all quite satisfied that it was really she who wrote it."

There was some laughter in the court at this proposal from the prosecution; but they were, on the whole, rather glad at the prospect of relief from an embarrassing situation.

Outside the court, however, relief was being prepared in a different way.

"What can the vulgar old wretch mean?" said Fanny to Hugh, as soon as they were out of the window, taking his arm confidentially. "She must have been taking a drop too much at lunch. She looks as if she had suddenly gone out of her senses. I can't understand what she is driving at. Can you? She is evidently infuriated against me for some reason or other. I thought she was going to strike me before I came over to you. I am sure I looked quite sympathetic while she was reading the letter, though her attitude was very funny. It was really killing to hear her read."

"It looked rather as if she suspected you of writing the letter," said he.

"What! Do you really think so? Surely that can't have been her meaning. Do you think so?"

"I have not a doubt of it."

"That is really too preposterous."

Seeing that Hugh himself had no doubt as to the authorship, this was somewhat trying. Fanny was not a sufficiently good actress to play the part successfully; she overdid it; her tones betrayed her. He felt the line she took as an insult to his intelligence.

"The handwriting is certainly very like yours," he said, coldly.

She gathered from the way in which he said this what his conviction was. In fact she knew as much before; but she now saw that he was prepared to follow up his conviction, and she resolved herself to take the initiative.

"You don't mean to say that you believe it?" she said, abruptly turning upon him.

"You see I have had experience of you in the same kind of thing before."

"I knew you would say that," she cried; but the words were hardly out of her mouth when she saw what they implied. This implication was immediately stated by him.

"So you had been thinking of it before?"

"I had not been thinking of it before, sir. You are much too sharp. The other thing was very different—only a little hoax which I expected you to see through at once, if you had an atom of intelligence."

"I must say I could never fathom the other thing."

"Indeed! Well, at least your intelligence must be equal to this—that I can never marry a man who can insult me by such a suspicion as this, and tamely stand by and see me insulted by a vulgar old creature like Mrs Brockley. There was more truth in the letter, perhaps, than you think. At any rate, I have had enough of their society. If you are to invite people like that to your house, it is well that I have found it out in time."

"You had better stay till to-morrow, at any rate," he stammered, not knowing very well what to say.

"I will not stay another hour!" she replied furiously; and she retired to her room to pack.

When Hugh communicated this resolution to Mrs Millerby, she knocked timidly at Fanny's door and begged her to stay over the night. But she was obdurate. "I am quite old enough to take care of myself," she said. "I daresay there are hotels in Norport." The only favour she would accept was to have her things sent to the station.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Mr Rorke and the Count met that evening at last. It was a strange meeting—both confident of victory, each rather despising his antagonist, the older man fiercely persuaded that he had young Brockley in his power, the younger tranquilly persuaded that it would not be difficult to square old Rorke.

The Count had not found him in London; but this had not in the least altered his exultant mood. It was not a turbulent exultation, but a quiet calm conviction that his will was irresistible. The little check did not discompose him for a moment. He put it aside without any touch of impatience as a mere trifle, a temporary impediment such as everybody must make allowance for in great undertakings. Rorke had gone in search of him to Norport—such seemed to be the opinion of the stockbroker, who congratulated him with an odd mixture of deference and self-complacency when he called on Thursday morning. Very well, the stockbroker was probably right. At any rate, he had to go back to Norport, and he would see Rorke there, if Rorke had gone there. Otherwise, he would see him when he chose to put himself in the way—the Count would not go far out of his way to hunt after a man whose little business could be settled at any time. An easy smile played about his lips as he left Bob's office to take the next train back. He moved as if in a dream, a dream of power and wealth, of great difficulties overcome, and a reserve of strength within himself so buoyant that he almost longed for obstacles to call it into exercise.

"He takes his luck very coolly," said Bob to himself when he left, "as if eighty-five thousand were nothing to him more than a five-pound note. He must be a deuced sight more pleased than he shows, however rich he is. These swells have a wonderful way of concealing their feelings." And Bob felt that he had received a lesson in the art, and practised himself in receiving an imaginary windfall in the same *nonchalant* style.

There was much more of feverish anxiety in Rorke's anticipations of the interview. He hung about the meeting-rooms of the Association; he waited on the platform for trains from Slagsalve, whence the Count had telegraphed to engage his rooms at the hotel; he lunched at the hotel, expecting the Count every minute to enter; he loitered in the reading-room and turned over the newspapers, without being able to take in the meaning of the shortest paragraph. As the afternoon wore on and still the Count did not appear, he sauntered more than once into the refreshment-room, to prime himself with long drinks, with the result of increasing his impatience. "Where can the young cub be hiding?" he began to ask, with growing anger and a determination to make him pay for

it when he caught him. The sections had all risen, their labours over for the day, and still Mr Rorke was waiting. "He can't be coming after all," he said. "I will go down to-morrow to Slagsalve and unearth him." But then the thought occurred that the Count might come up as he went down. It was very annoying.

At half-past six he joined the *table d'hôte* at the hotel, and tried to interest himself in the scientific talk that filled the room with a confused clatter, playing in many tones from many fountain-heads, on all sides of him and sometimes unceremoniously across him. A touch of science made all the company kin. Mr Rorke prided himself on being a generally well-informed man, but it was too technical for him. On his right an ardent young specialist from America was laying down the law, in a high-pitched voice, about some abstruse point in chemistry. Another specialist on his left held a different view, and was not less eager in argument. The battle took place past Mr Rorke, behind him when he leant forward, before him when he leant back, and it seemed to be interminable. He ate in silence, with the maddening din in his ears, and savagely wished that the food which they seemed to despise would choke them. He found a certain grim pleasure in expecting this catastrophe.

After dinner he looked out of doors. It is soon dark under the smoke of Norport, and the light was fast failing. There was a throng in the street, and he retreated to the billiard-room, thinking there to be safe from the specialists. But no: he had hardly begun a game with the marker when the two chemists came in, still in eager debate. He was not playing well, and after a time he courteously offered to give up the board to the two men of science. But they would not hear of it, so he urged the marker to finish the game, and when it was finished walked out into the hall, not in the best of tempers.

In the dim light he did not at first recognise a figure that was bending over the visitors' book. But the voice made him look again.

"Digby Reade?" the new-comer was saying in an incredulous tone. "I don't know the name."

"The gentleman wrote his name in the book himself," said the waiter. "But perhaps I have not read it rightly."

"Oh yes, I remember," said the Count, after looking at the entry.

"Of course you do, my noble Count," said Mr Rorke, in a tone that made the waiter look at him. "You didn't expect to find me here."

"Ah, Reade," said the Count, shaking hands with quiet cordiality, "I heard you were in England. Which room have you given to Mr Reade?" he asked of the waiter. "No. 47. Take my things to the other. Well, and how are you?" he continued, addressing Rorke again, when he had indicated which were his traps. "Have you come to see the great festival of Science?"

Rorke took him by the arm, and walked him towards the door as he spoke. The exasperated man was not improved in temper by this cool reception. "I have come to see you, my young cock," he said.

"Have you?" said the Count, with an ingenuous look. "Really? All the way from Vienna? But why do you travel incog.? Digby Reade, D. R., a very good idea." And he laughed pleasantly. "Very good, indeed. But why not use your own name?"

Rorke was angry at this impudence. Then he was amused.

Then he was angry again. Then he laughed a short snort of a laugh, and said—

"I didn't want to frighten you."

"Why should I be frightened?" was the next ingenuous question.

"Look here, my young man," Rorke said in an impatient tone, as if this was somewhat too much of a good thing, "I should like to have a quiet word with you."

"All right," he said cheerfully. "As many words as you please. But I have an engagement at nine, so you had better make them to the point as much as you can. The hotel is crowded, I suppose. Shall we stand here, or shall we walk out?"

Rorke pulled him into the street. "I don't know where to go in this stifling hole," he said. "I never was in such a pandemonium." There was a buzz and hum in the streets such as one hears on summer evenings when the lamps are struggling with the last remains of light. Children were playing noisily, dodging about among the throng of passengers, on and off the pavement and across the street, calling shrilly to one another in their games. "There is as much din outside as inside," said the perplexed and irritated man. "What energy these brats have!" he cried, staggering, as a small boy ran against his legs and nearly upset him.

"It seems quieter down there," the Count said, pointing down the street, where the lamps were fewer and the crowd seemed not so thick. They were opposite the railway station, and in the direction in which the Count pointed there were houses on only one side of the street; on the other, a high wall separating it from the railway, the high embankment of which rose between them and the faint light still in the sky.

"Then let us walk that way." Rorke leant heavily on his companion, and his voice was somewhat husky.

"Now," he said fiercely, when they could walk more freely in the middle of the street—there were no cabs plying in that quarter to interfere with them—"I want you to tell me what you have been doing about that concession. I want you to give me an account of your stewardship, my noble friend. I hear that you have feathered your own nest pretty extensively, but I want to know what you have been doing in my business. I didn't send you to England for this sort of game. I daresay my concession seems a very small affair to Count Ramassy, but it is of some considerable importance to me."

"Ah, you are anxious to hear about it, naturally. Well, I have done my best for it. But it is rather a small affair, as you say, is it not?"

"Indeed!" cried Rorke, with an ironical sneer. "Mr Brockley's ideas have expanded greatly in a wonderfully short time."

"Who is Mr Brockley, and what has he got to do with it?" asked the Count in a tone of surprise.

Rorke laughed impatiently.

"Come, my noble friend, you act the part well. I don't wonder at your taking people in. But," he continued, in an angrier tone, "drop it, if you please, and tell me what you have been doing about the concession."

"If you speak to me in that tone, I am afraid I must bid you good evening," said the Count, with quiet dignity.

"If you don't drop this infernal nonsense, I will take you to the nearest police-station. I am not in a humour for jesting, I can tell you, after hanging about in this pit of Tophet a whole day for you."

The Count shook off his arm so

abruptly that Rorke staggered for a step or two. As he was regaining his balance, the Count turned on his heel and walked quietly back. Rorke stared at him for a moment in maudlin astonishment. But angry as he was, and half-drunken to boot, he yet had wit enough left not to push matters to an extremity. He hurried after the Count, and putting his hand on his arm, made him turn, and said, in a tone of mock-ceremony—

"Look here, my noble friend, if noble friend it must be: you remember undertaking in your gracious kindness to do a little bit of business for me—a paltry affair of running some quicksilver-mines in Bosnia?"

"I remember," said the Count.

"That is very kind of your Excellency, I am sure. Now perhaps you will add to your kindness by letting me know what you have done in this little affair?"

"Certainly, with pleasure. Now you speak reasonably. It is all right. I have put it in train. But the money-market is rather disturbed at present about this comet."

"Your Excellency has fished very successfully in these troubled waters, I rejoice to hear." Mr Rorke began to enter into the humour of treating the impostor with exaggerated deference.

"Pretty well," said the Count, raising his eyebrows slightly. "But about this concession of yours, which you naturally wish to hear about, I think I can manage that very well for you. I think I can get you a very strong board of directors."

"A great matter, no doubt. But what have you done as regards the finances?"

"There will be no difficulty about that when this panic is over."

"But have you spoken to anybody about it?"

"Oh yes. I saw the intelligent Hebrew you mentioned—I forget his name."

"Nathaniel Green?"

"Yes. He seems to think it is all right. But he wants me to use my influence to get good directors for you."

"And your Excellency will be so good as to do that?"

"Certainly. What do you say to a bishop?"

"Capital. But your Excellency might make it an archbishop while your Excellency is about it."

"We will see what can be done. Don't you think that the name of an eminent man of science on the board would be an advantage? In a company of the kind, I mean, where your great object is the development of mineral wealth?"

"Very good. Nothing could be better. I am really very much obliged to your Excellency. But you say nothing can be done till the scare about the comet is past."

"I am afraid not," said the Count, in an indifferent tone, looking up to the sky, and stopping with the air of a superior who is tired of the subject of conversation and wishes to change it. "You can't see it here for the smoke. Strange, is it not? How can people live here, I wonder?"

He stopped and looked round, Rorke standing by with an amusement that was quickly passing into anger at this abrupt diversion. The street they had followed had left the line of the railway, sloping down to a lower level, but there were still houses only on one side. The street-lamps were few, but nearly every window in the two-storeyed brick houses had a light in it, and from most of the lower windows came a stronger light, intended to expose some humble goods for sale. There was light enough where they stood to disclose the two well-dressed strangers to the curiosity

of the women who gossiped, and the men who smoked about the doors, some of them seated on the pavement. Some fifty yards farther on, the flaming lamps of a public-house made a clear place in which children were at play, and lighted up the gloom for some distance beyond the low wall on the other side. Over this wall the masts of ships were dimly visible, showing them that they had reached the region of the docks.

Suddenly, as they stood there, the tuck of a drum was heard some distance ahead, a little on the right. Then some wind-instruments struck up a high-pitched tune, and shrill voices were heard joining in with loud bass voices an octave lower in unison. The Count and Mr Rorke looked involuntarily in the direction of the sound; the children in the street stopped their play; the women ceased their gossip; the men took their pipes from their mouths—all listened. They had listened but a moment when the air was rent by another volume of loud noise, a confused tumult of cat-calling and hooting and groaning, and a hoarse chorus in very bad time of "John Brown's Body."

"Hooray!" cried a shrill boy's voice. "The Skeletons and the Salvationists!" And there was a general stampede in the direction of the sound from the street where our wayfarers stood, the children rushing off in front, the men following in more leisurely fashion behind.

It may be well to explain for those of our readers who have not followed the movements of the Salvation Army what was the significance of this cry. In the early history of the army, they had only unorganised opposition to contend with in their processions. They were hooted at and hustled, and pelted with the filth of the streets by disorderly mobs, and were often very roughly handled, in all which they gloried as martyrs; but these indignities were the spontaneous action of the crowds that their grotesque music and singing had brought together. By-and-by, however, the young roughs who enjoyed the sport of baiting the Salvationists, banded themselves together in counter-organisations, to which they gave the name of Skeleton Armies. It was somewhere in the East End of London that the first Skeleton Army was raised; but the idea spread rapidly, as ideas do in these days, and in a short time there was hardly a town where the Salvation flag was unfurled that did not also contain a roughly disciplined legion of Skeletons. It was in Norport as in other towns. Our friends, Captain Laura Dale, Bellowin' Bill, and Orchestra Joe had not been two evenings at their work, when Skeletons were organised for systematic mischief. They had planned their attack for this evening with a certain amount of strategy, to which the line of march chosen laid itself open. Bill and Joe—Captain Dale had wisely refrained from taking part in this excursion—had sallied out to the other side of the docks from their barracks with a picked body of soldiers, and were returning by a narrow wooden bridge, bringing a crowd after them, among whom they hoped that the oratory of Captain Dale would do great execution once they were gathered to the meeting-place. But at the nearer end of the bridge, where they had to descend a few steps, a compact body of Skeletons lay in wait. They were a good-humoured crowd enough, though rough, and Joe and Bill had particularly tickled their fancy. Their plot was not so dangerous as the locality might have tempted them to make it; they designed only to seize the two leaders, carry them shoulder-high to

the nearest public-house, and give them a choice between drinking such liquor as was offered them and an unlimited quantity of the water of the docks. The harsh tumult that suddenly broke the stillness of the summer night was the beginning of this rough fray; the young ruffians made abundance of noise over their brutal sport—the shouting was part of the fun.

Rorke and the Count stood still and listened. They could see boys, men, and women scampering across the light of the public-house, and disappearing in the darkness beyond, out of which in the far distance came the sounds of riot. The rush of feet had died away, and only the hurried tramp of individual pairs of clogs was audible before either of them spoke.

"Was there ever such a villanous hole?" said Rorke. "We might as well be in hell. It couldn't be smokier, and it couldn't be noisier."

The Count affably addressed an old man, who had not budged from his doorstep, and seemed more interested in the two strangers before his eyes than the distant brawl. He had not turned his head to look at them; they stood right before him; and he stared quietly, like a contemplative philosopher, at what time and chance brought within the range of his vision.

"Can you tell me, sir," the Count asked, politely raising his hat, "what is the meaning of this disturbance? The Salvationists I have heard of, but who are the Skeletons?"

Cæsar himself, or a candidate for the representation of Norport, could not have been more courteous to an inferior. The courtesy told. The man did not take his pipe from his mouth, but he answered good-naturedly, turning his head in the direction of the sound—

"They're a game lot the Skeletons. They're putting t'other side in the dock. Serve 'em right. They're a nuisance."

"Thank you," said the Count. "Let's go and see the fun."

Rorke grumbled and muttered to himself, but followed his lead.

When they had passed through the blaze of light from the public-house, they found themselves face to face with a shed.

"Hallo!" cried the Count, moving forward a step or two to make sure that the darkness had not deceived him; "what is the meaning of this? Does the street go no farther? The crowd ran this way. We must make a detour, it seems."

"Let's go back," said Rorke. "What's the good of stumbling about in this beastly place in the dark?"

A pair of clogs clattered past them and turned to the right. By the light of a lamp they could see the figure turning again to the left round the corner of the shed.

"Let's go a little farther at any rate," the Count said, and followed the belated sightseer.

When they reached the corner of the shed and turned to the left they had a dimly lighted open space before them, and when their eyes were somewhat accustomed to the light, they made out the forms of irregular sheds on one side of this space, and on the other, to the right, a line of masts and dark hulks. Here and there over the open space they could discern the glitter of a line of rails. The crowd seemed to have taken a pathway running along the edge of the docks; they could see a straggler or two hurrying past a lamp in the distance. A burst of cheering and hoarse laughter in the line of the ships, some three hundred yards off, indicated the scene of the disturbance.

"Come on," said the Count, and took his reluctant companion by

the arm. "I had a most singular experience with these Salvationists since I came to London—a most singular thing. I should rather like to see a few of them put in the dock." And he laughed softly.

But Rorke had not the same interest in the Salvationists, and his eye was not as clear as the Count's, nor his step as steady, nor his temper as equable. The cool way in which the Count had put aside the subject on which he wished to converse was not calculated to soothe an irritated mind. Coming out of the light of the street into this dimly lighted and rough track, the half-fuddled man put his feet down uncertainly, and stumbled a good deal, which made him more and more angry. At last he put his foot in the rut of a railroad, and would have fallen but for the Count's support. This removed the last remnant of self-control from his temper.

"D—n your Salvationists!" he cried. "I have had enough of this wild-goose chase, and enough, too, let me tell you, of this palaver. Put your countship aside, if you please. I won't stand this sort of thing any longer. I have stood it long enough. I am not in the humour for jesting, as I have told you already."

"Then what, pray, is your humour, my good friend?" said the Count quietly, taking him by the arm again. But Rorke shook off his arm, though he continued to walk alongside, his passion making his pace somewhat steadier. It was still a little uncertain.

"Drop that rigmarole!" he cried, fiercely. "I tell you I won't stand it."

"What is it that you want?" The Count still spoke quietly, but there was an angry glitter in his eye.

"I will tell you in a few words what I want." But he found his want more difficult to state boldly than he had supposed. It would have come better from the Count. He stammered a moment in making his demand. "I want—I want—— It comes to this, my young trickster—you must give me a share of the spoil, and a good share too, by G——!"

"What spoil?"

Rorke was infuriated at the impudence of this question. "Look here! I warn you for the last time. I am a patient man, but you may try my temper too far. I will put the situation to you plainly, and leave you to make your choice. You came here on my business. You neglected it. You have made a pot of money otherwise, when you should have been attending to it. I might fairly demand the whole of that money, but I will be content with half."

"You are very moderate, my good friend," the Count said, with quiet irony.

"You won't drop the mask, will you? Well, then, hear the alternative. If you don't accept my terms, I will walk you to the nearest police office, and have you clapped in the nearest jail as a common swindler. By G——! I will. You try me past all patience."

The Count now turned on him angrily, but still with dignity—"You are a very insolent fellow. What do you mean by speaking to me in this way?"

"Who the devil are you?" cried Rorke, peering defiantly into his face in the dim light. But there was something in the wild gleam of the eyes that startled him.

"Do you affect not to know me?" the Count asked, in a stern and menacing voice. "I am Count Ramassy, and I will not have this insolence repeated."

Rorke staggered back, after one more startled look at the expression of his companion's face. A

suspicion of the truth flashed upon him. He was in presence of a madman, and a madman infuriated. The discovery half sobered him. "I might have guessed it before," he said to himself in his fear. He looked round. There was nobody within hail. The last straggler in front of them had disappeared. A roaring confusion of hoarse shouts and shrieks still came from the distance. He could hear the water lapping against the sides of the dock. They were on the edge of it. The containing wall was not perpendicular, but sloped down for several yards, and there was no barrier between it and the footpath. A ship lay twenty yards off. Nobody was visible, but there must be somebody down below. Could he make them hear? It might be too late. It would be dangerous to try. All the terrors of his position forced themselves into the poor man's fuddled brain. It was but an instant, but thoughts come quickly in such startling emergencies. He caught at the idea of humouring the Count. He had heard that this was the right thing to do with lunatics. He had been unconsciously humouring him before, and he resumed the same strain.

"I beg your Excellency's pardon. I am sorry to have offended your Excellency. It was only a little joke. I promise not to offend again, if it displeases you. Let us go and see these funny fellows who are making such a row over there. It must be great fun."

The Count walked along with him in silence. Rorke was pluming himself on the readiness of his wit, when suddenly his companion remarked in a reflective tone—

"Do you know, I think you are trying to make a fool of me. I have a good mind to throw you into the dock!"

Rorke had been too uneasy and excited to carry conviction to the lunatic's mind! But his wit was stimulated by the danger, and he was happier in his next attempt.

"Not just yet, your Excellency. This is not a good place. The sides are not steep enough here. Let's go and see how the other fellows do it."

As he spoke he heard the rumble and clanking of waggons on the left, and the tread of the horses that were drawing them. "Here's help at hand, thank God!" he said to himself fervently, and half turned to peer through the darkness for the men in charge.

But in turning he tripped in his excitement, and staggered, staggered to the edge of the dock. Before he could recover himself, one foot was over, and throwing up his arms in a panic-stricken effort, he fell backwards down the slope, his head striking with appalling force on the granite blocks. His body half tumbled, half slid into the water with a faint splash.

The Count looked round with a placid smile. There was nobody near but the men with the waggons. They were invisible in the gloom, only the shape of the moving waggons could be dimly seem. The men could have heard nothing in their noisy employment.

He walked quietly back to keep his engagement with Professor Quickset, only remarking to himself that the fellow was getting troublesome, and seeing in this opportune relief another sign of the finger of Destiny. Nobody that crossed him could come to good.

The sound of the brutal sport went on in the distance, and the waggons clanked on till their noise was lost in it, while the body of the dead man lay unregarded in the faintly lapping water between the quay and the ship.

DANTE FOR THE GENERAL.

BY ONE OF THEM.

A WORD of apology, or at any rate of explanation, seems almost to be required from any one who, without special qualification, writes about Dante at this period of the world's history. The excuse and the motive are in effect one. Within the last year Dante may be said to have become popular—popular in the widest use of the term—both in England and in America. A new generation of readers, drawn in many cases from fresh social strata, approach a poet (and particularly a poet whose writing is in a sense sacred) in a different attitude from that of the select few to whom the poems have hitherto been a special cult: and it may perhaps be worth while to look at the 'Divina Commedia' from the standpoint of some of those who may come unaided to the attempt to understand the meaning — the simplest and most elementary meaning—of the world-famous work. The study of the great Italian, for some reason or other, frequently breeds a peculiar intellectual and spiritual exclusiveness. But this is no new feeling.

> "If Dante mourns, there wheresoe'er he be
> That such high fancies of a soul so proud
> Should be laid open to the vulgar crowd
> (As touching my discourse I'm told by thee),
> This were my grievous pain."[1]

So wrote Boccaccio to one who had censured his public exposition of Dante in 1373—fifty-two years after the great poet's death—and the year, too, of our own Chaucer's visit to Florence. But the genial story-teller need not have been afraid. No *great* poet's work really suffers from contact with the crowd. There will always be a large number of the uneducated ready to be touched by the best, however much they may miss the subtler delicacies,—and it is impossible for the most commonplace audience to harm a great writer; whilst, on the other hand, the greater the writer, the more certainty there is of his sowing seed of incalculable value in the minds of the most commonplace audience. In music, for example, it has often been observed that, in such assemblages as the People's Concerts, the greatest masters never leave the most ignorant listeners untouched, however much the general taste may have been debased by music-halls. It is said that in the art of acting, no player ever made a complete failure in the part of Hamlet,—even on an English village-green or on the Paris stage,—the play is so entrancing. In the sacred cabinet of the Sistine Madonna, the solemn awe is not confined to the cultured few. It is the possession and the privilege of the many. And is the same thing not true also of pure literature? However this may be, whether for good or for evil, the 'Divine Comedy,' translated—and on the whole admirably well translated—by Longfellow, has been published in Professor Morley's 'Universal Library,' and can be bought for the modest sum of 10d.

[1] Dante and his Circle (D. G. Rossetti), p. 250.

It would be interesting (if it were possible) to know the numbers and the class of buyers of the book. There will undoubtedly be a number of artisans and mechanics among them. What will they think of it? It must be a considerable puzzle, viewed probably with mixed feelings. Professor Morley has given a succinct account of the poet and his writings in five pages of very small print, and then follows the introductory canto of the "Inferno" preluding the other 99 cantos—the mystic number of the great vision—without one single note or explanation of any kind whatever. It would probably have been quite impossible, as a question of expense, to have given the Italian text at the foot of the English version for the nominal price of a shilling; but will it not be necessary to publish another volume, in the original, if the book is to have a wide appreciation or success amongst the poorer of the English upper middle classes and the more advanced of the lower middle classes, for whom the series is mainly intended?

There is a good deal to be said in favour of the absence of notes. Adequate notes are necessarily so frequent, that the continuity of reading is too much interrupted for pleasure. Very few of the buyers of such a book are likely to become Dante students, and whosoever listens with the right ear can enjoy the most exquisite bits of the poem without any explanation. But, apart from the original, the work cannot be fairly tasted in a translation. With an Italian grammar and dictionary, any intelligent person, fired with enthusiasm, could master the most beautiful passages in the original with the help of such a rendering as this of Longfellow's, and reading the poem in that way will be of the highest value. For when an Englishman with only a smattering of Italian asks himself what it is that gives him greater pleasure in reading Dante than almost anything known to him in his own language, one of the answers must be, that in the matter of *form* the great master writing 600 years ago has spoken the last word. But this pleasure can only be enjoyed (*savouré*, to use an expressive French word) by reading the very words that the poet himself has written. Lines so perfectly wrought as the story of Francesca da Rimini, the description of the voyage of Ulysses (which may be very profitably compared with Tennyson's transcript of it), the story of Ugolino, the meeting with Beatrice in purgatory, the picture of the bird waiting for the dawn, and the last canto of the "Paradiso," besides hundreds of other passages and single lines, "cannot be transmuted from their own speech to another without breaking all their sweetness and harmony."

There are single lines in Professor Longfellow's translation which will appeal to every reader as admirably well given: for instance, Jason's desertion of Hypsipyle—

> "Lasciolla quivi gravida e soletta;"—
> "There did he leave her pregnant and forlorn;"[1]—

the line on Buonconte—

> "Per una lagrimetta che 'l mi toglie;"—
> "For one poor little tear that takes him from me"[2]—

or Virgil to Sordello—

> "Non per far, ma per non fare ho perduto;"—
> "I by not doing, not by doing lost," &c.[3]

[1] Inf. xviii. 94. [2] Purg. v. 107. [3] Purg. vii. 25.

In all of these the full force of the original is maintained; and these are only a sample of many more of equal felicity. This article, however, is not meant for a criticism, but is written on the assumption that the reader of the poem is trying to make what he can out of this one volume in his hands.

Probably few things in literature approach in exciting, breathless interest, the seven opening cantos of the "Inferno." They bear us so strongly along, that their effect is like the first sight of the ocean, of Niagara, or of the Alps,—amongst the three or four unforgettable impressions in life — amongst the three or four things much heard of which have not proved disappointments. If one had never known the name of Dante before reading them, one would still be enthralled, and without any allegorical interpretation, simply taking the words as they stand. The impressive opening—

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,
Chè la diritta via era smarrita."

"Midway upon the journey of our life
I found myself within a forest dark,
For the straightforward pathway had been lost."

The meeting with the shade of Virgil; the sense that such lines as the following have come echoing down to us through our own greatest poet in 'Hamlet':—

"And as he is who unwills what he willed,
And by new thoughts doth his intention change,
So that from his design he quite withdraws;
Such I became upon that dark hillside,
Because in thinking I consumed the emprise
Which was so very prompt in the beginning."

The appearance of Beatrice on the scene, and the exquisite passage where we are introduced by Lucìa to the relation between her and Dante:—

"Disse: Beatrice, loda di Dio vera,
Chè non soccorri quei che t' amò tanto,
Ch' usclo per te della volgare schiera?"

"'Beatrice,' said she, 'the true praise of God,
Why succourest thou not him who loved thee so—
For thee he issued from the vulgar herd?'"

The comparison of Dante's renovated courage to the flowerets:—

"By nocturnal chill
Bowed down and closed when the sun whitens them,
Uplift themselves all open on their stems."

The descriptions of the starlings, of the cranes, and best of all, that of the doves:—

"As turtle-doves called onward by desire,
With open and steady wings to the sweet nest
Fly through the air, by their volition borne."

The inscription on the Gate of Hell, "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi, ch'entrate," and the sadness of the blind life of those "who have foregone the good of intellect." The meeting with Homer and the Latin poets:—

"Parlando cose che 'l tacere è bello."

"Things saying 'tis becoming to keep silent."

And the picture of the great shades:—

"People there were with solemn eyes and slow,
Of great authority in their countenance;
They spake but seldom, and with gentle voices.
. . . .
. . . The mighty spirits
Whom to have seen I feel myself exalted."

Every word of canto v., with the story of Francesca da Rimini; the natural pitying feeling exhibited by Dante to Ciacco the glutton :—

> "Thy wretchedness
> Weighs on me so, that it to weep invites me."

The great lines on Fortune :—

> "Now canst thou, son, behold the transient farce
> Of goods that are committed unto Fortune
> For which the human race each other buffet;
> For all the gold that is beneath the moon,
> Or ever has been, of these weary souls
> Could never make a single one repose."

And these on the sullen, which should be inscribed on all our hearts :—

> "Fitti nel limo dicon: Tristi fummo
> Nell' aer dolce che da sol s' allegra,
> Portando dentro accidíoso fummo;
> Or ci attristiam nella belletta negra."

> "Fixed in the mire they say we sullen were
> In the sweet air which by the sun is gladdened,
> Bearing within ourselves the sluggish reek;
> *Now* we are sullen in this sable mire."

In truth, it may be said of these seven cantos as Alfieri said of the whole 'Comedy,' that one may begin by making extracts, but one ends by wishing to extract every word. The epithets are so original, "mute of all light," "where the sun is silent," the rain "eternal maledict and cold and heavy," "the air without a star," the "sound of hands," the "embrowned air," the "water sombrehued." We have every finest quality of his style — the simplicity, the strength, the compression, the forthrightness, the tenderness; and we are altogether wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm not only towards the poem, but towards the poet. No grating note has been sounded: so far the tone is sad, but it is solemn,—when it becomes passionate and personal, we feel inclined to echo Farinata's words—

> "Come avesse lo Inferno in gran dispitto."

But the opening of the poem strikes exactly the right key. A deep awe has fallen upon us, and we are therefore in a state of mind to receive all the greater shock when we are suddenly brought face to face, in canto viii., with the brutality (there is no other word for it) of Dante's expressed delight in the torture of Philippo Argenti. We feel that we are in the hands of a different man from the author of the previous cantos, and we feel it with resentment—a resentment which we are intended to feel towards Argenti, but which we unfortunately do feel towards Dante for his want of self-control and want of dignity in the treatment of that "arrogant person," who, whatever he may have been in life, says here, appealingly, "Thou seest that I am one who weeps." A glory has passed away; and we can only account for the sudden change in the tone when we realise that a considerable interval of time elapsed between the writing of the seventh and eighth cantos—a time during which the great tragedy in Dante's life occurred. From this point onward to the end of the "Inferno," the wrath is always gathering, — not only the righteous wrath against the worse forms of sin as the poet descends the circles of hell—where a good man might well say, "I do well to be angry" — but passionate personal attacks on wretched sinners, where the want of dignity in the narrator turns all our sympathies to the sinners; and perhaps, before

going further, it will be well for a reader to familiarise himself with the history of the poet,—to try to find some of the reasons which prompted him to write as he has written.

There are authors so impersonal that we care not greatly to know them in their habits as they lived. Dante will be found to be, above all, personal. The little that is really known of him, from outside and contemporary sources, can be gathered up in very few words; but all his own writing is more or less autobiographical.

Of all poets that ever were born, he was perhaps the most favourably circumstanced in his birth and in his surroundings. Of good family, and with sufficient fortune, Durante Alighieri (as he was christened in 1265) was educated by Brunetto Latini, one of the most learned men of that time. Guido Cavalcanti, then the chief poet in Italy, was his elder by thirteen years, and the first among his friends. When, at the age of eighteen, the rising star writes his first sonnet, he sends it round to all the sonneteers of the day, and is at once received and welcomed as a poet among poets. There is no early struggle with self-education, with chill penury, or with an unsympathetic environment. From the age of nine he has made Beatrice Portinari his idol and his ideal, and has received that highest education which a pure young love can best give.

> "For indeed I know
> Of no more subtle master under heaven
> Than is a maiden passion for a maid."

She dies when he is twenty-five years old. He is disconsolate; takes his part in military service, and we have his own account of his sensations on two or three occasions,[1] when there were engagements of some importance. At one of them—the battle of Campoldino — it is interesting to know that Bernardino—a brother of Francesca da Rimini—was one of his companions in arms. Afterwards he marries Madonna Gemma, of the family of the Donati, and five sons and one or two daughters are born to him. Having entered public life in those stormy times of feud and faction, he becomes one of the Priors or chief officers of the Republic; is sent many times on embassies by his Government (one of them giving occasion for the famous and very characteristic remark—"Se io vo, chi rimane? e se io rimango, chi va?" —"If I go, who is to remain; and if I remain, who is to go?"). From his last embassy to Pope Boniface VIII. he never returned to Florence, the party opposed to him having attained power, and in his absence decreed his banishment, with the unusually severe addition to the sentence that he should be burned alive if ever he returned to his native city. For the last nineteen years of his life he was a wanderer. In exile he died, even as in exile he had been conceived.[2] Boccaccio describes him as of medium height, the face long, the nose aquiline, the jaw large, and the under lip protruding considerably over the upper, shoulders rather bent, eyes larger than ordinary, an olive complexion, hair and beard thick, crisp, and black; most temperate in eating and drinking, and most zealous in study or in any other pursuit, and he went along with the air of a melancholy man, and a dreamer.

[1] Inf. xxi. 94, xxii. 1-10; Purg. v. 93.

[2] Dante's father and mother were in exile up to the time of his birth.

He had a lofty soul, and was excessively haughty.

Boccaccio's life of Dante has been too much decried. It is quite true that it is rhetorical, insufficient, often inaccurate as to dates, and generally very much below the level of its subject; but after all, when the other biographers are consulted, almost all their salient points are referred back to Boccaccio. His description of Dante's first meeting with Beatrice, though taken from the 'Vita Nuova,' has a certain charm of its own in the Boccaccian style which may be thus roughly transcribed :—

"It used to be the habit of the ladies and gentlemen of Florence, when the sweet spring-time arrived, to give themselves up to social enjoyments, each in his own circle of society. Following this custom, a worthy citizen, Folco Portinari, had invited his neighbours to assemble at his house upon the 1st of May. Among the company was Alighieri, the father of Dante, who brought his boy, then scarcely nine years of age. And it happened that Bice, the daughter of Folco, was there too—a maiden not yet past her eighth year, graceful, charming, and attractive in her manners, of a beautiful countenance, and grave beyond her years. Her very delicate features were in admirable harmony, and over and above their beauty, revealed such candid charms, that by many she was said to be almost an angel. Dante's gaze was riveted on her with so great an affection, that, child though he was, he received her so deeply into his soul that no other after-pleasure ever effaced the lovely image. And this love not only persisted, but it increased to such a degree that Dante had no greater desire and no greater consolation than to see her who was its object. As he advanced in life, this passion very often occasioned him both sighs and tears, which are poured forth in his 'Vita Nuova.' It ought to be added that his love was a very pure love—which is rare in passions of this kind."

This, as we know, was the master—or the mistress—influence in Dante's life, and it is impossible to understand the 'Divina Commedia' without some theory regarding this relation to Beatrice. There can be no doubt of her existence in the flesh. There is no evidence that Dante ever wished to marry her. We know that she was married to Simone dei Bardi when our poet was twenty-two years old. But while she is a real woman, and we feel at times that it is a real passion, there is always a note of unreality in it. By the force of his imagination, and by his perfect art-workmanship, Dante has contrived to create and to sustain from the beginning to the end of his writing a relation so simple in appearance and so complex in fact, that it is always impossible to determine where the true Beatrice ends and the ideal begins. His passion (even in its least allegorical shape) is evidently not at any time a man's natural passion for the woman he is in love with. It is rather the intellectual and spiritual perception of what such a passion might be ideally. A flesh-and-blood woman—a child and then a woman—formed the basis of the sentiment, which could not have existed without that basis; but we continually feel that there is a good deal of reflex egoism about it. It could never have stood the strain of intimate acquaintance, — at close quarters it would have been shattered. A salutation in the street was sufficient to nourish it, and more might have proved dangerous. But over and above her influence as a woman, she represents in the 'Comedy,' allegorically, Heavenly Wisdom and Theology; and the suggestion may be hazarded that, between the real and the purely allegorical, Dante personifies his own better nature in Beatrice.

She has become his outside conscience. Whenever he goes wrong in life, it is her whom he has offended. He can scarcely now be imagined apart from her. She reigns supreme from the first word to the last. In words of the "Paradiso,"—

> "From the first day that I beheld her face
> In this life to the moment of this look,
> The sequence of my song has ne'er been severed."[1]

With this view of Beatrice—as representing Dante's own higher nature—it may be said that not even in Goethe himself was there greater warfare of two souls within one breast which could not be harmonised,—the one which clung with indomitable energy to the earth and the things of earth, and the other which was ever struggling to rise beyond the confines of this world into the illimitable. Dante, in his dark strivings, is always conscious of the right way, and in the end his higher soul carries us with him on a magic cloak to the realms of Paradise. The interest of the drama, in the 'Comedy,' centres in the ascent of that soul of his. For the more we read the poem, the more we feel that the most dominant note throughout is the author's personality; and one way of understanding its meaning is to conceive that the journey recorded in the vision is to be accounted for by Dante's own faithlessness, both in the flesh and in the spirit, to his ideal—to his own higher nature —to Beatrice. Keeping this in mind, let us now enter on the most difficult and the most delicate part of the subject.

Boccaccio was seven years old when Dante died. He was the intimate friend of Dante's nephew, and had therefore exceptional opportunities of knowing the truth. Moreover, he was the first person chosen to deliver public lectures on the 'Divina Commedia' in Florence, fifty years after Dante's death, so that it may be inferred that he was then considered thoroughly competent to deal with the subject; and this is what he writes in his 'Life,'—not lightly, or to round a period, but with a solemn appeal to Dante's shade:—

> "Of a truth, I blush to cast any shadow on the bright reputation of so great a man; but as the order of my history began by setting forth his good qualities, the less that I try to conceal his frailties the more will I be believed in what I have said in his praise. It is then to Dante himself that I address my excuses, if, perchance, from the heights of heaven, his scornful eye is looking at me now as I write. Along with all his strength of character and all his learning (and I have already shown how much of both he possessed) he was not free from the sway of the passions (*lussuria*)—nay, they had very great power over him, not only in his youth but in his riper years; and such vice, however natural and common it may be, is certainly not to be commended. Nay, it is very difficult to plead a tolerable excuse for it."

Nor is this the only contemporary evidence. In a well-known sonnet, Guido Cavalcanti rebukes Dante for his way of life after the death of Beatrice:—

> "I come to thee by day-time constantly,
> But in thy thoughts *too much of baseness find:*
> Greatly it grieves me for thy gentle mind,
> And for thy many virtues gone from thee.
> It was thy wont to shun much company,
> Unto all sorry concourse ill inclined:
> And still thy speech of me heartfelt and kind,
> Had made me treasure up thy poetry.

[1] Par. xxx. 28.

But now, I dare not, *for thine abject life*,
Make manifest that I approve thy rhymes;
Nor come I in such sort that thou mayst know,—
Ah! prithee read this sonnet many times.
So shall that evil one who bred this strife
Be thrust from thy dishonoured soul and go."[1]

Dante himself, in speaking to Forese Donati, his brother-in-law, who was among the gluttons in the "Purgatorio," says:—

"If thou bring back to mind
What thou with me hast been, and I with thee,
The present memory will be grievous still.
Out of that life he turned me back who goes
In front of me.—(Virgil.)
. . . .
His encouragements have led me up,
Ascending and still circling round the mount
That you doth straighten whom the world made crooked."[2]

We know that our poet himself had no tendency to the sin of gluttony. The passage must therefore refer to other lapses. It has been attempted to explain all allusions of this sort by supposing them to be simply allegorical. Shakespeare has been treated in something of the same fashion. Is it not best, however, because truest, to acknowledge to ourselves that both of them were men with the strongest intellectual and spiritual natures, founded on strong animal natures (the conjunction is not unknown), with passions strong in proportion to their beings—passions that sometimes completely dominated them; that there were times in their lives when the unmanageable horse of the chariot plunged down and dragged the other after it? But their writings will not appeal the less to us on that account—nay, rather the more. There would not be the same pathos in the Psalms of David if we did not know the depths into which he had fallen, and that he had risen again to the heights. One of our own great living poets has pointed out that one at any rate of the meanings of this mighty polysensuous work of Dante's is to show

"How men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Among mortals, it is not the faultless beings but the faulty, who have conquered and triumphed over their faults, that have left the greatest heritage of good to mankind. For their lesson is, that no sinner who has the root of goodness and of nobleness and of purity in his heart, need ever despair while life lasts of coming "quando che sia alle beate genti"—may always hope that for him, too, there is the water of Lethe from which he may emerge after he has paid the penalty of his faults with tears,

"Pure and disposed to mount unto the stars."

Before proceeding with the "Inferno," let us read carefully cantos xxx. and xxxi. of the "Purgatorio," and perhaps we may then feel that we hold in our hands one of the keys to "the straight way which was lost." It is the great scene of Dante's first meeting with Beatrice—one of the very grandest passages in the whole comedy—and of course it ought to be read in its entirety. Unfortunately space forbids anything but an extract here. She speaks—

"That thou mayst feel a greater shame
For thy transgression, and another time

[1] Dante and his Circle (D. G. Rossetti), p. 161.

[2] Purg. xxiii. 115.

Hearing the Sirens thou mayst be more strong."[1]
"Cast down the seed of weeping and attend,
So shalt thou hear how in an opposite way
My buried flesh should have directed thee.
Never to thee presented art or nature
Pleasure so great as the fair limbs wherein
I was enclosed, which scattered are in earth.
And if the highest pleasure then did fail thee
By reason of my death, what *mortal* thing
Should then have drawn thee into its desire?

. . . .

Thou oughtest not to have stooped thy pinion downward
To wait for further blows, or little girl,
Or other vanity of such brief use.

. . . .

. . . . If thou
In hearing sufferest pain, lift up thy beard,
And thou shalt feel a greater pain in seeing.

. . . .

Then I upraised at her command my chin,
And when she by the beard the face demanded,
Well I perceived the venom of her meaning."[2]

These words sound very much like the voice of a real woman. They are spoken in a tone that we can scarcely conceive the most highly imaginative poet putting in the mouth of an abstraction (call it Heavenly Wisdom, Theology, or what we will), who is supposed to address a disciple merely gone astray in philosophy, religion, or politics. The allusion to her own fair limbs, and to the *mortal* thing which had drawn Dante into its desire—not to mention the use of the word "pargoletta"—seems to be conclusive.

And Beatrice shows us the pity of it—

"By the largess of celestial graces.

. . . .

Such had this man become in his new life,
Potentially, that every righteous habit
Would have made admirable proof in him;
But so much more malignant and more savage
Becomes the land untilled and with bad seed
The more good earthly vigour it possesses.

. . . .

So low he fell that all appliances
For his salvation were already short,
Save showing him the people of perdition."

Let us now try to familiarise ourselves with the atmosphere in which the young poet, blessed by the "largess of celestial graces," and so full of gentleness, apparently, in his spring-time, sang his quaint mystic ballad of the New or the Early Life. In reading it, we can only think, in his own words, of the olden times—

"The dames and cavaliers, the toils and ease
That filled our souls with love and courtesy."[3]

But this was far indeed from the actual condition of Florence in the years which followed—1287-1300. The little city could put 30,000 men under arms within its walls; and we read of constant unintermitting

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[1] Cf. Purg. xix. 7-32 and 58-60; also Purg. xxxi. 80-90. See, too, Inf. xviii. 127-137, and Letter to Moruello Malaspina, dated, Witte thinks, in 1310, in which Dante writes how "Love terrible and imperious" has him in its power and reigns over him, and that his principles are of no avail against it.

[2] Dante would be forty-five years old in 1310.

[3] Purg. xiv. 109-111.

feuds between family and family, between house and house—a close-packed neighbourhood, that must have been a very lively sample of the Inferno. Taking Dante's own house in the Via San Martino as a centre, we are amazed to see what a tiny circle includes the ancient city with "il mio bel San Giovanni" (the Baptistery); the Badia, whence the bell tolled the *terza e nona;* Santa Maria Novella, where Cimabue's great picture of the Virgin was carried in triumph; Or San Michele; the yet unfinished Duomo and Giotto's rising campanile; the Palazzo Vecchio and Santa Croce still a-building. The blue sky, the bright sun, the peculiarly clear and thrilling air, the opalescent light which makes every building a poem in Florence, are all the same to-day as they were 600 years ago—made to fashion a poet. The lot of the masses, chattering and chaffering in the market-place, or thronging the noisy Calimara, is probably not very different now. The poor have become not much less poor, but the rich have perhaps become relatively less rich—for the City of Flowers was then the chief banking centre of Europe, and her palaces remain the monuments of the capitalists—mostly extinct volcanoes now, as are her famous citizens.

As we look down from the heights of San Miniato or Bellosguardo, the wonder grows how one such very little spot on the earth's surface could have produced in three short centuries (thirteenth to sixteenth) so many names eminent in history, and that within its walls it could have held at one and the same time (while Roger Bacon was finishing his work in England and Sir William Wallace was the glory of Scotland) men of such mark as Cimabue, Brunetto Latini, Guido Cavalcanti, Casella, Arnolfo, Dante, Giotto, Dino Frescobaldi, R. Malaspina, Dino Compagni, and Giovanni Villani—all in the full vigour of their manhood and of their work. Every stone speaks to us of the great dead; and if the men were worthy of the city, the city in its beauty was becoming worthy of the men. For surely it is, as old Boccaccio has somewhere described it, "Di ogni città d'Italia bellissima." Here it was, with Fiesole above him, the purple hills beyond, Monte Morello near, and Falterona in the distance, with "il bel fiume d'Arno" flowing through the vale, that this young eagle of song mewed his mighty youth. This was the stage on which he played his part—an active part—from his 25th to his 36th year—up to "the middle of the way of life,"—battling in the midst of the seething politics of the city for the four last years of that period. Without this experience of the active life, the 'Divina Commedia' could never have been written; but if the poet had remained a politician, "the straight way" would indeed have been lost, and the great vision would have been lost too. Dante's banishment, which to himself and to his friends no doubt at the time seemed to be the extinguishing of his career—his failure as a public man, as a politician—was really, as we see it now, the necessary condition for his arriving at that perpetuation of his fame the desire for which no doubt was innate, but which, he himself tells us, had first been taught to him by Brunetto Latini — *come uom' s'eterna.* It was not only that he widened the horizon of his view of life in his travels, but that he was able more or less to liberate his soul from personal participation in all the miserable petty jealousies

of the time; for no party politician, however great by nature, can ever be at his best. Dante's contributions to politics are the great thoughts of an ideal, not of a practical, politician — pregnant ideas of a universal spiritual and a universal political direction. The Pope is his "sun" and the Emperor his "moon," both divinely ordained.

Such a work as the 'Divina Commedia,' with a scope so vast and a treatment so elaborate, demanded the sacrifice of a life. The extraordinary compression of the thought, the variety and the intensity of the imagery, the mass of historical and mythical allusions and their exactitude, required a mind wholly disengaged from the ordinary business of the world; and it ought to be recognised that his exile, although the bitterest trial in his earthly life, has been the means of securing his true immortality as nothing else could have done. The 'Divina Commedia' alone has made him eternal. All his other writings together might have secured him a place in the first class among the great, but far, indeed, from the place he holds as one of the universally acknowledged triumvirate of the world's literature.

Contemporaries can never realise the relative importance of the personages as they play their parts on the stage: the politicians and the soldiers always stand out in grotesque relief. To the Florentines of 1300 (even to such a man as Giovanni Villani), the Uberti, the Donati, the Cerchi, and the rest of the powerful local families, were the only actors worth talking about: whereas to the mass of the men of our time, Dante the great poet, and Giotto the great painter, are the real "people of importance." Where are they all now who were contemporaries with Dante in his political career? To the million readers of to-day no vestige of them remains, except such immortality as he has given them in his rhyme. To remain a politician was to kill a poet: and we must remember that Dante was not only a great poet, but also a great philosopher, a great theologian. In the "Paradise" we read how, as his higher nature emerges, he becomes conscious of the degrading influences of the political life from which he had escaped:—

"O thou insensate care of mortal men,
 How inconclusive are the syllogisms
 That make thee beat thy wings in downward flight!
One after laws and one to aphorisms
 Was going, and one following the priesthood,
 And one to reign by force or sophistry,
And one in theft and one in state affairs,
 One in the pleasures of the flesh involved,
 Wearied himself, one gave himself to ease;
When I from all these things emancipate
 With Beatrice above there in the heavens,
 With such exceeding glory was received!" [1]

And here we have another key to the "straight way which was lost."

But this sense of emancipation only came later, with the years that bring the philosophic mind. In his first hot rage at the peculiar severity of his sentence of banishment, we become aware of the savage unforgiving side of the poet's nature. There probably was always a good deal of truth in Cecco Angioleri's line—

"Sugar he seems, but salt's in all his ways."

From the 8th canto onwards in the "Inferno," we seem to see him

[1] Par. xi. 1-12.

ever in imagination sweeping, in his stately eagle flight, over Florence, poising on slow broad wings, with eyes so keen that nothing escaped them—with beak and talons always ready to pounce on any miscreant on earth—to rend and pick him to pieces (with a certain bird of prey delight); yet still, when the higher spirit willed, always able to fly up again into the very fountain of light. With a character that, alas! often repels, and an intellect that always fascinates us, he stands out in the twenty-five last cantos of the "Inferno" as the cruellest of poets in his judgments and in his treatment of men; and yet often, in the same canto, the tenderest in his interpretations of nature.

There is a certain pathos in Boccaccio's somewhat imaginative account of the circumstances which divided the seven opening cantos from the remainder of the poem:—

"At the very time when Dante was most busily engaged on this glorious labour (after he had composed seven out of the hundred cantos which he had determined on), came the grave incident of his expulsion or flight, which led him to abandon all his projects. He was adrift, and obliged to wander during many years. But the accomplishment of the will of God cannot be counteracted by a stroke of bad fortune. So that it happened that some of his family, looking by chance for some papers in his strong-boxes, found a little copy-book in which the seven cantos were written. It had been put there in a place of safety at the time when the ungrateful populace had risen against our poet, and, more intent on plunder than on just vengeance, had made a raid on his house. The cantos were read with admiration, and the finders, not knowing what they had got hold of, carried the book to one of our fellow-citizens, Dino di Messer Lambertuccio Frescobaldi, who was famous at that time for his recitation of poems. The moment Dino cast his eyes over the little book, he was so much struck with the beauty of the style, as well as with the depth of thought which seemed to him to lie hidden under the beautiful crust of words, that he came to the conclusion at once that it was Dante's work. Distressed to see the poem unfinished, and finding that Dante was staying at the time with the Marquis Moruello Malaspina, he communicated to the Marquis the circumstances of the discovery, and his desire to see the work continued.

"The Marquis was a man of high culture, and when he had read the cantos with great admiration he showed them to Dante, asking him if he knew who the author might be. Dante recognised them, and replied at once that they were his. Then the Marquis begged him not to leave unfinished a work so well begun. 'Of a truth,' said Dante, 'I had thought that these verses had been lost in my ruin with the rest of my books; and partly from this belief, and partly from the constant fatigues which I have undergone in exile, I had entirely abandoned the idea of finishing the lost work. But as these cantos have been recovered so unexpectedly, and as you seem to wish it, I will try to remember my original plan, and if I succeed I will continue the work.'

"We can readily imagine," continues Boccaccio, "that he had no great difficulty in recovering the thread of his original idea; and it is in taking up this thread again that he opens the 8th canto with the words: 'Io dico seguitando che assai prima,' &c. ('I say, continuing,' &c.), from which, when we have the clue, it is evident that this is the resumption of the interrupted work."

And now we are in a position to understand better how the bitterness of unmerited misfortune was working a change in Dante's nature—or rather, was temporarily operating to bring out the worse side of it. For the more we try to figure to ourselves and to grasp his real character, the more we realise the anguish that his proud disdainful spirit must have been constantly undergoing in a depen-

dent position. We feel how the iron entered into his soul. It must have been a veritable crucifixion for him—

And that which most shall weigh upon thy shoulders
Will be the bad and foolish company
With which into this valley thou shalt fall.[1]

The patronage of Can Grande must have become insufferable. Grand seigneur and fine fellow when he had everything his own way, there was also a good deal of the spoilt child of fortune in him. The world's admiration for the splendid courage with which Dante finished his work, bowed under the weight of such a load, has contributed to his undying renown. No doubt he had himself in mind when he wrote of the pilgrim Romeo—

"E se il mondo sapesse il cuor ch' egli ebbe,
Mendicando sua vita a frusto a frusto,
Assai lo loda, e più lo loderebbe."

"And if the world could know the heart he had
In begging, bit by bit, his livelihood,
Though much it laud him it would laud him more."[2]

The allusions to his exile are constant in his writings, and very touching: "I have compassion for all unhappy people, but my greatest compassion is reserved for those who, eating out their hearts in exile, see their native land only in their dreams."

But it is only in the most rarely tempered natures that the uses of adversity sweeten the disposition. They turn the unforgiving to gall. Dante's was never the spirit to forgive or to forget. Whilst it may be admitted that no one has ever clutched more firmly in an iron grasp the letter of the Christian religion,—its doctrines—its evidences (as understood in the fourteenth century), it may, perhaps, without presumption, be permitted us to doubt whether in his writings he exhibits an equally true appreciation of the real nature—of the true essence—of Christ's gospel. He is constantly referred to as the pre-eminently Christian poet; but does he not really belong to the Hebrew type—the type of David, Isaiah, Jeremiah? An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, is his avowed doctrine. He is above all things a Roman—a Churchman of the true Church—with a leaning to St Dominic, of whom he says—

"Therein was born the amorous paramour
Of Christian faith, the athlete consecrate,
Kind to his own, and cruel to his foes."[3]

He would place the Inquisitor in heaven, and John Wesley in a very low circle of hell. He is an aristocrat in feeling—exclusive in all his tendencies. We can see very few rays of Christ's spirit, and can catch very little echo of His voice in Dante's judgments of sin, or in his general attitude towards life. There is no exaltation of the humble and meek, but, on the contrary, something very like intellectual arrogance. In the "Paradise" he takes cognisance of—

"Only the souls that unto fame are known,
Because the spirit of the hearer rests not,
Nor doth confirm its faith by an example,
Which has the root of it unknown and hidden,
Or other reason which is not apparent."[4]

[1] Par. xvii. 61.
[2] Par. vi. 140.
[3] Par. xii. 55.
[4] Par. xvii. 138.

This is not the spirit of the friend of publicans and sinners, and poor Samaritans fallen among thieves. Dante's is not a gospel for little children: as Villani says of him, "On account of his learning, he was a little haughty and shy and disdainful, and, like a philosopher almost ungracious, knew not well how to deal with unlettered folk." Those who are in the "piccioletta barca" are warned off in the second canto of the "Paradise" from attempting to follow "behind my ship that singing sails along." It would be difficult to imagine Dante saying to a woman taken in adultery, "Go and sin no more;" or to her accusers, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." He does not act on the injunction, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." He never has a doubt about his own competence to sit in judgment on the whole human race — past, present, and future—and not only on the race, but on named individuals, which is a much more dangerous pretension. His precepts are better than his practice—

> "And you, O mortals, hold yourselves restrained in judging."[1]

To us general readers, 600 years after the event, the names of Brunetto Latini and of Guido Guinicelli, "the father of me and of my betters," have become mere types, — any other names would be equally effective to point a moral or adorn a tale: but when we consider that these men were quite recently dead, and that their relatives and friends were still alive when the 'Divina Commedia' was published — that they were both men to whom Dante acknowledged that he was immensely indebted intellectually and spiritually—the gibbeting of the one in the "Inferno" and the other in the "Purgatorio" for very heinous sins makes us stand aghast. It is not a sufficient explanation that it was 600 years ago—other times other manners. A natural and proper reverence for Dante as one of the greatest acknowledged moralising and spiritualising influences in the world leads us at first naturally, though perhaps unreasonably, to expect that under all circumstances and at all times he will himself, in his own conduct, prove true to the fundamental principles of all morality—a sense of justice and of charity as well as of severity. Some one has described the virtuous man to be one who has always a severe standard for his own conduct, and the most lenient that the circumstances will admit for his neighbour's—"using his imagination in the service of charity." "Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur." Be it. But then the guilt must always be publicly proved. It must not rest on the mere *ipse dixit* even of a poet, however eminent; otherwise all our sympathies go out to the "cara buona imagine paterna," and to "il padre mio e degli altri miei miglior," and no good is done to us by their example; but we can fancy the evil done in Florence, at the time, by this outrage on the memory of the accused, who were no longer there to answer for themselves; by the cruel pain inflicted on their friends. In the case of these two famous writers and of the two citizens "who were so worthy"— Tegghiaio Aldobrandi and Jacopo Rusticucci — one of two things. Either their offences had been proved and were matter of com-

[1] Par. xx. 133.

mon knowledge, or they were not. If they *were*, there would have been some justification for selecting their names, as the accused must have had an opportunity of clearing their characters, if that were possible, during their lifetime. But if their offences were *not* definitely, absolutely, publicly proved beyond possibility of doubt, it would be very difficult to make out a case to justify the mention of their names. There is unfortunately no want of *types*. It does not seem as if Dante himself could have had proofs of their guilt, because in a previous circle he asks Ciacco where these very men were "who on good deeds set their thoughts"—

> "Say where they are, and cause that I may know them;
> For great desire constraineth me to learn,
> If heaven doth sweeten them or hell envenom." [1]

And when he does come upon them, his relation of the scene is very curious. After poor Rusticucci has complained, "My savage wife more than aught else doth harm me," Dante continues—

> "Could I have been protected from the fire,
> Below I should have thrown myself among them,
> And think the Teacher would have suffered it.
> But as I should have burned and baked myself,
> My terror overmastered my goodwill,
> Which made me greedy of embracing them," [2] &c.
>
> . . . .
>
> "I of your city am; and evermore
> *Your labours and your honourable names*
> *I with affection have retraced and heard.*" [3]

Then he breaks out into one of his tirades against Florence: the shades pay him a pretty compliment—"looked at each other as one looks at truth"—and he leaves them.

Even his most fanatical devotees draw the line at Dante's treatment of Guido of Montefeltro, who, after being honourably mentioned in the 'Convito' as "this most noble Latin," is ignominiously consigned to the eighth circle of hell for giving most dastardly advice to Boniface VIII. It is believed that there is absolutely no historical evidence to confirm the accusation. Muratori suggests that political motives probably furnish the key. The imputation of motives is justified by these unsustained accusations. Dante's prophetic soul, perhaps, had in view a Muratori (but did not quite see the look he would give) in the lines—

> "Ah me! how very cautious men should be
> With those who not alone behold the act,
> But with their wisdom look into the thoughts!" [4]

If anything were wanted to prove the demoralising effect on any human being of setting himself up in the position of the Almighty as the eternal judge of other individual and contemporary men's sins, it would be found in the crescendo movement in Dante's personal cruelty in the descriptions of the "Inferno"—from the most ignoble and ghastly gambols in the "new sport" with the Malebranche, the episode of Vanni Fucci and the serpents,—"From that time forth the serpents were my friends,"—the cowardly attack on Bocca degli Abati—pulling shocks of his hair out—to the culminating point where our Christian poet shows himself at once

[1] Inf. vi. 82.
[2] Inf. xvi. 46.
[3] Inf. xvi. 58.
[4] Inf. xvi. 118.

cruel and a traitor in his treatment of the shade of Friar Alberigo, who says in his frozen helplessness—

> "But hitherward stretch out thy hand forthwith,
> Open mine eyes; and open them I did not,
> And to be rude to him was courtesy."[1]

And this after having made a solemn compact with the shade—

> "If thou wouldst have me help thee,
> Say who thou wast; and if I free thee not,
> May I go to the bottom of the ice."[2]

There can be no comment on this passage—except, perhaps, to admit that with a widening psychology we are forced to the conclusion that the greatest minds, the most noble spirits, often carry within themselves volcanic intensity of passion for evil as well as for good. It may be supposed that on re-reading these lines, and leaving them to stand for all time, Dante had the same feeling towards them that he must have had to the passionate passage in the 'Convito,' where he says that to arguments against the immortality of the soul, "one would wish to reply not with words, but with a knife." This, though intense, is not really so malignant, because the eyes of the contemporary, who did not take precisely Dante's view of the most knotty of all problems, not being frozen, he might have had the chance of defending himself. These expressions must of course be taken figuratively. No actual bloodshed or broken bones were to be apprehended! But this intense way of arguing is open to objections. Seriously, these personal attacks, even on the most flagrant, the most contemptible, and the most hateful of sinners (who, be it remembered, are already undergoing eternal torments of unutterable anguish), must be acknowledged as below the dignity of a great poem and a great poet. Our first feeling is to draw a veil over all these ungoverned outbursts; but the after and perhaps more reasonable feeling is the wish to know the man Dante as he was, with all his faults. He is great enough to carry them. His very faults are part—perhaps an inseparable part—of that intensity of nature which is the secret of his power; but do not let us be misled into making virtues of his vices because he is Dante.

And it does not meet the case to say that because "these things are an allegory," or because Friar Alberigo was really still alive in the body, and it was only his soul that was already in hell, therefore Dante's behaviour on such occasions gives us no opportunity of judging his own nature. The essential quality of all allegory—and particularly of the allegory in the 'Divina Commedia'—is that it produces on us the most complete impression of reality. This is the very reason of its being, and the source of all its power. It is like reading a record of facts. Whoever undertakes to exhibit that most complex abstraction, a sinful human soul, in the concrete image of a body in torment, will necessarily be judged more or less by the way in which he deals with that image. Dante's treatment is constantly remorseless and vindictive. His worshippers resent this view, and will see no spot upon their sun. There seems to be a peculiar difficulty in writing on the subject with moderation, but there surely must be some mean between the flippant falsities of Voltaire that

[1] Inf. xxxiii. 148.

[2] Inf. xxxiii. 116.

"Dante's reputation will go on increasing because scarcely anybody reads him," and the tone of the prostrate ones who are not content that the world should see anything less in their idol than "the pure severity of perfect light." These two points of view represent the misers and the prodigal in praise. "Perché tieni? e perché burli?" Does not the truth lie between them? and was not our poet really a man of supremest faculty, with one side of his nature noble, tender, godlike; the other side passionate, vindictive, demonic? He himself gives us one of the best clues to his own character in the lines—

> "I who by nature am
> Exceeding mutable in every guise." [1]

He was not one man, but half a dozen men rolled into one. But whether we regard him as one man or as six, we never get rid of his unconscious and unconscionable egoism. Not only in the 'Divina Commedia,' but from the first word of the 'Vita Nuova' to the last word of the Sonnet addressed to Giovanni Quirino, Dante can never be said, in his verses, to get outside of his own personality. Every one has noticed his want of humour, but no one (so far as we know) has attributed it to this cause. Inordinate egoism and humour are mutually exclusive. In the 'Comedy' there is one faint gleam in the meeting with Statius in purgatory, which is charmingly described. But the other instances that have been laboriously culled are either very far-fetched or very grim. Wherever he goes, through hell, purgatory, or paradise, he is generally himself the gracious and benignant creature that the spirits dwelling in those parts are chiefly concerned about. They prophesy his future, and there is no want of self-appreciation in the terms of the prophecies. As Giuliani has neatly said, Dante is the "protagonist" of his own comedy. In the 'Vita Nuova,' when Beatrice dies he quotes Jeremiah: "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! How is she become a widow, she that was great among the nations!" And the attitude of his mind towards the pilgrims is thoroughly characteristic. Here there is real humour in the want of humour. We never have a word about the glories of his native city — of that Florence where Giotto and Arnolfo were all the time busily at work leaving behind them those art-treasures which make the latter part of the thirteenth and the fourteenth centuries so unspeakably precious. We should never be able to guess from Dante's verses that buildings were rising during his lifetime as imperishable as his own poems, and the spirit of the citizens must have been far indeed from wholly bad that has left behind such a record in stone and in marble. The city having behaved unjustly and cruelly to its greatest man, its greatest man cannot forgive the wrong; nor can he get outside of himself sufficiently to see that there were redeeming qualities in the citizens. He turns off Cimabue and Giotto in one triplet, and in the next triplet lets the two Guidos know their place. He can find no one good enough to associate with in political life, and must make "a party by himself." No mention is anywhere made of wife or child in the 'Comedy'; and it may be noted that in all the references to children, it is the child's love for the mother, or the mother's love for the child,

[1] Par. v. 98.

that is dwelt upon—showing the keen observation of the intellect, but not the instinct of the heart. It may be doubted, with all Dante's powers, whether he could have written the line—

> "With light upon him from his Father's eyes."

Even in the Ugolino story, it is the children's feeling for their father more than the father's for the children that is prominent. Very noteworthy, too, is the difference in the treatment by Dante of his own offences compared with the offences of his fellow-mortals. His own passage through the fire is exceedingly short, but the unpleasantness of it is characteristically described :—

> "When I was in it, into molten glass
> I could have cast me to refresh myself,
> So without measure was the burning there." [1]

He has Virgil in front and Statius behind to keep him company and to sustain his spirits. For himself, he feels that this penalty of a few minutes is adequate ; but for the rest of the sinners,—for Homer, Virgil, and the other Latin poets, —he is content that for eternity they should linger—

> "Where without hope they live on in desire ;"

and for Brunetto Latini and the rest, eternal fire.

Almost every mention of Florence — and indeed of Italy — throughout the poem, is couched in the bitterest terms. Nine years after he had been exiled, he writes a letter to the Emperor Henry VII., which ought to be read by all who wish to know the full orb of Dante's character—the shadow as well as the light. Henry VII. really did a great deal more harm than good to Italy. "He substituted for the respected Podestàs petty tyrants more or less hated, to whom he sold, at the highest price, the title of his vicars. He extorted money from the hostile towns, and begged it from the friendly towns. The Marquis of Monferrat bought from him the privilege of coining debased money." Yet no terms of adulation are too strong for Dante in addressing him. He speaks of Florence as the viper that rushes at the bosom of her mother ; the diseased sheep that contaminates by its touch the herd of the Lord ; the wicked and impious Myrrha, whom he urges Henry to crush. All his letters at this time "To the Princes and People of Italy," and "To the most wicked Florentines in the City," are surcharged with bitterness, — "O most arrogant among the Tuscan peoples, — insensate both by natural and by acquired vices," &c., &c. To avenge himself and reinstate himself in power, it is difficult to say where he would have stopped short. He is sometimes cited as the Bard who saw in prophetic vision United Italy as we see it to-day. But King Humbert's position is scarcely that of the German Albert whom Dante demanded. He may bestride the saddle-bow, but he cannot use the spurs. A monarch who is a mere figurehead, registering the decrees of a legislature elected by universal suffrage, is about as far removed from Dante's ideal as light from darkness. The advocate of Cæsarism would scarcely wish to be credited with any share in the Garibaldian birth, which is in fact one of the legitimate offspring of the new democracy with which our age has been in travail since the French Revolution, whether for good or for ill.

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[1] Purg. xxvii. 49.

Comparisons between one great poet and another are always futile; but to many Englishmen, who are not absolute devotees, but who yet feel the tremendous pressure of Dante's power, there must be a certain sense of relief in passing from the study of his work (particularly the latter part of the "Inferno") to that of Shakespeare for example. It is like passing from a cell where, amidst the fumes of incense, a great soul is communing with himself on all the irredeemable faults and follies of his fellow-creatures and on his own manifold virtues, to the bright bracing fresh air of the mountains, in the companionship of a healthy, human, natural, broadly-humorous man, delighting in his kind, and in full sympathy with all the various aspects of humanity—its comedy as well as its tragedy—and above all with its natural as well as its supernatural relations. But although the average man will generally feel that the concentrated essence of Dante's food is too strong for him, he will never, having once tasted it, cease to return again and again to that rich banquet. It is partly the poet's very egoism which causes his writing to come down to us after six centuries as if it had been written yesterday. He will always remain modern, for he has written all from himself. We constantly feel how much he is taking out of himself. We bend with him under the weight on his shoulders, acknowledging that he is not a pilot, "Ch'a sè medesmo parca." And we scarcely require to be told that for years the sacred poem made him lean. It almost makes us lean merely to contemplate it. Side by side with much that is repulsive in the latter part of the "Inferno," there are in almost every canto those wonderful descriptions of natural phenomena, those subtle observations of the habits of men and of their countenances, those dramatic incidents (in which our poet is always one of the chief actors), those allusions to his travels, those masterly "applications of ideas to life." Gozzi has well said that "Danteide" would be the best title for the poem.

It is as true to-day as in 1300 that

> "Avarice afflicts the world,
> Trampling the good and lifting the depraved."[1]

And that—

> "'Now it behoves thee thus to put off sloth,'
> My Master said; 'for sitting upon down
> Or under quilt, one cometh not to fame,
> Withouten which whoso his life consumes
> Such vestige leaveth of himself on earth,
> As smoke in air, or in the water foam."[2]

Or—

> "When now unto that portion of mine age
> I saw myself arrived, when each one ought
> To lower the sails, and coil away the ropes."[3]

How sad that this sound advice should be forgotten by so many of our day!

And to our generation of scandal-mongers, how dignified and excellent is this reproof:—

> "In listening to them was I wholly fixed,
> When said the Master to me: 'Now just look,
> For little wants it that I quarrel with thee.'
> When him I heard in anger speak to me,
> I turned me round towards him with such shame

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[1] Inf. xix. 104. [2] Inf. xxiv. 46. [3] Inf. xxvii. 79.

That still it eddies through my memory.
And as he is who dreams of his own harm,
Who dreaming, wishes it may be a dream,
So that he craves what is, as if it were not ;
Such I became, not having power to speak
For to excuse myself I wished, and still
Excused myself, and did not think I did it.
'Less shame doth wash away a greater fault,'
The Master said, 'than this of thine has been ;
Therefore thyself disburden of all sadness,
And make account that I am aye beside thee,
If e'er it come to pass that fortune bring thee
Where there are people in a like dispute ;
For a base wish it is to wish to hear it.' "

"Chè voler ciò udire è bassa voglia." [1]

Amidst all the gruesomeness and the horrors of the passage through Hell, the relation to Virgil is always a delightfully refreshing human element in the journey. We have already alluded to the description of the first meeting, and there is a pretty acknowledgment later on by the Latin poet of his disciple's intimate acquaintance with all his work,[2] and the parting in the "Purgatorio" is very simple and very touching.[3] On Dante's side there is always present the love of the Son for the Father, of the pupil for the master, of the inferior for the superior—the last a relation which the judgment of the world has somewhat changed. The "Inferno" closes with the appropriately lurid light of the Ugolino story—the most powerful and the most horrible in all poetry—and the description of Dis, where Dante in one of his marvellously descriptive lines says—

"Io non morii, e non rimasi vivo."

"I did not die, and I alive remained not." [4]

The limits of space forbid more than a glance at the coming delights of the "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso," which may, perhaps, be dealt with in detail in a subsequent article. But to sharpen the appetites of readers in the meantime, it may perhaps be said that by us—"the general"—the "Purgatorio" is always likely to be the best loved of the three canticles. To appreciate *all* of the "Paradiso," there must be a certain mystical tendency in us. To the majority of minds, it is the positive side of Dante's poetry that will be the most attractive—the scientific observation of man and nature more than the purely mystical imagination. In the "Purgatorio" we come back to the Dante of the seven opening cantos of the "Inferno"—full of sweetness and light, of dignity and solemnity. We are conscious of the old delight—

"D' antico amor sentì la gran potenza"—

in pressing on to each new beauty.

"He seeketh liberty, which is so dear."

We can only run over a few of the most famous passages. The meeting with "my own Casella," who has the good taste to sing one of Dante's own songs without so much as asking "What shall it be?" (a foolish query which some readers aloud have asked a more modern bard, and always get the natural answer, "Oh, I don't mind, as long as it's something of my own")—the second description of the doves collecting grain or tares, and of the sheep coming out from the fold—

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[1] Inf. xxx. 130-148.
[2] Inf. xx. 112-115.
[3] Purg. xxx. 49-51.
[4] Inf. xxxiv. 25.

"Timidly, holding down their eyes and nostrils,
And what the foremost does the others do,
Huddling themselves against her, if she stop
Simple and quiet, and the wherefore know not."[1]

The glorious lines put in the mouth of Manfred—

"But Infinite Goodness hath such ample arms,
That it receives whatever turns to it."[2]

The description of the ascending soul—

"Questa montagna è tale,
Che sempre al cominciar di sotto è grave,
E quanto uom più va sù, e men fa male."

"This mount is such, that ever
At the beginning down below 'tis tiresome,
And aye the more one climbs the less it hurts."[3]

The flood of light we have here on Dante's character—

"Mine eyes I turned at utterance of these words,
And saw them watching with astonishment,
But me, but me, and the light which was broken!
'Why doth thy mind so occupy itself,'
The Master said, 'that thou thy pace dost slacken?
What matters it to thee what here is whispered?
Come after me, and let the people talk;
Stand like a steadfast tower that never wags
Its top for all the blowing of the winds;
For evermore the man in whom is springing
Thought upon thought, removes from him the mark,
Because the force of one the other weakens.'"[4]

The meeting with Sordello, who "eyed them after the manner of a couchant lion,"[5] and the magnificent diatribe on Italy, with the appeal to German Albert—

"Come and behold thy Rome, that is lamenting,
Widowed, alone, and day and night exclaims,
'My Cæsar, why hast thou forsaken me?'"[6]

The lap on the hillside where—

"Gold and fine silver, and scarlet, and pearl white,
The Indian wood resplendent and serene,
Fresh emerald the moment it is broken.
By herbage and by flowers within that hollow
Planted, each one in colour would be vanquished,
As by its greater vanquished is the less."[7]

The oft-quoted opening of Canto viii., which can no more be hackneyed out of its charm than the sunset itself because we see it every day—

"'Twas now the hour that turneth back desire
In those who sail the sea, and melts the heart,
The day they've said to their sweet friends farewell,
And the new pilgrim penetrates with love
If he doth hear from far away a bell
That seemeth to deplore the dying day."

Or the other almost equally well known lines on the daybreak—

"Just at the hour when her sad lay begins
The little swallow, near unto the morning,
Perchance in memory of her former woes,
And when the mind of man, a wanderer
More from the flesh, and less by thought imprisoned,
Almost prophetic in its visions is."[8]

The description of desolation—

"We stopped upon a plain
More desolate than roads across the deserts."[9]

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[1] Purg. iii. 79. [2] Purg. iii. 122. [3] Purg. iv. 88.
[4] Purg. v. 7-18. [5] Purg. vi. 66. [6] Purg. vi. 112.
[7] Purg. vii. 73. [8] Purg. ix. 13. [9] Purg. x. 20.

The marvellously realistic account of the sculptures on the marble rocks where "Nature's self had there been put to shame;" and that line which must go to the heart of all true artists—

> "In sooth I had not been so courteous
> While I was living, *for the great desire*
> *Of excellence, on which my heart was bent.*"[1]

Marco Lombardo's fine discourse; Pope Adrian V. and Hugh Capet on avarice; the meeting with Statius, and his philosophic conception of the evolution of Christianity—

> "*Already was the world in every part*
> *Pregnant with the new creed.*"[2]

The exquisite ending of Canto xxiv.—

> "And as, the harbinger of early dawn,
> The air of May doth move and breathe out fragrance,
> Impregnate all with herbage and with flowers."

The description of the goats in the mid-day heat; and of sleep—

> "Sleep seized upon me — sleep that oftentimes
> Before a deed is done has tidings of it."[3]

Virgil's address to Dante, where we feel that the higher spirit's triumph is assured—

> "And said: The temporal fire and the eternal,
> Son, thou hast seen, and to a place art come
> Where of myself no farther I discern.
> By intellect and art I here have brought thee;
> Take thine own pleasure for thy guide henceforth;
> Beyond the steep ways and the narrow art thou.
> Behold the sun, that shines upon thy forehead;
> Behold the grass, the flowerets, and the shrubs,
> Which of itself alone this land produces.
> Until rejoicing come the beauteous eyes
> Which weeping caused me to come unto thee,
> Thou canst sit down, and thou canst walk among them.
> Expect no more or word or sign from me;
> Free and upright and sound is thy free will,
> And error were it not to do its bidding;
> *Thee o'er thyself I therefore crown and mitre!*"[4]

And thence to the end of the canticle the beauties are like the March primroses in Sussex lanes —too profuse in their luxuriance for gathering—the air is all impregnate with them.

There are single lines better than any volume of sermons—

> "Pensa che questo dì mai non raggiorna."

> "Think that this day will never dawn again."[5]

"Think that this day will never re-day itself." Not only that God has made Himself another "awful rose of dawn unheeded," that the sweet air which by the sun is gladdened to-day has passed away for ever, but that we too may have passed by on the other side, unheeding the sorrow we might have lightened, the joy we might have welcomed, the love we might have strengthened, the pain we might have lessened. Have we added to some one's good to-day? have we not added to some one's harm? Each day is a renewal of our chance while we live, until the day comes when there is no renewal. It is not a gospel of despair, but a gospel of effort. And this is a single line which, whatever men's differing religious professions may be, the whole human race can go on repeating till the end of time as one of the ultimate expressions of life—

> "Pensa che questo dì mai non raggiorna."

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[1] Purg. xi. 85. [2] Purg. xxii. 76. [3] Purg. xxvii. 92. [4] Purg. xxvii. 127. [5] Purg. xii. 84.

THE END OF DAVID.

(A LEGEND OF THE TALMUD.)

"Lord, let me know mine end, and of my days
The number, that I may be certified
How long I have to live!" So prayed, in heat,
The monarch after God's own heart, whose son
Was wiser than himself. The Voice Divine
Made answer: "I have set behind a veil
From man the knowledge of his time of death.
That he must die, he knows, and knows enough."
But David wrestled with the Lord in prayer:
"Let me but know the measure of my days!"
And God said: "Of the measure of his days
May no man know." Yet David urged again
The Lord: "I do beseech Thee, let me know
When I shall cease to be!" "Thy time," said God,
"Shall come upon a Sabbath; ask no more."
"Nay; not upon Thy Sabbath-day, O Lord!"
Cried David, "let Thy servant meet his end:
Upon the morrow following let me die!"
And God once more made answer: "I have said!
The reigns of kings are preordained, nor may
By so much as the breadth of one thin hair
Be lengthened or diminished. Solomon,
Thy son, upon the Sabbath mounts thy throne;
I may not take from him to add to thee."
"Nay, then," said David, "let me die, O Lord,
The day before; for, in Thy courts, one day
Is better than a thousand spent elsewhere!"
And God made final answer: "Nor from thee
To add to him. But know thou this, one day
Spent by thee in the study of My law,
Shall find more favour in My sight than steam
And savour of burnt-offerings thousandfold
That Solomon, thy son, shall sacrifice."
And the Lord ceased; and David held his peace.

But ever after, when the Sabbath dawned,
Till sunset followed sunrise, sate the king—
The volume of the Book upon his knees—
Absorbed in meditation and in prayer,
So to be found what time his hour should come.
And many a week the Sabbath came and went.

About the rearward of the palace grew
An orchard trimly planted—to the sense
Pleasant with sight and smell and grateful shade
In summer noons—and, beyond this again,
Such lodging as a king should give the steeds

That draw his royal chariot, and the hounds
That, for his pastime, in the forest rouse
The lion from his lair. And lo! it chanced
One Sabbath-morn, the slave whose office 'twas
To tend King David's kennels, in his task
Had made default, and left the unfed hounds
Howling for hunger. So their cry disturbed
The King, who knew it not. And David rose
And put aside the volume, and, in haste,
Passed through the postern to the orchard-plot,
Seeking the uproar's cause. And, as his foot
O'erstepped the threshold, there he fell down—dead!

Then straightway in hot haste the news was brought
To Solomon, and all the Rabbis called
To sudden council. "Tell me," said the king,
"Ye sages of the law: my father lies
Dead in his orchard, and the Sabbath yet
Lacks many hours of ending; were it well
To raise and bear the body now at once
To the corpse-chamber, or to let it lie
There until set of sun? And lo! his hounds
Howl for their food; may I cut meat for them
Upon the Sabbath-day?" And, with one voice,
The Rabbis answered: "Let the Sabbath close
Ere thou lift up the king thy father's corse;
But thou mayst carve their portion for the hounds."

So till the sunset in the orchard lay
The King untended; but the hounds were fed.
And Solomon said only, "Yea! a dog
Alive is worthier than a lion dead!"

H. K.

MR GLADSTONE'S SCHEME.

Four years ago the words "Ireland is ruined" formed the first sentence of 'Maga's' article on the political situation. Can any man hold up his face and say in the light—the lurid light—of the present that the sentence was an exaggeration! The words of a Prime Minister, of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, of a Chief Secretary, all speak of ruin. What but a confession of social ruin is to be gathered from a declaration that the one thing which has often been declared can never be granted now "holds the field," and that there is no alternative? What but ruin is indicated by a social condition, in which it is impossible to bestow self-government on a country professing civilisation without giving the owners of the soil the right to demand their price for their property, that they may go into exile? Is it anything but a confession of ruin, to tell Parliament that the social fabric is so honeycombed with disloyalty, that concession to those who are "steeped to the lips in treason" is the only hope of social peace? Yet such are the main arguments by which it is sought, suddenly and without warning, to terrorise the nation into accepting Repeal of the Legislative Union of the United Kingdom. Such are the ideas which her Majesty's present advisers desire to impress upon Parliament as the grounds for surrender to demands which every statesman worthy of the name within their own Cabinet has over and over again denounced in unmeasured terms. Not one argument has been brought forward which appeals to calm reason. The whole case stated for the new policy that has shivered the Liberal party to pieces is a case not of enlightened policy, but of time-serving and dastardly surrender. Its generosity to the loyal, in finding money for their expatriation, and its generosity to the seditious, in handing the country over to their tender mercies, are both the offspring of cowardice.

For what is the excuse of those who now propose to hand the seals of office to men who have carried treason as a banner, and in whose train crime and outrage have followed step by step, undiscouraged and unrebuked, except when diplomatic reasons made a continuance of crime inadvisable? It is that the truculent and treasonable utterances of Mr Parnell and his followers are the rhetoric of excitement, that they are not to be taken seriously, and that when these men are in responsible positions, they will be under a restraint which will prevent their following courses which in their more excited moments they have recommended. No other excuse has been offered. No other can be offered. But it is futile. It is either insane or insincere. For who can fail to see that such an excuse condemns beyond redemption the policy of those who make it? Is it not manifest that to give the practical power of governing a country to men who, whether deliberately or thoughtlessly, have drawn the applause and inflamed the passions of the people by using such language, is to encourage its use in the future, whenever it may seem likely to promote the ends of those who employ it? Nothing succeeds like success: and Mr Parnell and his associates are acute

enough to know that the use of the language of open treason and veiled incitement to crime has been a main source of their popularity in Ireland, and of the success of their demands in England. But further, if the allegation be made that the wicked words of those who are now the representatives of the disloyal Irish are to be held to have been mere platform rhetoric, it would be desirable to learn this from the men themselves before accepting it, for whatever it is worth. If it was mere platform rhetoric, there are only two ways in which it can be looked at. It may have not been really meant, or it may have been meant, but is withdrawn as having been uttered in excitement. Does any one pretend to believe that it was not used deliberately and with intention? Even if the men who used it were themselves to say so, it would be difficult to believe them. But has any one of these men ever suggested that his language is to be explained away? Have they not, on the contrary, vied with one another in showing that their words are said with intention, and in professing their own sincerity in using them? And if they were sincere in using them, have they ever excused them as the utterances of excitement, and withdrawn them, far less expressed any regret or contrition for conduct so gross and abominable? Never; they consistently held by their truculent and criminal words. It is true that when diplomacy demands a quiet and respectful demeanour in Parliament, and words of softness and conciliation will pay, they can play the part called for to admiration, the leaders remaining silent, and the young partisans, who are foolish enough to think of imitating the former tone of their chiefs, being promptly frowned down, and made to resume their seats, though it be in the middle of a sentence. But this is diplomacy, and nothing else. The heads are kept down in the oil-jars, while the chief is hob-nobbing with the Liberal Ali Baba. Violence is a foolish game, when sleekness pays better. But this will never alter the fact that the men are discredited for employment as rulers by their past. Even were it as certain that they had repented of their former scandalous utterances and acts as it is certain that they have not, surely there must be some bringing forth of fruits meet for repentance. Surely such men are not to be accepted as fit to govern a nation, till the scandal of their past has been cancelled by time and a new course of conduct. What they have said and done would hold back any English politician from office for years, and demand the most exemplary exhibition of a changed mind before he could hold high place. An Under-Secretary of State and an Attorney-General had a very distinct warning the other day how Englishmen look on those who would show disloyalty to the sovereign, and refuse to pay the ordinary courtesies of life to the toast of her name. And is it now to be held that men who have been denounced as "steeped to the lips in treason" by the greatest Parliamentary authority in the country, are suitable men to be placed in the highest offices of the State, without a word of repentance, without one expression of regret? To do so would make us partakers of their evil deeds, and our motive could only be that of the craven, seeking peace by base surrender.

But there is another and even more serious aspect of the matter. What would be the effect upon the common people of Ireland of hand-

ing over the administration of the country to such men? The common people, at least, have no idea about hints about shooting of landlords and blowing up of prisons being merely grim jokes or excited talk, meaning little. Such words addressed to them tend to bear fruit, and have borne fruit, bitter and terrible. It is to be feared that in too many cases words of deadly menace to the law-abiding are the best passport to popularity among them. Mr Parnell and his colleagues are not only worthy of condemnation for the words they used, but are morally guilty of the action induced among those whom they addressed. In this aspect of the matter, to take any steps which shall hand over to them the Government of Ireland, is not only an act of cowardice, but a crime. It is a crime, both as being truly the reward of blood, the giver of which is partaker of the evil deed, but it is a crime in respect of its certain and inevitable result. What beyond all question must be the effect on the disaffected populace of Ireland of seeing those whose words have hinted at murder and plunder in no vague or doubtful style set over them as rulers? What but this, that the lesson for the future will be that the way to attain success in political projects is a way of cruel, heartless crime, and that those who give the general incitements, but do not take the risk of the particular acts, shall receive honour and dignity. What but ruin can come from such a state of things? What will be the result when those come to govern a people to whom they have been preaching rebellion for years? When the weapons of the law are in the hands of those who have persistently inculcated the doctrine that disobedience to law, and violent action against it, is a permissible mode of action, there is good reason to fear either that the administration will be feeble and halting, or that, if it be vigorous and firm, there will be, on the part of those subjected to it, a turning again and rending, when

"Evil on itself shall back recoil."

If Mr Parnell and his friends imagine that the wonderful illegal tribunals and executive which they have constituted for the stamping out of social liberty, which they have encouraged, and brought to perfection of oppression, will efface themselves, and allow constitutional law to resume its operation in the ordinary manner, they are grievously mistaken. Once let them attempt to deal firmly with those who have had a taste of illegitimate law-making and its enforcement, and under their tuition have formed the conception of self-government that it is a power of the many to coerce the few—not for offences, but to tyrannise over them in their affairs—and they will very soon find that, if the Home Rule they bring to the people they have demoralised is a rule which means maintenance of individual liberty against social tyranny, new leaders will rise up, denouncing them as reactionists, and letting them, like Robespierre, feel the teeth of the monster—those teeth they themselves have sharpened. The Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in his speech on the first reading of the Bill for the disruption of the legislative union of the three kingdoms, spoke strongly of the terrible state of things now existing in Ireland, indicating his belief that a volcano was practically ready to burst, and is only restrained by the thin crust of present control by Mr Parnell, who, probably because he sees that an

explosion would not pay, and that it is better to come up smiling for an instalment than to risk getting nothing, keeps down the hidden fires. But who are the subterraneous demons who have stoked the fires of this secret volcano? Who but Mr Parnell and his brother agitators, who have brought the Irish peasantry into such subjection to their will, that Mr Parnell selects their candidates, and that these candidates have to sign promises to vote as he dictates. Whatever conditions of danger there may be in the state of society in Ireland, it has developed itself in submission to Mr Parnell's domination. Mr Morley admits in effect that Mr Parnell has carefully prepared a mass of social dynamite; and that the only chance of its not exploding, is to give its owner everything he demands. He is prepared to pay blackmail to a man whom he tacitly confesses is a conspirator against law and order; and not only to pay, but to decorate him. One who has, as the "uncrowned king of Ireland," produced a state of things that, on Mr Morley's own statement, to refuse him his way will be "a signal" for an outburst of disorder and "lawless" conduct, to the extent of "tremendous danger," is to be presented to her Majesty as the most suitable man to act as her constitutional head of the Executive in Ireland.

But it is not because Mr Parnell and his satellites are indirectly associated with crime in the strict sense, that the proposal to invest them with power is so alarming. It is credible, though experience makes it unlikely, that a tendency to savage crime may weaken and disappear more or less with any political change for a time, and until some new development of conspiracy for some new purpose is organised. But it is the social doctrines which these men have preached, as being a substitute for crime as a means of dominating the community, that make the prospect of any free development of liberty and good institutions under their guidance practically hopeless. For what have they taught? That it is justifiable for men to band themselves together to exercise the most absolute and grinding tyranny over the individual in the name of liberty; that the "people" are entitled to regulate from whom a man may buy, to whom he may sell, for whom he may work, and from whom he shall withhold the very necessaries of life. This doctrine Mr Parnell has preached deliberately, clearly, and coldly. And how has he instructed them to carry it out? By turning any man who may use his own liberty within the law to buy or sell or hire out his labour, contrary to the irresponsible decree of a clique, into a social outlaw, with whom no one shall hold intercourse, to whom no one shall supply the necessaries of life, or minister any comfort or kindness. Such a man is to be shunned as a "leper," and worse than a leper,—to be deprived even of charity. Any one dealing with him in any way is to be himself placed under the same ban. Life is to be made intolerable, and thus submission made certain. This Mr Parnell has preached and enforced. He has declared it to be a more "Christian" way than shooting or stabbing. And the lesson has been well learned, the order has been heartily obeyed. What shall Christian people think of such a doctrine and its propagandists? It is not too strong to say that such a system has more of real malignity in it than is often to be found in open crime. It shows a

spirit such as was manifested in the Inquisition of old, when a perverted moral sense led to bodily cruelties being perpetrated for the supposed salvation of souls. Mr Parnell's Inquisition inflicts as cruel torture to effect social changes. The spirit of both is the same—tyranny, grinding, heartless tyranny; but while the former was the outcome of ignorance and superstition, the latter, arising in a time of boasted enlightenment and education, and taught by professing lovers of liberty, is infinitely more wicked; and it is to be feared its influence on the fabric of society will be immeasurably more injurious. It has produced demoralisation already, sapping out the very foundation of Christian sentiment, and degrading even the clergy into instruments for carrying out the criminal oppression of lawless bodies. For what does Mr Morley tell the country? That unless Mr Gladstone's policy of dismemberment of the Empire is accepted, the "League" must be dealt with. He does not say it ought not to be dealt with; he admits that it must be put down if it is not to be appeased by concession. And what is the great difficulty he brings forward. That in all probability in putting down this tyranny, it would be necessary to "lock up a good many priests, and perhaps a bishop or two." So thus a main reason for handing over Ireland to be governed by Mr Parnell is that, under his leadership and instructions, a vast illegal organisation has been formed, the putting down of which will be a serious task, and the more serious that even the ministers of religion are engaged in conspiring against society and individual liberty.

It is in such a condition of things, proved out of the mouths of the Ministry and the Parnellites themselves, that Mr Gladstone has brought forward his scheme for destroying the Legislative Union. And what is manifest throughout the length and breadth of that scheme? What but the most clear indications that its authors—or rather author, for we know from Mr Chamberlain that it was not developed by Mr Gladstone in consultation with his colleagues — is asking Parliament to entrust the Government of Ireland to people in whom he himself has no confidence whatever. For while it is proposed to give Ireland a Parliament and a Government, the gift is fenced round with so many conditions, and cramped by so many restrictions, as to show conclusively that even the optimism of Mr Gladstone could not face the country with a scheme which should give the Irish real self-government. Distrust looks out from the whole scheme both of a separate Parliament and an expropriation of landlords. Mr Gladstone being well aware that Ireland is in a condition of banked-down lawlessness, and that the eighty-six members from Ireland and their leaders are in sympathy with that lawlessness, and keep it banked-down for reasons of expediency, is also well aware that to hand over the Government to them at such a time, will be to make all power over them by the Imperial Government futile, unless accompanied by force. For it informs them distinctly that not the justice of their demands, but the fear of their action, leads to the throwing of the sop. They cannot be trusted to be loyal to Imperial obligations. Mr Gladstone is also conscious that to make over the Government to them, without protection to the loyal minority, is to hand the latter over to oppression and

plunder, and not improbably to extermination. He may shut his eyes to many things, but to these he cannot. He knows well that if he did do so, not only would his scheme be absolutely hopeless from the first, but his eyes would be very rapidly forced open, if he did succeed in passing it into law. Accordingly the scheme is one mass of shifts and devices to minimise the practical difficulty of reconciling a Parliament in Dublin with an efficient control over those elements of the social system in Ireland which are dangerous to public safety, which shifts and devices speak distrust deep-rooted in the giver for the recipients of the gift — mistrust of their loyalty and of their honesty alike.

That the case is not overstated, a very cursory examination of Mr Gladstone's scheme will demonstrate. For what is the Parliamentary Constitution which he provides for Ireland? There is to be a House of Commons, unlike anything ever seen before,—a fantastic contrivance, whereby every objectionable feature of class distinction is to be kept up in a form which can lead only to deadlock in public business, and to perpetual quarrels and exasperation, both in the legislature and the country. Ireland is through the existing constituencies to elect double the number of its present representatives as a second "order of legislators," and the better-off classes, who own property to the value of £25 a-year, are to elect another "order" equal in number to half the second "order"—only persons having real property to the value of £200 a-year being eligible for seats in the first "order." These two orders are to sit together and vote together, but whenever a majority of either order demand that the vote on any question shall be taken separately, the vote is to be taken as if they were separate chambers, and unless there is a majority in each separate order for the motion submitted, the question shall be resolved in the negative. When a provision is lost in this way, and a Bill to give effect to it is again brought in, after a dissolution or the period of three years, whichever period is longest, the "orders" are not to be again permitted to vote separately, but must vote as one body. The twenty-eight Irish representative peers are to be entitled to places in the "first order," till death or the lapse of thirty years, and on their right lapsing, their places are to be filled by members elected to the first "order," for such constituencies as the Irish Parliament may determine.

Such is a brief outline of the essentials of a scheme, than which none more fantastic or unworkable was ever presented for the consideration of sensible men. It possesses no single one of the best features of a Second Chamber, and is unlike in the proposed mode of working to anything which is to be found in any civilised country. To say that it is thoroughly un-English is to express but mildly its unsuitability for the government of an integral part of the United Kingdom. As a system intended to produce a practical Legislature among a phlegmatic and easy-going people like those on this side of St George's Channel, it reads absurdly enough; but as a suggestion for government of a country whose people are imaginative, excitable, and prone to violence, and not over patient or scrupulous, it reads more like some paper constitution spelled off the mechanical sentence-board of Laputa, than the

composition of sane legislators in the year 1886. If those who framed it had deliberately sat down to work out a scheme which should be certain to cause friction throughout the whole community, they could not have carried out their work more effectually than by Mr Gladstone's new "message of peace." Let the matter be tested by an example. A Bill is brought in, and has manifestly the support of the second order, elected by those classes which Mr Gladstone always flatters by calling them "the people," as if they had an exclusive claim to that title,—for he deliberately told the Liberal students of Edinburgh that university representatives were not elected by "the people." The Bill is supported by the vast majority of the second order, but is opposed by a majority of the first order, which insists on defeating the Bill by separate voting. Who has difficulty in picturing to his mind the scene both in the Legislature and the land—the insinuations, the taunts and invective against an obstructive body, elected by a "privileged class" to defeat the will of "the people"? How the cry would go forth that this was more hateful than the House of Lords, and a British House of Commons. How the first order would be told by Mr Healy that they were worse than the "base, bloody, and brutal Whigs," who only acted according to their Saxon instincts towards a conquered race, but now the oppressors were Irishmen, traitors to the national cause. How 'United Ireland' and similar patriotic (!) journals would pour forth suggestions to "the people" for dealing with these remnants of the hated "landlordism," and those who elected them, to thwart the will of the people expressed through their representatives. How they would be accused of taking English bribes, and held up to public execration as the remains of the British garrison. And what would be their fate when election time came near, and "the people" were roused up to deal with them as traitors? How would the thousands of ignorant and uneducated voters, who had the control of the second order in their hands, deal with the wretched 25-pounders—the privileged class who had the control of the first order? Does it need any gift of prophecy to predict with certainty what would happen? Both the candidate and the voter who refused to pledge himself—possibly by oath at the dagger's point—to vote as "the people's" order might dictate, would come under the social ban. Mr Parnell's more "Christian" way would once more come into requisition to bend their stiff necks to "the people's" yoke. Boycotting having been successful in procuring the Repeal of the Union, will be quite as successful in improving a Legislature elected under the Act of Repeal. The first-order electors—a marked and hated class, dotted about among a population which made its power felt in extorting Repeal—will be dealt with mercilessly. With the Irish Constabulary gone, as it assuredly will be in a few years; with the police under popular control, and the magistrates dependent for their position on Mr Parnell and his friends,—who shall protect this privileged class, created without their own will or consent, and entrusted with powers they have not demanded? They will be absolutely at the mercy of those whose political education for years has taught them that social tyranny by the many over the few is a legitimate and "more

Christian" way of obtaining whatever they may desire. And what of the members of the first order themselves? What will their lives be worth if, however justly in the eyes of all impartial men, they set themselves against any pet project of "the people"? These men, possessing real property worth £200 a-year, will probably find that their possession of it provides their enemies with the best engine for their oppression. For a man cannot with his own hands do the work of a property of that size, and the sovereign "people" will make it a crime to labour on his estate, to supply him with material or to provide food for his family. He will receive letters with death's-head and cross-bones at the top, and find graves dug or coffins laid at his very door. When he goes to canvass his constituents, he will have to lay his account with finding his road barred by patriots with shillelaghs, not to speak of an occasional bullet from behind a hedge. Such a system could not last five years in such a country. It carries its own absurdity upon its face. Men who propose it must be indeed at their wits' end. In the light of the history of Irish society during the last twenty or thirty years, it would be an abuse of terms to call it a piece of constructive statesmanship in any sense of the expression.

The case of the unfortunate Irish peers is still worse. They are thrust into the new Legislature, not as an integral and permanent part of the institution, but on the footing that the sooner they die the better, and then they will be got rid of. If any of them has the bad taste to live for more than thirty years, he is to be kicked out ignominiously. How pleasant it will be for those who are left as the number gradually diminishes down—how pleasant for the survivors of the thirty years! It is a waste of words to comment on so ludicrous a scheme. The bare statement of it is enough.

In the other details of the Scheme, the absolute want of trust of Mr Gladstone in those on whom he is professing to confer the government of Ireland is manifest at every turn. Specially is it manifest in all that relates to finance, the matter above all others on which it might reasonably be expected that Mr Gladstone would be prudent. So distrustful is he of those in whom, by his general Scheme, he is showing unbounded confidence, that he is compelled to commit the illogical and unworkable absurdity of excluding from the Irish Parliament the consideration of Customs and Excise, and from the Irish Treasury their collection and appropriation. He professes to give the Irish people self-government, but denies to them the first privilege of citizens of a free state. That representation and taxation should go hand in hand, is the fundamental principle from which the War of Independence in America arose, and the justice and fixity of which are well established in this country. But Ireland is to have no representation in the Parliament that fixes her contributions to Customs and Excise. The same Mr Gladstone who tells the country that laws coming to Ireland in a "foreign garb" is a great cause of their non-success, now proposes to fix it as a principle that the laws of all others which tend to chafe and discontent, and in regard to which the statement of grievances in the representative assembly of the nation is an inalienable privilege, are to come to Ireland in a "foreign garb," and that she is to have no opportunity

of bringing her grievances before the Legislature that enacts them. To such a pass have we come in constitution tinkering, that a scheme like this is held up before us as a masterpiece of constructive statesmanship. Of course it is known now that Mr Gladstone did at first intend to take the constitutional course of making taxation and representation go together. But this only reveals that he has wavered between two evils; and whether he has in the end chosen the least in the general sense, he has not chosen the least from the constitutional point of view. He has adopted ultimately the course which, from the practical point of view—*if his scheme is workable*—is the least inconvenient for Great Britain, but in doing so he has chosen the view which is most certain to lead to discontent and rebellion in Ireland. To give the Irish a separate Parliament, but to inform them that the tax-collector is the foreigner's official, is the most certain way of bringing about social disorder that can be imagined. This is particularly so when it is remembered that there is little encouragement necessary to induce Irishmen to go against the laws of Inland Revenue, and that the coasts of Ireland give considerable facilities for smuggling, and have plenty of daring men of Celtic blood to whom such work has almost romantic attractions. And if those who collect and protect Customs and Inland Revenue can with truth be held up to public hatred as collectors for an alien Exchequer, the probable results are not far to look for, or pleasant to contemplate.

But there are other anomalies and absurdities in Mr Gladstone's scheme more startling still, and which illustrate more strongly, if possible, the shifts to which he is driven. While Mr Parnell is to have the absolute control of the appointments to the judicial bench, so far as all matters relating to life, liberty, trade, commerce, and rights of property are concerned, and is ultimately to have the control of the police, so distrustful is Mr Gladstone of the Executive which is to be established in Ireland, that he has introduced into his scheme the insulting expedient of withholding from the Irish Executive the selection of Judges of Exchequer causes, who are to be appointed under the advice of the Lord Lieutenant, and the Lord Chancellor, not of Ireland but of England; and the sittings of Judges in Exchequer are to be regulated by the same authority. A more naïve confession of his low appreciation of Irish honesty could scarcely be given—a more unworkable idea can scarcely be conceived. All law relating to the Exchequer will thus come to Ireland in a "foreign garb." Exchequer judges will necessarily be looked upon as a judicial "English garrison." In the region of all others in which the utmost confidence in impartiality should prevail, everything will suggest partial counsel. The Exchequer judge will be odious to the Irish patriot, for the presumption will be that he would not have been appointed by the Irish Executive, and Ireland will have to pay him to represent an "alien" Government. The fact of his selection and acceptance of office will stamp him as the representative of a last rag of Saxon domination. Every decision favourable to the Imperial Exchequer will be denounced as unjust and corrupt—the base tribute of a placeman, making a return out of the money of the Irish people

to those who gave him his office. When he takes his turn on circuit, and has to try moonlighters and murderers, he will be held up to scorn, and probably threatened as the representative of the English Government—the nominee of an English Lord Chancellor. Patriots in wig and gown will earn applause by subjecting him to impertinence, and Irish patriotic journals will call him the Norbury of to-day. This matter may appear a small one in comparison with others. But in truth it is not; for there is nothing which is so essential to peace in every country, and above all in such a country as Ireland, than that her judges should be, in the highest sense of the word, above suspicion. In the present low state of civilisation in that island, judges are sure to be accused from time to time of injustice and oppression. But nothing could be more fatal than that any ground should be given, by the manner of their appointment, to arouse and even to justify suspicion of their impartiality. And further, nothing could be more deplorable than that there should be on the judicial bench itself any line of demarcation marking off one set of judges from another as regards the source of their appointment. Without a real brotherhood on the bench, there can be no upholding of that high tone which gives to the public the confidence that there is, as it were, but "a single eye" there, and that differences of opinion are due only to the frailty of all human judgments, and never to unworthy causes. It is safe to say that, if all the judges of England, Scotland, and Ireland were consulted as to the propriety of the appointments to the judicial bench being made by one authority, their view would be absolutely unanimous that any other course would be fraught with disaster to its dignity and the honour in which it must be held by the community, if its labours are to be really a blessing to society. The proposal of Mr Gladstone is at once a confession of his want of confidence in the integrity of the Executive he is himself about to entrust with the future destinies of Ireland, and a mode of expression of that distrust most offensive to all concerned. Men who would take appointments from an English Lord Chancellor in such circumstances, could inspire no confidence in Ireland, and could hardly hope to retain the respect of others, or even to enjoy much sense of their own.

The Land Purchase scheme, of which we only know as yet from Mr Gladstone's speech, and which has probably been considerably altered and patched since the speech was delivered, is but another manifestation of the fact that Mr Gladstone's position is untenable. He has persuaded himself that he must hand over Ireland to the agitators, that they may do their sweet will with it. But in considering how it is to be done, he has been shrewd enough to come to the conclusion that the country will be as distrustful of his Irish Government as he is himself, and that unless he does something for the Irish loyalists, British sense of justice will revolt and overthrow him at once. Further, in considering how it is to be done, he has also found it impossible to ignore the certainty that, if Great Britain is to be called upon to provide the money by which the loyalists are to be saved from being ruined by his scheme, revolt and consequent overthrow are equally certain if he—who cannot trust his Irish Executive in Exchequer matters—asks Great Britain to accept the

promise to pay of an Irish Government without security. Accordingly, he has brought in a Bill to enable Irish landlords to sell their estates, and he proposes to secure the amount advanced on the credit of Great Britain for the purchase, by impounding the whole Irish revenues in the hands of a British Receiver-General. Was ever so hopeless a proposition gravely propounded in an assembly of practical men? It displays the maximum of distrust of the debtor. It provides the minimum of security to the lender. Ireland has earned the right to self-government; her sons are worthy to become proprietors of their holdings. But she cannot be trusted, after collecting the instalments for repayment of the loan by which they have purchased, to pay those instalments to the lender — the lender who is not a usurious Jew, charging high interest, but who, in the very act of reducing a perpetual rent to an interest and sinking fund on borrowed money for forty-nine years only, actually at the same time reduces the annual payment considerably. The distrust also takes the most offensive form. Mr Gladstone explains the failure of beneficent laws for Ireland by the "foreign garb" simile. But how is it possible to retain the most offensive features of the "foreign garb" more effectually than by the Imperial Parliament ordering all revenue collected in Ireland to be handed over to a "foreign" Caisse de la Dette, as if what is still to be an integral part of the United Kingdom was a country steeped in official corruption like Egypt? No wonder such a scheme was received with a cold silence, such as even Gladstonian eloquence and powers of glamour could not rouse into languid approval. The statement of the case was its own condemnation. Self-deception could not go further than when Mr Gladstone expressed his belief that this Receiver-General would be "behind the curtain altogether,"—that the taxpayer might "never hear of him." Mr Parnell lost no time in denouncing the proposal as "most offensive." It certainly is so. If the Nationalists are suitable men to govern Ireland, they must be suitable men to administer her affairs, and deal honestly in paying her debts. Mr Gladstone says they are not the latter. If his view be accepted, common-sense will say that they are not the former.

Space forbids an examination of Mr Gladstone's shifts and turns from £300,000,000 down to £113,000,000, and now down to £50,000,000 for his Land Purchase scheme. Suffice it to say, that whatever sum might be required, the income of the sum would represent the loss of money in circulation in that already poor country. The annual sum claimed from the occupier would still be looked upon as an odious rent, exacted by the authors of No-rent Manifestos, the apostles of the doctrine of prairie value, and pressed into the hands of a "foreign" official, whose very existence would be "most offensive." With the departure of Irish landlords, the spending powers of the business classes would diminish, the field for the clever and energetic would be narrowed. The security for investment of capital would be weakened; the money-lender at usurious interest, and with a heart of stone, would soon become the ruler of the country; and the last state would be worse than the first.

Space forbids that a detailed statement should be given of all the anomalies and absurdities of this makeshift pair of measures which have been brought forward

in defiance of the past utterances of all Liberal statesmen worthy of the name, including their author himself. They have "divided and subdivided" the Liberal party, to use Mr Morley's own words. Not in anger but in sorrow are the leaders of Constitutional Liberalism using all their power to defeat them. Among patriotic men the voice of party is hushed. The crisis is too grave for party.

In conclusion, it may be well to call attention, sharply and clearly, to the character of the situation. Life rushes on so rapidly in these days, that things of a few years ago are spoken of as "ancient history." But this is a mere phrase indicative of the unphilosophical folly of modern times, which cherish the foolish idea that civilised states are to be governed successfully by the imaginations of the moment, regardless of the lessons of the past or the conditions which it has brought about in the present.

What, then, is the position when considered in the light of the past? Never in the history of the country has there been such a lamentable confession of past failure and of present impotency than that presented by Gladstonian statesmanship. It has been the boast of Mr Gladstone's personal partisans that he has held the reins of power for five-sixths of the last half-century, and that, under his control, great and beneficent and successful legislation has flowed on in an almost uninterrupted course. Specially as regards Ireland have they, over and over again, proclaimed the advent of a social millennium. Time after time, for nearly twenty years, have Upas-trees been hewn down, social sores been healed, agrarian grievances purged out, and political injustices removed. Remedial measures have, amid prolonged cheers, been laid before Parliament, and passed into law. Privileges have been accorded which the inhabitants of no other country in the world enjoy. The time of the State has been freely, and even lavishly, given to Irish affairs. And all for what? That the Minister who has controlled and guided all the work, who has accepted complacently all the applause, and posed as the demigod bringing messages of peace on earth and goodwill to men, is compelled to come back once more to those who intrusted the country's affairs to his care, and to confess that failure—complete, absolute, and humiliating failure—is written on all his boasted work. He has perforce to admit that he has won over no disaffected man, conciliated no disloyal politician, disarmed no hostile faction, aroused no grateful sentiment. His Church Acts and his Land Acts, his parliamentary franchise and his promised local government, have all been as wholesome earth poured in vain into a Slough of Despond, making things no better, but rather worse. Disloyalty returns five-sixths of the Irish representatives as the answer to Mr Gladstone's succession of messages of peace. And now, as one at his wits' end, with the ruin of all his fatuous policy staring him in the face, he once more comes forward, no longer as the generous benefactor giving from a free and generous heart, but as the cringing suppliant, asking those who have spurned his gifts, and mocked at his favours, to take what they will and go.

Here is the confession, coming from the mouth of the great leader, who has sat in every Liberal Cabinet for fifty years, of the results of Liberal policy:—

"Something must be done, some-

thing is imperatively demanded from us, to restore in Ireland *the first conditions of civil life*—the free course of law, the liberty of every individual in the exercise of legal rights, the confidence of the people in the law and their sympathy with it, apart from which no country can be called, in the full sense of the word, a civilised country, and there cannot come to its inhabitants the happiness and the blessing which it is the object of civilised society to achieve."

A confession so humiliating, a declaration so self-condemnatory, has never been made by a responsible statesman. It is humiliating as regards the past. It is infinitely more humiliating in its relation to the future. What in the light of this declaration shall be thought of the man who, knowing, as he must have known, if his words are true now, that they were equally true in 1880, deliberately, and for the lowest party purposes, threw scorn and ridicule on the declarations of Mr Disraeli in his letter to the Duke of Marlborough, setting forth the very state of things he now admits to have always existed, describing them as "old women's fears," and declaring the state of Ireland to be better than it had been for a long time previously. What more crushing condemnation could be found of Gladstonian statesmanship than must result from the placing in juxtaposition the utterances of April 1886 and the utterances of April 1880? The Ireland of 1886, in which it is necessary to restore "the first conditions of civil life," is the Ireland in which, in 1880, Mr Gladstone deliberately refused to see any need for exceptional law of any kind. Thus the insincerity or the folly, or both, of the policy of 1880 are made manifest, and the fruit of half a century of Liberal rule in Ireland is admitted to be a condition of things discreditable alike to Christianity and civilisation, dangerous to the common-weal, and intolerable to all peace-loving and law-abiding citizens. It is a sad-sounding echo of Maga's words, "Ireland is ruined."

And now, what is it that the man under whom all this ruin has been developed gravely propounds as the scheme for restoring the ruin that has been the result of Liberal administration in Ireland? What is the mode of fight against a state of things in which "the free course of law, and the liberty of every individual in the exercise of legal rights," are at an end? How are the majesty of law and the liberty of the citizen to be rescued from the *dêbris* of a fallen social fabric, and restored from the injuries suffered in the catastrophe? To whom is the building up of the social temple of order and liberty to be intrusted? It is to be deliberately handed over to those who have shown in the past that to them neither law nor liberty are sacred; to those who have preached oppression and dishonesty, and held up to obloquy and hatred every man who, as an official, has obeyed his oath of office, or as an individual has refused to be dictated to in the conduct of his own affairs. The recovery of social peace and the building up of social order out of the ruin resulting from Gladstonian rule, is to be intrusted to those whose power has been attained, whose reputation has been made, and whose popularity has been secured, by playing upon the worst passions of human nature, by encouraging disloyalty and discouraging patriotism, by insulting the sovereign, vilifying her Ministers, foully accusing her judges, resisting her officers, and oppressing her subjects. Those who have

refused the loyal toast of the Queen are to be the Queen's Ministers; those who have held up the constitution to public scorn are to be intrusted with its maintenance; those who have vehemently declared for separation from the United Kingdom are to be made the sole power which can maintain its unity; those who have hounded on the ignorant and ill-disposed to oppress by social ostracism every man who exercised ordinary liberty in his own affairs, are to have the people handed over to their absolute control. The Mr Parnell who has declared that "the ultimate goal at which all we Irishmen aim," and without which "none of us" will ever be satisfied, "is the destruction of the last link which keeps Ireland bound to England," is to be the Queen's Prime Minister for Ireland; and yet Mr Gladstone calmly tells us that what he is doing is "not to sacrifice, but to confirm, the Empire's unity." The Mr Arthur O'Connor who declared for "the re-establishment of the people of Ireland as an independent nation," will hold high place in an Irish Parliament, if not in an Irish Government; yet Mr Gladstone can pompously quote Grattan as an authority for separate Parliaments, as tending to "the continued and everlasting unity of the Empire." The Mr Healy who is not an improbable candidate for an Irish Chancellorship of the Exchequer, has declared that "the people of this country never will be satisfied, and never ought to be satisfied, so long as a single penny of rent is paid for the sod in the whole of Ireland"; yet Mr Gladstone complacently assures us that a Parliament of Mr Healy and his associates will bring about "sympathy with the law" among the people whose political education has been long conducted by such schoolmasters. Mr Sexton, a not improbable Irish Home Secretary, has interpreted the feelings of his countrymen by saying that "the one *prevailing and unchangeable passion* between Ireland and England is the passion of hate"; yet Mr Gladstone eloquently informs us that to hand over Ireland to such a man's care, will "secure at once the social peace of the Empire." The Mr Biggar, who, as an Irish Minister, may have many duties connected with law and order, has urged his countrymen to "make as much display of physical force as possible," with significant hints to men already too prone to violence, that Irish Hartmanns may be found, and that great results followed from the action of a "handful of men at Manchester and Clerkenwell"; yet Mr Gladstone, who says that "we should endeavour to anticipate and realise the future by the force of reflection," professes to expect "confidence of the people"—that is, of course, law-abiding people—"in the law" under such leadership. The Mr Harris who is a chosen representative of Irish feeling, declared that if landlords were shot down "as partridges are shot in the month of September, Matthew Harris would never say one word against it,"—and the Mr Lalor who is also a chosen representative, stated that the Irish people were unable to take the method of the French Revolutionists to get "rid of landlords. . . . I wish you were"; yet Mr Gladstone considers that from the lips of such men the voice of Ireland is "clearly and constitutionally spoken." Was there ever such a burlesque of statesmanship as this? It would seem as if Mr Gladstone has accepted the unstatesmanlike and insane delusion that every desire of a people,

constitutionally expressed in Parliament, was to be held to be a desire springing from constitutional motives and tending to constitutional results. Forgetting the lesson of the Scriptural simile, he seems to think that fruit plucked from thorns can be made to pass for grapes, by placing them on graceful vine-leaves and respectfully serving them; that thistle blossoms may be easily swallowed as figs, if only the prickles are pared off. He bids the nation accept as "the voice of Ireland, clearly and constitutionally spoken," the election of men to represent her, whose whole time for years has been spent in educating up the Irish people to hatred of the constitution, attack upon those who support it, and resistance to those whose duty it is officially to uphold it,—men who have not been ashamed to preach the use of every weapon of oppression that can be used without direct breach of the criminal law to crush all who desired to act under constitutional liberty, and some of whom have hinted in no vague manner their regret at the power of the law being so great, that resort to actual and even atrocious crime could not be recommended.

The disclosure of Mr Gladstone's schemes in all their naked absurdity, and with all their perpetual shifts and changes—their principles "vital" one day, and subject to modification the next—has nevertheless brought matters to a distinct point, whether he is to be allowed to break up the legislative union, and to substitute for it a scheme which, however it may be cut and carved at, contains in it the certainty that the Imperial Government will have either now, or at some later time, and under greatly increased difficulties, to take up and carry on the Government of Ireland on a firm and clear basis. The nation—those who by education and enlightenment can represent the nation—in their hearts say *now*. Caucuses may shout "continued confidence in Mr Gladstone," but they are unable to defend his scheme by reason and argument. They may accuse men who cannot swallow it of baseness and treachery, but it is baseness and treachery to Mr Gladstone, not to the interests of the country. Let all who value country and Constitution remember that at present a vast number of the new electorate are as ignorant of the true nature of the questions at issue as they are ignorant of astronomy. If those who do know fail to exert themselves to instruct the country as to the true issue before it, with a determination of energy they have never known before, they may have to reproach themselves in the future for a lack of patriotism which has brought ruin, and it may be bloodguiltiness, upon the nation. It is in no light spirit that a last word is chosen, and that word is—"Work while it is called to-day."

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SARRACINESCA.

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CHAPTER IV.

It was a beautiful day, and half Rome turned out to see the meet, not because it was in any way different from other meets, but because it chanced that society had a fancy to attend it. Society is very like a fever patient in a delirium; it is rarely accountable for its actions; it scarcely ever knows what it is saying; and it occasionally, without the least warning or premeditation, leaps out of bed at an early hour of the morning, and rushes frantically in pursuit of its last hallucination. The main difference is, that whereas a man in a fever has a nurse, society has none.

On the present occasion every one had suddenly conceived the idea of going to the meet, and the long road beyond the Porta Pia was dotted for miles with equipages of every description, from the four-in-hand of Prince Valdarno to the humble donkey-cart of the caterer who sells messes of boiled beans, and bread and cheese, and salad to the grooms—an institution not, in the English mind, connected with hunting. One after another the vehicles rolled out along the road, past Sant' Agnese, down the hill and across the Ponte Nomentana, and far up beyond to a place where three roads met and there was a broad open stretch of wet, withered grass. Here the carriages turned in and ranged themselves side by side, as though they were pausing in the afternoon drive upon the Pincio, instead of being five miles out upon the broad Campagna.

To describe the mountains to southward of Rome would be an insult to nature; to describe a meet would be an affront to civilised readers of the English language. The one is too familiar to everybody: the pretty crowd of men and women, dotted with pink and set off by the neutral colour of the winter fields; the hunters of all ages, and sizes, and breeds,

led slowly up and down by the grooms; while from time to time some rider gets into the saddle and makes himself comfortable, assuring himself of girth and stirrup, and of the proper disposal of the sandwich-box and sherry-flask, giving a final word of instruction to his groom, and then slowly moving off. A Roman meet is a little less business-like than the same thing elsewhere; there is a little more dawdling, a little more conversation when many ladies chance to have come to see the hounds throw off; otherwise it is not different from other meets. As for the Roman mountains, they are so totally unlike any other hills in the world, and so extremely beautiful in their own peculiar way, that to describe them would be an idle and a useless task, which could only serve to exhibit the vanity of the writer and the feebleness of his pen.

Don Giovanni arrived early in spite of his sleepless night. He descended from his dogcart by the roadside, instead of driving into the field, and he took a careful survey of the carriages he saw before him. Conspicuous in the distance he distinguished Donna Tullia Mayer standing among a little crowd of men near Valdarno's drag. She was easily known by her dress, as Del Ferice had remarked on the previous evening. On this occasion she wore a costume in which the principal colours were green and yellow, an enormous hat, with feathers in the same proportion surmounting her head, and she carried a yellow parasol. She was a rather handsome woman of middle height, with unnaturally blond hair, and a fairly good complexion, which as yet she had wisely abstained from attempting to improve by artificial means; her eyes were blue, but uncertain in their glance—of the kind which do not inspire confidence; and her mouth was much admired, being small and red, with full lips. She was rapid in her movements, and she spoke in a loud voice, easily collecting people about her wherever there were any to collect. Her conversation was not brilliant, but it was so abundant that its noisy vivacity passed current for cleverness; she had a remarkably keen judgment of people, and a remarkably bad taste in her opinions of things inanimate, from beauty in nature to beauty in dress, but she maintained her point of view obstinately, and admitted no contradiction. It was a singular circumstance that whereas many of her attributes were distinctly vulgar, she nevertheless had an indescribable air of good-breeding, the strange inimitable stamp of social superiority which cannot be acquired by any known process of education. A person seeing her might be surprised at her loud talking, amused at her eccentricities of dress, and shocked at her bold manner, but no one would ever think of classing her anywhere save in what calls itself "the best society."

Among the men who stood talking to Donna Tullia was the inevitable Del Ferice, a man of whom it might be said that he was never missed, because he was always present. Giovanni disliked Del Ferice without being able to define his aversion. He disliked generally men whom he suspected of duplicity; and he had no reason for supposing that truth, looking into her mirror, would have seen there the image of Ugo's fat pale face and colourless moustache. But if Ugo was a liar, he must have had a good memory, for he never got himself into trouble, and he had the reputation of being a useful member of

society, an honour to which persons of doubtful veracity rarely attain. Giovanni, however, disliked him, and suspected him of many things; and although he had intended to go up to Donna Tullia, the sight of Del Ferice at her side very nearly prevented him. He strolled leisurely down the little slope, and as he neared the crowd, spoke to one or two acquaintances, mentally determining to avoid Madame Mayer, and to mount immediately. But he was disappointed in his intention. As he stood for a moment beside the carriage of the Marchesa Rocca, exchanging a few words with her, and looking with some interest at her daughter, the little Rocca girl whom his father had proposed as a possible wife for him, he forgot his proximity to the lady he wished to avoid; and when, a few seconds later, he proceeded in the direction of his horse, Madame Mayer stepped forward from the knot of her admirers and tapped him familiarly upon the shoulder with the handle of her parasol.

"So you were not going to speak to me to-day?" she said rather roughly, after her manner.

Giovanni turned sharply and faced her, bowing low. Donna Tullia laughed.

"Is there anything so amazingly ridiculous in my appearance?" he asked.

"*Altro!* when you make that tremendous salute——"

"It was intended to convey an apology as well as a greeting," answered Don Giovanni, politely.

"I would like more apology and less greeting."

"I am ready to apologise——"

"Humbly, without defending yourself," said Donna Tullia, beginning to walk slowly forward. Giovanni was obliged to follow her.

"My defence is, nevertheless, a very good one," he said.

"Well, if it is really good, I may listen to it; but you will not make me believe that you intended to behave properly."

"I am in a very bad humour. I would not inflict my cross temper upon you; therefore I avoided you."

Donna Tullia eyed him attentively. When she answered she drew in her small red lips with an air of annoyance.

"You look as though you were in bad humour," she answered. "I am sorry I disturbed you. It is better to leave sleeping dogs alone, as the proverb says."

"I have not snapped yet," said Giovanni. "I am not dangerous, I assure you."

"Oh, I am not in the least afraid of you," replied his companion, with a little scorn. "Do not flatter yourself your little humours frighten me. I suppose you intend to follow?"

"Yes," answered Sarracinesca, shortly; he was beginning to weary of Donna Tullia's manner of taking him to task.

"You had much better come with us, and leave the poor foxes alone. Valdarno is going to drive us round by the cross-roads to the Capannelle. We will have a picnic lunch, and be home before three o'clock."

"Thanks very much. I cannot let my horse shirk his work. I must beg you to excuse me——"

"Again?" exclaimed Donna Tullia. "You are always making excuses." Then she suddenly changed her tone, and looked down. "I wish you would come with us," she said, gently. "It is not often I ask you to do anything."

Giovanni looked at her quickly. He knew that Donna Tullia wished to marry him; he even suspected

that his father had discussed the matter with her—no uncommon occurrence when a marriage has to be arranged with a widow. But he did not know that Donna Tullia was in love with him in her own odd fashion. He looked at her, and he saw that as she spoke there were tears of vexation in her bold blue eyes. He hesitated a moment, but natural courtesy won the day.

"I will go with you," he said, quietly. A blush of pleasure rose to Madame Mayer's pink cheeks; she felt she had made a point, but she was not willing to show her satisfaction.

"You say it as though you were conferring a favour," she said, with a show of annoyance, which was belied by the happy expression of her face.

"Pardon me; I myself am the favoured person," replied Giovanni, mechanically. He had yielded because he did not know how to refuse; but he already regretted it, and would have given much to escape from the party.

"You do not look as though you believed it," said Donna Tullia, eyeing him critically. "If you are going to be disagreeable, I release you." Well knowing, the while, that he would not accept of his liberty.

"If you are so ready to release me, as you call it, you do not really want me," said her companion Donna Tullia bit her lip, and there was a moment's pause. "If you will excuse me a moment I will send my horse home—I will join you at once."

"There is your horse—right before us," said Madame Mayer. Even that short respite was not allowed him, and she waited while Don Giovanni ordered the astonished groom to take his hunter for an hour's exercise in a direction where he would not fall in with the hounds.

"I did not believe you would really do it," said Donna Tullia, as the two turned and sauntered back towards the carriages. Most of the men who meant to follow had already mounted, and the little crowd had thinned considerably. But while they had been talking another carriage had driven into the field, and had taken its stand a few yards from Valdarno's drag. Astrardente had taken it into his head to come to the meet with his wife, and they had arrived late. Astrardente always arrived a little late, on principle. As Giovanni and Donna Tullia came back to their drag, they suddenly found themselves face to face with the Duchessa and her husband. It did not surprise Corona to see Giovanni walking with the woman he did not intend to marry, but it seemed to give the old Duke undisguised pleasure.

"Do you see, Corona, there is no doubt of it! It is just as I told you," exclaimed the aged dandy, in a voice so audible that Giovanni frowned and Donna Tullia blushed slightly. Both of them bowed as they passed the carriage. Don Giovanni looked straight into Corona's face as he took off his hat. He might very well have made her a little sign, the smallest gesture, imperceptible to Donna Tullia, whereby he could have given her the idea that his position was involuntary. But Don Giovanni was a gentleman, and he did nothing of the kind; he bowed and looked calmly at the woman he loved as he passed by. Astrardente watched him keenly, and as he noticed the indifference of Sarracinesca's look, he gave a curious little snuffling snort that was peculiar to him. He could have sworn that neither his wife nor Giovanni had shown the

smallest interest in each other. He was satisfied. His wife was above suspicion, as he always said; but he was an old man, and had seen the world, and he knew that however implicitly he might trust the noble woman who had sacrificed her youth to his old age, it was not beyond the bounds of possibility that she might become innocently interested, even unawares, in some younger man—in some such man as Giovanni Sarracinesca—and he thought it worth his while to watch her. His little snort, however, was indicative of satisfaction. Corona had not winced at the mention of the marriage, and had nodded with the greatest unconcern to the man as he passed.

"Ah, Donna Tullia!" he cried, as he returned their greeting, "you are preventing Don Giovanni from mounting; the riders will be off in a moment."

Being thus directly addressed, there was nothing to be done but to stop and exchange a few words. The Duchessa was on the side nearest to the pair as they passed, and her husband rose and sat opposite her, so as to talk more at his ease. There were renewed greetings on both sides, and Giovanni naturally found himself talking to Corona, while her husband and Donna Tullia conversed together.

"What man could think of hunting when he could be talking to you instead?" said old Astrardente, whose painted face adjusted itself in a sort of leer that had once been a winning smile. Every one knew he painted, his teeth were a miracle of American dentistry, and his wig had deceived a great artist. The padding in his clothes was disposed with cunning wisdom, and in public he rarely removed the gloves from his small hands. Donna Tullia laughed at his speech.

"You should teach Don Giovanni to make pretty speeches," she said. "He is as surly as a wolf this morning."

"I should think a man in his position would not need much teaching in order to be gallant to you," replied the old dandy, with a knowing look. Then lowering his voice, he added confidentially, "I hope that before very long I may be allowed to congrat——"

"I have prevailed upon him to give up following the hounds to-day," interrupted Donna Tullia, quickly. She spoke loud enough to be noticed by Corona. "He is coming with us to picnic at the Capannelle instead."

Giovanni could not help looking quickly at Corona. She smiled faintly, and her face betrayed no emotion.

"I daresay it will be very pleasant," she said gently, looking far out over the Campagna. In the next field the pack was moving away, followed at a little distance by a score of riders in pink; one or two men who had stayed behind in conversation, mounted hastily and rode after the hunt; some of the carriages turned out of the field and began to follow slowly along the road, in hopes of seeing the hounds throw off; the party who were going with Valdarno gathered about the drag, waiting for Donna Tullia; the grooms who were left behind congregated around the men who sold boiled beans and salad; and in a few minutes the meet had practically dispersed.

"Why will you not join us, Duchessa?" asked Madame Mayer. "There is lunch enough for everybody, and the more people we are the pleasanter it will be." Donna Tullia made her suggestion with her usual frank manner, fixing her blue eyes upon Corona as she

spoke. There was every appearance of cordiality in the invitation; but Donna Tullia knew well enough that there was a sting in her words, or at all events that she meant there should be. Corona, however, glanced quietly at her husband, and then courteously refused.

"You are most kind," she said, "but I fear we cannot join you to-day. We are very regular people," she explained, with a slight smile, "and we are not prepared to go to-day. Many thanks; I wish we could accept your kind invitation."

"Well, I am sorry you will not come," said Donna Tullia, with a rather hard laugh. "We mean to enjoy ourselves immensely."

Giovanni said nothing. There was only one thing which could have rendered the prospect of Madame Mayer's picnic more disagreeable to him than it already was, and that would have been the presence of the Duchessa. He knew himself to be in a thoroughly false position in consequence of having yielded to Donna Tullia's half-tearful request that he would join the party. He remembered how he had spoken to Corona on the previous evening, assuring her that he would not marry Madame Mayer. Corona knew nothing of the change his plans had undergone during the stormy interview he had had with his father; he longed, indeed, to be able to make the Duchessa understand, but that would be wholly impossible. Corona would think he was inconsistent, or at least that while determined not to marry the gay widow, he was willing to flirt with her. He reflected that it was part of his self-condemnation that he should appear unfavourably to the woman he loved, and whom he was determined to renounce; but he realised for the first time how bitter it would be to stand thus always in the appearance of weakness and self-contradiction in the eyes of the only human being whose good opinion he coveted, and for whose dear sake he was willing to do all things. As he stood by her side his hand rested upon the side of the carriage, and he stared blankly at the distant hounds and the retreating riders.

"Come, Don Giovanni, we must be going," said Donna Tullia. "What in the world are you thinking of? You look as though you had been turned into a statue!"

"I beg your pardon," returned Sarracinesca, suddenly called back from the absorbing train of his unpleasant thoughts. "Good-bye, Duchessa; good-bye, Astrardente—a pleasant drive to you."

"You will always regret not having come, you know," cried Madame Mayer, shaking hands with both the occupants of the carriage. "We shall probably end by driving to Albano, and staying all night—just fancy! Immense fun — not even a comb in the whole party! Good-bye. I suppose we shall all meet to-night—that is, if we ever come back to Rome at all. Come along, Giovanni," she said, familiarly dropping the prefix from his name. After all, he was a sort of cousin, and people in Rome are very apt to call each other by their Christian names. But Donna Tullia knew what she was about; she knew that Corona d'Astrardente could never, under any circumstances whatever, call Sarracinesca plain "Giovanni." But she had not the satisfaction of seeing that anything she said produced any change in Corona's proud dark face; she seemed of no more importance in the Duchessa's eyes

than if she had been a fly buzzing in the sunshine.

So Giovanni and Madame Mayer joined their noisy party, and began to climb into their places upon the drag; but before they were prepared to start, the Astrardente carriage turned and drove rapidly out of the field. The laughter and loud talking came to Corona's ears, growing fainter and more distant every second, and the sound was very cruel to her; but she set her strong brave lips together, and leaned back, adjusting the blanket over her old husband's knees with one hand, and shading the sun from her eyes with her parasol with the other.

"Thank you, my dear; you are an angel of thoughtfulness," said the old dandy, stroking his wife's hand. "What a singularly vulgar woman Madame Mayer is! And yet she has a certain little *chic* of her own."

Corona did not withdraw her fingers from her husband's caress. She was used to it. After all, he was kind to her in his way. It would have been absurd to have been jealous of the grossly flattering speeches he made to other women; and indeed he was as fond of turning compliments to his wife as to any one. It was a singular relation that had grown up between the old man and the young girl he had married. Had he been less thoroughly a man of the world, or had Corona been less entirely honest and loyal and self-sacrificing, there would have been small peace in their wedlock. But Astrardente, decayed *roué* and worn-out dandy as he was, was in love with his wife; and she, in all her magnificence of regal beauty, submitted to be loved by him, because she had promised that she would do so, and because, having sworn, she regarded the breaking of her faith by the smallest act of unkindness as a thing beyond the bounds of possibility. It had been a terrible blow to her to discover that she cared for Don Giovanni even in the way she believed she did, as a man whose society she preferred to that of other men, and whose face it gave her pleasure to see. She, too, had spent a sleepless night; and when she rose in the morning, she had determined to forget Giovanni, and if she could not forget him, she had sworn that more than ever she would be all things to her husband.

She wondered now, as Giovanni had known she would, why he had suddenly thrown over his day's hunting in order to spend his time with Donna Tullia; but she would not acknowledge, even to herself, that the dull pain she felt near her heart, and that seemed to oppress her breathing, bore any relation to the scene she had just witnessed. She shut her lips tightly, and arranged the blanket for her husband.

"Madame Mayer is vulgar," she answered. "I suppose she cannot help it."

"Women can always help being vulgar," returned Astrardente. "I believe she learned it from her husband. Women are not naturally like that. Nevertheless she is an excellent match for Giovanni Sarracinesca. Rich, by millions. Undeniably handsome, gay—well, rather too gay; but Giovanni is so serious that the contrast will be to their mutual advantage."

Corona was silent. There was nothing the old man disliked so much as silence.

"Why do you not answer me?" he asked, rather petulantly.

"I do not know—I was thinking," said Corona, simply. "I do not see that it is a great match

after all, for the last of the Sarracinesca."

"You think she will lead him a terrible dance, I daresay," returned the old man. "She is gay—very gay; and Giovanni is very, very solemn."

"I did not mean that she was too gay. I only think that Sarracinesca might marry, for instance, the Rocca girl. Why should he take a widow?"

"Such a young widow. Old Mayer was as decrepit as any old statue in a museum. He was paralysed in one arm, and gouty—gouty, my dear; you do not know how gouty he was." The old fellow grinned scornfully; he had never had the gout. "Donna Tullia is a very young widow. Besides, think of the fortune. It would break old Sarracinesca's heart to let so much money go out of the family. He is a miserly old wretch, Sarracinesca!"

"I never heard that," said Corona.

"Oh, there are many things in Rome that one never hears, and that is one of them. I hate avarice—it is so extremely vulgar."

Indeed Astrardente was not himself avaricious, though he had all his life known how to protect his interests. He loved money, but he loved also to spend it, especially in such a way as to make a great show with it. It was not true, however, that Sarracinesca was miserly. He spent a large income without the smallest ostentation.

"Really, I should hardly call Prince Sarracinesca a miser," said Corona. "I cannot imagine, from what I know of him, why he should be so anxious to get Madame Mayer's fortune; but I do not think it is mere greediness."

"Then I do not know what you can call it," returned her husband, sharply. "They have always had that dismal black melancholy in that family—that detestable love of secretly piling up money, while their faces are as grave and sour as any Jew's in the Ghetto."

Corona glanced at her husband, and smiled faintly as she looked at his thin old features where the lights and shadows were touched in with delicate colour more artfully than any actress's, superficially concealing the lines traced by years of affectation and refined egotism; and she thought of Giovanni's strong, manly face, passionate indeed, but noble and bold. A moment later she resolutely put the comparison out of her mind, and finding that her husband was inclined to abuse the Sarracinesca, she tried to turn the conversation.

"I suppose it will be a great ball at the Frangipani's," she said. "We will go, of course?" she added, interrogatively.

"Of course. I would not miss it for all the world. There has not been such a ball for years as that will be. Do I ever miss an opportunity of enjoying myself—I mean, of letting you enjoy yourself?"

"No, you are very good," said Corona, gently. "Indeed I sometimes think you give yourself trouble about going out on my account. Really, I am not so greedy of society. I would often gladly stay at home if you wished it."

"Do you think I am past enjoying the world, then?" asked the old man, sourly.

"No indeed," replied Corona, patiently. "Why should I think that? I see how much you like going out."

"Of course I like it. A rational man in the prime of life always likes to see his fellow-creatures. Why should not I?"

The Duchessa did not smile. She

was used to hearing her aged husband speak of himself as young. It was a harmless fancy.

"I think it is quite natural," she said.

"What I cannot understand," said Astrardente, muffling his thin throat more closely against the keen bright *tramontana* wind, "is that such old fellows as Sarracinesca should still want to play a part in the world."

Sarracinesca was younger than Astrardente, and his iron constitution bade fair to outlast another generation, in spite of his white hair.

"You do not seem to be in a good humour with Sarracinesca to-day," remarked Corona, by way of answer.

"Why do you defend him?" asked her husband, in a new fit of irritation. "He jars on my nerves, the sour old creature!"

"I fancy all Rome will go to the Frangipani ball," began Corona again, without heeding the old man's petulance.

"You seem to be interested in it," returned Astrardente.

Corona was silent; it was her only weapon when he became petulant. He hated silence, and generally returned to the conversation with more suavity. Perhaps, in his great experience, he really appreciated his wife's wonderful patience with his moods, and it is certain that he was exceedingly fond of her.

"You must have a new gown, my dear," he said presently, in a conciliatory tone.

His wife passed for the best-dressed woman in Rome, as she was undeniably the most remarkable in many other ways. She was not above taking an interest in dress, and her old husband had an admirable taste; moreover, he took a vast pride in her appearance, and if she had looked a whit less superior to other women, his smiling boast that she was above suspicion would have lost some of its force.

"I hardly think it is necessary," said Corona; "I have so many things, and it will be a great crowd."

"My dear, be economical of your beauty, but not in your adornment of it," said the old man, with one of his engaging grins. "I desire that you have a new gown for this ball which will be remembered by every one who goes to it. You must set about it at once."

"Well, that is an easy request for any woman to accede to," answered Corona, with a little laugh; "though I do not believe my gown will be remembered so long as you think."

"Who knows—who knows?" said Astrardente, thoughtfully. "I remember gowns I saw"—he checked himself—"why, as many as ten years ago!" he added, laughing in his turn, perhaps at nearly having said forty for ten. "Gowns, my dear," he continued, "make a profound impression upon men's minds."

"For the matter of that," said the Duchessa, "I do not care to impress men at all, nor women either." She spoke lightly, pleased that the conversation should have taken a more pleasant turn.

"Not even to impress me, my dear?" asked old Astrardente, with a leer.

"That is different," answered Corona, quietly.

So they talked upon the subject of the gown and the ball until the carriage rolled under the archway of the Astrardente palace. But when it was three o'clock, and Corona was at liberty to go out upon her usual round of visits, she was glad that she could go

alone; and as she sat among her cushions, driving from house to house and distributing cards, she had time to think seriously of her situation. It would seem a light thing to most wives of aged husbands to have taken a fancy to a man such as Giovanni Sarracinesca. But the more Corona thought of it, the more certain it appeared to her that she was committing a great sin. It weighed heavily upon her mind, and took from her the innocent pleasure she was wont to feel in driving in the bright evening air in the Villa Borghese. It took the colour from the sky, and the softness from the cushions; it haunted her, and made her miserably unhappy. At every turn she expected to see Giovanni's figure and face, and the constant recurrence of the thought seemed to add magnitude to the crime of which she accused herself,—the crime of even thinking of any man save her old husband—of wishing that Giovanni might not marry Donna Tullia after all.

"I will go to Padre Filippo," she said to herself as she reached home.

CHAPTER V.

Valdarno took Donna Tullia by his side upon the front seat of the drag; and as luck would have it, Giovanni and Del Ferice sat together behind them. Half-a-dozen other men found seats somewhere, and among them were the melancholy Spicca, who was a famous duellist, and a certain Casalverde, a man of rather doubtful reputation. The others were members of what Donna Tullia called her "corps de ballet." In those days Donna Tullia's conduct was criticised, and she was thought to be emancipated, as the phrase went. Old people opened their eyes at the spectacle of the gay young widow going off into the campagna with a party of men to picnic; but if any intimate enemy had ventured to observe to her that she was giving occasion for gossip, she would have raised her eyebrows, explaining that they were all just like her brothers, and that Giovanni was indeed a sort of cousin. She would perhaps have condescended to say that she would not have done such a thing in Paris, but that in dear old Rome one was in the bosom of one's family, and might do anything. At present she sat chatting with Valdarno, a tall and fair young man, with a weak mouth and a good-natured disposition: she had secured Giovanni, and though he sat sullenly smoking behind her, his presence gave her satisfaction. Del Ferice's smooth face wore an expression of ineffable calm, and his watery blue eyes languidly gazed on the broad stretch of brown grass which bordered the highroad.

For some time the drag bowled along, and Giovanni was left to his own reflections, which were not of a very pleasing kind. The other men talked of the chances of luck with the hounds; and Spicca, who had been a great deal in England, occasionally put in a remark not very complimentary to the Roman hunt. Del Ferice listened in silence, and Giovanni did not listen at all, but buttoned his overcoat to the throat, half closed his eyes, and smoked one cigarette after another, leaning back in his seat. Suddenly Donna Tullia's laugh was heard as she turned half round to look at Valdarno.

"Do you really think so?" she

cried. "How soon? What a dance we will lead them then!"

Del Ferice pricked his ears in the direction of her voice, like a terrier that suspects the presence of a rat. Valdarno's answer was inaudible, but Donna Tullia ceased laughing immediately.

"They are talking politics," said Del Ferice in a low voice, leaning towards Giovanni as he spoke. The latter shrugged his shoulders, and went on smoking. He did not care to be drawn into a conversation with Del Ferice.

Del Ferice was a man who was suspected of revolutionary sympathies by the authorities in Rome, but who was not feared. He was therefore allowed to live his life much as he pleased, though he was conscious from time to time that he was watched. Being a man, however, who under all circumstances pursued his own interests with more attention than he bestowed on those of any party, he did not pretend to attach any importance to the distinction of being occasionally followed by a spy, as a more foolish man might have done. If he was watched, he did not care to exhibit himself to his friends as a martyr, to tell stories of the *sbirro* who sometimes dogged his footsteps, nor to cry aloud that he was unjustly persecuted. He affected a character above suspicion, and rarely allowed himself to express an opinion. He was no propagator of new doctrines; that was too dangerous a trade for one of his temper. But he foresaw changes to come, and he determined that he would profit by them. He had little to lose, but he had everything to gain; and being a patient man, he resolved to gain all he could by circumspection—in other words, by acting according to his nature, rather than to risk himself in a bold course of action for which he was wholly unsuited. He was too wise to attempt wholly to deceive the authorities, knowing well that they were not easily deceived; and he accordingly steered a middle course, constantly speaking in favour of progress, of popular education, and of freedom of the press, but at the same time loudly proclaiming that all these things—that every benefit of civilisation, in fact—could be obtained without the slightest change in the form of government. He thus asserted his loyalty to the temporal power while affecting a belief in the possibility of useful reforms, and the position he thus acquired exactly suited his own ends; for he attracted to himself a certain amount of suspicion on account of his progressist professions, and then disarmed that suspicion by exhibiting a serene indifference to the espionage of which he was the object. The consequence was, that at the very time when he was most deeply implicated in much more serious matters — of which the object was invariably his own ultimate profit —at the time when he was himself receiving money for information he was able to obtain through his social position, he was regarded by the authorities, and by most of his acquaintances, as a harmless man, who might indeed injure himself by his foolish doctrines of progress, but who certainly could not injure any one else. Few guessed that his zealous attention to social duties, his occasional bursts of enthusiasm for liberal education and a free press, were but parts of his machinery for making money out of politics. He was so modest, so unostentatious, that no one suspected that the mainspring of his existence was the desire for money.

But, like many intelligent and bad men, Del Ferice had a weak-

ness which was gradually gaining upon him and growing in force, and which was destined to hasten the course of the events which he had planned for himself. It is an extraordinary peculiarity in unbelievers that they are often more subject to petty superstitions than other men; and similarly, it often happens that the most cynical and coldly calculating of conspirators, who believe themselves proof against all outward influences, yield to some feeling of nervous dislike for an individual who has never harmed them, and are led on from dislike to hatred, until their soberest actions take colour from what in its earliest beginnings was nothing more than a senseless prejudice. Del Ferice's weakness was his unaccountable detestation of Giovanni Sarracinesca; and he had so far suffered this abhorrence of the man to dominate his existence, that it had come to be one of his chiefest delights in life to thwart Giovanni wherever he could. How it had begun, or when, he no longer knew nor cared. He had perhaps thought Giovanni treated him superciliously, or even despised him; and his antagonism being roused by some fancied slight, he had shown a petty resentment, which, again, Sarracinesca had treated with cold indifference. Little by little his fancied grievance had acquired great proportions in his own estimation, and he had learned to hate Giovanni more than any man living. At first it might have seemed an easy matter to ruin his adversary, or, at all events, to cause him great and serious injury; and but for that very indifference which Del Ferice so resented, his attempts might have been successful.

Giovanni belonged to a family who from the earliest times had been at swords-drawn with the Government. Their property had been more than once confiscated by the popes, had been seized again by force of arms, and had been ultimately left to them for the mere sake of peace. They seem to have quarrelled with everybody on every conceivable pretext, and to have generally got the best of the struggle. No pope had ever reckoned upon the friendship of Casa Sarracinesca. For generations they had headed the opposition whenever there was one, and had plotted to form one when there was none ready to their hands. It seemed to Del Ferice that in the stirring times that followed the annexation of Naples to the Italian crown, when all Europe was watching the growth of the new Power, it should be an easy matter to draw a Sarracinesca into any scheme for the subversion of a Government against which so many generations of Sarracinesca had plotted and fought. To involve Giovanni in some Liberal conspiracy, and then by betraying him to cause him to be imprisoned or exiled from Rome, was a plan which pleased Del Ferice, and which he desired earnestly to put into execution. He had often tried to lead his enemy into conversation, repressing and hiding his dislike for the sake of his end; but at the first mention of political subjects Giovanni became impenetrable, shrugged his shoulders, and assumed an air of the utmost indifference. No paradox could draw him into argument, no flattery could loose his tongue. Indeed those were times when men hesitated to express an opinion, not only because any opinion they might express was liable to be exaggerated and distorted by willing enemies—a consideration which would not have greatly intimidated Giovanni Sar-

racinesca—but also because it was impossible for the wisest man to form any satisfactory judgment upon the course of events. It was clear to every one that ever since 1848 the temporal power had been sustained by France; and though no one in 1865 foresaw the downfall of the Second Empire, no one saw any reason for supposing that the military protectorate of Louis Napoleon in Rome could last for ever: what would be likely to occur if that protection were withdrawn was indeed a matter of doubt, but was not looked upon by the Government as a legitimate matter for speculation.

Del Ferice, however, did not desist from his attempts to make Giovanni speak out his mind, and whenever an opportunity offered, tried to draw him into conversation. He was destined on the present occasion to meet with greater success than had hitherto attended his efforts. The picnic was noisy, and Giovanni was in a bad humour; he did not care for Donna Tullia's glances, nor for the remarks she constantly levelled at him; still less was he amused by the shallow gaiety of her party of admirers, tempered as their talk was by the occasional tonic of some outrageous cynicism from the melancholy Spicca. Del Ferice smiled, and talked, and smiled again, seeking to flatter and please Donna Tullia, as was his wont. By-and-by the clear north wind and the bright sun dried the ground, and Madame Mayer proposed that the party should walk a little on the road towards Rome—a proposal of such startling originality that it was carried by acclamation. Donna Tullia wanted to walk with Giovanni; but on pretence of having left something upon the drag, he gave Valdarno time to take his place. When Giovanni began to follow the rest, he found that Del Ferice had lagged behind, and seemed to be waiting for him.

Giovanni was in a bad humour that day. He had suffered himself to be persuaded into joining in a species of amusement for which he cared nothing, by a mere word from a woman for whom he cared less, but whom he had half determined to marry, and who had wholly determined to marry him. He, who hated vacillation, had been dangling for four-and-twenty hours like a pendulum, or, as he said to himself, like an ass between two bundles of hay. At one moment he meant to marry Donna Tullia, and at another he loathed the thought; now he felt that he would make any sacrifice to rid the Duchessa d'Astrardente of himself, and now again he felt how futile such a sacrifice would be. He was ashamed in his heart, for he was no boy of twenty to be swayed by a woman's look or a fit of Quixotism; he was a strong grown man who had seen the world. He had been in the habit of supposing his impulses to be good, and of following them naturally without much thought; it seemed desperately perplexing to be forced into an analysis of those impulses in order to decide what he should do. He was in a thoroughly bad humour, and Del Ferice guessed that if Giovanni could ever be induced to speak out, it must be when his temper was not under control. In Rome, in the club—there was only one club in those days—in society, Ugo never got a chance to talk to his enemy; but here upon the Appian Way, with the broad Campagna stretching away to right and left and rear, while the remainder of the party walked three hundred yards in front, and Gio-

vanni showed an evident reluctance to join them, it would go hard indeed if he could not be led into conversation.

"I should think," Del Ferice began, "that if you had your choice, you would walk anywhere rather than here."

"Why?" asked Giovanni, carelessly. "It is a very good road."

"I should think that our Roman Campagna would be anything but a source of satisfaction to its possessors — like yourself," answered Del Ferice.

"It is a very good grazing ground."

"It might be something better. When one thinks that in ancient times it was a vast series of villas——"

"The conditions were very different. We do not live in ancient times," returned Giovanni, drily.

"Ah, the conditions!" ejaculated Del Ferice, with a suave sigh. "Surely the conditions depend on man — not on nature. What our proud forefathers accomplished by law and energy, we could, we can accomplish, if we restore law and energy in our midst."

"You are entirely mistaken," answered Sarracinesca. "It would take five times the energy of the ancient Romans to turn the Campagna into a garden, or even into a fertile productive region. No one is five times as energetic as the ancients. As for the laws, they do well enough."

Del Ferice was delighted. For the first time, Giovanni seemed inclined to enter upon an argument with him.

"Why are the conditions so different? I do not see. Here is the same undulating country, the same climate——"

"And twice as much water," interrupted Giovanni. "You forget that the Campagna is very low, and that the rivers in it have risen very much. There are parts of ancient Rome now laid bare which lie below the present water-mark of the Tiber. If the city were built upon its old level, much of it would be constantly flooded. The rivers have risen and have swamped the country. Do you think any amount of law or energy could drain this fever-stricken plain into the sea? I do not. Do you think that if I could be persuaded that the land could be improved into fertility I would hesitate, at any expenditure in my power, to reclaim the miles of desert my father and I own here? The plain is a series of swamps and stone quarries. In one place you find the rock a foot below the surface, and the soil burns up in summer; a hundred yards farther you find a bog hundreds of feet deep, which even in summer is never dry."

"But," suggested Del Ferice, who listened patiently enough, "supposing the Government passed a law forcing all of you proprietors to plant trees and dig ditches, it would have some effect."

"The law cannot force us to sacrifice men's lives. The Trappist monks at the Tre Fontane are trying it, and dying by scores. Do you think I, or any other Roman, would send peasants to such a place, or could induce them to go?"

"Well, it is one of a great many questions which will be settled some day," said Del Ferice. "You will not deny that there is room for much improvement in our country, and that an infusion of some progressist ideas would be wholesome."

"Perhaps so; but you understand one thing by progress, and I understand quite another," replied Giovanni, eyeing in the bright

distance the figures of Donna Tullia and her friends, and regulating his pace so as not to lessen the distance which separated them from him. He preferred talking political economy with a man he disliked, to being obliged to make conversation for Madame Mayer.

"I mean by progress, positive improvement without revolutionary change," explained Del Ferice, using the phrase he had long since constructed as his profession of faith to the world. Giovanni eyed him keenly for a moment. He cared nothing for Ugo or his ideas, but he suspected him of very different principles.

"You will pardon me," he said, civilly, "if I venture to doubt whether you have frankly expressed your views. I am under the impression that you really connect the idea of improvement with a very positive revolutionary change."

Del Ferice did not wince, but he involuntarily cast a glance behind him. Those were times when people were cautious of being overheard. But Del Ferice knew his man, and he knew that the only way in which he could continue the interview was to accept the imputation as though trusting implicitly to the discretion of his companion.

"Will you give me a fair answer to a fair question?" he asked, very gravely.

"Let me hear the question," returned Giovanni, indifferently. He also knew his man, and attached no more belief to anything he said than to the chattering of a parrot. And yet Del Ferice had not the reputation of a liar in the world at large.

"Certainly," answered Ugo. "You are the heir of a family which from immemorial time has opposed the popes. You cannot be supposed to feel any kind of loyal attachment to the temporal power. I do not know whether you individually would support it or not. But frankly, how would you regard such a revolutionary change as you suspect me of desiring?"

"I have no objection to telling you that. I would simply make the best of it."

Del Ferice laughed at the ambiguous answer, affecting to consider it as a mere evasion.

"We should all try to do that," he answered; "but what I mean to ask is, whether you would personally take up arms to fight for the temporal power, or whether you would allow events to take their course? I fancy that would be the ultimate test of loyalty."

"My instinct would certainly be to fight, whether fighting were of any use or not. But the propriety of fighting in such a case is a very nice question of judgment. So long as there is anything to fight for, no matter how hopeless the odds, a gentleman should go to the front—but no longer. The question must be to decide the precise point at which the position becomes untenable. So long as France makes our quarrels hers, every man should give his personal assistance to the cause; but it is absurd to suppose that if we were left alone, a handful of Romans against a great Power, we could do more, or should do more, than make a formal show of resistance. It has been a rule in all ages that a general, however brave, who sacrifices the lives of his soldiers in a perfectly hopeless resistance, rather than accept the terms of an honourable capitulation, is guilty of a military crime."

"In other words," answered Del Ferice, quietly, "if the French troops were withdrawn, and the

Italians were besieging Rome, you would at once capitulate?"

"Certainly—after making a formal protest. It would be criminal to sacrifice our fellow-citizens' lives in such a case."

"And then?"

"Then, as I said before, I would make the best of it—not omitting to congratulate Del Ferice upon obtaining a post in the new Government," added Giovanni, with a laugh.

But Del Ferice took no notice of the jest.

"Do you not think that, aside from any question of sympathy or loyalty to the holy Father, the change of government would be an immense advantage to Rome?"

"No, I do not. To Italy the advantage would be inestimable; to Rome it would be an injury. Italy would consolidate the prestige she began to acquire when Cavour succeeded in sending a handful of troops to the Crimea eleven years ago; she would at once take a high position as a European Power—provided always that the smouldering republican element should not break out in opposition to the constitutional monarchy. But Rome would be ruined. She is no longer the geographical capital of Italy—she is not even the largest city; but in the course of a few years, violent efforts would be made to give her a fictitious modern grandeur, in the place of the moral importance she now enjoys as the headquarters of the Catholic world. Those efforts at a spurious growth would ruin her financially, and the hatred of Romans for Italians of the north would cause endless internal dissension. We should be subjected to a system of taxation which would fall more heavily on us than on other Italians, in proportion as our land is less productive. On the whole, we should grow rapidly poorer; for prices would rise, and we should have a paper currency instead of a metallic one. Especially we landed proprietors would suffer terribly by the Italian land system being suddenly thrust upon us. To be obliged to sell one's acres to any peasant who can scrape together enough to capitalise the pittance he now pays as rent, at five per cent, would scarcely be agreeable. Such a fellow, from whom I have the greatest difficulty in extracting his yearly bushel of grain, could borrow twenty bushels from a neighbour, or the value of them, and buy me out without my consent—acquiring land worth ten times the rent he and his father have paid for it, and his fathers before him. It would produce an extraordinary state of things, I can assure you. No—even putting aside what you call my sympathies and my loyalty to the Pope—I do not desire any change. Nobody who owns much property does; the revolutionary spirits are people who own nothing."

"On the other hand, those who own nothing, or next to nothing, are the great majority."

"Even if that is true, which I doubt, I do not see why the intelligent few should be ruled by that same ignorant majority."

"But you forget that the majority is to be educated," objected Del Ferice.

"Education is a term few people can define," returned Giovanni. "Any good schoolmaster knows vastly more than you or I. Would you like to be governed by a majority of schoolmasters?"

"That is a plausible argument," laughed Del Ferice, "but it is not sound."

"It is not sound!" repeated

Giovanni, impatiently. "People are so fond of exclaiming that what they do not like is not sound! Do you think that it would not be a fair case to put five hundred schoolmasters against five hundred gentlemen of average education? I think it would be very fair. The schoolmasters would certainly have the advantage in education: do you mean to say they would make better or wiser electors than the same number of gentlemen who cannot name all the cities and rivers in Italy, nor translate a page of Latin without a mistake, but who understand the conditions of property by practical experience as no schoolmaster can possibly understand them? I tell you it is nonsense. Education, of the kind which is of any practical value in the government of a nation, means the teaching of human motives, of humanising ideas, of some system whereby the majority of electors can distinguish the qualities of honesty and common-sense in the candidate they wish to elect. I do not pretend to say what that system may be, but I assert that no education which does not lead to that kind of knowledge is of any practical use to the voting majority of a constitutionally governed country."

Del Ferice sighed rather sadly.

"I am afraid you will not discover that system in Europe," he said. He was disappointed in Giovanni, and in his hopes of detecting in him some signs of a revolutionary spirit. Sarracinesca was a gentleman of the old school, who evidently despised majorities and modern political science as a whole, who certainly for his own interests desired no change from the Government under which he lived, and who would surely be the first to draw the sword for the temporal power, and the last to sheathe it. His calm judgment concerning the fallacy of holding a hopeless position would vanish like smoke if his fiery blood were once roused. He was so honest a man that even Del Ferice could not suspect him of parading views he did not hold; and Ugo then and there abandoned all idea of bringing him into political trouble and disgrace, though he by no means gave up all hope of being able to ruin him in some other way.

"I agree with you there at least," said Sarracinesca. "The only improvements worth having are certainly not to be found in Europe. Donna Tullia is calling us. We had better join that harmless flock of lambs, and give over speculating on the advantages of allying ourselves with a pack of wolves who will eat us up house and home, bag and baggage."

So the whole party climbed again to their seats upon the drag, and Valdarno drove them back into Rome by the Porta San Giovanni.

CHAPTER VI.

Corona d'Astrardente had been educated in a convent — that is to say, she had been brought up in the strict practice of her religion; and during the five years which had elapsed since she had come out into the world, she had found no cause for forsaking the habits she had acquired in her girlhood. Some people find religion a burden; others regard it as an indifferently useless institution, in which they desire no share, and concerning which they never

trouble themselves; others, again, look upon it as the mainstay of their lives.

It is natural to suppose that the mode of thought and the habits acquired by young girls in a religious institution will not disappear without a trace when they first go into the world, and it may even be expected that some memory of the early disposition thus cultivated will cling to them throughout their lives. But the multifarious interests of social existence do much to shake that young edifice of faith. The driving strength of stormy passions of all kinds undermines the walls of the fabric, and when at last the bolt of adversity strikes full upon the keystone of the arch, upon the self of man or woman, weakened and loosened by the tempests of years, the whole palace of the soul falls in, a hopeless wreck, wherein not even the memory of outline can be traced, nor the faint shadow of a beauty which is destroyed for ever.

But there are some whose interests in this world are not strong enough to shake their faith in the next; whose passions do not get the mastery, and whose self is sheltered from danger by something more than the feeble defence of an accomplished egotism. Corona was one of these, for her lot had not been happy, nor her path strewn with roses.

She was a friendless woman, destined to suffer much, and her suffering was the more intense that she seemed always upon the point of finding friends in the world where she played so conspicuous a part. There can be little happiness when a whole life has been placed upon a false foundation, even though so dire a mistake may have been undertaken willingly and from a sense of duty and obligation, such as drove Corona to marry old Astrardente. Consolation is not satisfaction; and though, when she reflected on what she had done, she knew that from her point of view she had done her best, she knew also that she had closed upon herself the gates of the earthly paradise, and that for her the prospect of happiness had been removed from the now to the hereafter—the dim and shadowy glass in which we love to see any reflection save that of our present lives. And to her, thus living in submission to the consequences of her choice, that faith in things better which had inspired her to sacrifice was the chief remaining source of consolation. There was a good man to whom she went for advice, as she had gone to him ever since she could remember. When she found herself in trouble she never hesitated. Padre Filippo was to her the living proof of the possibility of human goodness, as faith is to us all the evidence of things not seen.

Corona was in trouble now—in a trouble so new that she hardly understood it, so terrible and yet so vague that she felt her peril imminent. She did not hesitate, therefore, nor change her mind upon the morning following the day of the meet, but drove to the church of the Capuchins in the Piazza Barberini, and went up the broad steps with a beating heart, not knowing how she should tell what she meant to tell, yet knowing that there was for her no hope of peace unless she told it quickly, and get that advice and direction she so earnestly craved.

Padre Filippo had been a man of the world in his time—a man of great cultivation, full of refined tastes and understanding of tastes in others, gentle and courteous in his manners, and very kind of heart. No one knew whence he came. He spoke Italian correctly and with

a keen scholarly use of words, but his slight accent betrayed his foreign birth. He had been a Capuchin monk for many years, perhaps for more than half his lifetime, and Corona could remember him from her childhood, for he had been a friend of her father's; but he had not been consulted about her marriage,—she even remembered that, though she had earnestly desired to see him before the wedding-day, her father had told her that he had left Rome for a time. For the old gentleman was in terrible earnest about the match, so that in his heart he feared lest Corona might waver and ask Padre Filippo's advice; and he knew the good monk too well to think that he would give his countenance to such a sacrifice as was contemplated in marrying the young girl to old Astrardente. Corona had known this later, but had hardly realised the selfishness of her father, nor indeed had desired to realise it. It was sufficient that he had died satisfied in seeing her married to a great noble, and that she had been able, in his last days, to relieve him from the distress of debt and embarrassment which had doubtless contributed to shorten his life.

The proud woman who had thus once humbled herself for an object she thought good, had never referred to her action again. She had never spoken of her position to Padre Filippo, so that the monk wondered and admired her steadfastness. If she suffered, it was in silence, without comment and without complaint, and so she would have suffered to the end. But it had been ordered otherwise. For months she had felt that the interest she took in Giovanni Sarracinesca was increasing: she had choked it down, had done all in her power to prove herself indifferent to him; but at last the crisis had come. When he spoke to her of his marriage, she had felt—she knew now that it was so—that she loved him. The very word, as she repeated it to herself, rang like an awful, almost incomprehensible, accusation of evil in her ears. One moment she stood at the top of the steps outside the church, looking down at the bare straggling trees below, and upward to the grey sky, against which the lofty eaves of the Palazzo Barberini stood out sharply defined. The weather had changed again, and a soft southerly wind was blowing the spray of the fountain half across the piazza. Corona paused, her graceful figure half leaning against the stone doorpost of the church, her hand upon the heavy leathern curtain in the act to lift it; and as she stood there, a desperate temptation assailed her. It seemed desperate to her — to many another woman it would have appeared only the natural course to pursue—to turn her back upon the church, to put off the hard moment of confession, to go down again into the city, and to say to herself that there was no harm in seeing Don Giovanni, provided she never let him speak of love. Why should he speak of it? Had she any reason to suppose there was danger to her in anything he meant to say? Had he ever, by word or deed, betrayed that interest in her which she knew in herself was love for him? Had he ever?—ah yes! It was only the night before last that he had asked her advice, had besought her to advise him not to marry another, had suffered his arm to tremble when she laid her hand upon it. In the quick remembrance that he too had shown some feeling, there was a sudden burst of joy such as Corona had never felt, and a moment later she knew it and was afraid. It was true, then. At the very time when she was most

oppressed with the sense of her fault in loving him, there was the inward rejoicing of her heart at the bare thought that she loved him. Could a woman fall lower, she asked herself—lower than to delight in what she knew to be most bad? And yet it was such a poor little thrill of pleasure after all, but it was the first she had ever known. To turn away and reflect for a few days would be so easy! It would be so sweet to think of it, even though the excuse for thinking of Giovanni should be a good determination to root him from her life. It would be so sweet to drive again alone among the trees that very afternoon, and to weigh the salvation of her soul in the balance of her heart: her heart would know how to turn the scales, surely enough. Corona stood still, holding the curtain in her hand. She was a brave woman, but she turned pale—not hesitating, she said to herself, but pausing. Then, suddenly, a great scorn of herself arose in her. Was it worthy of her even to pause in doing right? The nobility of her courage cried loudly to her to go in and do the thing most worthy: her hand lifted the heavy leathern apron, and she entered the church.

The air within was heavy and moist, and the grey light fell coldly through the tall windows. Corona shuddered, and drew her furs more closely about her as she passed up the aisle to the door of the sacristy. She found the monk she sought, and she made her confession.

"Padre mio," she said at last, when the good man thought she had finished—"Padre mio, I am a very miserable woman." She hid her dark face in her ungloved hands, and one by one the crystal tears welled from her eyes and trickled down upon her small fingers and upon the worn black wood of the confessional.

"My daughter," said the good monk, "I will pray for you, others will pray for you—but before all things, you must pray for yourself. And let me advise you, my child, that as we are all led into temptation, we must not think that because we have been in temptation we have sinned hopelessly; nor, if we have fought against the thing that tempted us, that we have overcome it, and wholly gone right. If there were no evil in ourselves, there could be no temptation from without, for nothing evil would seem pleasant. But with you I cannot find that you have done any great wrong as yet. You must take courage. We are all in the world, and do what we may, we cannot disregard it. The sin you see is real, but it is yet not very near you since you so abhor it; and if you pray that you may hate it, it will go further from you till you may hope not even to understand how it could once have been so near. Take courage—take comfort. Do not be morbid. Resist temptation, but do not analyse it nor yourself too closely; for it is one of the chief signs of evil in us that when we dwell too much upon ourselves and upon our temptations, we ourselves seem good in our own eyes, and our temptations not unpleasant, because the very resisting of them seems to make us appear better than we are."

But the tears still flowed from Corona's eyes in the dark corner of the church, and she could not be comforted.

"Padre mio," she repeated, "I am very unhappy. I have not a friend in the world to whom I can speak. I have never seen my life before as I see it now. God forgive me, I have never loved my husband. I never knew what it meant to love. I was a mere child, a very innocent child, when I was married to him. I would

have sought your advice, but they told me you were away, and I thought I was doing right in obeying my father."

Padre Filippo sighed. He had long known and understood why Corona had not been allowed to come to him at the most important moment of her life.

"My husband is very kind to me," she continued in broken tones. "He loves me in his way, but I do not love him. That of itself is a great sin. It seems to me as though I saw but one half of life, and saw it from the window of a prison; and yet I am not imprisoned. I would that I were, for I should never have seen another man. I should never have heard his voice, nor seen his face, nor—nor loved him, as I do love him," she sobbed.

"Hush, my daughter," said the old monk, very gently. "You told me you had never spoken of love; that you were interested in him, indeed, but that you did not know——"

"I know—I know now," cried Corona, losing all control as the passionate tears flowed down. "I could not say it—it seemed so dreadful—I love him with my whole self! I can never get it out—it burns me. O God, I am so wretched!"

Padre Filippo was silent for a while. It was a terrible case this. He could not remember in all his experience to have known one more sad to contemplate, though his business was with the sins and the sorrows of the world. The beautiful woman kneeling outside his confessional was innocent—as innocent as a child, brave and faithful. She had sacrificed her whole life for her father, who had been little worthy of such devotion; she had borne for years the suffering of being tied to an old man whom she could not help despising, however honestly she tried to conceal the fact from herself, however effectually she hid it from others. It was a wonder the disaster had not occurred before: it showed how loyal and true a woman she was, that, living in the very centre and midst of the world, admired and assailed by many, she should never in five years have so much as thought of any man beside her husband. A woman made for love and happiness, in the glory of beauty and youth, capable of such unfaltering determination in her loyalty, so good, so noble, so generous,—it seemed unspeakably pathetic to hear her weeping her heart out, and confessing that, after so many struggles and efforts and sacrifices, she had at last met the common fate of all humanity, and was become subject to love. What might have been her happiness was turned to dishonour; what should have been the pride of her young life was made a reproach.

She would not fall. The grey-haired monk believed that, in his great knowledge of mankind. But she would suffer terribly, and it might be that others would suffer also. It was the consequence of an irretrievable error in the beginning, when it seemed to the young girl just leaving the convent that the best protection against the world of evil into which she was to go would be the unconditional sacrifice of herself.

Padre Filippo was silent. He hoped that the passionate outburst of grief and self-reproach would pass, and he himself could find little enough to say. It was all too natural. What was he, he thought, that he should explain away nature, and bid a friendless woman defy a power that has more than once overset the reckoning of the world? He could bid her pray for help and strength, but he found it hard to argue the case with her; for he had to allow that his beau-

tiful penitent was, after all, only experiencing what it might have been foretold that she must feel, and that, as far as he could see, she was struggling bravely against the dangers of her situation.

Corona cried bitterly as she knelt there. It was a great relief to give way for a time to the whole violence of what she felt. It may be that in her tears there was a subtle instinctive knowledge that she was weeping for her love as well as for her sin in loving, but her grief was none the less real. She did not understand herself. She did not know, as Padre Filippo knew, that her woman's heart was breaking for sympathy rather than for religious counsel. She knew many women, but her noble pride would not have let her even contemplate the possibility of confiding in any one of them, even if she could have done so in the certainty of neither being herself betrayed nor of herself betraying the man she loved. She had been accustomed to come to her confessor for counsel, and she now came to him with her troubles and craved sympathy for them, in the knowledge that Padre Filippo could never know the name of the man who had disturbed her peace.

But the monk understood well enough, and his kind heart comprehended hers and felt for her.

"My daughter," he said at last, when she seemed to have grown more calm, "it would be an inestimable advantage if this man could go away for a time, but that is probably not to be expected. Meanwhile, you must not listen to him if he speaks——"

"It is not that," interrupted Corona—"it is not that. He never speaks of love. Oh, I really believe he does not love me at all!" But in her heart she felt that he must love her; and her hand, as it lay upon the hard wood of the confessional, seemed still to feel his trembling arm.

"That is so much the better, my child," said the monk, quietly. "For if he does not love you, your temptations will not grow stronger."

"And yet, perhaps—he may——" murmured Corona, feeling that it would be wrong even to conceal her faintest suspicions at such a time.

"Let there be no perhaps," answered Padre Filippo, almost sternly. "Let it never enter your mind that he might love you. Think that even from the worldly point there is small dignity in a woman who exhibits love for a man who has never mentioned love to her. You have no reason to suppose you are loved save that you desire to be. Let there be no perhaps."

The monk's keen insight into character had given him an unexpected weapon in Corona's defence. He knew how of all things a proud woman hates to know that where she has placed her heart there is no response, and that if she fails to awaken an affection akin to her own, what has been love may be turned to loathing, or at least to indifference. The strong character of the Duchessa d'Astrardente responded to his touch as he expected. Her tears ceased to flow, and her scorn rose haughtily against herself.

"It is true. I am despicable," she said, suddenly. "You have shown me myself. There shall be no perhaps. I loathe myself for thinking of it. Pray for me, lest I fall so low again."

A few minutes later Corona left the confessional and went and kneeled in the body of the church to collect her thoughts. She was in a very different frame of mind from that in which she had left home an hour ago. She hardly knew whether she felt herself a better woman, but she was sure that she was stronger. There was no desire left in her to meditate

sadly upon her sorrow—to go over and over in her thoughts the feelings she experienced, the fears she felt, the half-formulated hope that Giovanni might love her after all. There was left only a haughty determination to have done with her folly quickly and surely, and to try and forget it for ever. The confessor's words had produced their effect. Henceforth she would never stoop so low again. She was ready to go out into the world now, and she felt no fear. It was more from habit than for the sake of saying a prayer that she knelt in the church after her confession, for she felt very strong. She rose to her feet presently, and moved towards the door: she had not gone half the length of the church when she came face to face with Donna Tullia Mayer.

It was a strange coincidence. The ladies of Rome frequently go to the church of the Capuchins, as Corona had done, to seek the aid and counsel of Padre Filippo, but Corona had never met Donna Tullia there. Madame Mayer did not profess to be very devout. As a matter of fact, she had not found it convenient to go to confession during the Christmas season, and she had been intending to make up for the deficiency for some time past; but it is improbable that she would have decided upon fulfilling her religious obligations before Lent if she had not chanced to see the Duchessa d'Astrardente's carriage standing at the foot of the church steps.

Donna Tullia had risen early because she was going to sit for her portrait to a famous artist who lived in the neighbourhood of the Piazza Barberini, and as she passed in her brougham she caught sight of the Duchess's liveries. The artist could wait half an hour; the opportunity was admirable. She was alone, and would not only do her duty in going to confession, but would have a chance of seeing how Corona looked when she had been at her devotions. It might also be possible to judge from Padre Filippo's manner whether the interview had been an interesting one. The Astrardente was so very devout that she probably had difficulty in inventing sins to confess. One might perhaps tell from her face whether she had felt any emotion. At all events the opportunity should not be lost. Besides, if Donna Tullia found that she herself was really not in a proper frame of mind for religious exercises, she could easily spend a few moments in the church and then proceed upon her way. She stopped her carriage and went in. She had just entered when she was aware of the tall figure of Corona d'Astrardente coming towards her, magnificent in the simplicity of priceless furs, a short veil just covering half her face, and an unwonted colour in her dark cheeks.

Corona was surprised at meeting Madame Mayer, but she did not show it. She nodded with a sufficiently pleasant smile, and would have passed on. This would not have suited Donna Tullia's intentions, however, for she meant to have a good look at her friend. It was not for nothing that she had made up her mind to go to confession at a moment's notice. She therefore stopped the Duchess, and insisted upon shaking hands.

"What an extraordinary coincidence!" she exclaimed. "You must have been to see Padre Filippo too?"

"Yes," answered Corona. "You will find him in the sacristy." She noticed that Madame Mayer seemed to regard her with great interest. Indeed she could hardly be aware how unlike her usual self she appeared. There were dark rings beneath her eyes, and her eyes

themselves seemed to emit a strange light; while an unwonted colour illuminated her olive cheeks, and her voice had a curiously excited tone. Madame Mayer stared at her so hard that she noticed it.

"Why do you look at me like that?" asked the Duchessa, with a smile.

"I was wondering what in the world you could find to confess," replied Donna Tullia, sweetly. "You are so immensely good, you see; everybody wonders at you."

Corona's eyes flashed darkly. She suspected that Madame Mayer noticed something unusual in her appearance, and had made the awkward speech to conceal her curiosity. She was annoyed at the meeting, still more at being detained in conversation within the church.

"It is very kind of you to invest me with such virtues," she answered. "I assure you I am not half so good as you suppose. Good-bye—I must be going home."

"Stay!" exclaimed Donna Tullia; "I can go to confession another time. Will not you come with me to Gouache's studio? I am going to sit. It is such a bore to go alone."

"Thank you very much," said Corona, civilly. "I am afraid I cannot go. My husband expects me at home. I wish you a good sitting."

"Well, good-bye. Oh, I forgot to tell you, we had such a charming picnic yesterday. It was so fortunate—the only fine day this week. Don Giovanni was very amusing: he was completely *en train*, and kept us laughing the whole day. Good-bye; I do so wish you had come."

"I was very sorry," answered Corona, quietly, "but it was impossible. I am glad you all enjoyed it so much. Good-bye."

So they parted.

"How she wishes that same husband of hers would follow the example of my excellent old Mayer, of blessed memory, and take himself out of the world to-day or to-morrow!" thought Donna Tullia, as she walked up the church.

She was sure something unusual had occurred, and she longed to fathom the mystery. But she was not a bad woman, and when she had collected her thoughts she made up her mind that even by the utmost stretch of moral indulgence, she could not consider herself in a proper state to undertake so serious a matter as confession. She therefore waited a few minutes, to give time for Corona to drive away, and then turned back. She cautiously pushed aside the curtain and looked out. The Astrardente carriage was just disappearing in the distance. Donna Tullia descended the steps, got into her brougham, and proceeded to the studio of Monsieur Anastase Gouache, the portrait-painter. She had not accomplished much, save to rouse her curiosity, and that parting thrust concerning Don Giovanni had been rather ill-timed.

She drove to the door of the studio and found Del Ferice waiting for her as usual. If Corona had accompanied her, she would have expressed astonishment at finding him; but, as a matter of fact, Ugo always met her and helped to pass the time while she was sitting. He was very amusing, and not altogether unsympathetic to her; and moreover, he professed for her the most profound devotion — genuine, perhaps, and certainly skilfully expressed. If any one had paid much attention to Del Ferice's doings, it would have been said that he was paying court to the rich young widow. But he was never looked upon from the point of view of matrimonial possibility by society, and no one thought of attaching any

importance to his doings. Nevertheless Ugo, who had been gradually rising in the social scale for many years, saw no reason why he should not win the hand of Donna Tullia as well as any one else, if only Giovanni Sarracinesca could be kept out of the way; and he devoted himself with becoming assiduity to the service of the widow, while doing his utmost to promote Giovanni's attachment for the Astrardente, which he had been the first to discover. Donna Tullia would probably have laughed to scorn the idea that Del Ferice could think of himself seriously as a suitor, but of all her admirers she found him the most constant and the most convenient.

"What are the news this morning?" she asked, as he opened her carriage-door for her before the studio.

"None, save that I am your faithful slave as ever," he answered.

"I have just seen the Astrardente," said Donna Tullia, still sitting in her seat. "I will let you guess where it was that we met."

"You met in the church of the Capuchins," replied Del Ferice promptly, with a smile of satisfaction.

"You are a sorcerer: how did you know? Did you guess it?"

"If you will look down this street from where I stand, you will perceive that I could distinctly see any carriage which turned out of the Piazza Barberini towards the Capuchins," replied Ugo. "She was there nearly an hour, and you only stayed five minutes."

"How dreadful it is to be watched like this!" exclaimed Donna Tullia, with a little laugh half expressive of satisfaction and half of amusement at Del Ferice's devotion.

"How can I help watching you, as the earth watches the sun in its daily course?" said Ugo, with a sentimental intonation of his soft persuasive voice. Donna Tullia looked at his smooth face, and laughed again, half kindly.

"The Astrardente had been confessing her sins," she remarked.

"Again? She is always confessing."

"What do you suppose she finds to say?" asked Donna Tullia.

"That her husband is hideous, and that you are beautiful," answered Del Ferice, readily enough.

"Why?"

"Because she hates her husband and hates you."

"Why, again?"

"Because you took Giovanni Sarracinesca to your picnic yesterday; because you are always taking him away from her. For the matter of that, I hate him as much as the Astrardente hates you," added Del Ferice, with an agreeable smile. Donna Tullia did not despise flattery, but Ugo made her thoughtful.

"Do you think she really cares——?" she asked.

"As surely as that he does not," replied Del Ferice.

"It would be strange," said Donna Tullia, meditatively. "I would like to know if it is true."

"You have only to watch them."

"Surely Giovanni cares more than she does," objected Madame Mayer. "Everybody says he loves her; nobody says she loves him."

"All the more reason. Popular report is always mistaken—except in regard to you."

"To me?"

"Since it ascribes to you so much that is good, it cannot be wrong," replied Del Ferice.

Donna Tullia laughed, and took his hand to descend from her carriage.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN'S SECOND PART OF 'FAUST.'

One of our most successful translators of poetry—himself a poet of no mean order—has just finished one of the hardest tasks that a translator can set himself. Sir Theodore Martin, the popularity of whose version of the First Part of 'Faust' is attested by the appearance of its eighth edition, has at length completed his work by the publication of its Second Part in English verse. A feat which a generation back was generally thought impracticable, has now been performed for at least the fourth time. Dr Anster, Bayard Taylor, and Miss Swanwick, have each produced a readable and poetical Second 'Faust' in English. The quaternion is now completed by one which some men will hold the superior, all the equal, of the three others. Less diffuse and paraphrastic than Dr Anster's—freer, from its chosen form, than Bayard Taylor's—Martin's version possesses a force and a spirit which cannot fail to win general favour. Nevertheless its attaining to an eighth edition, like its predecessor, is, as a venerable divine would have phrased it, "hugely doubtful." But the reason for this does not lie with Martin, but with Goethe.

In his First Part of 'Faust' the great poet of Weimar addressed the world—in his Second, a select coterie. To behold with sympathy Faust's perplexities, sins, and sorrows in the earlier drama, you only need to be a man; to accompany his steps with intelligent interest through the latter play, you require, besides, to be a student of history, political economy, archæology, and half-a-dozen "ologies" more—to delight in the art and the poetry of Hellas, while not ceasing to care for their developments in modern Christendom—to be familiar with out-of-the-way corners of Greek mythology, no less than with the legends of medieval saints; in a word, to have a mind that feels at home alike at Nuremberg and at Athens, alike in the Cathedral of Cologne and in the temples of Pæstum. For while in his First 'Faust' Goethe's principal appeal is to the heart, in his Second his chief summons is addressed to the intellect: the former presents to us what its author learned by suffering, the latter only offers us what he learned by study. With the exception of the Walpurgis Night (an excrescence which nine readers out of ten would gladly see removed), the First 'Faust's' personages are full of vigorous life; in the Second, each

> "Stands a shadow by shadows, or glides by impassable streams."

The blows given and received in the earlier 'Faust' are real; the latter is, in comparison, but a fencing-match, or, at best, a scene like the Eglinton tournament, with accurate and most interesting reproductions of the past in the way of gorgeous costume and skilfully copied weapon, but as to the conflict itself, only a sham battle.

Accordingly the world has never looked on the cold fair statue which Goethe spent his age in

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Faust: a Dramatic Poem. By Goethe. Part II. Translated into English Verse by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1886.

laboriously chiselling to perfection, as it has on the Promethean torch-enkindled forms with which he amazed it in his vigorous manhood. His First 'Faust' is known one way or another to millions, his Second to units. Sung in opera or acted in theatres, depicted by art in galleries or studied at home, the tale of Faust and Margaret is known in outline all over and beyond Europe; while the story of his search for Helen only collects here and there a small circle to receive with bewildered faith an explanation of its recondite meanings and elaborate allegories from some learned German commentator; or from time to time enables a literary enthusiast—resolved to think well of the fruit which he has climbed so high to gather—to exclaim how superior are its æsthetic delights to those which attract the vulgar herd in the earlier 'Faust' drama! But while thinking such an enthusiast distinctly mistaken, and while not setting over-much store by the somewhat ponderous learning and obscure allusions to literary schools and their disputes which overweight portions of the Second 'Faust,' its critic may fearlessly say that it offers its "fit audience, though few," real enjoyment; and that the translator who helps so well to bring that enjoyment within the reach of a few more cultivated minds, as Martin does, should be hailed as a benefactor.

Part of the pleasure which the Second 'Faust' is qualified to give arises from its structural beauty; from its antique rhythms, where the Past is conjured up before us; from its lyrics, ever sweet and varied, which depict the Present; and from the hymns and organ-notes, which bring the world to come near to us at its close. With the classic rhythms Martin has dealt faithfully—more so than did his brilliant predecessor Anster. With regard to rhymes he has not, any more than Anster, or Miss Swanwick in her very admirable version, emulated those marvellous *tours de force* of Bayard Taylor, which, by almost invariably rendering Goethe's very frequent dissyllabic by similar English rhymes, make his translation, in one point of view, unapproachably good. But as such rhymes are harder to find in our native tongue than in German, their pursuit involves the translator in a certain loss of freedom; and it may well be, as has been already hinted, that occasional intentional neglects of Goethe's form in this comparatively unimportant point have enabled Sir Theodore Martin the more successfully to reproduce his spirit.

That spirit, by turns sarcastic and contemplative, has never met with an abler interpreter; and although in the absence of good notes, such as those appended by the accomplished Bayard Taylor to his translation, the English reader of the version before us will feel occasional perplexity, he will yet, if possessed of the culture and insight postulated by Goethe, see his way with sufficient clearness. Let him only set out with the knowledge that, unlike Marlowe's Faustus, the hero of Goethe's play is not to fall to unredeemable perdition, but to rise, by unlikely ways and slow spiral curves, through culture, through the love of the beautiful, and, above all, through ceaseless intellectual activity, to some sort of moral goodness, and, whatever he may think of the likelihood of such a process, he will acknowledge the charm of Goethe's method of depicting it, and the additional interest which it possesses as presenting the poet's own highly idealised autobiography. Hard as he may find it to forgive

Faust for surviving the death of his victim, and going forth unconcerned to court and camp, and to the eager pursuit of classic beauty, he yet soon finds out that the Faust who heard Margaret's unconscious upbraidings and witnessed her final choice of death rather than sin, is one man; the Faust whom Ariel and the generous fays sing into forgetfulness at the beginning of the Second Part is another. Mephistopheles, too, seems much reformed during the first four acts of the Second 'Faust,'—a polite and serviceable spirit—a keen and sarcastic critic, but without the malignity and love of evil for its own sake which distinguished him before.

These drawbacks allowed for—drawbacks which resulted almost inevitably from the length of time allowed by Goethe to elapse between the commencement and the completion of his great design—a pleasure of a calm and reflective sort will visit the reader's mind as, traversing the first act under Martin's cheery guidance, he hears the sly hits of Mephistopheles at the wisdom of the Emperor's advisers, mingles amid the drolleries of the carnival, and gains knowledge of society and government from an eminently shrewd observer of both. There is nothing here to awaken the emotions of terror and pity which the earlier play aroused. Faust's voyage to the

> "Goddesses, beings of might supernal,
> That sit alone, each on a throne,
> In the solitudes eternal.
> Round them space is not, and time still less,"—

to win from them the eidolon of Helen of Troy for the delectation of the Emperor and his court, inspires no anxiety; for we see plainly in his first success, in his failure to hold fast the beauteous form which enraptures him, and in his passionate resolve to gain her for his own or die, a clear allegory of the rise and progress of the love of beauty in the soul, and of the fascinating power of Hellenic art on Goethe's ripening manhood. Marlowe's Faustus affects the spectator's mind far otherwise when, in the mad desire after the impossible, which he has sold his own everlasting happiness to gratify, he insists on Helen being given him, and for a moment feels satisfied with his most foolish bargain, as he cries—

> "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
> Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
> Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it flies!—
> Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
> Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
> And all is dross that is not Helena."

There is real passion here. There is none in the clever outpourings of the studies of a lifetime, and in the occasionally fine lyrics, of the classical Walpurgis Night of Goethe's second act, through whose monsters and nymphs, demigods and chimæras, fabulous forms from Assyria, Egypt, and Greece, Goethe's Faust rambles placidly searching for Helen; while Mephistopheles, owning himself out of place as a Northern spirit amid Southern warmth, as a hater of the beautiful amid Southern loveliness, gets more and more eclipsed, till he is glad to take refuge in the hideous form of a Phorkyad. The grand

scene in which Goethe once meant to portray Persephone moved by Faust's tears to grant to him the wraith of Helen, remained unwritten. He vanishes under Manto's guidance, and the effect of his visit to the shades below is not revealed to us until the third act.

One or two specimens of Martin's dealing with the immense difficulties presented to a translator by the two first acts of the Second 'Faust' are all we have space for. They will interest the few readers who are familiar with the original. Here is the song of the drunken masquer in the carnival:—

"Oh, this day shall be happy beyond all measure,
  I feel so jolly and free!
Songs to delight you, and holiday leisure,
  I have brought you along with me.
And that's why I drink! Drink, drink!
Join glass to glass, boys! Clink, clink!
You behind there, come out to the light!
Strike your glass upon mine! All right!

My wife she jeered at this coat of motley,
  And railed as though she my ears would pull;
She fleered and sneered, till I felt it hotly,
  And called me a mumming masking fool.
But I drink for all that! Drink, drink!
Let every glass ring! Clink, clink!
Ye masking mummers, come, all unite!
When the glasses go clink, all's right!

Never say I'm cracked! for my boast is,
  I know, when I want, where to get my fill!
If my host won't trust me, why, there's the hostess;
  And if she won't do it, the maiden will.
So I drink at all times! Drink, drink!
You fellows there, up! Clink, clink!
Join glass to glass! Keep it up all night!
Things now, I've a notion, are perfectly right!"

This measure is more free and rollicking than Goethe's; and, if it is not high treason to say so, the good drinking-song of the original has become a better song still in Martin's hands: surely, considering the innumerable cases in which the English must fall short of the German, an allowable, nay praiseworthy, effort at compensation! Here is another song of a widely different character, the mystic song which heralds the coming of Galatea, the Ocean-Queen of Beauty, to bring the classical Walpurgis Night to an end:—

"In Cyprus' wild cave-recesses,
Where the god of the sea annoys not,
Where Seismos shakes and destroys not,
Where the breeze evermore wafts caresses,
There Cypris's chariot, the golden,
We watch, as we watched in the olden
Days, in contentment serene;
And our fairest we bring in the hushing
Of night, o'er the rippling waves rushing,
In the bloom of her loveliness flushing,
By the new race of mortals unseen."

Here again Martin, while keeping sufficiently close to his original, every now and then emphasises a thought, or brings out a latent beauty, in a way impossible to a more servile method of translation. To our surprise, it is in easier passages that we find him occasionally tripping. What means, for instance, the redundant syllable in the third stanza (dawn) of the elves' chorus at the opening of the play?—

"Vales grow green, hills steep and steeper,
Shadows deepen, thick with leaves,
And the corn, ripe for the reaper,
In silvery undulations heaves."

And the provoking thing is, that the translator knew better once. For have we not read in his poems printed for private circulation, but made most generously accessible to all inquisitive in Faust literature, two much more musical lines?—

"And the harvest to the reaper
In long silvery billows heaves."

Is it too much to invoke

"Third thoughts—those riper kind of first,"

to replace them? Then, again, is there any advantage in the curious inversion of the Court fool's (Mephistopheles) address to the Emperor's pious chancellor on the track of heresy?—

"I see the scholar, sir, in what you say.
What you *not touch*, for you lies miles away."

Is there any valid objection to "touch not"? followed by—

"What you grasp not, no being has for you;
What you count not, you're clear cannot be true;
What you weigh not, has neither weight nor size;
What you coin not, is worthless in your eyes."

This seems every way better. Again, there are unnecessary liberties taken in the diverting dialogue between Mephistopheles and the young student, perplexed by him in the First 'Faust,' but now proud of his mastery of the Fichtean philosophy, and jovially contemptuous of his elders' wisdom. These two quatrains are good:—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"There is a time to learn; but, by your speech,
You are, I see, yourself prepared to teach.
Through many moons, and suns some few,
Profound experience, doubtless, has been gained by you.

BACCALAUREUS.

Experience! Psha! Mere dust and scum!
Mind, mind's the thing! Mind free and growing!
Of what man's always known the sum,
Confess it, is not worth the knowing."

But when Mephistopheles owns himself a fool in the presence of so much wisdom, the rejoinder, "Most sagely spoken!" is needlessly unlike the German, "Das freut mich sehr." Why should not the otherwise good couplet run—

"I *am* delighted! This I shan't forget.
The first old man of sense I ever met."

While the succeeding quatrain might be re-formed as follows:—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"For hidden treasured gold I sought, but hit
On hideous ashes for my only pelf.

BACCALAUREUS.

That shiny skull of yours, admit,
Is worth no more than are these hollow on this shelf."

The gentle reproof which follows is needlessly transformed, for the sake of a rhyme to "fib," into—

"Your tongue, my friend, methinks is rather glib."

When the literal would have answered just as well—

"How rude you are, my friend, escapes your sight.

BACCALAUREUS.

In German one must lie to be polite."

On the other hand, Goethe's celebrated caricature of Fichte, and his version of "There is nothing new under the sun," could hardly be better rendered than they are here:—

BACCALAUREUS.

"This is youth's noblest calling and most fit!
The world was not, till I created it.
Out of the ocean I evoked the sun,
With me the moon began its course to run,
To light my path the day its splendour wore,
For me the earth her flowers and verdure bore.
At my command, on yonder primal night,
Did all the stars pour forth their glorious light.
Who but myself for your deliverance wrought
From the harsh fetters of pedantic thought?
I with free soul, ecstatical and bright,
Walk in the radiance of my inward light,
With fearless step and joy-illumined mind.
Before me brightness, darkness far behind. [*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, go in pride, original, thy ways!
Insight would make thee melancholy:
What thought of wisdom or of folly
Has not been often thought in bygone days?"

The third act of the Second 'Faust' was designed and in great part written shortly after the completion of the First 'Faust.' It

forms a whole in itself, easily detachable from what precedes and follows it, and is of unequalled grace and finish. Its story is briefly this: Helen of Troy, evoked from the shades by Faust's powerful magic, with twelve captive Trojan maidens, her attendants, stands in all her immortal loveliness before her long-forsaken palace at Sparta, just as she would have done in a second part of the 'Troades' of Euripides. Her bearing is that of an antique heroine; her words, spoken in the long iambic measure of the Greek stage, betray anxiety at the real meaning of the sacrifice which Menelaus has broken his stern and unrelenting silence during their homeward voyage to command her to prepare for him. The Chorus praise her beauty, congratulate her on her return home, and partake of her fears, in the varied lyric metres of the Hellenic drama. They stand grouped before the door in artistic repose, while the queen goes in to give her husband's orders. They start when she returns, perplexed and amazed at the hideous half-shrouded form of Phorkyas crouching by her long-extinguished hearth. And when this spectre comes forth from the inner gloom into the bright sunshine, they provoke its wrath by their exclamations of horror; and a Euripidean scolding-match ensues between them, in which Phorkyas by her hints stirs up in Helen a strange double consciousness, oppressed by which she faints in her attendants' arms. Summoned from her trance by the voice of Phorkyas, she hears in sounding trochaic tetrameter of the axe which awaits her own white neck, and the noose prepared for her maidens. The ordinary iambics return when, in answer to eager questions, Phorkyas begins to disclose a plan for their rescue. A chieftain from the North has built a castle near the source of the Eurotas during Menelaus' long absence. He and his followers have devices on their arms like those borne by the Seven against Thebes. He can shield them if the queen is willing to seek his protection. Helen hesitates. She cannot believe in the cruelty of her former spouse. But when the trumpets are heard announcing his approach, she assents, as dark memories of Troy rise before her. Then mists veil the Spartan palace; and when they vanish as a choric song closes, Helen and her company find themselves standing in the court of a feudal castle, where Faust, attired as a medieval knight, advances to meet them, with pages and squires bearing a throne for Helen. Faust's first address is in the shortened iambic of the modern drama, and soon the artless rhyme of the early chronicle and ballad strikes Helen's ear, and provokes first her inquiry and then her imitation. It is thus that Faust woos her, and that she assents to his suit. His mailed warriors soon put to flight the force which essays her recapture; then the gloomy fortress vanishes, and the scene changes to the fabled Arcadia. There is born Euphorion, the child of Faust and Helen, whose birth and infancy, like to those of Hermes in the Homeric Hymn, are sung in antique measure, and who unites in himself the traits of Phœbus and the son of Maia. And now the ancient tragedy develops into the modern opera: Faust and Helen have symbolised the reconciliation of the romantic and classic schools of poetry; the enrichment of Teutonic thought by Hellenic; the way in which medieval Christendom was moulded into modern Europe by

Roman law and by Greek letters—not ceasing the while to depict the search for beauty by one individual mind, and its purifying and ennobling results. Euphorion, the result of their union, is, in one point of view, Goethe's own poetic genius—in another, the modern poet in general; and, as is well known, Goethe, long after writing the greater portion of his "Helena," struck by Byron's tragic fate no less than by his writings, gave several of his traits to Euphorion, and bewailed his early death in the dirge with which his opera closes.

Opinions will always vary as to the value of this Intermezzo, as Goethe styled his "Helena." To many minds not otherwise incapable of appreciating it, it seems too remote from human interests and passions to deserve the character of the highest poetry, and to possess little other excellence than that of form; to others differently constituted, it has seemed a precious possession for ever, and one of the noblest fruits of its great author's genius. That it is hard to translate will be apparent from the foregoing brief sketch. To Sir Theodore Martin, we believe, belongs the praise of having been the first to render it into English with scrupulous attention to all its changeful metres; although two equally conscientious translators have published their versions before his. How successful this portion of his work is, nothing but a perusal of the whole long third act can show the reader. We hesitate to give extracts. Here, however, is the first part of the Æschylean ode with which the Chorus declare their horror at the apparition of Phorkyas :—

"Much have I seen and known, though my tresses
Youthfully wanton still round my temples ; [1]
Horrors I've witnessed full many, the woful
Wailings of warfare, the night-gloom of Troy,
When it fell!

Over the cloud-covered, dust-thickened din of
Death-grappling foes, the Immortals, I heard them
Shouting, dread clamour ! heard I the brazen
Voices of Discord resound through the field
To the walls.

. . . .

Flying I saw, through smoke and glare,
And tongues of eddying flame,
Deities grimly stalk in wrath,
Figures wonderful, gigantic,
Striding through the dusky
Fire-illumined gloom."

Here, again, is a specimen of the long iambics of the ordinary Greek tragic scene. It is part of the speech by which Phorkyas (Mephistopheles) terrifies Helen and her attendants, while unable to resist a sneer at their unsubstantial entities :—

"Poor spectres ! There ye stand like images of stone,
Afeared to quit the day, the day which is not yours.

[1] May we thus correct "my temples around"?—a needless neglect of Goethe's metre.

Mankind, that are no more than spectres, even as you,
Bid to the sun, like you, reluctantly farewell;
Yet prayer nor mortal might can wrest them from their doom:
All know, the end must come; yet few can welcome it.
Enough! Your fate is sealed. So to the task at once!

. . . .

Spread here upon the dust the tissued carpet fine,
That so the victim down right royally may kneel,
And coiled within its folds, head shorn from trunk, but still
With all due grace, may to the sepulchre be borne!"

The many links of diverse rhythm and rhyme which connect this with the tiny opera of Euphorion are equally well copied. From that opera itself these lines, in which the maidens declare their delight in the brilliant youth, have all the grace and abandon of the original:—

"When thou thine arms in air
Gracefully crossest;
When thou thy sunny hair
Dancest and tossest;
When trips thy foot so light
Over the meadow bright;
When thy limbs come and go
Lightsomely to and fro,—
Then thou thy goal hast gained,
Beautiful boy!
All hearts, to thee enchained,
Make thee their joy."

Or, again, these, in which they try to hold back their favourite from the war:—

"If rock and forest wold
Cannot allure thee,
Apples with cheeks of gold
We shall ensure thee,
Figs, and, in alleys spanned,
Vines on the mountain-side.
Oh, in this darling land,
Darling, abide!

EUPHORION.

Dream ye of peace's day?
Dream on who may!
War is the signal-cry,
Conquer or die!

. . . . .

HELEN *and* FAUST.

Ushered scarce to life and gladness,
Scarce to day's resplendent beam,
Thou dost rush with giddy madness,
Where dismay and danger teem.
Are then we
Nought to thee,
Is our gracious bond a dream?

EUPHORION.

Hark, hark, what thunder on the ocean?
Its echoes roll from dale to dale,
Host grappling host in fierce commotion,
Dust, tempest, war, and woe, and wail!
Death our doom,
Not with gloom,
But with welcome let us hail.

. . . . .

HELEN *and* FAUST.

Soon mirth into anguish fades,
Joy into moan!

EUPHORION'S *voice from beneath.*

Let me not, mother, to the shades
Descend alone!

. . . . .

HELEN (*to* FAUST).

. . . . .

The bond of life is riven, and riven the bond of love;
Bewailing both I say a bitter-sad farewell!
And fling myself once more, yet once, into your arms.
Persephoneia, now receive my boy and me! [*She vanishes.*"

No one who is familiar with the "Helena" in German will fail to see how well its musical effects are reproduced in the lines just quoted—notes which convey to us, as nothing else could, the rapid ripening from childhood to boyhood, from youth to matured power, of Goethe's typical poet, while his heroine's last solemn iambics strike

once more a chord—the groundtone of the whole piece—which instantly sets again vibrating its earlier strains in the mind.

With Martin's rendering of the dirge for Byron we must own ourselves less satisfied than with the rest of his work in this act. There is a want of smoothness in its last stanza which might have been easily obviated. There is decidedly a mistake in its first. It is a mistake, indeed, which Martin does not stand alone in making, for that erudite and experienced translator, Miss Swanwick, has made the same. But though he errs in good company, we must still consider Martin here in error, and Anster and Bayard Taylor are on our side. The dirge begins with these two lines, in response to Euphorion's last words—

"Nicht allein! Wo du auch weilest,
Denn wir glauben dich zu kennen;"

which are here translated—

"Not alone! Where thou abidest,
There we *hope* to know thee ever,"—

instead of the literal parenthetic meaning, "For we think we know thee,"—by saying which words the Chorus pass from their character of Euphorion's light-hearted playmates into that of contemporary Europe, pronouncing its judgment on Byron's career. The whole stanza is correctly rendered by Bayard Taylor:—

"Not alone! where'er thou bidest;
For we know thee what thou art.
Ah! if from the Day thou hidest,
Still to thee will cling each heart.
Scarce we venture to lament thee,
Singing, envious of thy fate;
For in sun and storm were lent thee
Song and courage fair and great."

The fourth act of his Second 'Faust' was the work of Goethe at the age of eighty-three. It was written as the bridge between the former part of the play and the considerably earlier fifth act. In it Faust's experience of life is enlarged by a warlike campaign, in which he delivers the unnamed Emperor of the first act from a formidable competitor, and is by him rewarded with the lordship over a vast tract of country, which Faust spends his old age in reclaiming from the waves. Thus his activity, purely selfish at first, then purified by the influence of poetry and art, has become at last decidedly beneficent. Mephistopheles has been outwitted, the compact of the earlier 'Faust' is about to be annulled; and as it will be no selfish satisfaction which will lead Faust to say the fatal words which were to close his mortal career, there will be a free road open for the gifts from on high which are to work his final deliverance. Therefore the close of the drama is to be the exact opposite of that of Marlowe's 'Faustus.' Evil still clings to Faust, as when he gives his rash order to force his aged neighbours to the exchange from which they shrink; and by this remaining hold on him, Mephistopheles—recovering in the fifth act much of his pristine character so long in abeyance—does his utmost to profit. But Faust repels him, and rejects his gifts bought by wrong-doing; and so when death comes, angels contend successfully with fiends for the possession of his soul; and under the guidance of a penitent spirit, whose name on earth was Margaret, it rises at last into the realm of light and joy.

Such is the general interpretation of the somewhat blurred colours and wavering lines with which Goethe has drawn the close of *his* Divine Comedy. Men will read their own thoughts into it; but, from its subject, the fifth act, however ex-

plained, appeals to a far wider audience than do the former four, and should be read, even by those who skip all the earlier scenes of the Second 'Faust,' as the proper conclusion to the First. Goethe seems to have planned and partly executed it at no long interval after his earlier 'Faust;' and accordingly, in it the human interest so long dormant revives. Mephistopheles returns to his old malignant activity; Faust, ceasing to be a mere representative of modern art and science, becomes a man once more for whom hell and heaven are contending. True, the conditions of that great contest are to some extent misapprehended. Goethe's deficient sense of moral evil as such, and the agnosticism which so fatally paralysed his highest powers, make his representations of things which he only partially believed unsatisfactory. But nevertheless it is true that in the fifth act "the glow of evening recalls the morning brightness, the hymns of the Easter Morn (in the First 'Faust's' noblest scene) resound again; Margaret once more invokes the Virgin, but this time for another—and is heard, as of old by the Mater Dolorosa, so now from amidst the blaze of light which reveals the Mater Gloriosa."

In this act the translator's difficulties thicken. Let us see how they have been met in the book before us. Omitting the somewhat irrelevant episode of Baucis and Philemon — an after-thought of Goethe's which would have formed a more suitable prelude to Faust's final ruin than to his recovery—let us begin where Goethe began in the first years of this century, with the four mysterious grey midnight visitants to Faust's palace.

FIRST SPECTRE.

"My name, it is WANT.

SECOND.

And mine, it is BLAME.

THIRD.

Mine, CARE!

FOURTH.

NECESSITY, that is my name.

THREE OF THEM.

The door it is bolted, we cannot go in;
A rich man dwells there, and we may not within.

WANT.

I fade to a shade there.

BLAME.

There I cease to be.

NECESSITY.

There the eye is too dainty to look upon me.

CARE.

Ye sisters, ye neither can enter, nor dare;
But the keyhole's a portal sufficient for Care. [*Enters.*

WANT.

Grey sisters, away! Here no more may we bide.

BLAME.

Where you go, there I go, and stick by your side.

NECESSITY.

On your heels I will follow, Necessity saith.

THE THREE.

The clouds they roll up, disappears star on star.
Behind there, behind! From afar, from afar!
He is coming, our brother is coming—Death!"

For the sake of a rhyme which is, after all, not demanded by the original, Guilt has been here unwarrantably replaced by Blame; unwarrantably as far as the actual meaning of the German word *Schuld* goes, but with advantage to the general sense—for wealth, often a shield against reproach, is none against sin. The song of the ghastly grave-diggers—when Faust, having pronounced the fatal and long-delayed acknowledgment of satisfaction with the present moment which entitles his spiritual foe to seize him, at last needs their services—is thus rendered:—

LEMUR.

"Who has with shovel and with spade
Built up the house so vilely?

CHORUS OF LEMURES.

For this sad guest, in hempen vest,
'Tis finished much too highly.

LEMUR.

Who has so badly furnished it?
Chairs, tables, where are any?

CHORUS OF LEMURES.

'Tis snug and strong, not let for long,
The claimants are so many."

Here the first line of the chorus is more correctly given by the other translators as an address to the corpse, "For *thee*, dull guest," &c. And the correction is important, as it makes the Lemur impersonate the dead as the first speaker in the imaginary dialogue, and so greatly adds to its weird horror. On the other hand, Martin has ingeniously closed his second and fourth lines here with the double rhyme of the original, which his predecessors have not managed to do.

And now we approach the greatest technical difficulty of all, the hymns — parallel to the Easter chants of the first part, in their dactylic measure and double and triple rhymes — with which the angels advance to rescue the soul of Faust; rendered not incapable of such rescue, according to Goethe's theory, by its recent benevolent activities, and by the fact that its one moment of supreme satisfaction was felt in the contemplation in advance of the well-being of others. Here every translator has failed more or less, Sir T. Martin as little as any. But the waft of the angelic wings does not fan the air with the lightness of Goethe's lines, in these:—

"On light pinions oaring
Heavenward, adoring,
Follow, ye envoys,
Bearing in trust
Pardon to sinners,
Life to the dust!
As ye float onward
On slow-beating wings,
Send influence downward
To kindle what's fairest,
Brightest, and rarest
In all living things!"

And the second line is decidedly

a mistake. It is not "heavenward," but earthward, that the celestial squadron are moving on their mission of mercy. "Heaven's kindred" is what the sense requires. The most beautiful of the choruses in the original—that with which the shower of roses begins—is rather degraded here by the homely word "posies." "Trailing" has no excuse save the exigence of the rhyme, and "perfume" is inadequate to represent the idea of the balm of life conveyed by the original *Balsam.* But it ends well. This is it:—

> "Ye radiant roses,
> Perfume exhaling,
> Fluttering, trailing,
> Life-giving posies,
> Floating on leafy wing,
> Blossoms half opening,
> Hasten to blow!
> Scatter around you Spring,
> Verdure and glow,
> Paradise bring
> To the sleeper below!"

Dr Anster's translation of Goethe's lovely lines is, however, so much prettier, that one feels impelled to quote it, acknowledging at the same time that it indulges too much in paraphrase to be a good model, and that its movement is quite a different one from his original's:—

> "Dazzling roses, dropping balm,
> With secret breath restoring
> Heaven's life of happy calm!
> Fluttering down, up soaring,
> Plumy branchlings, winglets green,
> Buds, unsealed from timid screen,
> Wake into sudden blow!
> Burst out, celestial Spring,
> In green and purple glow,
> Your Paradises bring
> To him who sleeps below!"

The final scene, where on the slope of an idealised Montserrat holy anchorites of the type of a St Anthony, a St Bernard, a St Francis, behold the gradual purification of the spirit of Faust, is, much of it, here so rendered as to deserve high praise. Nothing can be better than the opening chorus, which depicts its scenery:—

> "Forests, they wave around,
> Cliffs overhang the ground,
> Roots far their tendrils spread,
> Trees interlace o'erhead;
> Brooks leap and sparkle clear,
> Sheltering caves darkle near;
> Harmlessly gliding round,
> Dumb lions roam,
> Honour the hallowed ground,
> Love's blessèd home."

The song of the new-born infants' spirits is also very good:—

> "Hands intertwine in
> A circling ring,
> Feelings divine in
> Gladsomeness sing!
> God teaches you; hear Him,
> Trust in His grace:
> You, who revere Him,
> Shall look on His face!"

On the other hand, part of the description of the Blessed Virgin's appearance,—surrounded by Margaret and the other holy penitents, whose prayers have availed so much for Faust, — is too long drawn out. It begins well with—

> "Here the outlook is free,
> The spirit aspiring!
> Women I yonder see
> Floating up, quiring.
> Midmost, in wondrous sheen,
> Star-crowned and beaming,
> Lo! there is Heaven's queen,
> Gloriously gleaming!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Light cloudlets free
> Around her are bent;
> Women they be,
> That have sinned and repent."

But Goethe's next four lines are expanded by Sir Theodore Martin into seven! This diffuse passage is, however, followed by an excellent quatrain:—

> "To thee, whom passion could not touch,
> Still, still it hath been granted,

> That those who fall, through loving much,
> May come with trust undaunted."

The address of the three typical penitents to the Virgin is somewhat marred by a reverse in the rhymes, which here spoils its even flow; and Margaret's prayer to the Mater Gloriosa is not quite satisfactory. Its character is, of course, determined by the way in which her appeal to the Mater Dolorosa in the First 'Faust' is rendered. To match his earlier version, Sir T. Martin here gives us :—

> "Incline, incline,
> Peerless one, bright
> With effulgence of light,
> Unto my bliss thy glance benign!
> He, loved the first, the last,
> All trouble, struggle past,
> Returns,—he is mine!"

Bayard Taylor has here done better, suggesting, as Goethe has done, without expressing, what the last line says here :—

> "Incline, O maiden,
> With mercy laden,
> In light unfading,
> Thy gracious countenance upon my bliss!
> My loved, my lover,
> His trials over
> In yonder world, returns to me in this!"

But, generally speaking, the balance inclines the other way.

In all the qualities which will attract the general attention—clearness, poetic power, and musical expression—Sir T. Martin's Second 'Faust' surpasses the versions previously given to the English public; and whoever reads it along with Bayard Taylor's notes and an occasional glance at his text for the sake of rhymes and rhythms, will only have Goethe—or himself—to complain of, if he fails to understand what is now almost as accessible to the English as to the German reader.

As the dawn reappears in the evening, not only in the masterpiece which we have been surveying under such able guidance, but also in many a life's and many a nation's story—so, on the shelf enriched by Sir Theodore Martin's charming and brilliant verse, the rank of translations begins with his early work, when, with the lamented Aytoun for his coadjutor, he rivalled Lord Lytton's 'Ballads of Schiller' by his 'Ballads of Goethe'; and now ends with his successful completion of a much harder enterprise, in the Second Part of 'Faust.' How much good writing fills the intervening space! Not to speak of versions of lesser authors, the eye falls on a Dante's 'Vita Nuova,' on a First 'Faust,' on a Horace, the compeer of the best, and on an excellent and so far unique Catullus. These two last-named books will always find admiring readers; while, from the nature of their subjects, Dante's religious and Goethe's philosophic mysticism will attract fewer, but not less admiring. For those who do care to tread their labyrinths will, as they penetrate them with unexpected ease, wax louder and louder in praise of a leader to whose inexhaustibly youthful spirit toil seems a pleasure, and difficulty a spur; and gather round him as they emerge into daylight to congratulate him on such a crown to his work as is set on it by the book before us.

> "La vita al fin, e il dì loda la sera."

But in this case men may hope that the end is still afar off, and that for some time yet the praise of the evening may ring out clearer and sweeter than ever.

FRENCH EXAMINERS UNDER THE CIVIL SERVICE.

The country around us being for miles covered with snow, and the beauties of nature, like our best sentiments, being hidden from view, I turned about for an hour's pleasant converse with any book in the library which I thought might readily give it me.

Was it to be French, or German, or English? I cared not much which, provided it was not one of those specially recommended in Sir John Lubbock's list—wherein, by the way, I was grieved to notice at the time that neither About's works on Greece, nor Hofmann's fairy tales, nor Mr Disraeli's historical novels, were included.

It seemed to me that to converse with Marcus Aurelius, Confucius, Aristotle, or Mohammed, when the snow was deep on the ground, and the sun had refused us its light for half a year, was to insult those great men, whose brains had dilated under the beneficial influence of a southern sky, by bringing to the comprehension of their writings a frozen and contracted intellect.

Nor had I much spirit for theological controversy, and considered Jeremy Taylor a better guide to holy dying, which I did not wish to do just yet, than to holy living, which I was forced to endure indoors.

As to poetry, I felt more inclined to read the 'Shahnameh' in the original, because I could not understand it, than the second part of 'Faust,' or any portion of the 'Niebelungen.'

Indeed, so ill-conditioned was my frame of mind, that, had Sir John himself recommended me to find solace in Hume's 'England,' or Bacon's 'Novum Organum,' or, as a last resource, in Berkeley's 'Human Knowledge,' I would have allowed him to despoil my library of all such works mentioned in his indigestible list as I possessed, so that I might not again be tempted by Grote, or Carlyle, or Marivaux.

Fortunately I never got so far as the book-shelves, or in my despair some act of vandalism might have sullied the reputation of a lover of literature in ordinary times, and the innocent cause which saved so many precious works from destruction was the casual appearance on a table of some reports of the Civil Service Commissioners.

Here were treasures of information, I reflected. Here, within a volume, could I indulge in a pleasant talk with every and any author, in every possible or impossible language.

Here would I find the progress made by the aspiring youths of Great Britain, and rejoice after the event upon what must have caused themselves and their friends at the time unbounded satisfaction. Herein would I surely be able to trace that wholesome teaching which is the boast of this country, and the progress made by students in the many subjects which go to make up a complete education for the service of the State. No wonder that in the prospect of reading, comparing, noting, thinking, judging, I found all the elements of a pleasant education.

I took an arm-chair, and placed it as near the fire as I could with security to it and comfort to myself, brought out a sharp pencil, and feeling quite satisfied with my arrangements, proceeded to open one of the interesting volumes.

Where in France could such a book be produced, showing the

magnificent attainments at the entrance into life of a hard-working, painstaking, energetic youth? The thought was patriotic, and remembering presently my own experience of French teaching, a passage of Dumas the younger forced itself into my mind:—

"We marvel at the immorality, the scepticism, and the depravation of modern times! Enter any college you may meet; stir up that apparent youth; call to the surface what lies at the bottom; analyse that mud, and you will no longer be surprised. The well has long been poisoned, and he who has not been a child never becomes a man." [1]

Why these terrible words from the lips of a distinguished Frenchman should have recurred to me, I know not, unless apprehensions as to the future of English schools were mixed up with them in my thoughts.

They were startling enough, however, to make me ponder over them before opening the report, and to think of the causes which could bring about such results. I had not far to go.

Leisure hours in French schools are too much devoted to profitless chatter; and those bodily exercises which purify the blood and quicken it are not sufficiently encouraged.

Lycées in my day and in Dumas's day, whatever they are now—and I understand they are even worse than then—were not frequented by boys,—at least those were not boys, those creatures who looked so prematurely old, whose theme was not of healthy pleasure but of forbidden amusements!

What cared they for sports and outdoor exercise, who loved to huddle in a corner and listen with eager intent to what the latest play, the most recent novel, the last revealed misery of Paris, could supply as food to their diseased imaginations!

What charm could outward nature have for them, when in their earliest years they had never been taught to commune with her, but were allowed to waste their best hours in the regrettable acquisition of notions of depravity!

What delight could they find in the honest purity and respectable simplicity of home, who had before the time acquired a painful knowledge of all that deprives home of its charm, its blessings, and its peace!

How are the generous impulses of a naturally noble disposition to be heard in the tumult raised by the longings of undeveloped passions, or the cravings of a mind sullied on the very threshold of existence? This is no more than the truth as regards what may reasonably be expected from those who have the misfortune of attending those atheistic establishments provided for its youth by the paternal government of France, who believe that instruction and education are one and the same thing, and do not see that the teaching of religion is the one safeguard of morality, order, and discipline.

Nor are the masters they appoint to blame; they look to their pay and their lectures. What matters education, provided instruction is liberally bestowed? What signifies it if the child prefers the tangible things of this world—or rather, those which he will be able some day to see, to touch, to enjoy — to the teachings of invisible things, which cannot impress his senses, though in the shape of popular prejudices they may knock at the door of his inmost heart?

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[1] L'affaire Clémenceau.

That is not the object of a professor's existence. He is not paid for it. The boys who frequent the *lycées* have come there to be taught reality, not religious fancies; and if their imagination runs riot, and they subsequently deify matter, that is their own look-out. They should not be so silly. But to guide those youthful minds, so prone to exaggerate all things, what business is that of the masters in their relation to the students?

Thus the boys are left to commune among themselves; to gratify their unwholesome curiosity; to be satiated with life before they have even tasted of its sweets; to look down upon the clergy as men who deprive pupils of liberty and of knowledge, because they strive to give them a few years of boyhood, and to strengthen in them that great solace of man, a religious sense—the only comfort and the only strength which they will have to invoke in those desperate struggles which are sure to accompany the more pleasurable moments of their lives.

And then, of course, occurred to me those painful reflections which the prospect in the future of a British Government taking under its unconcerned care the education of England's youth engendered; while I hoped that the day is still distant when our denominational system may suffer from the same causes that have poisoned the minds of Frenchmen, have levelled their literature to the gutter, their art to a servile imitation instead of a healthy rendering of material nature, and their ambition to the upsetting of all institutions which, deriving their strength from a divine law, have caused the law of man to be hitherto equally respected.

But all this while the volume lay heavily on my knees, and from a consideration of the French I naturally turned to the French papers set for examination, just to see how high was the standard of excellency in this respect required of and obtained by those whose profession called upon them to qualify in that delightful language. Alas! a long perusal, enjoyed thoroughly because of the continual merriment which it produced, soon convinced me that the efforts of the pupils, however praiseworthy they might be, were wholly inadequate to cope with the practical joking propensities of those who were appointed to examine them.

I have no idea who these examiners may be, nor how they contrive to get up their subjects to suit the kind of candidate to whom they are requested to grant or refuse a certificate of proficiency; but I do think the public have a right to expect something like fair play, when to obtain for their children an acquaintance with a foreign tongue they expend large sums, and sometimes that which they can ill afford.

It is a thousand pities that we have not some international institution or college for the express purpose of teaching foreign languages, wherein certificated masters from foreign countries, under a well-directed board of control, could prepare students in those languages which the enormous extent of our empire renders it imperative that nearly a third of England's sons should become acquainted with, for the prosecution of their calling.

The conferring of degrees might not even be necessary, though advisable; but a certificate of proficiency from such a school would at least act as a passport to poor and rich, and would advantageously

supersede the incongruous examinations in languages now carried on by the Civil Service.

For it is really too bad that, besides the chances of competition, a candidate who has studied conscientiously should run the risk of failure, because at seventeen or eighteen years of age he has not been able to master the technical or scientific terms of a language not his own, or contrived to make himself a proficient in the slang or affectations of any given foreign tongue.

Again, I cannot see, nor indeed can any reasonable thinking man conceive, why, if it be a rule of the Civil Service examiners to test the knowledge of the candidates by the amount of technical terms they are able to render into English, there should not at least be an indication of their wishes in this respect.

At present, judging by the kind of subjects given for translation, it would seem that, instead of studying the polite classical language of France, students for the Civil Service of India would do better to devote some time, say, in an architect's office in Paris, or the laboratory of a chemist at Montargis; and young men anxious to legislate on behalf of England in the Straits Settlements and Ceylon, to spend a few months in a glass-blower's establishment at St Gobain or Carcassonne.

Aspirants to the post of assistants in the British Museum should proceed to Asnières and gather from some *canotier de la Seine* what are the French equivalents for the sporting terms they are likely to be examined in before they can enter their very sportless occupations.

Candidates for the Foreign Office would find it profitable to learn farming with Tartarin de Tarascon, or be called to the bar of Nantes; while young men anxious to be of use at the Admiralty, need not go further than the "Librairie Hachette" near Charing Cross, and make themselves well acquainted with the style of French spoken by *le petit Bob*.

Seriously, if a knowledge of technical terms (and nobody living possesses a full knowledge of them even in their own maternal tongue) is to the Civil Service examiners a test of proficiency in a foreign language, would it not be natural to examine the candidate in such technical terms as relate more or less to the profession he is endeavouring to embrace?

What, for instance, can a clerk preparing for the Admiralty be supposed to know about "les rennes . . . couvertes d'un léger duvet, nues et grises . . . d'autres ayant perdu l'épiderme velu"?

An Englishman examining French boys in his own language, might as well ask them to translate some passage relating to the laws of cricket, or to the ordinary mode pursued in shooting razor-bills and puffins of the auk kind.

It would amuse us to see a Frenchman's translation of the rule that "a striker is out if either of the bails be bowled off, or if a stump be bowled out of the ground." Perhaps the examiners were curious to see how the candidates would acquit themselves in the matter of the reindeer.

For my part, to use a good sound French expression, "j'ai l'épiderme sensible," and I am glad I was not one of those candidates.

A more serious aspect of the question arises, however, from the fact that the highest marks obtained by the Admiralty candidates to whom this practical joke was played, was 90 out of a possible total of 200, a clear proof that

the paper was beyond their power; though, even if the subject was optional, the fact of the candidates wishing to be examined in French shows that they had at least devoted time and money in endeavouring to learn it.

This reindeer paper was given in October, and for some reason or another was repeated in November, when it appears to have been easily disposed of by a candidate for the diplomatic service.

Would he have done as well in October? I daresay he would. But why, when the literature of France is so vast, cannot an examiner take the trouble of issuing a fresh paper, instead of giving again one which, by chance or any fortuitous circumstance, may have become known to the confraternity of crammers, and been given by them to their pupils in the interval.

I insinuate nothing; but I deliberately state that my business is with the Civil Service system of examination, which, in the matter of French, Spanish, Italian, and German, seems to me to be based on an altogether wrong appreciation of what the acquirements of young men of eighteen and twenty can possibly be.

I further would suggest that there is not fairness in the fact that while a candidate for the diplomatic service may have had personal experience of *la chasse aux rennes*, the would-be clerk at the Admiralty does not generally spring from the class of men who have either had time or means to devote to such pleasurable pastime.

Why, again, must a student interpreter in Japan imbibe, even by translating, a detestation of almsgiving, "La défaillance morale, la dégradation qu'engendre l'aumône"? or an Admiralty engineer student be given passages such as, "A me lécher la main délicatement," and "A le baiser sur son nez froid"?

Assistants in the British Museum are supposed to be fond of *la chasse au canard sauvage;* and cadets at Ceylon, Strait Settlements, and Hong-Kong, must know everything about *les vitraux d'orient.*"

I really wish harm to no one; but it would rejoice my heart to see these examiners, if they are French, which I don't think they are, translating into that language an English coachbuilder's account, or a mason's estimate of cost of building, or an architect's exposition of his plans—always supposing that they are not themselves coachbuilders, masons, or architects by trade and profession.

We pass by the gentlemen who wish to enter the India Forest service, and who have to translate such sonorous rubbish as "la féodalité rasant les murailles des donjons inaccessibles et trouant les poitrines des chevaliers," and come to the Foreign Office and diplomatic service, where French is as essential a portion of the examination as English itself.

To these gentlemen one paper sets forth that "des batteurs en grange faisaient entendre le bruit cadencé de leurs fléaux."

It is true that what comes but once in a lifetime is worth a little trouble; and the young man who acquitted himself satisfactorily of this task may rest assured that by satisfying his examiner, the world, if he lives to a hundred, will never require him to repeat the phrase, except as a quotation from a Civil Service idyl.

The nineteenth century "a troué la poitrine de ce petit tableau champêtre." But it appears that a diplomat is bound to know that there is still "une paysanne en sabots qui jetait du grain aux poules."

The occurrence is perhaps trivial: it was evidently deemed so; for in view of correcting the bucolic simplicity of the statement and to try another style, the following paper was produced:—

"Maître Gabissol était l'aigle du barreau de Mende; aigle un peu déplumé par cinquante hivers, un peu enroué par ses longs services de cours d'assises. L'audience eut paru manquée, si l'on n'avait aperçu au banc des avocats ou dans les couloirs cette robe lustrée de vétusté, ce visage légèrement grêlé, empreint d'une bonhomie narquoise; cette toque, tantôt retombant sur les yeux, tantôt rejetée en arrière, suivant les timidités de l'exorde ou les ardeurs de la péroraison. Il traitait ses confrères, son public, les juges, les jurés, avec une aisance et une intimité qui n'étaient pas sans quelque sentiment de sa supériorité et de sa force. Les jeunes stagiaires s'amusaient de ses manies, parodiaient ses tics, ses phrases à effet, l'audace de ses métaphores, mais pas trop haut, car il avait le bec et les ongles. S'il lui arrivait d'être diffus ou prolixe, les magistrats l'écoutaient avec une résignation complaisante, et il était rare que le président lui dît d'abréger. On savait d'avance le moment où il *s'essuyait* le front avec son mouchoir à carreaux, où, dans le désordre de son geste, ses lunettes remontant jusqu'au bord de sa toque, il *profiterait* de la circonstance pour savourer une prise. On pouvait prédire la minute décisive où il suppléait aux notes de sa voix, éraillée dans le haut, par une effusion lacrymatoire ou un effet de pantomime, *lègéres* taches au soleil, petits ridicules dont on s'égayait à huis-clos et en famille, mais qui ne diminuaient pas d'un millimètre une renommée dont on était fier. Compatriotes et confrères se hâtaient de *reprendre* M. Gabissol *au sérieux*, dès qu'un étranger leur en parlait ou qu'un avocat de cour royale faisait mine de la toiser."

I have transcribed it *in toto*, as a sample of what I contend,—viz., that young students of the French language cannot be supposed to know such lawyer's expressions or intimate locutions as *aigle du barreau; robe lustrée de vétusté; visage grêlé; bonhomie narquoise* (in the language of the classics, *narquois* meant a sly thief, and it is only in this century that the thief has disappeared, and the signification sly or mocking has remained); *timidités de l'exorde; jeunes stagiaires; parodier un tic; une phrase à effet; bec et ongle; mouchoir à carreaux; désordre d'un geste; savourer une prise; voix éraillée dans le haut; s'égayer à huis-clos*,—but I give it also as an instance of how carefully these papers are prepared by the examiners, from whom it might be interesting to hear how the following passage is parsed: "On savait d'avance le moment où il *s'essuyait* le front avec son mouchoir à carreaux." If he was then mopping his forehead, it is clear that everybody saw it, and no one need have foreseen it; but the phrase continues, "Où, dans le désordre de son geste, ses lunettes remontant jusqu'au bord de sa toque, il *profiterait*," &c.

It would further be a boon if they would explain why they write *lègéres* instead of *légères*; and though I do not dislike the expression *reprendre au sérieux*, I would be personally grateful to hear that it is a French locution in use.

For my part, I am anxious *de prendre au sérieux* the French examiners of her Majesty's Civil Service, and bid them, in the interests of the public, mend their evil ways; I am even further disposed *de les reprendre*, not in the sense as desired to be conveyed above, but in its castigating meaning, for wasting the money of poor people, who at present see every office in the city filled with foreigners, because of their ability to speak languages sufficiently well to

be useful to their employers, and are unable to turn their expenditure upon those languages to the benefit of their own children.

We have a right, old and young, to expect fair play; and to be useful in diplomacy, in a Government office in India or in China, it is not necessary for English youths to know such words as *simarre*, *épatant*, *patibulaire*, and *enchevêtrement*, any more than it is requisite for French boys learning English to be acquainted with the language of Chaucer — for *simarre* is the present name for the *chamarre* or robe of that period—or that of the sporting journals of the present day, to the choice expressions of which *épatant* is an equivalent.

If the boy of eighteen is not to be protected against the practical impossibility at his age of being even crammed to a thorough mastery of the languages of Louis XIV. and of M. Grévy, then better give up the farce of examining him at all, and still more that of occasionally giving certificates of proficiency, where those who can form an opinion well know the impossibility, except under rare and very exceptional circumstances, of the candidate really deserving it; but if the joke is to be continued, let it at least have limits, and let the candidate be given a list of authors to read and to study, and from any one of whom he may expect his examination papers to be selected.

This is done in France for French candidates to University honours; surely it can be done for English boys who have to go up before the Civil Service Commission; and if I may be permitted to do so, I would humbly suggest to her Majesty's Civil Service Commissioners, that there is as much difference between the French of Bossuet and that of Victor Hugo as there is between the English of Addison and that of Carlyle, supplementing the suggestion by the remark, that if the splendid periods of Bossuet, Fénélon, and Massillon — to wit, the latter's description of ambition — do not constitute in their minds a field sufficiently extensive to test the knowledge of French possessed by a candidate, Alexandre Dumas the younger, Ernest Renan, le Comte d'Haussonville, Gustave Droz, Georges Sand, and Madame Émile de Girardin would supply all possible wants in the way of opposite thoughts and opinions, but equally polished modern French.

Take, for instance, the magnificent passage in 'L'affaire Clémenceau,' which precedes the considerations on French colleges to which I have already referred :—

"Maintenant que je me rappelle les termes dont le sens m'échappait alors et dont ces jeunes imaginations déjà salies par des curiosités hâtives, se servaient à mon endroit ; termes que les hommes ne prononcent plus entre eux après un certain âge, même dans la colère, le dédain ou l'ivresse ; immondices du langage qu'on ne retrouve qu'à de rares intervalles sur les murs des chemins de barrière avec les autres immondices de l'humanité : je me demande quel secret et invincible ennemi de Dieu peut souiller ainsi les lèvres l'esprit et l'âme de petits êtres à peine échappés de ses mains et suspendus encore au sein de la vierge nature."

It is difficult to frame a sentence better than this; and a good translation of it would do more credit to the candidate than his ability to render into English "le baiser sur son nez froid."

Take one of the last productions of Gustave Droz, 'Tristesses et Sourires.' There is scarcely a line in it from beginning to end that is not better for testing knowledge of

good French than any paper issued within the last ten years by the Civil Service Commissioners for that purpose.

I would give full marks to the Englishman who could approximately render the beautifully painted little scene described in these lines:—

> "Que dire à deux jeunes mariés que l'on surprend le soir au coin du feu, tandis qu'ils admirent ensemble leur nouveau-né, gigotant dans ses langes? Ils détaillent les merveilles de leur ouvrage, s'en font les honneurs, s'aiment dans cet enfant qui fait encore partie d'eux mêmes, pour ainsi dire, et n'est que le point délicieux où leurs cœurs se touchent, le terrain neutre où de part et d'autre on dépose ses baisers."

Not that these modern French writers do not use expressions unknown to the age of Louis XIV., such as, in the passage above, the expressive word *gigotant;* but if the candidates were told what authors to read and study, the responsibility of understanding them would rest upon them, whereas at present the impossibility to understand the French given by the examiners of the Civil Service is due to the latter's want of method and intelligence. These remarks, however, might have little weight unless I could show by the results the truth of my proposition that the task set to candidates is too hard a one.

Taking the report which first met my eye, I find it to be the 27th, referring to the year 1882. The French papers given are not so difficult as those I have seen in other reports, and the results are therefore all the more eloquent.

Having taken the pains of ascertaining what proportion of candidates examined in French obtained half the marks—that is to say, actually qualified—I discovered that, leaving the naval, military, and Civil Service of India candidates, upon whom we may have a word to say later, out of the question, and referring only to the young men classified in the report under Tables C and D, 228 youngsters were examined in French during the year 1882, whether at their option or as an obligatory condition of the examination.

Nineteen examinations were held, and the total number who received certificates of qualification was 73, or one-third of the total number of candidates.

The total number of marks obtained by these 228 candidates was 21,054, out of a possible total of 69,025, or not nearly one-third of the marks obtainable.

But if 21,054—viz., the marks obtained—be divided by 228, the number of candidates who obtained them, it will be seen that no more than 92 marks can be credited to each candidate; and that the mean average of marks to be obtained being 280, with a qualifying standard of 140, candidates by obtaining 92 marks only, fell short of the qualifying numbers by no less than 48 marks.

This is surely significative of excessive difficulties encountered.

For if we take the Foreign Office, where French is so requisite, and the British Museum, where surely a knowledge of it is indispensable, we find by the following tables that 34 candidates for appointment under the Foreign Office only got 38 marks each above the qualification standard of $367\frac{2}{3}$; while the British Museum candidates were 36 marks each below the qualifying standard of 150:—

FOREIGN OFFICE.

No. of Candidates.	Maximum.	Maximum obtainable.	Qualifying maximum.	Marks obtained.
12	300	3600	1800	1852
6	400	2400	1200	1552
16	400	6400	3200	3574
34	$\frac{1100}{3}=366\frac{2}{3}$	12,400	6200	6978

BRITISH MUSEUM.

No. of Candidates.	Maximum.	Maximum obtainable.	Qualifying maximum.	Marks obtained.
5	300	1500	750	470
6	300	1800	900	672
14	300	4200	2100	1501
2	300	600	300	309
3	300	900	450	485
30	$\frac{1500}{5}=300$	9000	4500	3437

A rapid glance at the military examination statistics for Woolwich and Sandhurst reveals very nearly the same state of things, though in this case none of the unsuccessful candidates have their marks recorded, and hence the average marks for French of the successful ones is somewhat favoured by the omission.

	Candidates.		Marks.		
Woolwich,	50	obtained	35,229	out of a possible	100,000
Sandhurst,	73	„	74,398	„	146,000
Do.	7	„	5,272	„	10,000
Or,	130	„	114,899	„	256,000

Which indicates that were the marks 280 instead of 2000, the successful military candidates would average 122 to the civilian's 92, but still be 18 each behind a qualifying standard.

Even those Admirable Crichtons, the Indian Civil Service candidates, are below the qualifying standard, as can be seen by the following table:—

a	40	candidates got	6,870	marks out of a possible	20,000
b	18	„	4,411	„	7,200
c	26	„	5,618	„	10,400
	84	„	16,899	„	37,600

Or close on 23 marks each below the qualification figure.

But when we come to the little naval cadets, and may presume that the French papers given to them are more in harmony with the knowledge obtainable at their tender age, we suddenly find a great change,—one, indeed, that more than justifies our contention, that were the examinations better suited to candidates, the results would prove more satisfactory to the public.

Two records of examinations for the navy reveal the following :—

No. of Candidates.	Maximum for each candidate.	Marks obtained.	Marks obtainable.
24	200	3210	4800
36	200	4884	7200
60	$\frac{400}{2}=200$	8094	12,000

In other words, nearly 35 marks each for 60 cadets above the qualifying standard. And thus the navy in its youngest *personnel* saves the credit of the nation in this particular branch of knowledge.

I may have occasion to deal with German as I have with French. I trust the result will not be still more disappointing. But if the country can wake up to the necessity of having such a college as I have hinted at; could royalty, who are such excellent linguists, see their way to take the matter under their patronage; and lastly, could parents feel confident that fair treatment would be in store for their children, were they possessed of such a certificate of knowledge of any foreign tongue as even the Civil Service of the Crown would not presume or dare to ignore, — then, indeed, would many posts now filled by aliens become legitimately occupied by British-born subjects, and Government appointments be filled by hard-working, painstaking men, whose knowledge of French or German or Italian would not savour of the crammer's school, but of sound teaching by foreign masters in an International College under British control.

HUBERT E. H. JERNINGHAM.

THE CRACK OF DOOM.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XLIV.

While the Count was engaged in coming to an understanding with his brother-in-law, other friends of his were anxiously seeking an opportunity for coming to an understanding with him.

Stephen Millerby knew that the Count had an appointment with Mr Quickset to rehearse the magic-lantern illustrations in the hall where the lecture was to be delivered next evening. The Count was certain to be there if he had not taken fright and fled the country, which Stephen sincerely hoped that he had done. But if the reckless youth did come, his kindly adviser knew that it might be difficult to get a word with him in private. He went into Norport, therefore, immediately after the scene in the drawing-room at Hardhill, thinking to waylay and firmly admonish the pretended Count before the hour fixed for the rehearsal.

He called at his hotel about six o'clock, but the Count had not arrived. Then it occurred to him that, if he came at all from London, he must arrive by a train reaching Norport about half-past seven, and passing through to Slagsalve.

The Count did not come by that train; but as he waited on the platform for it, Stephen had his mind considerably relieved about Miss Douglas. That young lady had spoken as if she intended to take refuge in one of the hotels of Norport; and as Stephen knew that all the better sort were crowded, he did not like the idea of the difficulties that the unprotected female might be exposed to. It was a slur upon the hospitality of the good people of Hardhill; but what could they do? She would not stay, and they could not compel her to stay against her will. It was one of those distressing ills of life for which there is no remedy, which must be endured because they can't be cured; still, none the less, but rather all the more, it was an uncomfortable subject to think about. And Stephen was sincerely relieved when he saw Fanny walking on the platform for Slagsalve, with Grace Quickset and Adam Napier, and divined that the independent young woman had, after all, put herself under the protection of the Quicksets. This was much better for her than searching alone and unaided for quarters in the overcrowded Norport hotels; and Stephen was unselfish enough to be pleased, although he saw from the looks that she cast at him that his household and all therein were the unfavoured subjects of her conversation with her companions. Grace Quickset was apparently not entirely led away by her story, for she gave him a shy and embarrassed but unmistakably friendly bow, for which he was duly grateful.

"We Millerbys seem to be very unfortunate in our matrimonial aspirations," he mused within himself as he walked up and down. "That, now, would have been a nice wife for Hugh, and Ciss Brockley would have been a nice wife for me. I don't think either of us would be a difficult man to live with, but somehow they don't seem to see it. There must be something wrong with us—a want of charm somehow. We must grin

and bear it, I suppose, or bear it without grinning—without doing anything so vulgar—as Mrs Brockley would say." And he began to recall, not without amusement, Mrs Brockley's behaviour that afternoon, and to wonder, as he had done before, what having her in the house as a mother-in-law would have been like. "She's not such a bad sort after all," he reflected, "though she wants a mixture of humouring and keeping in order. It must be from her that the son inherits, for her daughter is very different." Then, seeing that the hour was up for the arrival of the train, he began to settle with desperate energy what he would say to this scapegrace son.

The train came in, but the Count did not come with it. It was the last train from London, and Stephen hoped that he might after all have thought better of it, and gone away back to his work with the handsome spoil he had secured. This, as we know, was a wrong conclusion. The Count had really, with a sort of purposeless cunning, knowing that his arrival might be expected by a London train, stopped at Eaglescliffe and dined, and he came to Norport by a train some forty minutes later. He had no reason to suppose that anybody would be waiting for him; it was simply a move of insane astuteness.

Stephen was certainly thrown out by it. He never thought of waiting for the next train. But it did occur to him that the Count might possibly have arrived by an earlier train without going to his hotel, and that he might somehow turn up at nine o'clock. At any rate he felt that he must go on the chance; it might be a subject for lasting regret if he did not go and the Count appeared after all.

As he lingered on the platform carefully scrutinising stragglers in the forlorn hope of finding among them the object of his search, he became aware of Adam Napier also peering up and down the platform, and apparently looking for somebody in vain. Napier presently came up to him and said—

"Did you happen to see Count Ramassy pass out? I expected him by this train, but I am afraid I must have missed him, as I was seeing those ladies into their carriage. Miss Douglas has always such a lot to say."

"I am certain he has not come by this train," said Stephen, "for I also have been looking for him, and I have kept so close a watch that I don't think he could have escaped me."

"Well, I suppose we must do without him," returned Napier in a tone of indifference. "The careful Professor has engaged me to act as a substitute — a sort of under-study for the part."

They had more than an hour to wait till it was time for the rehearsal, and as they walked from the station together, they continued to converse about the Count, about whose proceedings, and the impression he had made, Stephen was anxious to glean from his companion as much as he could.

"I wonder if he will turn up," Napier said. "He is rather a mysterious fish. But Quickset has a great fancy for him."

"Indeed!" said Stephen. "And has he made an equal impression on Miss Quickset? When I saw them together in London he struck me as being very anxious to do so." Stephen knew nothing of his companion's interest in that quarter, otherwise, glad as he was of the opportunity of getting information about the Count's position, he

would hardly have been so cruel as introduce this topic.

Napier did not answer for a moment, and there was a dryness in his tone when he did. "Yes; that has struck me also. But the curious thing is that he pays very little attention to her in her father's presence, although I am convinced from what I have seen between them that he makes love to her on the quiet. However, it's not my business to interfere."

"But you don't suppose there is anything serious between them?"

"I don't know. That was a queer affair his rediscovering your comet by intuition."

Stephen did not know about this, and Napier told him the circumstances, and also how the Count explained it to Quickset. "Glenville," he added, "thought his wonderful powers were somehow connected with his epileptic tendencies. I am rather inclined to think that it was all a dodge to work on the mind of Grace Quickset."

Stephen might have suspected bias in this remark if he had known the speaker's leanings, but he was more interested at the moment in hearing of the Count's epileptic tendencies, and he drew from Napier an account of the epileptic fit in Quickset's observatory, which was also news to him.

"He would hardly have put that on to impress Miss Quickset," Stephen remarked.

"I must say there is something in him that I don't like," Napier said in dismissing the subject. "It may be insular prejudice, but I suspect the man. He is too extraordinary altogether to be real. My mother mentioned him one day recently to the Austrian Ambassador; but he is not known at the Embassy, which also is strange, if he is so remarkable a character."

Stephen was thankful for this last fact. He would use it as an argument with the impostor for speedy flight. "But why," he asked Napier, "don't you communicate your suspicions to Mr Quickset?"

"I did hint at them once, but I got no encouragement; so I hold my tongue. If there is anything wrong, he will find out in time. Our friend Miss Douglas suspects something between him and Mrs Rorke."

Stephen only laughed at this.

Quickset came to the hall punctually at nine, but the Count was not there; and after waiting two or three minutes, they went on without him, Napier taking his place.

However, a quarter of an hour afterwards the Count appeared. There was nothing in his manner to show that he had come straight from a final interview with his brother-in-law. He was full of apologies for his unpunctuality. He had met a friend who had detained him.

"Why did you not bring him?" said Quickset.

"I might have trespassed on your kindness so far," he answered without hesitation, "and, in fact, intended to do so when I found I was likely to be late; but as we were on our way we heard the sound of a row between the rival armies of Skeletons and Salvationists, and that was more to his taste. I left him on his way to see this somewhat primitive kind of entertainment."

"Well, we must make haste now," said Quickset, "or I shall not be able to catch the last train for Slagsalve."

"But won't you stay here?" said the Count. "I engaged a spare bedroom for you on purpose." He reflected that he could easily

get Rorke's things turned out of the bedroom, and that there was not much chance of the previous occupant's disturbing the arrangement.

Quickset declined the offer with thanks, and the Count did not press it, but said that he was afraid he had by his unpunctuality forfeited the honour of acting as assistant.

"I may want you both," the Professor said; "and as you know the programme already, perhaps it would be as well if Adam went through it now."

The illustrations were all tried with perfect success. They were all numbered in order, and it was the duty of the assistant when the lecturer struck a small bell to have the slide ready for exhibition. The numbers were all verified. Everything went smoothly, as everything generally did under Quickset's management. He was quite cheerful when they set out for the station.

Stephen tried, but tried in vain, for the Count's private company. The Count walked with Quickset, close to him, and never allowed the conversation to flag. Stephen racked his brains in vain for a pretext on which to draw him aside. He took comfort in the hope that he would have the Count all to himself when the other two left.

But when they reached the station the Count mentioned his intention of going down to Slagsalve also for the night. He saw that Stephen had something special to say, and was watching an opportunity, and quietly resolved to balk him. Fortune, however, was against her favourite for once. As soon as the Count spoke of accompanying them to Slagsalve, Quickset cleared his throat and pondered for a moment and said—

"You will think me very rude for what I am going to say, but I am sorry to hear it."

"Why?" asked the Count, with an answering smile.

"Because I have taken the liberty, knowing that you had engaged rooms here, of annexing your room at Slagsalve for the benefit of a lady visitor, and I throw myself on your indulgence." Quickset could not easily explain the circumstances in Stephen's presence, and not knowing that Stephen was already aware of the fact, scrupled even to mention the lady's name.

"My room is very much at the service of any friend of yours," the Count said, politely. "I am only sorry that I shall have less of your company. It is all the same to me otherwise." If there was a lady friend with the Quicksets, he would have no chance of that morning interview with Grace in the gardens, which was his main object in going to Slagsalve.

When the train had gone, Stephen and he walked out of the station together; but he kept up such a quiet, steady, continuous fire of conjectures and questions about the lady visitor, that Stephen could not get a chance of broaching more important business. Who was she? Did Stephen know? Miss Douglas? But he thought she was staying with Mrs Millerby? She was engaged to Hugh, was she not? Why had she left? Hugh and she had had a quarrel—how amusingly small points people do quarrel about! But she was rather difficult to get on with, was she not? Why had she gone to the Quicksets? To set her cap at the Professor? And so on, and so on. The Count talked without excitement, but also without pause or break except to get answers to his questions; and Stephen was almost

as much irritated as Mr Rorke had been by his skill in keeping out of reach. He ignored every hint that Stephen thrust in, and kept closely and imperturbably to the subject of Miss Douglas.

They were within a few yards of the hotel when the Count suddenly stopped, and held out his hand to say good night. "I am afraid I have taken you out of your way. I mustn't take you farther. I am very glad to have met you. The lecture to-morrow is certain to be a success."

"I go your way as far as the hotel," said Stephen, astounded and not a little annoyed at the cool impudence of the young man. "I have left my dogcart there. Won't you drive out with me and see your mother? She is very anxious to speak to you."

"My mother?" the Count said, in a very surprised tone. "You are under some strange mistake. My mother is not in this country. Whom do you take me for?"

"I know very well who you are, and I can assure you that your secret is much more widely suspected than you suppose."

"My secret! My little gamble on the Stock Exchange. But I don't care who knows that."

"It is not that, as you very well know. I find that Mr Rorke is also here under a false name. This sort of thing can have only one ending." Seeing Rorke in the Association, Stephen had been able to ascertain the name under which he passed.

"Ah," said the Count, with a smile; "so you also have penetrated the disguise of Digby Reade. I did so at once. Curious. What made you think of it?"

"Never mind that now. It is of more consequence that your disguise is also known."

"My disguise! Why, who am I?" The Count looked in his face with a smile of quiet amusement.

"Really, Mr Brockley, you are carrying this too far. I have come to speak to you as a friend. Will you listen to me or will you not?"

"Mr Brockley again! Well, this is most singular!" he said, laughing quietly. "It is the second time this evening that I have been taken for Mr Brockley. If I stay here long I shall be tempted to disbelieve my own identity. It is the strangest thing. Has everybody gone mad?"

"Understand me plainly," said Stephen, angrily. "If you will persist in this, I cannot allow you to disgrace your family. I am very sorry on your own account, but you leave me no choice if you will not listen to reason. Understand me once for all. If you are not out of this to-morrow by twelve, and if you don't leave the country at once, I am resolved to expose you, whatever the consequences to yourself may be."

"Sir," said the Count, knitting his brows and glaring at him passionately, "you become impertinent! Mind your own affairs, Mr Secretary. Good night," and he walked away with towering dignity into the hotel.

"Has Mr Reade returned?" he asked of the porter as he went in.

"I have not seen him, sir; but I will look, if you like." The Count stood in the hall humming a tune till the man returned, shaking his head and making a round O with his mouth.

"Perhaps he has gone to bed?" the Count suggested.

The man shot up-stairs to look, but the Count called him back.

"Never mind — it's of no consequence; I am going up myself. Tell him when he comes in that I was too tired to sit up for him,

and that I hope he enjoyed the fun of the fray."

Meantime Stephen, staggered at first, and angry at the young man's obstinate recklessness, began to suspect the real state of the case, and as he drove home in the soft moonlight mused sadly on the hardness of human fate, and the worse ills than death that meet some of us in our short journey from the cradle to the grave. What an ending for the boy that he could remember! How fine seemed the balance between reason and madness! What could have happened to disturb it? Some latent deep-seated mischief, no doubt, working long in secret, slowly extending its grasp, disguising itself, giving no sign till its mastery was complete. The mastery seemed complete enough now. It could only be insanity. And yet how like other human beings the young man looked when he talked with Quickset—different only in modest grace and superior intelligence. He was mad all the time, a mere lunatic, a man to be shut up as a dangerous wild beast. It must be madness. The glare with which he resented the suggestion that he was not what he pretended to be had a fierce earnestness in it, which could not have been assumed. A self-willed impostor of cool nerve might have put on all the part, but this was beyond the reach of acting—there was a depth of rough ferocity in it that could not be mistaken. If Stephen had not known that his mother and his sister had seen and talked with him as Tom Brockley, he would have clung to the possibility that it must be a case of extraordinary personal likeness. But this was out of the question. And what a painful thing for them! Stephen sighed as he looked back across the flats in the moonlight at the smoke and flames he was leaving behind him, and up at the placid beaming sky, and the comet blazing there in the north. He thought of the immense spaces it had traversed, and of the littleness of man in the world of being. There was a soothing solemnity in the thought, and yet he sighed again as he wondered whether in its secular visits to the regions of the earth it had ever looked down on a more hopeless tragedy. What pangs must rend the greater beings of the universe, if there was room in man's little body for such agonies!

It was near eleven before Stephen reached Hardhill, and he was glad that nobody was about to question him. Time enough for them to hear the bad news next morning, when he might have some plan of action ready to soften the shock of it.

Early next morning, before the household was astir, he rode into Norport to consult Dr Panmure, the leading practitioner in the town, a burly Scotsman, of slow speech and grave self-reliant manner.

"Is there any insanity in the family?" was the doctor's first question, when Stephen had laid the case before him.

"Not that I know of; but I know only his mother and his sister. The mother is a very excitable woman."

"That is not much to go upon. Does she show anything very marked in the way of vanity,—more so, I mean, than the generality of women?" he added, with a slight elevation of a corner of his mouth.

"I think, I may say, without slandering the lady, that she is exceptionally vainglorious."

"It often takes that form in the previous generation. You can't

tell me anything about his general health, I suppose?"

"I happen to know that he had an epileptic fit about a week ago."

"H-m. That is very important —very important. Epilepsy is not often found with monomania, but it is a possible complication. It is one of the great family of neuroses."

"Then it is possible for a man to be mad upon one point only?"

"A most common occurrence."

"And otherwise so sane that nobody would detect anything wrong?"

"If you keep off the one thing. You say he became violent when you expressed a doubt whether he was Count Ramassy?"

"He seemed to treat it rather as a joke when I called him by his real name. It was not till I threatened to expose him that he grew angry."

"Naturally, naturally. The illusion probably has only just got possession of him, and he has not often been contradicted in it. He will get more excitable when more people have contradicted him about it. At present he is as firmly persuaded that he is Count Ramassy as we are of our own identity. I daresay we should be annoyed enough if we found everybody denying that. We should suspect conspiracy, just as the monomaniacs do."

"It seems a strange disorder—to be just like other people, except for this self-mistaken identity. This is a young man of very exceptional ability too, and his scientific knowledge is great enough to have impressed one of the first men of the day. He seems to retain all that."

"Yes," said the doctor—

"'Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.'

But other differences will develop themselves, if the disease has taken hold of him."

"It is curable, I hope?"

The doctor shook his head. "That depends. I don't like the epilepsy. You are sure that it was an epileptic seizure?"

"Oh no; I can't say I am sure. I did not see him. I have only heard of it."

"Then what do you propose to do with him? Do you wish me to examine him?"

"Certainly; it was with that object that I came, and to ask your advice as to what should be done. I have a plan, but I don't know that it is feasible. His relatives, I imagine—though I have not yet spoken to them on the subject—would like to have him taken quietly out of the way, and means used for his recovery, either in an asylum or elsewhere. I imagine that an asylum would be the only safe place. But I don't know what difficulties there may be about his admission."

"Monomaniacs are often harmless enough; but if he is epileptic as well, he might become very violent, and an asylum is much the safest place for him. Indeed in any case an asylum is best, because you can get him best attended to where it is the business of people to look after lunatics."

"You can recommend an asylum, I suppose, where there would be no danger of ill-usage?"

"Certainly."

"But we can't simply take him and commit him to an asylum?"

"No; you can't do that. There are certain legal forms to be observed, and you can't confine him at all unless he is a dangerous lunatic. You must have a certificate to that effect from two medical men, who have examined him personally and independently."

"And if they are satisfied that he is insane, he can be——"

"Shut up. Yes; that is sufficient to justify a relative in signing an order for admission, and to warrant the keeper of an asylum in admitting him. If the case is urgent, one certificate will do in the first instance, but the other must be added within three days after his admission."

"The difficulty is about seeing him," said Stephen.

"Couldn't you introduce me to him at the Association simply as a *savant?* Or I could call at his hotel and introduce myself."

"I was only afraid of irritating him and making him violent."

"We must risk that," the doctor said. "We can't possibly carry him off to an asylum without a personal examination. We must state all the facts on which we ground our certificate, and these facts must be ascertained personally. You may be convinced that he is insane, and I may be convinced by what you tell me, but we cannot certify on hearsay. We may admit other facts, and I had better see Mrs Brockley to learn whether there is any inherited taint; but the law is very strict that we must certify from personal knowledge."

"Then will you come to Hardhill after breakfast, and we can settle farther what is to be done? Of course I must also consult Mrs Brockley."

"Yes. She will have to sign the order of admission."

With this understanding, Stephen rode back home.

CHAPTER XLV.

Stephen decided that he would break the news to Mrs Rorke, and leave it to her to tell Mrs Brockley. He rather feared such a burst of hysterical violence from the latter as might prevent him from putting the case before her properly.

They had nearly finished breakfast before he got back, and Mrs Millerby had wondered more than once what made him so late, and lamented the trouble he was taking with the Association, when the sound of his horse's hoofs was heard, and he rode past the window.

His mother remarked his pale and anxious looks when he came in, and said she wished the meeting were over, and that he would not worry so much about it; to which he answered that it would soon be over now, and that he had been taking a little exercise this morning, which was the best possible counteractive to the bother of the secretaryship.

After breakfast he contrived to move off with Mrs Rorke across the lawn.

"You have not been successful, I fear," she said, "in persuading him to go away. You have been about it again this morning. I am so sorry you should have all this trouble."

"It is better, in one sense, than I anticipated, but worse in another. I was afraid he might have compromised himself by this personation—gone too far, and done something criminal. My fear now is that it is a delusion, an insane delusion—that he believes himself to be Count Ramassy. I have been consulting a doctor this morning."

But before he could get farther, Mrs Brockley came running across the lawn to them, eager for news of her son.

"Mr Millerby thinks he is out of his mind," said Mrs Rorke, in

answer to her inquiry whether it was all right.

"Poor boy!" cried Mrs Brockley in a hushed voice. "Do you know, dear, I thought so from the first. I was sure it must be that. Tom would never have done such a thing if he had been in his right senses."

"I think the best thing we can do," said Stephen, relieved to find Mrs Brockley of this view, and thinking it best to broach his plan at once, "is to get him conveyed as quietly as we can to an asylum. It might be managed, perhaps, without attracting any notice."

"Is it so bad as that?" said Mrs Brockley.

"I am afraid it is."

"But he is not violent, is he, and raving? Poor Tom! I can't bear to think of him like that. That I should have lived to see such a calamity." And the poor woman began to sob.

"It is much better, mother," said Mrs Rorke, "than if it had been as we suspected at first." She felt the news deeply herself, and yet it was almost a relief.

"Yes, dear; I admit that. But you can't understand a mother's feelings. In an asylum! It is too dreadful. They do all sorts of horrible things to them there."

"We can make sure of his being well treated," Stephen said. "It is the relatives who are more to blame than the keepers when there is any cruelty. There is an asylum not far from here, where, if I had your authority, I could see that everything was done that could be done to ensure his recovery. And there is no fear of ill-treatment."

"But if he is not violent I might take care of him myself. Surely his mother would be his best nurse. It is my right and my duty, and I would sacrifice everything for him, and attend to him night and day. Oh, couldn't I see him, and persuade him to come with me? He was always so fond of his poor mother. He would not turn from her now."

"There are often strange revulsions of feeling in the insane, I believe," said Stephen, tenderly. "They often hate and suspec those that they loved most before."

But Mrs Brockley's wish suggested an idea to him, and he was silent for a moment while he thought it out. Could he not invite Count Ramassy as Count Ramassy out to Hardhill? He would apologise to him for having mistaken him for Mr Brockley, comment on the extraordinary likeness, and ask him to come and see Mrs Brockley, to convince her that he was not her son.

"How will this do?" he said, and communicated his plan.

Mrs Brockley was quite satisfied. Nothing could be better.

"Then," said Stephen, gently, "in case the poor fellow should be more intractable than we hope, we can have Dr Panmure here to see him at the same time. And, by the way, the doctor is coming this morning to make some formal inquiries of you as to facts which he must include in his certificate. It would be as well that he should be in a position to grant a certificate in any case." And Stephen explained all the particulars as to the admission of patients into asylums. She listened more reasonably than he had anticipated, and quite admitted the wisdom of being ready for the worst.

Dr Panmure arrived soon afterwards. He doubted the success of Stephen's plan, but was quite agreeable to its being tried. "These delusions are very curious," he said. "The monomaniac often seems to be half aware that his assumed identity is an illusion,

though I doubt whether that stage comes on till he has been crossed more than once about it. And he is often extremely suspicious and cunning. You will find it very difficult to trap the Count. But it is worth trying. I can understand the natural desire of the relatives to avoid publicity as much as possible; and I should be inclined to fear, from the epileptic symptoms, if that was really a fit of epilepsy, that there will be a very violent scene if we have to use restraint, and take him to the asylum by force."

Then Mr and Mrs Millerby and Hugh were taken into confidence, and Hugh was despatched to the asylum for two powerful keepers, to be in readiness at Hardhill. The old people were very much concerned at the discovery, and if Mrs Rorke had not won both their hearts, might have been uncomfortable at the trouble which their sons had brought into the house. But as it was, they were very sympathetic, and interested themselves warmly and anxiously in the case.

As Stephen anticipated, Dr Panmure had some little difficulty in getting the ancestral history of his patient from Mrs Brockley. At first she resented the idea of there having been any traces of insanity in her family, or anybody connected with her; but the doctor was a man of experience and tact, and succeeded in eliciting that her father had died of what she called brain fever, and that Major Brockley, Tom's father, had died in an apoplectic fit. All this the doctor ascertained in his quiet, grave way, giving her to understand that the more he knew, the less would be his difficulty in granting a certificate. She even assented without raising an objection when he suggested that it might be as well if she would at once sign an order for the patient's reception, in the event of its being found necessary to remove him to the asylum without bringing him to Hardhill. In her heart the mother had no doubt about her son's derangement after having seen the doctor, and really shrank from the pain of an interview with him in his present condition.

"This plan of yours is very good," the doctor said to Stephen, when he had concluded his interview with Mrs Brockley; "but it may miscarry—in fact I think the chances rather against it—and we should lose no time in dependence on it. Suppose we try to find him now, as soon as we go into the town. You can introduce me as a *savant*, and make your apology, and give your invitation in my presence. It will give me as good an opportunity as could be of observing him."

Accordingly they drove into Norport together, and called at his hotel for the Count. But the Count was not there.

"There is no good in hunting for him," the doctor said. "You will let me know what passes when you see him, and I will go out to Hardhill at any time you notify." And he drove off to attend to the calls of his practice.

Stephen was standing for a moment in the hall of the hotel, considering whether he should leave a note for the Count, and what sort of note he could frame, when a police-sergeant, coming in, touched his hat to him, and said—"I have been looking for you, sir."

"What has happened?" said Stephen, looking at the man's grave face, and filled with a sudden fear that the poor youth's insanity had taken a violent form.

"A body has been found in the Alexandra Dock this morning, with

an Association ticket in the pocket. There is nothing else to identify the gentleman."

Stephen was speechless with horror, his imagination flying at once to the two distressed women whom he had left at home.

"The ink has rather run in the name, sir; but as far as we can make out, it is Digby Reade, or something like that. There is a gentleman of that name in the Visitors' List at this hotel, arrived on Wednesday, so I have come here to make inquiries; but I went up first to the Association Rooms to see you, sir, as I know you have been taking the principal part in getting up the meeting, and might know something about him. It's not much more than an hour since the body was found by some boys that were fishing there, or what they call fishing, for I never heard of their catching much. It was a few inches under the water, face upwards, and the little chaps was a good deal frightened, but some men came and got him out. He is lying at the Crown Tavern, in Railway Street, where the coroner is going to hold the inquest."

Stephen stared vacantly while the policeman gave him this information in official tones. He knew who Digby Reade was, and the name turned his mind in a new direction, and filled it with a crowd of thoughts in quick succession. An involuntary flush of satisfaction came first—of satisfaction that the obstacle between him and Cecilia had been removed. But this was involuntary and momentary, the mere instinctive impulse of selfish human nature, and the next moment it was quenched in the horror of the circumstances, and with a pang of self-reproach his thought hurried on to less personal considerations. Could this have been the madman's doing? He had just parted with Rorke before he came to the hall that evening. But then he had said so of his own accord. Could this have been a madman's cunning? Stephen knew that Rorke had come to threaten him. He recoiled with horror from the most likely supposition. But it fastened on him. It was the most likely. He was obliged to admit that any other was a comparatively faint probability.

"Is there anything to show how he had come by his death—whether he had stumbled in, or how?"

"There is an ugly cut on the head; but he might have got that in falling on the stonework. The coroner has sent for Dr Panmure to make a *post-mortem*. His watch and his purse was on him; it can't have been robbery. We are inclined to think, sir," the policeman continued, when Stephen remained silent, "that being a stranger he must have stumbled in. It's a dangerous place enough in the dark, and there was a dreadful row last night over the Salvation Army. It's like enough that he was going in the direction of the row, and not knowing the place, walked over the edge. At least that's what we think, sir. But there was two gentlemen were seen going down there by the landlord of the Crown, who was standing in the door hearkening to the row between the Skeletons and the Salvationists, and he heard one of them say, 'Don't let us go into that beastly dark place,' and the other said, 'Come on,' and he saw one of them come back immediately after. So we think the other must have gone on and slipped over the quay."

A very natural supposition, which had not occurred to Stephen. But then the policeman did not know the relations between the two men,

and that one of them was a lunatic. But it was possible after all. Was it for Stephen to take the initiative in upsetting this most natural conclusion?

"Will you come and identify him, sir?" the policeman said, while Stephen was busy with his own tumultuous thoughts. "But I should like to ask a question or two here first."

"I will wait till you are ready."

The sergeant's communication to Stephen had been overheard, and nearly every domestic in the hotel was already in the hall. The sergeant had not to ask questions; information was showered upon him, such as was to be had, as soon as he had signified his desire to have it.

"It was Count Ramassy's friend," said one. "I saw them leave the hotel together."

"I don't wonder at his stumbling in," said the billiard-marker. "He played a game with me after dinner, and he was very unsteady on his pins. He could hardly hit a ball, and he went like this when he had made a shot." And the marker punted with an imaginary cue, and staggered back with a very gentleman-like swagger, and looked round to his fellow-servants for approval.

"Did there seem to be any bad feeling between them?" the sergeant asked of the porter who had first spoken.

"Oh no," broke in another, the porter of whom the Count had inquired concerning his friend. "The Count asked for him last night when he came in. 'Has Mr Reade come back yet?' says he. 'No,' says I. 'Then,' says he, 'he must have gone after them Salvationists. I left him running after them,' he says. 'Tell him I have gone to bed when he comes in.' They seemed most friendly; quite cheek by jowl, — didn't they, Jack?"

This last was said by way of apology to Jack, whom the policeman had addressed. Jack generously corroborated the previous speaker, though the word had been taken out of his mouth. "Oh, quite friendly. 'I'm very glad to see you, old man,' the Count said when he saw Mr Reade, and seemed very pleased that Mr Reade had taken one of his bedrooms; as if he had expected him to,—the Count having engaged two by telegram, and Mr Reade he came meanwhile. They walked out of the hotel arm in arm. I see them now. Oh yes, they was quite friendly."

"Just what we supposed," the sergeant said to Stephen. "I am ready to take you now, sir." They walked out together, leaving the servants in the hall, and the landlord, and the landlady, and such guests as were about, all of the same opinion, and exchanging reminiscences about the unfortunate man. Some hard words were said about the Salvationists too, who were held to be primarily reponsible for the fatal accident.

Stephen did not enlighten the policeman, and he viewed the body with very mixed feelings. Dr Panmure had not arrived to make the *post-mortem* examination. He identified it as the body of the man who gave the name of Digby Reade to the officials of the Association, and walked back to the reception rooms with a very sensible addition to his burden.

His first care was to search for the Count, whom he found in the mathematical section, apparently absorbed in the description of a very delicate new instrument for measuring minute variations or pulsations in the force of terres trial gravity. Stephen watched

him keenly, and looked from his earnest face to others in the room. Where were the signs of madness? If this man was mad, who was sane? It was a delicate, finely cut face, and the expression was the expression of a student rapt in the subject of discourse, and following the lecturer with intense interest and perfect ease. His attitude had fascinated the lecturer, who often addressed him more particularly, as if sure of comprehension from him; and many a sidelong look of admiring wonder was cast by the ladies in the room at the distinguished auditor, all unconscious of the interest he had awakened. "What was he thinking of?" Stephen asked himself. "Was he really as intent as he seemed?" A kind of awe came over him as he looked and wondered, a sense of the mystery of life.

In the buzz that followed the conclusion of the description, Stephen spoke to him, with much gentleness, for he was full of pity.

"I am very sorry," he said, "for the mistake I made last night in taking you for another person."

The Count turned to him with the quiet smile that had now become almost automatic. "Oh, you mean Mr Brockley. Very singular, is it not? But perhaps it is not so wonderful after all. I was Mr Brockley, you know."

"Would you mind coming with me this afternoon to see Mrs Brockley, the mother of the man for whom I mistook you, just to show her that you are not her son, but Count Ramassy? That would settle the question once for all. These mistakes must be very inconvenient and annoying."

But a suspicious look came over the Count's face at this, and he said coldly—"Thanks; I am afraid I can't. There are some papers to be read here which I particularly wish to hear."

Stephen remembered Dr Panmure's doubts about the success of the plan, but he persisted. "Perhaps you could come and dine when the sections rise."

"I dine with Mr Quickset," he said. "I have to help him afterwards with the illustrations of his lecture."

At this point the President, nobody having yet risen to remark on the invention that had been submitted, said that he had observed Count Ramassy listening with great interest, and that they would be glad to hear any remarks he had to make.

The Count shook his head; but as the audience supported the President's call, he rose to say that he had only to express his delight at the ingenuity of the mechanism, which fully supported England's fame for the invention of exquisite scientific instruments.

As he sat down, amidst applause, he remarked the look of disappointment on Stephen's face, and being restored to good humour by his reception, whispered to him—"I will come this evening after the lecture with pleasure, if you like."

"Thanks," said Stephen, and moved away on quiet tiptoe, as a rival mechanican rose and began politely, after a few words of high praise to the invention, to suggest insuperable difficulties in the practical application of it.

Stephen did not care to follow the discussion; he retired much pleased on the whole with the madman's promise. If only he would keep to it! After the lecture was almost better, decidedly better, than the original plan. It would be dark: the removal might be accomplished without attracting any notice.

Stephen went to Dr Panmure's

house with the news. The doctor was out, down at the Crown Tavern. Stephen had no desire to intrude on him at his professional work. He shuddered as he thought of it. He left a message, asking the doctor to call for him when he came back.

It was three o'clock before the doctor appeared. In the interval Stephen had considered whether he should tell him who Mr Digby Reade was. He decided that he would. Stephen was the soul of straightforwardness; but it may be doubted whether he was not guided in this decision by the consideration that the real name might come out when the dead man's effects at the hotel were examined by the coroner. It would not look well then if he had kept it back from the professional man whom he was consulting confidentially. It would look like a trick. But he was intensely anxious to save Mrs Rorke, if possible, from the pain of a public sensation, such as would be caused if the Count were suspected and accused of murder—all the more now when no suspicion rested on him. But once it became known who this Digby Reade was, suspicion could not be avoided.

Suspicion, in fact, had already fallen. Dr Panmure learned from the police-sergeant that the man found in the dock had been last seen in the company of Count Ramassy. The sergeant attached little importance to this, being full of his preconceived theory, and not inclined to suspect a titled member of the British Association of murder. The suspicion did not so much as occur to his mind; his theory was only confirmed by what he had heard at the hotel—it was so natural that the two friends should stroll out, and the one go on while the other turned back. But the doctor had been asked to certify that this other was a lunatic; and well as he knew Stephen Millerby, and his respectable position in Norport, he had seen too much of the shady side of human nature not to raise the question within himself whether he was not being cleverly utilised to get up a plea of insanity for a man guilty of murder. Nobody likes being made a tool of, and the doctor was in a cautious mood when he met Stephen Millerby, resolved in his steady grave way to get to the bottom of the affair before he committed himself to a certificate. This pseudo-Count might be only shamming madness after a dastardly crime.

"Well, have you seen him?" was his first question to Stephen. If the Count was shamming, and Millerby was in league with him, he would doubtless agree to go to Hardhill at once, in order to be examined by medical men. It was of importance for him to get his certificate before any accusation was made. "If he has agreed to come, I must keep a sharp look-out," said the doctor to himself.

Stephen gave the particulars of the interview. The doctor observed him narrowly as he spoke, and his suspicions were mitigated. But he came of a shrewd and cautious race, impulsive enough when they trust, but tenacious of their suspicions, and difficult to reassure. He tried another tack.

"Have you heard of this discovery in the docks?"

"Oh yes. An Associate's ticket was found on him; and a policeman came to me with the news just as we parted at the hotel this morning."

"Did Count Ramassy say anything about having seen this Mr Reade last night? They were seen together in the neighbourhood of the docks, it seems."

Now was the time to say that

the man's real name was not Reade; but this was not raised by the doctor's question, and Stephen postponed telling it.

"He was late for his appointment with Quickset, and he excused himself by saying that he had been detained by a friend."

"Has it occurred to you how he may have been detained?"

"Was there anything to show that he had not fallen in?"

"He might have been pushed. He must have been stunned, at least, before he reached the water. I have just examined the body, and there are none of the signs of drowning to be seen—no water in the stomach, no mucous froth in the trachea, no congestion of the vessels of the lungs. It is quite clear that he did not die by drowning."

"But the policeman thinks that he must have been stunned by falling on the stonework."

"Yes. But the wound caused by the fall on the stonework is on the back of the head. Now he can hardly have been walking backwards when he fell. It is true he might have turned in the effort to save himself, but the appearances are more consistent with his having been thrown backwards with some force. Do you know anything about this Digby Reade?"

Stephen came out plump with it now. "I do. And unfortunately what I know inclines me to share your suspicion." And Stephen proceeded to say that Reade was not his real name; that he was really young Brockley's brother in-law; and that he had come here threatening to expose him and have him put in jail as a swindler. He told the doctor also how the Count had made a large sum in stock speculation, and that he believed Rorke to be blackguard enough to have come after a share of the money.

The doctor was disarmed by this frankness. He saw at once that Stephen was not in a conspiracy to hoodwink him. But he was not at the end of his difficulties as to the pretended Count's madness.

"Don't you think it possible that he may have feigned madness, after perhaps in a moment of temper trying to get rid of his persecutor in this way? It is common enough for murderers to try to get off by feigning insanity."

"But you can easily detect the difference between the pretence and the reality?"

"It is not always so easy. His declining to come out with you in the afternoon strikes me as in harmony with his being really insane, and against the probability of a sham."

"There is something about him that convinces me," said Stephen. "But you will see him and judge for yourself."

"You see we can't go upon an impression," the doctor said. "We must state the facts that we base upon, and unfortunately I am afraid that in this case we shall have to convince a jury and not merely the Lunacy Inspectors."

"But if competent medical men are satisfied that he is insane, is it necessary that the question should be raised? The police treat it as an accident. Why should we, who have reason to suspect otherwise, disturb their theory?"

"We will talk about that when I have seen him. But if he is really mad, he will probably give us the slip yet. We had better have a carriage ready and two or three men to kidnap him quietly after the meeting, if he should decline to come of his own accord. His conduct then would be a very good test of his sanity."

The doctor was not a man to

do things by halves. He trusted Stephen implicitly after his frank disclosure.

"There is one thing I almost forgot to ask," Stephen said, as he was going away. "Is there no danger in letting him go to the meeting? What if he should become violent?"

"It would rather upset poor Quickset," laughed the doctor. "But that is his own look-out. He has no business to let himself be taken in so easily." The doctor, as a practical man, had rather a grudge against the academic man of science. "But you and your brother can keep as near the Count as possible. You are both fairly able-bodied men. Let me know when you have got him safe for Hardhill."

The doctor, as it happened, was not the only person in Norport who suspected foul play. The sudden and violent death of an Associate naturally made a sensation in the various meeting-rooms of the great gathering. The news passed from one to another, and in the course of a few hours, even before the appearance of the evening paper, everybody knew; and it was whispered about also that he was a friend of Count Ramassy's, and that the Count had parted with him just before the accident.

Among others who heard the news was the party from Slagsalve, Quickset, his daughter, Fanny Douglas, and Napier. Fanny, it may be remembered, had reason to believe that Rorke was in Norport; but she had not found the name in the daily published lists of visitors. As soon, therefore, as she heard that this man who had stumbled into the docks was a friend of the Count's, she jumped straight to a conclusion, and lost no time in giving expression to it.

"Was it an accident?" she said. "I believe that Digby Reade is Darby Rorke."

This was said in Quickset's presence, and it rather nettled him, he being a steady champion of the Count. "And that Count Ramassy pushed him in?" he said, laughing. "Well, of all the ill-natured young women I ever knew!"

"I didn't say that," Fanny answered, with a good-natured grin. "That is only your construction."

"You led up to that construction pretty clearly. But you will get into trouble if you don't curb that lively fancy of yours."

The Professor was a firm man, and could say a rude thing when he liked and thought it for the recipient's good. Fanny was nettled in her turn—so very much so that in her wrath she wondered whether she could in any way get the inquiry turned upon the Count. An anonymous letter to the coroner might do; but she had burned her fingers so lately with that kind of thing that she hesitated. But if the Count was a lover of Mrs Rorke's, and the jealous husband had come on the track and lost his life in consequence, and if all this could be brought out and made public in a judicial inquiry, it would amply justify her previous anonymous warning—in substance if not in form. It was worth considering.

But before her considerations had taken a practical form, Fanny was diverted by the action of the Count himself. He joined the Quickset party at lunch, and made himself particularly agreeable to Fanny.

He had his reasons for this. Mad as he was, and insanely persuaded that he was really the character which he had at first pretended to be, the Count was

still possessed with the idea that he must carry off Grace Quickset by stratagem. The only difference was that he was so serenely confident in the triumph of his star, so calmly convinced that he must succeed in whatever he undertook, that he was more easily satisfied with a plan. He had examined the approaches to the station platforms on his arrival at Norport, and decided with the pleased glance of an eagle-eyed general that it was feasible to get Grace Quickset into the wrong train, and carry her off and make her his. If only he could contrive to be made her escort! But this could not be difficult.

He had an idea. At Quickset's lecture the gas in the hall had to be lowered when the lantern illustrations were exhibited. Some responsible person must have charge of this. He would take the responsibility on himself. Instead of lowering the gas, he would turn it completely out, just in time for him to catch the train. There would be a panic. He would take charge of Grace; invent some excuse for her father's remaining behind; say he had been deputed to conduct her to the station; conduct her there; and—— The rest, as we have said, seemed easy.

This was his simple plan. But Fanny's unexpected transference of herself to the Quickset party created an obstacle. If the two were at the lecture together, it would not be so easy to get Grace away alone. Accordingly, as soon as he saw that Fanny had attached herself to the Quicksets, he sought to ingratiate himself with her, pending the discovery of some method of getting her out of the way.

And he succeeded in making himself agreeable, although she, by way of making herself disagreeable, introduced the subject of the accident in the docks very soon after they met.

"I hear the unfortunate man was a friend of yours," she said, expecting him to betray some symptom of confusion. But he showed no confusion whatever. Very much to her surprise, he answered—

"Not under the name of Digby Reade, however. Darby Rorke is the man's name. I knew him in Vienna. He is Mrs Darby Rorke's husband. You know the lady, I believe. Of course you do—I met her at your studio."

"What makes him come here under a false name?" innocently asked Fanny, thinking that this would catch him for all his audacity.

"Very strange, isn't it? I suppose he wished to give his wife a surprise. Don't you think that must be it? Or he might have had creditors that he wished to evade. But it is not so puzzling to me as another thing, that Mrs Rorke is apparently under the impression that I am her brother, and has set Mr Stephen Millerby on to persuade me that I am not myself. Isn't that an odd thing? I am going out to his house, where she is staying, to give her an opportunity of satisfying herself that I am not her brother."

"How very odd!" cried Grace and Fanny in a breath.

"The likeness must be very extraordinary," said Quickset. "But it stands to reason that with so many millions of human beings, two must occasionally be found who seem to have been cast in the same mould."

"Still there must be points of difference," the Count said. "And if Mrs Rorke is a woman to take such fancies into her head, I don't wonder that Miss Douglas found it difficult to stay in the same house."

Fanny coloured at this, and recognised that it would be judicious to be civil to the Count.

"It was not Mrs Rorke," she said, "that bored me, so much as that vulgar, aggressive creature, her mother."

"I have not had the pleasure of being introduced to her yet," said the Count. "I daresay I shall meet her to-night. Describe her to me."

And, much to his professed amusement, she proceeded to give him specimens of his mother's eccentricities. He was really very agreeable. If he was a lover of Mrs Rorke's after all, he was very deep, and his audacity was superb —quite after Fanny's own heart.

CHAPTER XLVI.

There was a surging crowd in the Market Square of Norport that evening. The town - hall, where the Association met to hear Professor Quickset's lecture, stood in one side of it, and carriages, as they arrived, had difficulty in making their way through the crowd, in spite of the efforts of the police to keep a lane. Ladies in evening dress, who, tempted by the fineness of the evening, or obliged by the scarcity of cabs, had ventured to the meeting on foot, were piloted to the doors of the hall, not without vigorous effort, their gay dresses flashing here and there in the lamplight, in strong contrast to the dingy aspect of the rough throng through which they were dodged and elbowed.

It was not the celebrity of the Association alone that had attracted the people. A crowd would have gathered to stare at the arrivals for any fashionable meeting, if it had been only a ball. But this crowd was larger than would have assembled even if the ball had been given in honour of some great local event, the opening of a new dock or a public park by royalty, and it was strangely excited and noisy. If you entered the throng and moved about in it for a little, you became aware that among the units there was some common subject of excitement, of real and keen interest to every one. In crowds ordinarily there is a large proportion of listless loungers, who have come there mechanically because others were going, and who wait in dull stolid expectancy. But this evening there was a certain vividness in every look and attitude, a quickness of movement at every little incident, betokening a state of great excitability.

It was the culmination of the interest in the prophesied destruction of the world. This was the evening fixed for the event. The hour chosen for Quickset's lecture was the very hour within which, according to the calculations of astronomy, the comet was bound to cross the path of the earth.

The mayor of Norport had gone to the officials of the Association that morning, and begged them to postpone the lecture. He doubted whether he could answer for public order. The signs of excitement in the streets had been increasing every evening since the arrival of the Salvationist leaders. The comet had made little impression on the people of Norport till then. They were not much interested in the heavens. They seldom saw the stars, and never in all their wide-extended clear-shining glory. The grandest spectacle in nature was denied to these dingy toilers under a pall of smoke. The leaping flames of their furnaces formed their substitute for the pale fires of the celestial spaces. But they knew that there were

such things as stars and a firmament beyond their wreaths of smoke, and their hearts were sensitive to the stormy rhetoric of the Salvation preachers, whether they received the threats of doom and the calls to repentance with fear and trembling, or threw them off with rough mockery. Hence, every evening the streets had been thronged with grimy faces turned skywards, and filled with a buzz of talk about the dreaded visitant from distant space, and rough youths of the more turbulent sort had disported themselves after their manner in the midst of the excitement.

The excitement was stronger in Norport than in most places, but it was very general throughout the country. Apart from the superstitious fears on which religious enthusiasts go to work among the ignorant whenever there is a great comet in the sky, the very definiteness of the scientific prediction in the present case was a powerful element in the general agitation. That a comet and the earth were converging upon one point; that on a given day at a given minute there would be a collision, unless the lighter body altered its course —this was the prophecy of science, as certain as the daily rising and setting of the sun. But science could not speak with equally certain voice about the composition of the comet, on which the results of the collision, if there should be a collision, depended. The great majority of men of science affected to be certain; but in such matters, whenever a question is publicly raised on which there is room for doubt, there are always a few dissentients, who speak with more or less authority outside the circle of the specially informed. There were a good many letters from correspondents of this sort in the newspapers, but the newspapers themselves scouted them in their zeal for the prevention of panic, and went with the majority of men of science. The panic-mongers got it hot and strong in many a leading article.

Still the agitation went on, and it was evidence of its depth that so much had to be said in deprecation of panic, although this very deprecation, as one of the journals remarked, helped to swell what it was intended to check. If there had been no daily newspapers, or if they could have afforded to ignore the topic, the excitement and the scare would have been of much feebler volume. The liability to such excitements is one of the penalties we must pay for a highly organised press; they spread more rapidly over the whole community, a touch at any point in the organisation being sent along the line as in a spider's web. Agitations, like wars, tend to last for a shorter time; but they are sharper while they last, and this tendency must increase with the perfection of the press.

One result of the stand made by the leading journals against panic was that confidence in the stability of the solar system became a shibboleth of respectability. I call it a result, but it may possibly have been the cause of the attitude of the press, for in society feeling ran high against panic-mongers. To mention the comet, except with a laugh at the folly of the multitude who thought it dangerous, was accounted treason to one's order. At the bottom of this may have been a lurking fear of the mob—a fear that the mob would rise, and, as Mr O'Cosh put it, take civilisation by the throat. Anyhow, it became a point of fashion, which we all know is much more obligatory than a point of duty or even a point of honour, to laugh at the vulgar scare. The paradoxical Glenville, who was looked upon by some as

the source and root of all the mischief, was unmercifully chaffed wherever he showed himself, and bitterly denounced to his face by the more irascible of his acquaintances. It was unfortunate for him that his paper did not come out again till Saturday, the day after the constitution of the comet would be tested by its actual encounter with our planet. He would have liked to explain that his attitude was purely one of negative scepticism—that he had gone no farther than to say that men of science were too cock-sure. In private talk he tried to draw the distinction between this position and that of believing in the immediate end of the world, but his friends were too angry to admit such logic-chopping. They pinned him down as a disciple of Dr Cumming, and when he acknowledged that he was making preparations for the issue of a number on Saturday, guffawed at his inconsistency. Glenville was very indignant, but he protested in vain. His preparations for Saturday were regarded as a capital joke, and the joke got into print, and was vindictively commented on. Society was most intolerant of anybody who took the comet seriously.

Thus the community was practically divided into two strata on this question of the comet,—an outer layer hard and angrily incredulous, and a much thicker layer beneath in a comparatively liquid and unsettled condition. There was a great deal of apathy in this lower stratum, and there were many rough and active scoffers; but the scoffers did not present the same firm consolidated front to those who were disposed to believe that the day of doom was at hand. The unnatural glee of the Salvationists in their confidence of personal safety whatever might happen, probably did more than anything else to set people of their own class against them. Their light-hearted demonstrations of joy, as if they were rather pleased than otherwise at the prospect of the end of all things, offended the sensible proletarian, and inclined him to despise them as silly and thoughtless fools.

As time wore on, and the day and the hour of the great cosmic encounter drew near, the excitement deepened, and the numbers of those who had fears and those who were seriously inclined decidedly increased. A great many wealthy people, who dared not openly go against the feeling of their respectable neighbours, were very seriously inclined in private. The statistics of charitable bodies told a curious tale. Public charities never before received so many anonymous benefactions.

But we must leave it to the historian to describe the curious incidents of this memorable scare, and hurry on to the conclusion of our own little drama, which was but an eddy in the great commotion.

The mayor of Norport, as we have said, was doubtful of his power of keeping order in the streets. Some of his aldermen and councillors also, who were perhaps more frightened about the comet than they would have cared to own, had represented to him that it would hardly be decent to have this lecture going quietly on at the very hour when the advent of the comet was expected. It looked like foolhardiness, one said; and another went so far as to doubt whether it might not call down a judgment on the town. The mayor was influenced, perhaps, by these considerations, for society in the provinces was not so overbearing in its incredulity. But he had too much respect for the great men of science to say anything about this in his repre-

sentation to them. It was entirely on grounds of public order that he based his humble request for a postponement of the meeting. The streets were so disturbed that he could not be answerable for the safety of the members.

The Association, however, refused to postpone its meeting. Quickset was consulted, and gave his voice emphatically for going on. Any postponement, he argued, would create a panic; if there was a tendency to panic already, there would be general consternation when it became known that the Association was afraid to hold its meeting.

The mayor gave in, with a certain sense of not being supported as he ought to be, and a resentful reflection that if people were obstinate they must take the consequences. The Salvationists had also declined to intermit their processions. "There will be a riot," the mayor said to himself, "as sure as my name is Robert Hornby." However, he faced his responsibility with courage, and took energetic measures for the preservation of the peace. The ordinary police force was not sufficient, he felt; so he swore in a body of special constables, whom he kept in reserve in the rear of the town-hall, ready to be marched to any spot where their services might be required. He telegraphed for a detachment of soldiers. These he posted in the Volunteer drill-hall. They would not be called upon unless a serious riot were threatened. When these preparations were completed, the mayor felt more at ease.

The mayor himself, with the superintendent of police, had an anxious look at the crowd in the Square from one of the windows of the town-hall as the members of the Association began to arrive. The crowd was noisy, but seemed to be perfectly good-humoured. They could hear a street-preacher in one corner improving the occasion unmolested. Just beneath them a bookmaker, with an eye to business of another kind, was offering ten to one on the earth in the coming collision. He was receiving a good deal of chaff as to when and where he would pay if he lost, but nobody interfered with him in his employment. Here and there small bodies of roughs were jostling about, and the apprehensive mayor shook his fist at them, and wished he could give them six months on the treadmill to take their brutal strength out of them. But the superintendent only smiled, and said he thought things were looking as well as could be expected.

"The Salvationists seem very quiet to-night," the mayor said, after looking for a little longer; "much quieter than I had feared."

"Yes," said the superintendent; "but there are reasons for that. They have lost two of their ringleaders. The Skeletons carried them into a pub. last night, and made them as drunk as pipers, and they fraternised so heartily after a time, and were such cocks of the company, that they swore off the Salvation business, and the Skeletons got up a subscription to take them back to London. But they seem so pleased with Norport that they are likely to spend the subscription here."

Two of our characters surveyed the crowd on their arrival with anxious concern, because it threatened to upset their plans. Stephen Millerby had arranged that a cab with two keepers in it should be in waiting in this very Square: he had not calculated on the surging crowd which now filled it. He was obliged to alter the arrangement, to direct that the cab should wait in a side street; but how was

he to get the Count there through such a press if the madman refused to go with him? He admitted sorrowfully to himself that everything must now depend on whether the Count would go of his own free will.

The Count was not so much disconcerted by the derangement of his plans. He said to himself that it meant only that he must allow a longer time for getting to the station. He had pondered a good deal on the best method of getting rid of Fanny Douglas, and had come to the conclusion that it must be possible without much difficulty to separate from her before leaving the hall in the panic-stricken rush which he anticipated. We need not dwell on various little devices that occurred to him, such as sitting next her at dinner and drugging her wine, or arming himself with a bottle of chloroform. For all his ingenious plans were destined to be upset, all that he had deliberately contrived in his sanity, and all that had passed through his active brain in madness, Fortune deserting her favourite at the last moment, flying before the advance of inexorable Fate.

There was no trace of madness about him till the last moment. The Quickset family dined with him at his hotel, and he behaved simply like a courteous gentleman. Even Napier, whose suspicious dislike of him had not abated, was obliged to own that he played the host to perfection, a little ostentatiously regardless of expense perhaps, but otherwise as pleasant a host as could be conceived. He talked quietly and sensibly, and drew out Fanny Douglas with such skill, that Napier had never heard that young lady in better form, her tongue ranging with derisive humour through all the noblest names in the great assemblage of science, sparing only the two that were present. Napier had a very keen sense of the ridiculous, and was delighted with her; Quickset was at heart too generous a man to like this promiscuous malevolence, however humorous, and now and then when his friends were touched upon uttered a protest, which only had the effect of stimulating the humorist to farther efforts. Quickset was too full of his lecture to argue with her.

Stephen and Hugh were sitting together in a front seat, just under the platform, when Napier and the Count entered with Grace and Fanny. Mrs Brockley and Mrs Rorke had not come in to the lecture. They had read in the evening paper that the Digby Reade, whose melancholy death had thrown a gloom, as the reporter put it, over the meeting of the Association, was in the company of Count Ramassy a few minutes before the accident must have occurred, and they had drawn conclusions which caused them to wait in great anxiety for the return of Stephen, with or without the Count.

"How quiet and gentle he looks!" Hugh whispered to his brother as the Count came in. "And yet there is a strange restlessness in his eyes, as if he were trying to suppress a look of triumph."

There were three entrances to the hall, one on the right side of a slightly raised platform, communicating with another municipal room, where the occupants of the platform met the lecturer. Quickset and his party had gone in there, and the two young men conducted the ladies to their seats with the general audience, before taking up their own more elevated positions as the lecturer's assistants. It so happened that a seat had been allotted to Grace Quickset with the Millerbys, when she and her father were expected to stay at Hardhill, and this arrangement had only been modified when Quickset

had decided to go elsewhere, Hugh not being expected to be present. When Fanny quarrelled with her hosts, it was too late to shift the places, and thus she and Grace occupied seats next to those where the two brothers were sitting, in a position which they retained, because it would be easy to rush from the front on the platform, in the event of any necessity for their interference with the Count.

When Hugh consented to act as an amateur lunatic's keeper, he had not counted on this awkwardness of having to sit next to two women with whom he had so lately been in such delicate relations. But he bore the situation philosophically when he saw that he was in for it, as the party bore down on the two vacant places on his right, and, serious as his duties were, he was not insensible to the humour of Fanny's looks of disgust when she saw who were to be her neighbours. There were two more vacant places, owing to the absence of Mrs Brockley and Mrs Rorke, and he rose to make room for Napier.

Napier thanked him, but said that he and the Count were both going to take part in the show, and would have to go to the platform as soon as Quickset came in. The Count had so far succeeded in his plan; the arrangement being that Napier should manage the lantern, while he handed the slides to him as they were wanted, and managed the lowering of the gas in the hall.

The lecture presently began, and the audience was hushed as the lecturer opened his subject. The silence within, save for his clear vibrating tones, was accentuated by the sound that came from without, the steady low murmur of the seething crowd. The windows along the length of the hall, on the right of the lecturer, looked on the Square, so that the murmur outside was distinctly heard.

The lecturer paused for his first illustration. Then the gas was lowered, and the appearance of a comet, as it first presents itself as a gauzy white veil in the telescope, was projected on the screen. The murmur of the crowd, broken by the sharp clangour of occasional voices, became more marked in the silence, till it was drowned in a burst of loud applause. The crowd outside took up the applause, and their ironical cheers were so loud that the lecturer's voice could hardly be heard when he resumed.

There was another illustration, and another, all marked with the same success. The lecturer was a man capable of making the driest subject interesting, and, in the circumstances, he held his audience spell-bound. When he paused for his next illustration, there was a movement in the audience, as if they had been keeping every muscle in a strained position, and were glad of an opportunity of breathing and moving freely. A figure of a comet with a prodigious tail was thrown on the screen, and there was a thunder of applause.

But the light was not turned up as before when the audience had had time enough to take in the illustration, and the applause, though well continued, died away, so that Quickset's voice was clearly heard in the darkened room, saying—"Turn up the light now, if you please. Is there anything wrong?"

Before any answer could be heard, a strange cry came from the outside—the indescribable cry of an astonished and awe-struck multitude. The audience had been too much absorbed in the lecture to note the passage of time, but many of them at once remembered that this must be the very moment of the predicted collision.

There was, in fact, at that moment a spectacle in the heavens startling enough to strike any crowd of men with awe, and even through the smoke of Norport it made itself visible. Arched streams of many-coloured light shot across the sky, branching out from a point and showing the house-tops in clear relief against the suddenly illuminated background. Green and golden and red the streaming light flashed upon thousands of astonished eyes; a lurid pinkish expanse of light succeeded, and then there was another flash of brilliant colours. The multitudinous cry of wonder rose and swelled and checked itself in a sudden hush, and then rose and swelled more voluminously than before.

A great awe fell upon the audience listening in the darkened room, with only a dim imagination of the cause, to the thousands without, raising, as with one stupendous voice, the awe-struck cry of wonder and amazement. But the awe was quickly changed into panic when, in the hush that followed the second cry from the multitude without, a piercing shriek rang through the hall, and the sound was heard of a body falling flat on the platform, with a thud that seemed to shake the floor.

Yes; the panic had come on which the insane youth had calculated, and he lay there in convulsions, the cause of it in a way that he had not foreseen.

Women shrieked throughout the hall, and there was a general rush for the doors. Grace Quickset rose with the rest,and was making for the door near them, when Hugh caught her in his arms and dragged her back by force to her seat.

"Don't be frightened, darling," he cried in her ear. "It is the Count. He is insane. Stephen and I know it. It is another fit. There is no danger. For God's sake remain here, or you may be trampled to death. Do stay, darling, my own darling. I will explain it all to you. Do stay here. It is much safer here."

"Don't hold me, then," she said softly, finding words at last in which to answer his excited entreaties, "and I will stay."

Presently Quickset's penetrating voice was heard from the platform above the tumult that filled the hall, short sharp cries indicating the frantic nature of the struggle to get out.

"Keep your seats! It is only a fit."

Quickset succeeded in calming the panic, but it was well for the audience that the doors opened easily and that the stairs were wide.

Only a fit! But it was a fit from which the pretended Count Ramassy never rallied. There was confusion for a minute or two in trying to get light, and then some one hurriedly tore the lamp from the lantern, and held it to his face. The convulsive movements were then at an end, the muscles were relaxing, and he was subsiding into a lethargy from which he never awoke.

And as he lay there, with a circle of horrified faces peering down at his, and intercepting the rays from the one lamp that broke the darkness of the great hall full of hushed and awe-struck men and women, the earth's flaming visitor from distant space passed on, leaving the busy brains of astronomers to compute the time of its reappearance to a future generation, if man's world should last so long.

In ancient days, it might have been thought that the comet was a chariot of fire, sent to convey the strange young man's spirit to

another sphere. In prosperous manufacturing Norport there were many worthy people who believed that his sudden death was a judgment on the scientific callousness of the British Association.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Was the pretended Count Ramassy mad when he first assumed that title? Stephen Millerby, who knew how he had spoken to his mother and his sister, never for a moment professing to be anything but himself, privately believed that he was not; and that it was the strain of playing the part, and the marvellous success of his Stock Exchange speculation, that had turned his head. But this belief was a secret between Stephen and his brother; and they gave out to such as questioned them on the subject the more charitable view, that the whole freak from beginning to end was an insane delusion. And they said to one another that, after all, this was probably nearest the truth; for who can say where insanity begins? When the story became public, and caused nine days' wonder, this was the accepted theory. No other was suggested except by Fanny Douglas, who was roundly of opinion that Rorke and the Count were partners in a swindle; that Rorke was murdered in a quarrel over the spoil; and that the Count died of a fit brought on by the horrors of a guilty conscience. The amiable Fanny also darkly hinted that it was very strange that Mrs Rorke should have met her brother without recognising him as such, and should thus have promoted the success of the imposition—they were a queer lot altogether these Brockleys. Quickset spoke very sharply to her when he heard of these insinuations. He strongly supported the view that the Count was mad from the first. Only a lunatic, with an insane confidence in himself, could have escaped so many chances of detection. A self-conscious impostor would certainly have betrayed himself.

But we will leave the problem to our readers, and leave them to moralise and meditate on the fatal curse of inherited insanity, which overwhelmed the youth's bright promise, descending on his budding powers like a malign spirit.

Such high questions and high thoughts are beyond our humble scope, which will be better fulfilled by a few words to tell what became of the other persons whose life-threads were intertwined for a time with his.

Quickset was kneeling by the young man's prostrate body, and, under the direction of Dr Panmure, who was in the audience, doing all that could be done for the relief of the fit, when some one touched his elbow gently and said, "One moment, sir. May I take Miss Quickset to the mayor's room?"

"Thanks," said Quickset hurriedly, without looking round to see who spoke. "Do; I shall be very much obliged."

In the excitement of the moment he had forgotten about his daughter, but he felt at once that it was a kindly act to take her away from the horrible scene.

Hugh Millerby accordingly conducted Grace to the mayor's room, which opened off the corridor beyond the room that she had passed through on entering. The door was half open, and there was light in it, as he had expected. But no one answered his knock, and he pushed the door open and led her in. There was nobody there, but

preparations had been made, as Hugh knew to be the custom, for the refreshment of distinguished visitors after the lecture. The room had a window looking on the Square; and when Hugh had told her in a saddened voice all that he knew about the Count, the continuing noise of the crowd outside attracted them involuntarily to the window.

The flights of coloured meteors still continued, but the voice of the crowd had changed. The unanimous cry of awe which had swelled into such a stupendous volume was no longer heard; but in its place the Square was filled with a loud, confused, cheerful babblement, as of thousands conversing with pleased excitement over a magnificent display of fireworks. Magnificent the spectacle certainly was, and Hugh and Grace gazed at it for a few minutes without speaking.

It was strange that after the thrilling scene in the hall, and in presence of this splendid demonstration of natural force, which might have subdued him with a sense of individual littleness, the young man's mind should be occupied with the sweet girl at his side. Yet so it would seem to have been from what he said.

"I have never seen you to thank you properly for that very kind letter. Forgive me for speaking of it now, but I may never have another opportunity, and I wish you to know how very grateful I was and am for it."

"I forget what I said now," she answered softly, but not altogether truthfully. "Was it so very kind?"

"It was the sweetest, kindest, best-hearted letter that ever woman wrote. I loved you ten times as much as before, if that were possible, after reading it."

"You can't have loved me very much, even then." She was thinking of his engagement a few days afterwards to Fanny Douglas. Her conversations with Fanny down at Slagsalve had considerally enlightened her as to the nature of this affair, though it had not been Fanny's intention to give her the information which she gleaned, that Hugh was still very heartsore about his rejection.

"It looked rather as if I didn't, did it not? I know that I have forfeited all hope of getting any love in return. But I am glad to have this chance of telling you that you will always be my ideal of all that is beautiful, and lovable, and good, and true-hearted."

"Quite an angel, in fact. But I am very far from being an angel. Did you say all that to Fanny?" she asked suddenly.

He laughed, the faithless and fickle man. "No, not quite all that."

"Do you think," she asked next, "it is possible for people to marry without being in love?"

"I don't know about that," he said. "But I know that it is possible to be engaged without being in love."

"I had better not tell that to Fanny."

"It is unnecessary. She knows it well enough. She knew it all along."

"She says you make love to every woman you see, and that you are quite daft now after a Salvationist preacher."

"She accused me of being still in love with you, which was nearer the truth. But if I am so inconstant, we ought to be very well suited to one another, for the same authority will have it that you are a flirt."

"I don't think we are suited to one another."

"But you are not sure that we are not?"

"I don't know."

The entrance of Mr Quickset in search of his daughter prevented the conversation from going farther. But the answer given to Adam Napier when his ten days had expired was not favourable. The truth was, that the brief engagement to Fanny Douglas had had the effect of letting Grace know her own heart. And Hugh some time afterwards had a second interview with the redoubtable father, of a more satisfactory character than his first on the same errand.

On the evening of the lecture, the anxious mother and sister had some hours of restless waiting. A dozen times Mrs Brockley declared that she wished she had gone to the meeting, that the suspense was more than she could bear; and more than once she resented her daughter's attempts to comfort her, and accused her of a want of proper feeling. Her uneasiness increased as the time wore on, and she ran again and again to the portico to listen for the sound of wheels. Mrs Millerby was most patient and sympathetic, and always went with her to the portico. Once or twice Mr Millerby issued from his study, where he generally spent the evening, and joined them, urging the distracted mother not to be disquieted, because all was for the best. But she refused to be comforted.

In one of these anxious lookings, the great meteoric display of the passing comet, which had so astounded the inhabitants of Norport, suddenly burst upon their astonished vision. Up there, in the clear air and with the wider horizon, the spectacle was even grander as a spectacle than in the town; and the absence of the crowds of human beings gave an awful sense of loneliness before the might and majesty of the vast arches of streaming light. Mrs Brockley screamed and fell on her knees and covered her face with her hands and called on her son by name. "Poor Tom! My son! I shall never see him again!" the poor woman cried. The others tried to comfort her, and by degrees she became less violent; but she persisted in saying that she would never see her son again alive.

"It is just as Stephen said it would be," Mr Millerby explained, seeking to divert her attention from her personal sorrows, and turning up his rosy face to the swiftly shooting streams of bright colour. "These fires are quite harmless. What a manifestation of God's power and mercy! The end is not yet, my dear lady. Yet a little longer time is given to the sons of men. It is but a premonition. We may look on and admire without fear."

"You are a good man, Mr Millerby," Mrs Brockley said, shaking her head. "You need not fear, whatever happens."

But the good man had not fished for this compliment, and having failed to interest her in his own natural vein of reflection, he addressed her with a tact that would have done credit to the most astute man of the world.

"Look there!" he cried, with affected eagerness; "you know something of astronomy, no doubt. What is that star over there, where the last flash came from? Perseus, is it not? Yes, Perseus I believe. Stephen told me to look in that direction."

And little by little he beguiled the afflicted woman into talking with something of her accustomed cheerfulness. Mrs Rorke quite loved the old man for his kindly tact, and his aged wife looked at him with a fondness full of many pleasant memories.

"Yes; Stephen is a good man,"

she said in an aside to Mrs Rorke, who looked at her inquiringly. Then she added with a smile, "My husband. But the other Stephen is a good man too, a true-hearted man, though he is my son."

By-and-by the sound of a sharp trot on the hard road and the rumble of wheels was heard in the distance, through the soft summer air.

"That is not a cab!" cried Mrs Brockley, listening intently.

"No," said Mrs Millerby; "it must be Stephen's dogcart. I hope he brings good news."

But it was not good news. He broke the bad news as gently as he could, but there was a heart-rending scene. Mrs Millerby led her old friend gently into the house; and Mr Millerby, with tears in his eyes, retreated into his study, but not before he had said in his grotesquely pious way to Mrs Rorke—

"My dear lady, you have lost your brother and you have lost your husband in a most painful way. My heart is grieved for you. But the Lord will provide. You have a long life of happiness before you yet, my dear lady, I fervently trust."

And with this he retired to his study, the same study where we found him fourteen years ago planning the erection of an observatory, out of which action had grown all the story we have had to record. Its appearance had changed as little as his own habits; the same easy-chair was there, and the same tray, and the same kettle, and the same treatise on the Apocalypse lay open on his study table. As old age advanced on him, he had consulted his doctor as to whether he should stop his practice of comforting himself with a glass of hot whisky-and-water before going to bed. But his doctor—the same Dr Panmure whom we have met—after cautious inquiry as to the strength of his nightcap, had left it to his own consciousness and set his mind at ease. To-night Mr Millerby somewhat exceeded his customary allowance.

He sat down in his chair, with the steaming liquid on the little table by his side, and gradually the grave expression on his face relaxed, and the peculiar humorous twinkle came into his eyes. What was it that moved him? You will never guess what it was that tickled the fancy of the shrewd old man of business. The scheming adventurer, whether sane or insane, was not the only man who had speculated on the chances of the comet. Habit is strong, and when Stephen Millerby was so positive about the constitution of comets and the superior solidity of our own planet, his father could not resist the temptation to risk a little money on the event, even in the teeth of his own presentiment that the world was doomed. Somehow his amateur Biblical studies and his daily life of money-making out of every chance that offered ran distinct courses in his brain. He had not made as much by a long way as the pretended Count, whose gains, we may mention, thanks to the honourable uprightness of Mr Robert Douglas, found their way to Mrs Brockley, and gladdened the declining years of the volatile old woman, if they did not reconcile her to her loss. Mr Millerby had not added materially to his fortune; but he had more than cleared all the expenses of the observatory, and this consoled him and made his eyes twinkle with satisfaction when he sat there and reflected, with his face raised to the ceiling, that his presentiment about the end of the world had not come true.

INDIAN ARMS.

India is gradually ceasing to be a word of vague meaning in England, and the general British public is beginning partially to realise what our vast dependency really is. We have lately had India draperies in fashion in English drawing-rooms; Indian villages have been established for exhibition in London; and even Indian candidates have appeared before English constituencies. Last of all, the great and marvellously interesting central Imperial Exhibition, which is now introducing to each other the various inhabitants of Britain's empire, and opening the eyes of men of the parent stock to the extent of that empire, and their responsibilities to so many rich, and, above all things, loyal offshoots, has its most striking portion devoted to India, and has gathered in its embrace not only the products of the Peninsula, but has collected representatives, living or in effigy, of most of its peoples, trades, and professions.

All this has produced a certain familiarity with the names, customs, and differences of the conglomerate of Eastern races, whose destinies are disposed of in the English Parliament, and who look for sympathy and intelligent guidance to the English people.

Still, the knowledge that most people have is very indistinct. Even in India itself, the officials are necessarily much localised, and comprehensive views of Indian subjects are uncommon. Every point, therefore, from which an illuminating ray is thrown on the vast whole, is worth careful examination, and no apology is needed for directing attention to one very clear side-light, and trying to show how far it bears on a great and important study.

Since the primeval days, when the great Peninsula was peopled by the descendants of the survivors of the Flood, spreading slowly down from the cradle of the race in its extreme north-west frontier, India has been overswept by tide after tide of civil and religious invasion and conquest, and each tide, as it flowed and ebbed, has left scattered and sometimes broken traces of its presence; while every local eddy and whirlpool has mixed these traces, in some places so as to be almost undistinguishable, besides forming new and strange features of its own.

Historians, ethnologists, geographers have groped among these traces, and studied them carefully and critically. Buildings, coins, codes of laws, customs, have all yielded their store of records of the past, and have each corrected or corroborated the story told by the others.

But there is one class of record which marks the spread of races, the establishment of empires, the struggles of man with his fellow-man and with the powers of nature, which has not received all the attention it merits, and which is among those which are least indistinct and most reliable. The arms, offensive and defensive, which have been carried by warlike populations, surging over vast countries, and overwhelming old kingdoms and communities, are full of individuality and character, as are those of more primitive peoples, which had to combine the necessities of war with those of the chase, and whose sword was as

often required to clear a path through a primeval forest as to encounter a human foe.

Weapons of some sort are the first necessity of man; and no other articles demand such a variety of materials for their construction, none give greater facilities for the exercise of art in their decoration. As civilisation and art develop, there is a gradual change from the rude type to the more artistic; and the influence of the contact of various nations, with their religions, sciences, and customs, is distinguished in forms of ornament and employment of material.

The scale of gradual development of arms marked by Lucretius, is still to be found nearly complete in India—

> "Arma antiqua manus, ungues dentesque fuere
> Et lapides et item sylvarum fragmina, rami
> Et flammæ, atque ignes postquam sunt cognita primum,
> Posterius ferri vis est, ærisque reperta;
> Et prior æris erat quam ferri cognitus usus."

From the plain club, sole weapon of the primitive Toda herdsman of the Nilgiris, to the elaborately ornamented and highly tempered *tulwar* of the great Rajah, we may still trace every step of progress, and mark every characteristic of tribes and nations, from primeval man to advanced civilisation.

It is much to be regretted that no complete study of Indian arms and armour has ever been made on the same lines as Meyrick's well-known work on the arms of Europe. A classified account of all the various weapons of the Peninsula would open the eyes of many to the peculiarities of the vast number of distinct races which are still comprised in our Indian empire—races with histories and folk-lore of their own, much of which is gradually fading away, and will soon be lost, before advancing European education and influence. India has, more than any part of the world, had every stage of its history marked by war and conquest. From the mythic wars of the Maha Bharata, the struggles between the Kauravas and Pandavas, down to the historical struggles of our own time, every movement has been chronicled in blood. It is only since the strong hand of English administration has been laid on the land that the husbandman no longer follows the plough with his targe on his back and his blade by his side; is no longer constantly liable to have his peaceful labour interrupted by the cry to arms to repulse raiding freebooters or hostile armies, and that the natives are beginning, with disuse, to forget the use of shield, sword, and spear.

There is a vast field of inquiry open, which we believe has been untouched by any one but Mr Egerton, to whom we are indebted for a small but most valuable work on the subject, published in 1880. As he says—

> "The present time is favourable for the examination of the national and private collections of Indian arms in this country, as they are not likely to receive many new additions. The use of many of the weapons has become obsolete within the present generation; the great military despotisms of India have crumbled to pieces; those that remain are gradually adopting European arms, and with the pacification of the country, the necessity for carrying weapons is gradually disappearing or has altogether passed away. After the Sikh wars, and again after the Mutiny of 1857, a general disarmament took place, many of the old armouries were broken up, and many curious old weapons destroyed and sold as old metal."

No one can have been present at

a representative native gathering of any kind without being struck by the numberless types of arms which even now are to be seen. The imperial assemblage at Delhi probably brought as many together as are ever likely to be again collected, but this was an exceptional occasion. The yearly festivals at the capitals of Mohammedan and Hindu States are, however, as sufficiently stimulating to inquiry; and the European visitor who has watched the motley and picturesque processions during the Mohurrum and the Dussera, at, say, Hyderabad and Mysore, with the warlike games and exercises which form part of the festival, has been able to see the past histories of the countries unrolled before him, and has seen weapons and instruments which are wreathed about with old legend and wild religious superstition.

After all, we must remember that the arms, which we may see in the possession of the natives of India to-day, or in the collections in England and the Continent, are all comparatively modern, and that very few date back more than two or three hundred years. What records have we of the arms which were used in prehistoric days, in the early days of the Christian era, and in that period which we call the middle ages?

The Maha Bharata, the earliest Hindu epic poem, written in Sanscrit, tells of a great war between the Pandavas and the Kauravas, as the 'Iliad' tells of a war between Greece and Troy. Its events, which are referred by General Cunningham to the fifteenth century before the Christian era, were probably, in the first instance, recorded in the lays of a number of bards; but the whole work is said to have been arranged by one Brahman sage, known by the name of Vyasa. In it we have numberless allusions to the arms and equipment of its heroes. Rajahs in golden mail, masses of war elephants and chariots, horsemen and footmen in vast numbers, take part in its contests. The prowess of individuals with particular weapons is recorded; and the narrative of life and customs, though told with all the exaggeration of Eastern romance, is so circumstantial in many ways, that we may know that we have a reasonable picture of the old-world warrior and his armament. The bow, common to all nations, plays a large part in the story, and we have the familiar tale of the bow, which only the heaven-gifted prince can bend, and the impossible mark, which he alone can hit. Clubs, swords, javelins, spears, and bucklers, are also common to the heroes of the Maha Bharata, with those of the epics of other peoples. But there is one distinctive weapon, the *chakra* or quoit, which we do not recognise as an old acquaintance, except, maybe, as the thunderbolt of Jove. Arjuna, the Pandava prince, is exhibited as whirling his sharp-edged quoit or *chakra* at whatever object he would, and never missing his mark; and this weapon has descended unchanged to our own day, when the Alkali Sikhs still wear the *chakra* in their turbans, and still pride themselves on their skill in throwing it.

The second great Sanscrit epic, the Ramayana, belongs to a later date, and its action is laid about 1000 B.C. Again much of the interest of the story hinges on marvellous weapons. It commences with the festival of the Swayamvara (or marriage festival) of Sita, the lovely daughter of a great Rajah who reigned eastward of Ayodhya, the modern Oude. He possessed a huge bow, which Siva had used, and which was retained

as a mark of sovereignty. Sita was to be given in marriage to the princely suitor who could bend it.

"For . . . it was law
. . . when any asked a maid,
Of noble house, fair and desirable,
He must make good his skill in martial arts
Against all suitors who should challenge it;
Nor must the custom break itself for kings."

Not a Rajah of the many who made the essay could even lift it from the ground till Rama came, the son of the Maharajah of Ayodhya, who not only took up and bent the bow, but seized it in such a powerful grasp, that he broke it, and of course became the husband of the fair princess. The long story proceeds through all the adventures of Rama and Sita in exile in the jungles; in the abduction of Sita by Ravana, the monarch of Lanka (the modern Ceylon); the wars with Ravana, in which Hanuman, the monkey-god, plays a distinguished part; and the final united reign at Ayodhya of Rama and Sita. The incidents of the Ramayana are constantly repeated in the bas-reliefs on Hindu architecture, and every variety of weapon, in the actual forms which exist to-day, are portrayed as being commonly used by the heroes of the tale. Particularly in the conventional representation of the giant monarch Ravana, he is shown with twenty arms, and in each hand a different weapon. The Hindus have found that Rama was not only the great and beneficent monarch of Ayodhya, but also recognise in him an incarnation of Vishnu, Rama Chandra, and add to the marvels of the story of the broken bow of Siva. The meeting is described between Rama Chandra and Parasurama, who was himself an avatar of the deity, in which the latter says that he has heard that Rama Chandra has broken Siva's bow, and challenges him to bend another bow; "the bow which I now offer to you is Vishnu's." Rama Chandra is victor in this trial also, and bends and strings the bow, thus proving that he also is divine.

As we pass the name Parasurama, we note again the connection of a weapon. Parasurama, Rama with the axe (*parasu*) is an avatar of Vishnu, in which the incarnate deity is represented armed with an axe. This incarnation of Vishnu was undertaken by the deity to exterminate the Kshattriya, or warrior caste, which had tried to assert its supremacy over the Brahmanical or priestly caste. This myth has been taken by some to refer to the legendary invasion of India from Egypt, under the leadership of Sesostris or Parusram, the leader with the battle-axe.

The representations of Parasurama show him with an axe in his hand, of the pattern common on the Malabar coast—a small crescent-shaped blade, with a plain wooden haft. In the south-west of India this deity is known as the power that raised Travancore from the waters, and is specially worshipped accordingly.

We have said that the scenes of the Ramayana, with the weapons of the combatants, are found often portrayed in Hindu sculpture. But we find in the still more ancient remains of the first centuries of our era, at Sanchi and elsewhere, most careful representations of armed men, and the operations of a siege are depicted, undertaken probably, as General Cunningham thinks, to recover possession of some holy relic; and we are called upon to remark how closely the tale told by these sculptures coin-

cides with the descriptions by Greek historians of the armies of Hindostan. In the later, but still ancient sculptures, ranging in antiquity from the Amravati Tope, the hill-caves of Orissa, the caves of Ajunta, down to the Jain sculptures of the twelfth century, and the still more recent Marwari rock-carvings, we have very clear representations of arms, many of which are familiar to us at the present day.

Curious and interesting particulars of the actual construction of legendary weapons are found in some of the Vedas and the commentaries on the ancient writings. The bows varied in length from the length of a man's arm to 4 cubits or 6 feet, of which the latter dimension was considered the best. They were made of metal, horn, or wood; but the best bows were constructed from the bamboo, cut at the end of autumn. The arrows also varied in length from 3 feet to 5 or 6. They were tipped with steel points variously shaped, needle or lance pointed, semicircular, dentiform, double-edged or jagged like a saw; and these forms of points are today to be found on the arrows of many of the aboriginal tribes of India. The shafts were greased or anointed to facilitate their flight; but they never appear to have been poisoned. Some were altogether made of iron, and it is perhaps those to which Curtius alludes when he says that some of the Indian archers shot with arrows which were too heavy to be very manageable. One characteristic of the archery of the ancient Hindus seems to have been peculiar to them alone, which consisted in shooting a number of arrows at once, from four to nine at a time.

The swords were, as in later days, of various shapes and sizes, and many localities were credited with producing the best blades. Those of Bengal and Behar were praised as tough and capable of taking a fine edge. The sword considered in the Veda of the best size must have been a two-handed weapon, as it was fifty fingers long, with a hilt guarded by an iron netting, probably resembling the modern *pata*, or the long *kanda* of the Rajput. There does not appear to have been any special distribution of weapons to combatants of different ranks, though bows and arrows, maces, javelins, swords, and shields seem to have been the principal arms of the chiefs, who went to battle mounted on chariots, while their followers carried in addition spears and axes of various forms, and other missiles of different kinds.

Nor must it be considered that because they were unsuccessful in their contests with foreign invaders, the inferiority of the ancient Hindus arose from a want of careful cultivation of the theory of the art of war. The composition of an army is carefully laid down, from the small primary unit, consisting of one elephant, one chariot, three horse and five foot soldiers, to the successive combinations of the same into larger bodies, increasing in size. Tactics were not omitted. The formation of an army into centre and wings, with a reserve, was known and taught. The use of advanced and rear guards, scouts, and flanking parties, the employment of the different arms in the ground best suited to the action of each, and the best formations for camp and battle array, were laid down in the ancient writings as clearly and emphatically as in the soundest modern treatises on the military art. Stores of food and fuel were

to be collected, and last, not least, skilled medical attendance was to be provided for the sick and wounded; and the host of armed men was ordered to be guided in all its actions by the "strict rules of self-denial, liberality, and religion."

Before leaving the prehistoric times, it is interesting to trace the relationship between the hordes which spread east and west from the common cradle of the race, in their warlike customs, and particularly in their common reverence for the sword. The Christian heroes, Charlemagne and Arthur, who personified their swords Joyeuse and Excalibur, and the Christian knights, who bowed before their cross-handled blades, inherited the idea from a common ancestry with the noble Rajput, who carried out in solemn festival the *Karga S'hapna*, the worship of the sword. The banks of the Oxus sent colonisers equally to the shores of the Baltic and to the plains of Hindostan; and their descendants in the gloomy North, and under the blazing sun of the East, both maintained the same thirst for glory, the same desire to please the fair, and the same sentiment of romantic honour and chivalry.

One of the oaths most binding on the Rajput was when he swore on his sword, and this form of oath was equally binding and equally practised among chivalrous European peoples of the middle ages. When Bernardo del Carpio marched against Charlemagne—

"As through the glen his spears did gleam, these soldiers from the hills,
They swelled his host, as mountain stream receives the roaring rills;
They round his banner flocked, in scorn of haughty Charlemagne,
And thus upon their swords are sworn the faithful sons of Spain."

The *Karga S'hapna* was one of the most imposing rites among the festivals of the Rajput, and was carried out on the departure of the monsoon, when he was again able to indulge his warlike propensities, which had perforce been in abeyance during the rains.

The particular sword which was worshipped was the double-edged *khanda*. This, after fasting, ablution, and prayer on the part of the prince and his household, was removed from the hall of arms, and, having received the homage of the Court, was carried in procession to the temple of Devi, goddess of battle, and placed by the priests, as an emblem of Heri, the god of battle, on the altar before the image of his divine consort. Buffaloes were sacrificed, offerings of sugar and garlands of flowers were made, alms were given, worship was paid to the sword, and other ceremonies performed during nine days, after which the sword was borne home in state, the warlike religious festival for the year was over, and the martial Rajput was again able to sally from his stronghold for raid and foray.

The sword is recognised, even in our own day, as an offering showing the profoundest homage and the strictest fidelity, by the Indian custom of offering the hilt to a superior, which he touches in appreciation of the implied loyalty.

With the Mohammedan invasions of India, the first important one of which was made in A.D. 1001, by Mahmoud of Ghazni, a new period of history begins, which includes all the centuries up to the final collapse of the Mogul empire and the establishment of British power. The early part of this period seems to be marked by the introduction of artillery into India, some knowledge of which, in its crudest and earliest forms, had

probably already been learned in the minor invasions by the Arabs into Sind, who came provided with catapults and other engines, and were successful in sieges to an extent unknown before to an age which had considered that 100 bowmen in a fort were a match for 10,000 enemies. Fiery or explosive projectiles were discharged from instruments like catapults or mangonels, in addition to the use of battering-rams and balistas, in the armies of the Caliphs; and the knowledge of their effects, and experience in their use, were carried into India by the conquering Mohammedan forces, which were led against the monarchs of the States east of the Indus. The use of these new and formidable engines must have carried despair into the hearts of the defenders of the old fortresses, which had been so impregnable against the vast hosts formerly arrayed against them.

> "His fierce beleaguerers pour
> Engines of havoc in, unknown before,
> And horrible as new;—javelins that fly,
> Enwreathed with smoky flames, through the dark sky;
> And red-hot globes, that, opening as they mount,
> Discharge, as from a kindled naphtha-fount,
> Showers of consuming fire o'er all below;
> Looking, as through th' illumined night they go,
> Like those wild birds that by the Magians oft,
> At festivals of fire, were sent aloft
> Into the air, with blazing fagots tied
> To their huge wings, scattering combustion wide.
> All night the groans of wretches who expire
> In agony, beneath these darts of fire,
> Ring through the city."

The prominent part which artillery should take in war, was early understood by the Mogul emperors, who collected and organised masses of guns of different calibres, from the heaviest ordnance to the light camel-piece; and even the latest developments of the modern science of artillery, on which we so much pride ourselves in the nineteenth century, seem to have been anticipated in these distant days. The breech-loading gun, the gun which is conveyed from place to place in various portions and can be fitted together for action, were known to and used by Akbar; and he must also have realised the value of the concentrated fire of artillery, if it is true, as we are told, that he united together a large number of pieces and arranged that they could be discharged by one match.

Some enormous pieces of artillery are chronicled as having been constructed in various States of India, rivalling the monster guns of the same period which remain as relics in the old fortresses of the United Kingdom. Mons Meg, which peers grimly over the castled rock of Edinburgh, is only about thirteen feet long, with a calibre of twenty inches; while, besides many other, no doubt well-known, guns in India, the great gun long preserved at Bijapur, which had been used by Aurungzebe at the capture of the place, had a calibre of twenty-eight inches; and there is an old gun lying on a cavalier in a ruined and forgotten fort at Sacripatna in Mysore, whose length is nearly eighteen feet, with a calibre of ten inches.[1]

[1] Since the above has been in type, a letter has been received from Mandalay, noting that, out of about 2000 pieces of artillery lately taken in that town, some are very curious and valuable bronze and brass guns. Many of them are long guns of great weight of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and are of Portuguese or Spanish manufacture. Some are quaint pieces, shaped like dragons, and must have been allotted to particular regiments or to distinguished people.

How the science of artillery and the power of using masses of that arm grew and flourished in purely native States down to the most recent times is known to all who remember how stanchly the Sikhs fought their guns at Moodkee, Ferozeshahar, Sobraon, Chillianwallah, and Guzerat, when our best sepoy battalions reeled back discomfited, and even the British regiments were staggered by the well-directed and sustained discharge.

With the possession of formidable artillery, came to the military States a knowledge how to employ that arm to the best effect, and, both in attack and defence, the science of fortification was practised on the European method. High walls and towers, perched upon rocky heights, were no longer considered the *ne plus ultra* of security; nor was a direct attack by assault prudent, or indeed possible. Fortresses were placed in good strategical positions, surrounded by ditch, ravelin, and all the best elements of defence; while sieges were carried out in a series of approaches, by which the fire of the place was gradually overpowered, and a breach regularly formed, before the assault was given.

It is difficult to leave the subject of purely native artillery in India without a thought of the marvellously effective means of transporting guns employed by some at least of the great States. Our great antagonists Hyder Ali and Tippoo, were exceptionally fortunate in this respect, in being able to use the bullocks of Mysore, the famous Amrit Mahal cattle. These cattle, whose breeding was most carefully supervised, furnished the draught animals for the Mysore artillery; and in the days when roads were not, and the great routes of traffic were at best rough tracks, nothing could have been more efficient. The unexpected celerity of Hyder's movement on Bednore, and his good fortune, on another occasion, in saving his artillery, after his disastrous defeat by Sir Eyre Coote at Porto Novo, were entirely due to the stanchness and activity of his gun-bullocks, which moved his batteries at a quicker pace even than the march of his infantry.

The European, who only knows the slow and heavy cattle of the West, can hardly realise the value for draught of these light, fawn-coloured, deer-like cattle. Alas that the great breeding establishment at Hunsur, which mainly produced them, and which had been maintained with every care through the vicissitudes of the Mysore State, and under the British tutelage of the country for so long, was abolished as an unnecessary expense by a well-known Liberal statesman! Too late it was recognised how great was the loss, even in our own day, for military purposes, of the Amrit Mahal bullocks; and the greatest efforts are now being made, under the able superintendence of Colonel Hay of the Madras army, to re-establish the breed in some of its original purity and value.

The arrival of the Portuguese on the western coasts of the Peninsula in the end of the fifteenth century had a very material influence on the weapons of India. The firearms and swords of Spain and Portugal had then a European celebrity, and the natives eagerly sought for them for personal use, and also as patterns for their own manufacture. The gun with which Akbar, at the siege of Chitor, shot the commander of the enemy's garrison, is said to have been a European piece; and the sword of Sivaji, the Mahratta chief, was a very

good Genoese blade. The long straight blades of the gauntlet-handled swords called *pata* were frequently of Spanish manufacture, and the product of the forges of Toledo found its way to the armoury of the Indian Rajah. Many Spanish barrels are found mounted on old matchlocks, and were much valued for their fine workmanship and accurate shooting. The description in 'The Pirate' of the "beautiful Spanish barrel gun, inlaid with gold, small in the bore, and of immense length," which was given to Mordaunt Mertoun by Cleveland, and with which the latter boasts that "he can put a hundred swan-shot through a Dutchman's cap at eighty paces," and that "he has hit a wild bull at a hundred and fifty yards," is true even now of some of the most cherished guns which are to be seen in India.

The settlements of the Dutch in the Indian islands did not leave any special traces on the weapons of the country; and it was not until the French and English began to establish their trading stations in the Peninsula, maintained their commercial rights by force of arms, and asserted a strong influence wherever they set their feet, that a radical change in all warlike methods was commenced, and European arms and tactics were systematically introduced. The French set the example of arming and drilling natives of the country after the European model.

Dupleix was the first to see that native armies could not stand before European troops; and he also saw that the natives of India were quite capable of receiving European discipline and learning to fight with European efficiency. This example was quickly followed by the English; and in all the great struggles for nearly a century and a half, sepoy battalions, led by European officers, and taught to use their arms in the European manner, have formed the major part of the forces which have shattered in succession every native power from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas. As Professor Seely has most truly pointed out, "England did not, in the strict sense of the word, conquer India,"—India "has rather conquered herself."

But the use of European arms and methods of organisation was not confined alone to European powers. Many native States saw their value, and warlike sovereigns strove to utilise the same methods; but they never had complete success unless they employed some European soldier of fortune to lead their levies. The drilled bodies of men were incomparably superior to the old armies; but the European leadership was the point of steel upon the spear, which doubled its value and efficiency. Raymond, De Boigne, Avitabile, and many others formed important forces, which, when the skilled leadership was withdrawn, remained still formidable, but were unable to give security to the States they served. To-day almost all the States of India which remain under native rule maintain armed forces, differing widely in strength and efficiency; but the military value of each one is gauged entirely by the nearness of its approximation to the European model, which all strive to follow.

The natural result of this Europeanising the art of war in India, and also of the general disarming the population, has been that the demand for the old weapons has almost ceased, and the manufacture of swords, matchlocks, daggers, &c., for which many localities were celebrated in times past, is gradually dying out, and soon nothing

will be produced but articles required for state or ornamental purposes. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new;" and the picturesqueness of Indian war, the pride of jewelled sword and dagger, damascened shield and inlaid matchlock, will soon have disappeared before the more sombre and uniform requirements of modern battle array.

In all the many contests, great and small, in which England has been engaged through the length and breadth of India, her troops have been brought in contact with the most variously armed tribes and nations, both as allies and enemies; and in many galleries, public and private, in Windsor Castle, in the great museums, and in private collections, the interesting relics of this contact are now to be seen. Hardly one of the many officials, civil and military, whom England has sent forth to conquer and to administer her great dependency, returns to his native island without hanging up in his quiet home some quaint and characteristic weapons, as reminiscences of the distant land of his exile, where he worked or fought.

Every one of these weapons tells its own tale to the instructed eye; and as in the gorgeous collection of the ex-viceroy or the great general we can recall his personal intercourse with descendants of powerful dynasties or chiefs of great armies, so, in the few simple arms which are treasured by the humbler official, we have a silent memento of years of work in lonely district stations, among wild and primitive tribes.

The arms of India may be roughly classified by their style of ornamentation. As Mr Egerton says, "There is as great a variety of art in Indian weapons as there is in architecture; and there is as strongly marked a line between Aryan and Turanian art, or, speaking roughly, between the arms of the north and south of India, as between the architecture of the Taj and the temple of Chillumbrum." It is impossible, however, to separate Aryan and Turanian arms with undeviating accuracy. Both have borrowed much of their art from other sources, and in the many campaigns which have had their course from north to south, or from south to north, types of construction and ornamentation have been greatly mingled. The delicate tracery and floral patterns of the north of India are frequently found in weapons in the south, as are the more massive, stiffer, and sometimes grotesque outlines of the south encountered in the north.

Naturally the hilts of swords and daggers, in their variety of shape, have lent themselves to ornamental purposes to a very great extent. The swords worn by monarchs, or sent by them as gifts to other potentates, have frequently merited the description of Excalibur, which was worthy to be "stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings"—

> "For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks;
> Myriads of topaz lights and jacinth work
> Of subtlest jewellery."

Plate-mail, and shields also, and, in a minor degree, spears, *chakras* (quoits), and the numberless quaint varieties of the articles in the Indian warrior's equipment, have been the field for ornamentation of every kind.

The methods of applying decoration have been many and various. The famous enamel of Jaipur, Koftgari work, Bidri work, Niello work, have all been employed.

Silver and gold have been engraved, chiselled in relief or *repoussé*, besides being used in brocade for the linings of shields and the interior of sword-hilts. Brass, copper, bronze, carved wood have all been utilised; while the most precious jewels, with jade, jasper, mother-of-pearl, and tortoise-shell, have all found their place. Painting and lacquer-work figure on wood and hide, and leather sword-belts and scabbards have been richly embossed and embroidered.

In naming these materials and processes, it is impossible to pass without notice a most interesting and little known piece of etymology connected with one of them, which is mentioned by Mr Egerton.[1] The shagreen, which is much prized for scabbards in Persia, is made from the artificially roughened skin of a donkey's back, and derives its name from the Persian word *saghri*, which means *back*. We in England know of shagreen as rough skin, and the idea of roughness has been probably carried into the common word *chagrin*, which has travelled through French to our daily use.

Though, no doubt, most of the best swords worn in India were Persian, there are many localities in the Peninsula which have been famous in their day for the production of the blades which fitted into these gorgeous mountings, and of the matchlocks and fine mail which received such careful ornament. Many famous armourers have forged sword and spear, and some few still remain, who show, principally nowadays by the fine quality of their boar-spears and *shikar*-knives, how well they must have worked when their skill was given to more warlike weapons. Among those, whose names have long been well and honourably known, Bodraj of Aurungabad and Arnachellam of Salem know no superiors, and still can show how the blades of the old *tulwars* were of such fine quality and temper.

Many of the weapons of strange shape and character to be found in India deserve special notice on account of their appropriateness to the district in which they have originated, their historical associations, or their individual peculiarity of shape and quality. The *kukri*, the national weapon of Nepal, is about nineteen inches in total length, with an unguarded hilt. Its blade, generally of bright steel, is incurved, heavy, and widening towards the point. It has more the qualities of a good bill-hook than anything else; and this, indeed, was its original function, for the Gorkha required it not only for fighting purposes, but also to clear his way through the jungles of the Terai. In his practised hands, the *kukri* is the handiest of tools and the most formidable of weapons,—how formidable, those who have been in action with the Gorkha battalions in our service can well testify.

Like the *kukri* of the Gorkha, the big knife of the Coorg mountaineer derived its shape from the daily necessities of life in dense jungles. The tremendous monsoon rains, which break on the mountains of the west coast of India, develop an extraordinarily luxuriant vegetation in the district, and the inhabitants found the constant want of an implement to open their way through the thick underwood and clumps of bamboo. The Coorg knife, the *ayda katti*, is about the same length as the *kukri*,

[1] It has been pointed out to the writer that in Stormonth's very valuable dictionary (library edition), this piece of etymology—which we failed to find in many dictionaries in common use—is correctly given.

also with blade incurved, but still wider and heavier. One of its most remarkable characteristics is that it has no sheath; but is carried, slung naked, across the hips, through a slit in a metal belt. The belt is called a *todunga*, and is made generally in either brass or silver, of a solid plate behind, fastening in front with massive and handsome chains. A spike projects to the rear from the centre of this plate at the back. This spike has no apparent definite use; but it was remarked, at the imperial assemblage at Delhi, that the Coorg chiefs, who were there in the costume and wearing the arms of their native country, were not incommoded by any crowd pressing on them from behind.

The quoits still worn by the Alkali Sikhs have been mentioned above. They are flat steel rings, sharpened at the outer edge, and sometimes handsomely damascened in gold. They are worn encircling a conical cap or wrapped in the folds of the turban, or sometimes slung upon the left arm. They are thrown with great accuracy, and, though not now used for war purposes, the Sikh soldier, in his *kusrut* or display with his weapons—a kind of assault at arms—will cut in two a gourd elevated on a stick to the height of a man's head, at a distance of fifty or sixty yards. The quoit or *chakra* is one of the typical weapons of Vishnu, and it is also the weapon with which Siva, in a fit of jealousy, struck off the head of the child of Parvati, which he replaced with the head of an elephant, thus forming the elephant-headed god Ganesa, the Hindu Janus, and the god of policy and prudence.

The Alkali Sikhs also wear on the cap the *baghnak* or *waghnak*, the tiger-claw. This is an arrangement of four small and sharp curved blades or claws, which fit inside the fingers, fixed to a plate of steel in the palm of the hand, to which it is fastened by rings at the wrist and fingers. It was with the *baghnak* that the Mahratta chief Sivaji treacherously slew Afzul Khan, the general of the Mohammedan monarch of Bijapur, as is so vividly narrated by Colonel Meadows Taylor in 'Tara,' perhaps the most charming of his very charming Indian novels. Sivaji had invited Afzul Khan to a personal conference, in which both were to be unarmed. At the place of meeting—

"Afzul Khan went forward a few paces as Sivaji came up. 'You are welcome, Rajah Sahib; embrace me,' he said to Sivaji. 'Let there be no doubt between us;' and he stretched forth his arms in the usual manner. Sivaji stooped to the embrace, and, as the Khan's arms were laid upon his shoulders, and he was thus unprotected, struck the sharp, deadly, tiger's-claw dagger deeply into his bowels, seconding the blow with one from the other dagger, which he had concealed in his left hand. Afzul Khan reeled and staggered under the deadly wounds."

The *maru* or *madu*, a parrying shield, is very quaint. It consists of two antelope-horns, armed at the tips with small dagger-like points, and united at their butt-ends, where they are held by the left hand; a small steel shield is fastened at the same point, which serves for defence, as the armed horns are ready for a blow.

The straight, thick, short dagger, with side-guards for the hilt, and strengthened at the point for piercing chain-armour, called *katar*, is probably one of the oldest and most characteristic weapons of India. They are often found profusely ornamented and damascened in gold; but the best and finest are those of plain steel, which, when hung up and struck with a

piece of metal, ring with a fine full tone like a powerful gong.

The great gauntlet-handled sword, *pata*, with which the professional sword-player performs the most marvellous feats of dexterity and skill, and which was the arm of the cavalry of the Great Mogul; the *bich'hwa*, or scorpion dagger, which was worn in the sleeve; the *peshkabz*, a mail-piercing dagger, which sometimes had a groove in the blade filled with small pearls, running backwards and forwards when it was used, and said to represent the tears of the wounded—sometimes a groove filled in like manner with small rubies, which represented drops of blood; the *gargaz*, or mace; the *gupti*, or sword-stick—all are full of interest: but to mention in detail all the offensive weapons, with their histories and peculiarities, which may be found in India, would be nearly endless.

The varieties of defensive armour are almost equally numerous and peculiar. The defensive qualities of plate and chain mail in all its forms, which were known and used in Western countries, were supplemented in the East by defences of many kinds and in many materials; but the most useful was the heavy turban, swathing the head in voluminous folds, impervious to a sword-cut. The Mahratta horsemen used to defend their heads with a turban bound under the chin with a scarf. This, during the Mahratta war, was a complete puzzle to the English dragoons, who strove in vain to make any impression on it with their sabres, till some cunning old trooper hit upon the plan of dexterously pushing the turban aside with the point of the sword, and immediately bringing the edge to bear on the then undefended skull. The quilted cotton armour also was an almost sure defence against lance or sword; but it was often fatal to its wearer by accidentally taking fire from the flash of a pistol or the burning match of a matchlock. It was no uncommon thing to see on an Indian battle-field a wounded and disabled man writhing in agony, while his cotton armour was slowly consuming him in smouldering fire. We have met the tale, told by an English officer of irregular cavalry, who was pursuing some Pindarris, and discharged his pistol at the nearest fugitive. The ball had dropped out of the barrel in his holster during the gallop; but either the flash of the pistol or the burning wadding ignited the quilted armour of the flying Pindarri, which the rapid movement of his horse quickly fanned into a flame. He could be tracked across the plain by the line of smoke which rose from his burning body, until he dropped insensible from his horse.

Colonel Wilks, in his history of Mysore, describes the cavalry of the Nizam, which joined Lord Cornwallis in 1791:—

"Their first appearance was novel and interesting. It is probable that no national or private collection of ancient armour in Europe contains any weapon or article of personal equipment which might not be traced in that motley crowd,—the Parthian bow and arrow, the iron club of Scythia, sabres of every age and nation, lances of every length and description, and matchlocks of every form; metallic helmets of every pattern, simple defences of the head, a steel bar descending diagonally as a protection to the face, defences of bars, scales, or chain-work descending behind or on the shoulders; cuirasses, suits of armour, or detached pieces for the arm, complete coats of mail in chain-work, shields, bucklers, and quilted jackets, sabre-proof."

These were the retainers of the Nizam alone; and an equally motley and variously armed array might probably have been gathered

in any native State. Many of these weapons have disappeared, but many still remain to reward the search of a collector. In Hyderabad especially, where the Disarming Act does not apply, and where representatives of warlike nations — Arabs, Rohillas, Pathans, and many others — are gathered in the retinues of the present Nizam and his nobles, the variety of armament still to be seen will strike every eye. At every corner the stately oriental soldier of the last century is still to be met, with shield slung over his back, matchlock in hand, and *cumberbund* bristling with sword and daggers of every shape and form. At the repetitions of the old festivals the old war-cries are still heard; and the professional swordsmen and athletes still show how deftly the most cumbrous and awkward-looking weapons can be wielded by the small hands and sinewy arms of the Eastern warrior.

The favourite sword for performing feats is the gauntlet-handled *pata*. The swordsman will first show the keenness of his weapon, and his command of its weight, by cutting in two a leaf laid flat on the outstretched palm of a friend, or by cutting a cloth hanging loose in the air. He will put one sword on each hand, and, so armed, springing from his feet on the bare ground, will throw somersaults backwards and forwards, following each movement with a wondrously complicated and simultaneous gyration of both swords round his head and body. He will have the naked sword, more than five feet long, double-edged, sharp-pointed, and keen as a razor, lashed from the back of his neck down his back, and will again, from his naked feet, repeat the somersaults. Again, with sword and shield in his hands, he will leap headforemost through the stretched-out loop of a rope, held by two men at the height of their heads, as a circus-rider leaps through a paper hoop, and light safely on his feet.

Small wonder if the gaping crowd of spectators applauds vociferously; that the carpet of the plucky athlete is soon covered with a harvest of small change; and that the recurring festivals, with these profitable opportunities, prevent the knowledge of the old sword-play from dying out.

When the Disarming Act was first put in force in the dominions under the direct sway of England, vast numbers of most interesting and valuable arms were collected in the armouries of several of the great towns in India. It is very much to be regretted that, in many instances at least, these armouries were broken up, and the contents sold almost without notice and without any care to remove the choicest specimens for the study and admiration of a succeeding age. In some places, priceless daggers and *tulwars* were bought at the price of old iron by native merchants, who broke them up for the sake of the small quantity of gold to be found in the damascening.

We still require a full and systematic treatise on a subject fraught with exceptional interest to all who realise the vast scope of the history of England's connection with India; and when that is written, the arms of the aboriginal tribes, which are scattered over the Peninsula in such numbers and showing such distinct characteristics, will be found also to be full of meaning, and to be scarcely inferior in interest to the more elaborate weapons worn by the surrounding peoples of a more advanced type.

JOHN GWILLIM, ROUGE CROIX PURSUIVANT-AT-ARMS.

It is recorded of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone that he was in the habit of reading Gwillim of a winter evening; and it is a mournful thing to reflect that there are doubtless many persons who would consider this as tedious and unprofitable a sort of study as that of Markham on farriery or the rest of the stock literature of Osbaldistone Hall. But this would be a most unjust view to take of a work which is both entertaining and improving, replete with wise maxims and moral precepts, with scholarship of a remarkable kind, and the most astounding scientific theories. Gwillim has suffered a great deal from the misrepresentation of those who, regarding the science of heraldry as essentially tinged with flunkeyism, have decided that his work must have been merely a kind of peerage. Mr Barry Lyndon, we are told, and his worthy uncle, used to study Gwillim in order to instruct themselves in genealogies and the degrees of kindred and consanguinity of the exalted personages they came in contact with — on which subject they might as well have consulted Bacon's Essays or Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' for with such matters Gwillim has nothing to do. Indeed the only personal references to be found in his book occur in cases where he has occasion to refer to a family, of which some member was well known to the world of the day—some brother antiquary, very often, to whose abilities he pays a passing tribute. For instance, in exemplification of a certain point in heraldry, he gives the arms of Sir John Lisle, Knight, one of the founders of the Order of the Garter, and takes the opportunity to add, "Which Sir John Lisle was lord of the mannor of Wilbraham in the county of Cambridge, of which said mannor William Lisle, Esquire, is at this day seised, — a gentleman to whom the studious in our antient Saxon tongue are much obliged for the cleere light he hath given therein by his great travell and paines." More rarely we find allusions to men of more than temporary fame, as when we are shown the coat of arms of "Sir Payne Roet, Knight, who had a daughter married to the famous English poet, Sir Geffrey Chaucer." As it seems now to be a matter of doubt whether it was Philippa Roet whom Chaucer married, we give Gwillim's testimony for what it is worth. It is very natural that such notes as these should be put in, but beyond them there is no word of those alliances and relationships which Thackeray's hero wished to study. The idea, however, that Gwillim was but an earlier Debrett existed long before Thackeray's time. "Go thy way, Gwillim displayed—thou catalogue of the nobility," says one of the characters in Fielding's comedy of "The Wedding Day," of a man who is always bragging of his intimacy with persons of rank, evidently regarding the 'Display of Heraldry' as a mere peerage, instead of a learned treatise on an important subject, which is certainly what its author considered it.

The science of heraldry, however, was rather at a discount in Gwillim's time. Not that there was any want of learned and efficient men in the College of Arms —for though there were some very

unfavourable specimens among Gwillim's contemporaries, the College also numbered among its officers the great Camden, "the cleerest starre of our profession," who was then Clarenceux king-of-arms; besides Sir William Segar, Richard and Henry St George, members of a family justly celebrated among heralds, and others of almost equal merit. Yet many causes combined to cast discredit on the "generous profession" of heraldry. As one of these, we may mention the growth of a class of sham heralds, who compiled false pedigrees, and assigned arms to any one who would pay for them. This kind of business is nowadays a safe and lucrative one, and would seem to have been profitable even then; for we have an instance in Queen Elizabeth's reign of one Dawkyns, "a notable dealer in arms and maker of false pedigrees," whom neither imprisonment nor even mutilation (the loss of an ear was one of the punishments he suffered) could deter from exercising his perilous trade. Another reason for the depreciation of heraldry may perhaps be found in the great number of coats granted, perhaps somewhat loosely, in the preceding reign; but its most formidable enemy was the growing puritanical spirit of the age. This, at least, was the opinion of Sir William Segar, then Garter principal king-of-arms, as expressed in some verses addressed by him to his "kinde friend and fellow," Gwillim, on the publication of the 'Display of Heraldrie,' where he says that

> "Peevish preciseness loves no heraldry,
> Crosses in armes they hold idolatry;
> All funeral's pompe, and honour but a vaunt,
> Made honour only by the honorant;
> Shortly no difference 'twixt the lord and page."

A levelling spirit was abroad which the good Sir William feared would be fatal to heraldry. What was to happen when people were actually asserting that all men were equal?—"All Adam's children, none are gentle born."

> "O impure Purity that so doth deeme!"

cries the old herald, lamenting over the good old days when proper honour was paid to rank and good birth.

Things were not, however, so bad as they seemed to him: the honours and rewards that heraldry can give were still valued. During the civil wars, long after this, we hear of an Oxfordshire gentleman who chose an augmentation to his arms rather than knighthood, as a reward for his services, probably for the reason that his descendants also would profit by this sort of recompense. Nor was it only among the Cavaliers that heraldry received its meed of honour; the Parliament found they could not do without heralds, and Cromwell had as complete a college of arms as any sovereign could have. Not only were such of the lawful heralds and pursuivants as adhered to the Parliament (all the kings-of-arms remained with King Charles) retained in their offices or promoted, but new ones were appointed; so that from 1646 to 1660 there were two sets—the legitimate officers who followed Charles II. into exile or remained in retirement in England, and the intruders who enjoyed the protection of the Parliament at home. Both went on exercising their functions, and more than one family can trace their coats of arms, or augmentations in them, to grants made by Sir Edward Walker, the exiled Garter, in France and the Low Countries. At the Restoration, of course, the legitimate heralds triumphed. The in-

truders were, in most cases, deprived of their offices, and all their acts annulled; but, singularly enough, the one who should have been considered the greatest offender escaped. This was Edward Bysshe, the intruding Garter, who appears to have had powerful family influence, which stood him in such good stead that, though deprived of his usurped office, he was appointed to that of Clarenceux. Sir William le Neve, the legitimate holder of this office, was still alive, but he had suffered so much from the persecutions and exactions of the Parliament, that his reason had given way, and a commission of inquiry had reported him to be hopelessly insane; so he was superseded by Sir Edward Bysshe, who was ordered in return to pay a small sum towards the maintenance of the poor madman whose office he held.

All this, however, happened after the time of Gwillim, who had been gathered to his fathers long before the outbreak of the civil war, before even the beginning of the unhappy reign of Charles I. Perhaps the one thing connected with Gwillim that we really do know is the date of his death. He died on the 7th of May 1621. About his life very little is known, and what little there is has been disputed and fought over by his biographers to an alarming extent. That his name was John there is no reasonable doubt, but of his other name endless versions are given, varying from Guillim to Agilliams, while one authority informs us that his father's name was Williams. It is also stated that he was born in or about the year 1565, a conclusion which appears to have been drawn from the fact that there was at Brasenose College in 1581 one John Guillim, aged sixteen, and it is believed that our Gwillim was educated at Oxford. We have under his own hand the information that he was in his forty-fourth year in 1595, and so must have been born about 1551, and that his name was John Gwillim.

We have also in his own handwriting what appears to be an account of his parentage. He is speaking of that branch of heraldry which is called marshalling—that is, the bearing of two or more coats together, as in the case of man and wife, or of a man whose mother was an heiress, and whose arms are consequently quartered by him—and to illustrate his remarks he gives the coat of arms described (in his original manuscript, which is much fuller than his published work on many points, especially those of a technical nature):—

"He beareth two several coats impaled. The first is argente, a lyon rampande ermynes, collared or, langued and enarmed gewles. This coate pertained to John Gwillim, somtyme of Mynsterworth within the county of Gloucester, Esquire, deceased, who tooke to wife Margarett, daughter and heyre of Hatheweye of Mynsterworthe aforesaid, who did beare palewayes of sixe argente and sables, over all a bende or, charged with three pheons of the seconde.[1]

"These bothe being inheritoures had yssue John Gwillim theyr sonne and heyre, who havinge by discente bothe the possessions and coate-ar-

[1] For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with heraldic terms, it should be stated that the first coat of arms mentioned represents on a white ground a black lion spotted with white ermine spots, in the position called rampant, with a gold collar round his neck, and his tongue and claws painted red. The ground of the other coat consists of six vertical stripes of white and black, over which is extended a yellow bend with three black pheons or javelin-heads on it.

mours of those severall famylies, beareth as lawfull for hym to doe the said coate-armours of his father and of his mother quartered."

This would certainly appear to be a description of the author's own family, especially since it is known that he lived for some time at Minsterworth, and he is said to have borne the arms mentioned. We also learn from the dedication of his manuscript that his grandfather and father had been in the service of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. in the capacity of gentlemen-sewers.

Though perhaps no herald has ever made such a name in his own science as Gwillim, he never held any very high position in the College of Arms. He was at first created a pursuivant extraordinary, with the title of Portsmouth—an appointment of little pecuniary value, probably, but one which brought him into the society of the Heralds' College, and conferred a kind of rank upon him which was probably meant to encourage him to pursue the heraldic work on which he had been engaged since the year 1595, on his own showing. From this he was raised to the position of Rouge Croix in 1617,—this being one of the four regular pursuivancies which exist up to this day,—and would then, through the munificence of James I., who raised the pursuivants' salaries to the double of what they had been before, enjoy the enormous income of twenty pounds a-year! This appointment he held till his death, receiving no further promotion. In 1610 he had published the 'Display of Heraldry,' the work which has rendered him famous above his fellows. We say published advisedly; for though other recorded incidents in his life may be matter of dispute, the question of the authorship of the 'Display' is the one over which controversy has raged most fiercely. The real author, in the opinion of some, was the Rev. John Barcham, a noted divine and antiquary of the day, who was chaplain to Archbishops Bancroft and Abbot successively, and dean of Bocking in Essex. Barcham, according to Anthony à Wood, had in early life written a book on heraldry, but did not like to publish it under his own name, as he thought the subject was not suited to his sacred character. He therefore entrusted the manuscript to Gwillim, who made some trifling additions to it, and then published it under his own name. Such is the statement made by Wood, on the authority of Sir William Dugdale, Garter, who said he had heard this story from "several of our old kings of armour and heraldry who knew him [Gwillim] well," and also from Barcham's brother. The assertion of two such authorities as Dugdale and Wood is, no doubt, to be received with respect; but on examining into the question more closely, we find a great many things which cannot be reconciled with this theory. In the first place, if Gwillim's contemporaries in the College of Arms knew that the work was not his—which is certainly implied by Sir William Dugdale—how are we to account for the exceedingly complimentary verses addressed to him by Sir William Segar, then Garter, as well as by others who would most probably have known of it,—John St George, who was intimately connected with some prominent members of the College, John Speed, the historian (a personal friend of Barcham), and his own "nearest and dearest kinsman," Thomas Gwillim, all of whom certainly ascribe the authorship of the book to him alone? Again,

there is his own bold assertion that the work is entirely his, the "plentifull harvest of this my long and painefull lucubrations." "I am the first," he says, in the dedication to King James I., "who brought a method into this heroic art;" and in his own verses at the conclusion of the book, though he admits that

"It hath some faults, which on the printers fall,"

he certainly does not allow any of its merits to be ascribed to any one but himself. If the book was written by Barcham, not only must Gwillim have been one of the most barefaced liars the world ever saw,—and we are free to admit that in this case it is quite possible that he may, for some wicked purpose of his own, have deliberately represented himself as fourteen years older than he really was, — but he must have become the laughing-stock of the whole College from the way in which he took to himself the credit of another man's work. The occasional little touches of pride in his own production would be natural enough as coming from the real author of a valuable work, but despicable from a man who was really only the editor of a book he represented as original. Besides, we know that Gwillim had detractors. He himself speaks of "that rash and unadvised censurer of this book, who (before it was in presse) sought to lay this aspersion on it, that it was wholly stuffed with superficials of things mechanical, &c. Which calumny needs no other refutation than the view of that which here presents it selfe to all men's scanning." Would that "rash and unadvised censurer" have thought it worth his while to make such a trifling accusation as this when he might have brought one so much more telling? or would an author, who knew how he had laid himself open to attack by assuming to himself the merit of another man's work, have ventured to retort with a defiance like this? It must not be thought that there was any particular *esprit de corps* among the heralds of the day which would prevent them from telling what they knew of each other, or any extraordinary desire for peace among themselves. This period, on the contrary, is remarkable for the scandals that disgraced the Heralds' College, and a dispute between the York and Somerset heralds was at one time carried so far that both of them were committed to the Marshalsea prison. The chance of their adversary writing a book would be eagerly longed for by some of them as a chance for pursuing it with crushing criticism, ponderous as the 'Fortnightly,' and trenchant as the 'Saturday Review.' Camden himself suffered from the ill-feeling of unworthy members of the College—Ralph Brooke, the York herald of the day, having twice undertaken to expose certain errors in his great work, the 'Britannia.' The second of these, 'Discoveries of Clarenceux's Errors,' was presented by Brooke himself to James I., who was so far from being pleased by it, that he prohibited its publication three days later. In such a state of things as this, is it reasonably probable that Gwillim could commit such an act of literary piracy without a word being said on the subject till long afterwards?

But even without these evidences, it is sufficient to examine his own original manuscript to see that it is no transcription. Every page bears the distinct signs of a work which is the outcome of long study, and which has been revised again

and again. The frequent erasures and alterations, the number of corrections and additions—here inserted in minute characters round the shields which are given as illustrations, when there is no room between the lines of the original text, there added in the space between two paragraphs at an obviously later period in different-coloured inks—all are suitable and natural to a manuscript which has been slowly and laboriously compiled, but incongruous and almost impossible, if we suppose the writer to have been merely copying from the original before him, with only a slight alteration here and there, as it is alleged. Besides, as has been well pointed out, the extraordinary extent of classical and heraldic reading which appears in the 'Display of Heraldry,' tells strongly against the idea that it was the work of a young man. The most probable theory seems to be, that Barcham had made some notes for a work on heraldry, and perhaps gave up his undertaking for the reason suggested, that he did not think it a suitable subject for a clergyman to write upon, and then, finding that Gwillim was engaged on a work of this nature, communicated his notes to him to make what use he could of them. It is singular enough that a precisely similar accusation was brought against Gwillim's predecessor in the office of Rouge Croix, William Wyrley, who published a book entitled 'The True Use of Armory,' the bulk of which was asserted by some to be the work of Sampson Erdeswicke, the Staffordshire antiquary, apparently only on the ground of Erdeswicke having advanced some claim to its authorship when very old and almost in his dotage.

To Gwillim, then, we may attribute the glory of having composed perhaps the greatest work on heraldry which has ever appeared. It is true that many will consider the amount of toil and study expended on so unprofitable a science as labour lost; but these may be answered in his own words. "If any man will demand of me," he says, "why I doe spend my oyle and travell in things of so small moment? To such I answer, that so long as I travell to find out the truth, I reckon my travell well bestowed, though the matter be of never so small importance." Not that heraldry was by any means a matter of small importance in the eyes of the old pursuivant. To him it was a noble science, with the rudiments of which, at least, all gentlemen should be conversant. But in the sixteenth century it no longer retained its original purity and simplicity. Coats of arms granted at this period were of a cumbrous and complicated nature, utterly opposed to the genius of a science whose first principle is simplicity; and our author tells us that when he began his work he found "a chaos-like contemperation of things, not only diverse but repugnant in nature, hitherto concorporated in the generous profession of heraldry."

"Which confused mixture," he tells us in his preface, "hath not a little discouraged many persons (otherwise well affected to the study of armory) and impaired the estimation of the profession. For redress whereof, my selfe (though unablest of many) have done my best, in this my 'Display of Heraldry,' to dissolve this deformed lumpe, distributing and digesting each particular thereof into his peculiar ranke; wherein, albeit the issue of my enterprise bee not answerable to the height of my desires, yet doe I assure myselfe my labour herein will not bee altogether fruitlesse, forasmuch as hereby I have broken the ice, and made way to some after-commers of greater gifts and riper judgement, that

may give a fairer body to this my delineated rough draught or shadow of a new framed method."

With this modest preface, he proceeds to his work of explaining the mysteries of heraldry, and making the way clear to those who wish to study them. Impressed as he was with the great importance of his subject, it is not unnatural that he should at first seek to inspire his readers with a feeling of reverence for the science he is about to unfold to them. And so he presents to us a most curious discourse on the dignity and antiquity of arms. Of the latter especially, from which the former in some part results, he has marvellous things to tell us. It appears doubtful, in spite of the contentions of Welsh genealogists, that any description of heraldry existed before the Flood; but the deep research of Gwillim has discovered an instance of the use of armorial ensigns a short time after it; for it appears that

"Osyris, surnamed Jupiter the Just, sonne to Cham, the cursed sonne of Noah, called of the Gentiles Janus, being banished from the blessed tents of Shem and Japhet—by reason of the curse fallen upon his father, was constrained to seek some remote place wherein he might settle himselfe, his children, and people; for which purpose he assembled a great army, and appointed Hercules, his eldest sonne, captaine. And in this so ancient an expedition of warres, as well Osyris himselfe as Hercules, Macedon, and Anubis, his sons, and others, did paint certaine signes upon their shields, bucklers, and other weapons; which signs were after called armes: as for example, Osyris bare a scepter royall, insigned on the top with an eye; Hercules, a lion rampant holding a battle-axe; Macedon, a wolfe; and Anubis, a dogge."

But however interesting it is to find that the system of bearing arms dates from so extremely early a period (not to speak of the instructive genealogical information contained in this remarkable piece of history), it is still more profoundly gratifying to the student of heraldry to find that a part, at least, of this science has actually received the divine sanction. This, it must be admitted, appears to refer not so much to the bearing of arms in shields as upon standards and banners, which, however, are of course to be counted among armorial ensigns. We are told that the great use of arms is for the sake of distinction in war, "that if a man shall meet or encounter us, we doe forthwith discover by the note or marke that he beareth, whether he be friend or enemie;" and heraldry as applied to this purpose has

"Received approbation in the highest degree, even from the mouth of God Himselfe, who (when he prescribed unto Moses and Aaron a forme of ordering and conducting the Israelites in their passage towards the land of the promise) did expresly command the use of armoriall signes, saying: *Filii Israelis quisque juxta vexillum suum cum signis secundum domum majorum suorum castra habento:* which order He required to bee observed, not onely in the conduction of them in their journey, but also in the pitching and raising of their campe.

"In which precept we may observe, that God maketh mention of two sorts of ensignes—the one generall, the other particular; and that these latter were no lesse needfull than the former, for the orderly governing and conducting of so huge and populous a multitude as the Israelites were, in a journey so long, and withall subject to infinite dangers. The first sort of these ensignes God calleth *vexilla*—that is to say, standards or banners, which served for the conduction of their severall regiments. . . . The other sort of ensignes God calleth *signa secundum domum majorum suorum;* whereby is meant (if I be not deceived) the particular en-

signes or tokens of each particular family and of the particular persons of each familie."

Such being the case, it is rather a pity that Gwillim cannot give us the arms of some of the Old Testament worthies, which would have been undoubtedly interesting; but this apparently was not in his power. Still the Old Testament could evidently be quoted as a heraldic authority. When Gwillim is speaking of the ancient custom of allowing young and as yet undistinguished warriors to bear only plain white shields, like Tennyson's Sir Torre—

> "Hurt in his first tilt was my son, Sir Torre,
> And so, God wot, his shield is blank enough"—

he mentions the opinion of Gerard Leigh, an older heraldic writer, who considered "such unportraicted bearing to be good and withall very ancient," arguing from a passage in the First Book of Kings where we read that Solomon made two hundred targets and three hundred shields of beaten gold, but nothing is said of any charge or device inscribed upon them. And this argument seems to have been considered a reasonable and weighty one by Gwillim, who supports it by quoting another equally convincing passage out of the Book of Maccabees.

Of classical heroes, on the other hand, there is a great deal to be said. Thus we hear that "Agamemnon in the Troian warres bare in his shield a lion, with this epigram, 'Terror hic est hominum et qui hunc gerit est Agamemnon,'" thus showing a knowledge of Latin surprising in a Greek chieftain of his day. Ulysses, it appears, bore "a dolphine and a typhon breathing out flames of fire;" while an elephant's trunk, couped and flexed in the form of an S, in pale, argent, on a field gules, formed the coat-armour of Idomeneus. To come to more absolutely historical instances, Gwillim has the authority of Sir John Ferne, an Elizabethan heraldic writer, for the statement, that Tomyris, the Scythian queen who conquered the great Cyrus bore—"azure, Jupiter's thunderbolt in pale, or, inflamed at both ends, proper, shafted saltire-wise, and winged fesse-waies, argent," —which makes certainly a most ferocious-looking coat, eminently suited, according to Gwillim's own rules of fitness, for a savage queen. It appears, however, from the equally valuable testimony of Chassaneus, that this coat must rather be taken as the national insignia of the Scythian nation. In more recent times the science of heraldry seems to have become more thoroughly understood, and a coat of a somewhat complicated nature appears in Gwillim's original manuscript as having been borne by Augustus. Here, however, he takes care to tell us that he is not certain of the authenticity of this coat; it is only "of some affirmed (howe trewly I knowe not) that this coate was borne by Octavian the Romayne emperor." Coming down to a still later age, we have the worthies of our own land celebrated. On the authority of Leigh, the arms of "blessed Cadwallader, last king of the Britaines," are described; while the research of Upton presents to us those of another great monarch, to whom history has been manifestly unjust; for what modern historian tells us of this mighty conqueror, Belinus, who, "having conquered France, Almaine, all Italy, and the city of Rome, together with all Greece, returned into this land, and assumed unto himselfe new armes (as Upton reporteth), *tres coronas au-*

ratas in campo azoreo, quia ipse fuerat ternâ vice in diversis regnis coronatus,—three crownes or, in a field azure, because he was three times crowned king in sundry kingdoms"? It is singular that this coat of arms is identical with that which a royal commission in the time of Edward IV. declared to be the proper arms of Ireland. It is much to be regretted that we do not learn from Gwillim what were the arms of King Arthur; but this deficiency is supplied by his illustrious contemporary and colleague, Camden, who informs us that "the victorious Arthur bare our Ladie in his shield," giving as his authority the old historian Nennius, Abbot of Bangor.

It must be admitted that, combined with a good deal of nonsense, there is some truth in what Gwillim says of the great antiquity of arms. The antiquity of national ensigns of some kind has never been denied. We may hesitate to accept as gospel the statement that the Israelites had for their ensigns the Hebrew letter Tau, the Egyptians an ox, the Phrygians a swine; but that many nations had some kind of signs depicted on their banners, or whatever warlike ensigns they employed, from an early period, like the eagles of the Romans, may be taken as certain. There is little doubt that the horse of the Saxons—better known to us as the "white horse of Hanover," from its being borne in the arms of that kingdom—and the raven of the Danes, existed as national insignia long before any system of heraldry was started. Nor is it possible to deny the existence of the custom of bearing certain marks or charges, as we should call them, on the shields of individuals in very early times. This, indeed, is most natural at a time when shields were actually used for defensive purposes in war, and also when military science was in its infancy, and much greater importance was attached to individual prowess. Of course such customs as these do not in the least imply the existence of any system of heraldry; but still they may certainly furnish some support to Gwillim's pleading for the antiquity of arms. Not to go back so far as the shield of Achilles, we have in Æschylus's play of the 'Seven against Thebes' a most business-like description of the shields of the seven champions given by the Messenger. Thus, he says of Tydeus:—

"This haughty charge upon his shield he bears
In curious work, the sky ablaze with stars;
And in the centre point the bright full moon
Shines forth, the first of stars, the eye of night."

No doubt his description might have been more formal and concise but for the exigencies of poetry. If we ourselves had had such a shield to blazon, we should have said that Tydeus bore azure, semé of estoiles, a moon in her complement, all proper, or perhaps the estoiles may have been round the moon in orle: it is difficult to say, and we can only conjecture the tinctures. Capaneus, the next champion, bore on his shield the figure of a man with a torch in his hand, and as his motto, in letters of gold, the words, ΠΡΗΣΩ ΠΟΛΙΝ ("I will burn the city"); Eteoclus had an armed man on a scaling-ladder set against a tower; Parthenopæus a representation of the Sphinx, &c. Alone Amphiaraus the prophet bore no charge on his shield. Æschylus ascribes this to modesty in the well-known line—

"He does not wish to seem, but be, the best"—

which was supposed to refer to the just Aristides. Euripides, on the other hand, seems to suggest another motive by telling us that the shield of Amphiaraus was "prudently blank," which makes one fear that some abatement or mark of disgrace may have been attached to his arms, and that he bore his shield uncharged for fear of showing it. But this is almost impossible, as, beyond leaving instructions with his sons for the murder of his wife, when he set out on the expedition against Thebes, Amphiaraus appears to have been a most blameless person. It is to be regretted that Gwillim had apparently never read Æschylus, though he was acquainted with the story that "an eagle, thinking his bald head had been a stone, let fall a tortois upon it, and so made a tragicall end of that noble tragedian."

Though the custom of bearing some kind of arms, or rather devices, upon shields, existed at an early period, it was only when they became hereditary that any real system of heraldry began. This does not appear to have been the case in England till towards the end of the thirteenth century, though there certainly are some coats of arms which have been handed down from an earlier date, so that heraldry, properly so called, cannot be said to be more than 600 years old, while the College of Arms can only count 400, having been incorporated in 1484 by that much-maligned monarch Richard III. Of course there had been heralds before that time, but it was not till then that they were formed into a regular college. The heralds of the earlier days played a much more important part in the events of the day than their successors. Besides the duties of granting arms, and drawing out genealogies, and attending at great ceremonies, they were also frequently employed as ambassadors and sent on diplomatic missions. But their principal duties were in time of war: the early heralds were in fact what those of modern times are in name, officers of arms. Their duty it was to call upon besieged towns to surrender, and in cases of capitulation to walk before the conquered governor to protect him from violence, to proclaim victories, and to number the slain in battle, &c. Some of these duties they retained to a comparatively late period, as we read in the time of Charles I. of a king-of-arms summoning towns held by the Parliament troops to surrender, and on their refusal declaring them traitors—a perilous task, as they were not very scrupulous about the laws of war. After the battle of Edgehill, Clarendon tells us, the king "sent Sir William le Neve, Clarencieux king-at-armes, to the enemy with the proclamation of pardon to such as would lay down armes." Clarenceux was by no means courteously received by the Earl of Essex, who told him roughly, "as he loved his life, not to presume to speak a word to the soldiers," and sent him back evidently in a state of great alarm, as the historian observes that "at his return he had so great and feeling a sense of the danger he had passed, that he made little observation of the posture or numbers of the enemy." But this was an exceptional case in those days. As a rule, the officers of the College of Arms were solely occupied with the examining and drawing out of pedigrees, and granting and confirming arms, though they still retained the function of ordering great pageants and ceremonies,

especially funerals. Indeed it is strange to observe how easily heraldry separated itself from any connection with military matters. So intimate was this connection at first, that it was in many countries not lawful for non-combatants, such as women and churchmen of however noble birth, to have the martial attributes of shield, helmet, and crest. Arms, indeed, they might have; but a churchman's arms were borne on an oval shield, technically called a cartouche, and a lady's on a lozenge, while neither might place a helmet over their shield or a crest. The first part of this rule has never been strictly kept in England: the arms of ecclesiastics have been borne in shields from the earliest times, and the restriction of ladies' arms to lozenges is of comparatively recent date; but the rule concerning crests has always remained, though nowadays frequently, but most improperly, broken by clergymen. Gwillim tells us of a case in which a coat of arms was granted to a man of peaceful occupation, who was, for that reason, at first afraid to bear them. He informs us that the custom of the sovereign granting arms to soldiers originated with Alexander the Great, by the advice of Aristotle (another important and interesting fact ignored by historians and biographers), and that

"In later ages Charles the Fourth the Emperour, gave armes also unto learned men, and such as had performed any memorable service or excellent worke; therefore Bartholus, being a most expert man in the lawes, and one of the Councell of the said Charles the Fourth, received in reward for his armes from the said Emperor this coate-armour—viz., or, a lion rampant his taile forked, gules,—which afterwards descended successively to his children and posterity. But Bartholus (though he were a most singular and perfect civilian), because he was unexperienced in martiall discipline, durst not at first assume the bearing of those armes; but afterwards upon better advise hee bare them, knowing how unfit it was to refuse a reward given by so potent an Emperour."

The heralds of the day may have been shocked at this grant of arms to a man of unwarlike profession, but Gwillim considers it "a noble institution of Charles the Fourth" that civilians of merit should also be rewarded in this manner as well as soldiers, observing with justice that "they may no lesse merit reward of their Prince at home, by their politike mannaging of civill affaires, than the martiall man abroad, with his brandished slaughtering sword." Nor could it be in his time considered by any means wrong for peaceful men to assume all the warlike insignia of heraldry. Fighting was no longer the duty of every gentleman (though this idea was revived to a certain extent in the civil wars), but had already begun to form a kind of separate profession; and thus the titles and privileges formerly enjoyed by the military caste, now belonged either to their real or professed descendants, or to men of distinction in other pursuits. The old names still being employed (as they are to this day) of arms, shields, crests, &c., seem then to lose their appropriateness; but to this objection Gwillim has a ready answer.

"If any here should aske mee," he says, "why then escocheons should be used in heraldry, sith other men are invested with ensignes of honour besides martiall men, I answer them, that as to militarie men that token is proper for reward of that kinde of service, so if others by their vertues, arts, or actions, advance either the honour or the welfare of their country, their service is as behoovefull as the others, and themselves, as defenders or preservers of their countries peace

and happiness, deserve likewise the reward of the escocheon, being the hieroglyphicke or embleme of defence and preserving; in which respect that good prophet Eliah was called the chariots and horsemen of Israel. And by the civill law an advocate is said to be *miles*, a martiall man, and to have the same prerogatives in that they doe *civium vitam et patrimonium defendere*, defend the life and livelyhood of the subjects."

This interpretation of the exclamation of Elisha will probably be new to our readers, but it comes in very well in Gwillim's argument.

It is fortunate that Gwillim held these extremely liberal views on the subject of heraldry. He does not fear to assert that these "hieroglyphicall or enigmaticall symboles" of merit might be acquired by men not only "by martiall exploits abroad," but also with equal propriety "by their learning and wisdome, which they attained to by spending their bodies and spirits in continuall study to make themselves fit for the patronage and defence of the weale-publike at home." Nor are peaceful methods of gaining distinction by any means passed over in his exposition of the mystic manner in which coats of arms should refer to the qualities of the bearer, and serve as a memorial of his particular excellence in any pursuit. Thus it appears that "argent or white doth signifie literature," though this only in some particular conjunctures. If red is borne upon white, for instance, the latter betokening justice and the former fortitude, this may be taken to mean that "learning giveth place to armes, and not armes to learning." These mystic interpretations of heraldry, which, according to our author, should be "neither obscure to the learned nor over-familiar to the common sort," are indeed somewhat above the comprehension of the ordinary reader. We can understand that lightning should represent "the effecting of some weighty business with much celerity and forceablenesse;" we are ready to admit that the bearing of gillyflowers is more suitable for "ladies and gentlewomen than knights and men of valour, whose worth must be tried in the field, not under a rose-bed or in a garden-plot;" but there are others which are not so comprehensible. Without disputing the authority of Sir John Ferne, we do not see why the tincture *or*, or yellow, should be taken for the emblem of "a sure messenger," nor do we exactly see why a stag or hart borne in arms should signify "one skilfull in musicke, or such an one as taketh a felicity and delight in harmony,"—though we can more easily comprehend the other interpretation of such a charge, as that proper to "a man that is wise and politike, and well foreseeth his times and opportunities — a man unwilling to assaile the enemie rashly, but rather desirous to stand on his owne guard honestly, than to annoy another wrongfully." This, by the way, is much more complimentary to the stag than is usual with Gwillim, who remarks elsewhere, with that extraordinary power of philological conjecture which distinguishes him, "it may bee the hart hath his name (as *mons a movendo*) for being hartlesse," adding philosophically that "sure it is that all the armour in the Tower is not enough to arme a dastard's heart."

The stork is the emblem of a grateful man; the swallow, of one "that is industrious, prompt, and ready in the dispatch of his businesse;" while the bearing of a hawk on a perch may signify a man "who was ready and service-

able for high affaires, though he lived at rest, and not imploied." Again, the toad is proper to a "hasty cholericke man, that is easily stirred up to anger, whereunto he is naturally prone of himselfe, having an inbred poison from his birth;" the squirrel, "by reason of the largenesse of his taile, which shadoweth all his body," is the sign of a man who, "carefully keeping the love and affection of his followers and retayners, is sure they will sticke to him, protect and shadow him in time of need," —a picture of fidelity which recalls to Gwillim's mind the very different conduct of "the faithlesse Cartismandua, to whom our renowned British king Caractacus, flying to hide himselfe till he might gather his forces together against the Romans, she betraied him unto his foes, to the ruine of this kingdome: that infamous queene had not *caudam sciuri*, a squirrel's shadowing tayle, but *caudam draconis*, fierie and venomous." One who bears snails in his coat of arms must remember that such a charge "doth signifie that much deliberation must be used in matters of great difficulty and importance;" and the bearing of mascles (a heraldic charge resembling a lozenge or diamond, with a similarly shaped hole in the centre, and supposed to represent either a mesh of a net or a link of chain-armour) is suitable to a man who is "prudent and politike in the stratagems of warres." Strangest of all is the interpretation of the charge of a millstone as the emblem of "the mutuall converse of human society; because mil-stones are never occupied single but by couples, and each of them standeth in neede of the other's helpe for the performance of the worke whereunto they are ordained;" and in the same way, "every man standeth in need of some fast and assured friend, by whose counsell and advice hee may bee supported for the better compassing of whatsoever affaires of importance hee shall undertake." So the millstone, as the emblem of friendship, is to be considered "the most precious stone of all others; yet," continues the worthy pursuivant, with one of those mild little jokes in which his soul delighted, "I would be loth to wish any lady to weare it at her eare." Other interpretations are given of particular coats, which are certainly of a kind not to be "palpably understood of the vulgar sort." For instance, a shield is presented to us which, according to Gerard Leigh, was borne by Achilles the Grecian at the siege of Troy, and which represents two lioncels,[1] rampant endorsed—that is, back to back. This, we are told, is a mystic representation of "a combat intended between two valiant men, and they both keepe appointment and meete in the field; but the prince favouring both parties, taketh the matter into his hands, and then turne they backe to backe, and so depart the field; for their stout stomacks will not suffer them to goe both one way, because it is counted an injury to hardinesse to go first out of the

[1] "Which is as much as to say, so many young or petite lions." The lion being a kingly beast, "cannot endure that any other should participate the field with him;" and so, when two or more are borne together with no ordinary (a term applied to the cross, bend, chevron, &c.) intervening, they must be blazoned as lioncels, except in the arms of sovereigns. Eagles in a similar case are styled eaglets. Some heralds make an exception in the case of two lions combatant, because they are supposed to be striving for the mastery.

field." Similarly, a coat of arms representing two foxes leaping across each other (countersalient in saltire) calls up in Gwillim's mind the picture of "two craftie lawyers, which came to the barre, as if they meant to fall out deadly about their clients' cause; but when they have done, and their clients' purses well spunged, they are better friends than ever they were, and laugh at those geese, that will not beleeve them to be foxes till they (too late) find themselves fox-bitten."

It is not to be supposed that Gwillim intended to convey the idea that a man's character might always be ascertained by observation of his shield. All that he contends is, that there should be a certain natural appropriateness in coat-armour, which shadows forth to some extent the nature of the first bearer, and those excellent qualities which first gained for him a shield distinguished by honourable charges, of which the present bearer should show himself worthy. "For," says he, "it is rather a dishonour than a praise for a man to beare a lion on his shield, if he beare a sheepe in his heart, or a goose in his braine." The inheritor of an honourable coat is expected to live up to it, in order that his arms may not be above his own deserts. It is only if this law be observed that heraldry can continue to retain the value which Gwillim would ascribe to it. His own opinion of its importance he declares at the beginning of his work:—

"How great the dignity and estimation of armes ever hath beene, and yet is, we may easily conceive by this, that they doe delight the beholders, and greatly grace and beautifie the places wherein they are erected; so also they doe occasion their spectators to make serious inquisition whose they are, who is the owner of the house wherein they are set up, of what family their bearer is descended, and who were his next, and who his remote, parents or ancestors."

Such inquiries would be doubly interesting to those who, with Gwillim, regarded the arms as "manifesting in some sort the naturall qualities of the bearers," especially when this was done "so as they were hidden from the vulgar sort, and knowne to the judicious onely experimented in the knowledge of the naturall vertues and dispositions of bodies celestiall, of animals, and of vegetables," &c. Nowadays we fear that, except so far as they help us to identify the owner of a carriage or the sender of a letter, arms are rarely made the subject of "serious inquisition," especially as to the remote parents and ancestors, unless, perhaps, when a stray antiquary comes unexpectedly upon the shield of some historical personage—

"A herald who that way doth pass
Finds his cracked name at length in
the church glass."

The appropriateness of heraldry, the mystic connection between the shield and the bearer, is one of Gwillim's pet theories, and his whole system of heraldry may be said to be founded on this. It is with this idea that he insists that every charge must be interpreted in its noblest sense. Thus—"The fox is full of wit, and withall given wholly to filching for his prey. If, then, this be the charge of an escocheon, wee must conceive the qualitie represented to bee his wit and cunning, but not his pilfering and stealing." On the same principle, everything is to be represented in its best and most suitable aspect. A lion, for instance, is most suitably borne rampant, as this attitude gives the best idea of

his strength and fierceness; "a leopard or wolfe must be pourtraied going (as it were) *pedetemtim*, step by step, . . . a horse running or vaulting, a greyhound coursing, a deere tripping, a lambe going with a smooth and easie pace." Nothing should be borne in a manner which is contrary to nature; but this rule must bear a very liberal construction. It did so far prevail, that those animals which are more rarely found in heraldry are generally borne of their "proper" or natural tincture, or at least of some possible colour; but when we come to those which are more generally used, there is abundance of blue and purple lions and green eagles, and other strange beasts, such as are rarely met with in real life. Again, lions with two tails, though common in heraldry, are seldom found nowadays, while those with three bodies and one head (as seen in the arms of Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, second son of Henry III.) probably belong to an extinct species. But these pass without challenge, and Gwillim only feels himself called upon to make an explanation when he comes to the very remarkable coat which is said to form the arms of the kingdom of Moravia. This he blazons (according to the planetary method, as being royal arms)—"The field is Jupiter, an eagle displaied checky, Sol and Mars;" which, being interpreted, signifies an eagle painted in checks of yellow and red on a blue ground. "This kind of bearing," he very reasonably remarks, "may seeme strange to us in England;" but he quotes in defence of it the assertion of Sir John Ferne, that "it holdeth comparison with the coate of Cæsar" (*i.e.*, the emperor), "which is or, an eagle displaied with two necks sable, as far dissenting from nature, since it is monstrous for one body to have two heads," ending with the assertion that, "in this and other like, there are speciall mysteries of as honourable intendments as there is in those that are borne according to nature."

It may have been gathered from these remarks that Gwillim was a naturalist of no mean order, and this is undoubtedly the fact. Indeed there is no part of his work which has more interest for the general reader than that which relates to natural history, as he rarely speaks of any animal from a heraldic point of view without also throwing some light upon its nature and habits, thus giving us many curious and interesting details which have been neglected by later zoologists. As the revelation of facts not generally known before in any science is sometimes received with suspicion, if not with scoffing, we think it right to impress upon those who may be disposed to doubt the accuracy of Gwillim's accounts, the fact that he was not a man to be easily gulled. Many passages occur in his work which prove that he was by no means ready to believe at once whatever was told him. Thus he tells us of a scorpion's bite:—

> "Pierius in his Hieroglyphickes saith that if a man stricken with a scorpion sit upon an asse, with his face towards the taile of the asse, his paine shall pass out of him into the asse, which shall be tormented for him."

This theory, which in all probability has never been actually disproved by experiment, he dismisses with the contemptuous remark—"In my opinion, he that will beleeve this, is the creature that must be ridden in this case." Again, the superstition of witches selling wind out of bottles in Norway to sea captains, elicits from him the sarcastic criticism—"If they sold

wines out of bottles, I should sooner beleeve them, and I thinke the buiers should be less cozened." But the best example of his fair and impartial method of criticism is shown in his answer to those who deny the existence of the unicorn, whose opinion he carefully records and treats with respect, keeping in his pocket to the last the conclusive argument, which then comes down with crushing force. "The great esteeme of this horne (in many places to be seene) may take away that needlesse scruple." Then, having disposed of his adversary, he proceeds to give us some interesting particulars concerning the unicorn, whose horn, it appears, is so powerful an antidote against poison, that "the wild beasts of the wildernesse use not to drinke of the pooles, for fear of venomous serpents there breeding, before the unicorne hath stirred it with his horne." The doubts about the existence of this beast probably arose from the great difficulty of procuring a living specimen, for "the greatnesse of his mind is such that he chuseth rather to die than to be taken alive."

The animal whose habits are most carefully described to us is the lion, for whom Gwillim seems to have had a profound respect, affirming it to be the greatest and noblest of beasts. The horse he considers to approach in some way to this exalted position; but then the horse depends to a great extent on his rider, and besides, in battle he uses his heels, turning his back on his foe, which is not so honourable as fighting him face to face. It is only with the most manifest reluctance that Gwillim brings himself to give an example of a lion rampant-regardant (*i.e.*, looking backwards), for, as he says, "this action doth manifest an inward and degenerate perturbation of the minde, which is meerely repugnant to the most couragious nature of the lion;" and even when he represents a lion couchant, he feels it necessary to say that he "must not be deemed to have been compelled thereunto, but that he hath so settled himselfe of his owne accord; for it is contrary to his magnanimous nature to couch by any chastisement, or to be corrected in himselfe." Many interesting facts are related concerning the lion—as, for instance, that he always sleeps with one eye open; but his most remarkable feats appear to be performed with his tail. With this "the lion, when he is hunted, carefully provideth for his safety, labouring to frustrate the pursuit of the hunters by sweeping out his footsteps with his taile as he goeth;" with this, too, he secures his prey. The lion's method of hunting is at once simple and effective. To begin with—

"He roareth vehemently, whereat the beasts being astonished, doe make a stand, whilest he with his tayle maketh a circle about them in the sand, which circle they dare not transgresse; which done, out of them he maketh choice of his prey at his pleasure."

Great as the lion is, however, he has one crafty and inveterate enemy, to whose wiles he too frequently falls a victim. This is the leopard, who, on account of "his owne defect of courage," is obliged to resort to stratagems to conquer the lion. For this purpose,

"He observeth when the lion makes his walke neere to his denne, which (in policie) hee hath purposely wrought spacious and wide in the double entrance thereof, and narrow in the midst, so as himselfe being much more slender than the lion, may easily passe. When he seeth the lion,

he maketh towards him hastily, as if he would bid him battell in the open fields; when he seeth the lion prepared to encounter him, hee betaketh him to his heeles, and maketh towards his denne with all celeritie, whom the lion eagerly pursueth with full course, dreaming of no danger by reason of the large entrance into the denne. At length, through the vehemencie of his swift course, he becommeth so straited in the narrow passage in the middest of the denne (by reason he is much bigger bodied than the leopard), that he can goe neither forwards nor backwards. The lion being thus distressed, his enemie passeth thorow his denne, and commeth behind him, and gnaweth him to death."

We cannot in conscience pretend to approve of the ungenerous conduct of the leopard, but it is impossible to deny him the praise due to a sagacious beast. An almost equally crafty stratagem is employed by the lobster in securing his prey, when too strong to attack openly. His habit is to watch "the escallop, oister, and other like fishes that are fenced by nature with a stronger and more defensible coat than himselfe," and observe the time when they open their shells for food or air, "and in the meane time with his clawes he taketh a stone, and casteth it betweene the shels of the oister, so as she can neither save herselfe nor annoy her foe—using his wit for a supply of his strength's defect, according to the old proverbe, Where the lion's skinne is too scant, it must be peeced out with a fox case." Other beasts, unfortunately, who possess the strength that is wanting in the two last-named instances, are sadly deficient in that cunning which makes up for the lack of it. Among these must be reckoned the tigress, who is continually deceived by the most palpable and obvious pretences. From Gwillim's account it appears that "those who rob the tiger of her yong, use a policy to detaine their damme from following them, by casting sundry looking-glasses in the way, whereat she useth long to gaze, whether it be to behold her owne beauty, or because when she seeth her shape in the glasse she thinketh she seeth one of her yong-ones, and so they escape the swiftnesse of her pursuit. And thus," concludes the philosophical herald, "are many deceived of the substance, whiles they are much busied about the shadowes."

Though it is improbable that he had any personal experience of this extraordinary species of sport, Gwillim appears to have been an authority on hunting; and the second edition of his work, published after his death, contains "his owne addition of explaining the termes of hawking and hunting, for the use and delight of gentlemen." Evidently in his time the education of a gentleman was not based on the three R's, but rather on the three H's, heraldry, hunting, and hawking. He apologises for his explanation of hawking terms, on the ground of "the desire I have to give some superficiall taste unto gentlemen of the termes of fawlconry,"—

"That so in their mutuall conversing together they may be able to speak properly (though but superficially), and deliver their mindes in apt tearmes, when in their meetings they happen to fall into discourse of the noble recreations and delights, either of our generous armoriall profession, or of hunting and hawking—that so the standers-by may say of them (when they shall observe their skilfull discourses), as old father Simon said to Sosia his late bondman, touching the delights of his sonne Pamphilus—

'Quod plerique omnes faciunt adolescentuli,
Ut animum ad aliquod studium adjungant, aut equos

Alere, aut canes ad venandum, aut ad philosophos:
Horum ille nihil egregiè præter cætera
Studebat, et tamen omnia hæc mediocriter.'

It is a usuall thing with the most part of yong men to delight themselves either in pampering of horses, or to cherish dogs for hunting, or to addict themselves to the study of philosophy; he fixed not his delight in any of these more than an other, yet was hee meetly well seene in them all."

The sport of hawking has become almost obsolete, and the terms used in it are now of little interest, but they appear to have been very strictly defined in Gwillim's time. We are seriously warned, for instance, that "you may say, feed your hawke, and not give her meate;" so "also you must say your hawke jouketh, and not sleepeth," and that she "pruneth, and not picketh her selfe." Sometimes, however, it appears that "your hawke countenances, when she picketh her selfe. Then shall you not say, shee pruneth her selfe, but that shee reformeth her feathers." Again, it is proper to say "this hawke hath a large or a short beake, but call it not a bill." Do not either fall into the mistake of saying that you "set your hawke upon the pearch," but always that you cast it to the perch. This is all very instructive, but the hunting terms have perhaps more interest for the modern reader. These must also be strictly kept to. There are many foolish persons at this day who are apt to speak of a large number of any kind of animal as a herd, utterly ignoring the fact that this term should only be applied to deer. Of other animals, you should speak of a "bevy" of roes, a "sounder" of swine, a "rowte" of wolves, a "riches" of martens, &c. Similarly, you must say of the noise made by the different animals, that a hart "belloweth," a buck "growneth," a hare or rabbit "beateth or tappeth," a fox "barketh," and a wolf "howleth"; also, that a hart "harboureth," a buck "lodgeth," a roe "beddeth," a hare "seateth or formeth," and a rabbit "sitteth"; and in like manner, when you speak of starting your game, you "dislodge the buck," "start the hare," "rouse the hart," and "bowle the conie" or rabbit.

The beasts of the forest are divided into two classes, beasts of venery and beasts of chase—the former including the hart, hind, hare, boar, and wolf, and the latter the buck, doe, fox, marten, and roebuck. The former class appears to be more honoured than the latter, and in it the hart is considered the principal animal. His whole history is laid before us—how in his first year he is called a hind or calf, in the second a brocket, in the third a "spayade," in the fourth a "staggarde," in the fifth a stag, and in the sixth a hart. "Some men," it appears, "are of opinion that a stagge, of what age soever he be, shall not be called a hart untill the king or queene have hunted him." This, however, is not the case: after his fifth year he is called a hart, and then, "if the king or queene doe hunt or chase him, and hee escape away alive, then after such hunting or chasing he is called a hart royall."

"Note that if this hart be by the king or queene so hunted or chased that he be forced out of the forrest so farre that it is unlike that he will of himselfe returne thitherto againe, and then the king or queene giveth him over, either for that he is weary, or because he cannot recover him; for that such a hart hath shewed the king pastime for his delight, and is also (as Budeus noteth) *eximius cervus*, a goodly hart, and for that the

king would have him returne to the forrest againe, he causeth open proclamation to be made in all townes and villages neare to the place where the same hart so remaineth, that no manner of person or persons shall kill, hurt, hunt, or chase him, but that hee may safely returne to the forrest againe, from whence hee came. And then ever after such a hart is called a hart royall proclaymed."

Of other beasts he speaks little. The fox, on whom the interest of modern huntsmen chiefly centres, is disposed of in a very few words, as we are told that "albeit he be said to be politicke and of much subtilty, yet is the variety of terms of a fox very scarce." Of the hart and buck alone he speaks at length, enumerating even the technical terms applied to the various parts of their horns or "attires," all of which it was necessary for a cultivated gentleman to know. For "though every gentleman is not an armorist, or a skilfull woodman, yet it is well beseeming men of a generous race to have a superficiall skill in either of these professions, forasmuch as they both (especially the former) do well beseem the dignity of a gentleman—the one tending to the delight and recreation of the minde, and the other to the health, solace, and exercise of the bodye."

We have already seen that Gwillim had a considerable knowledge of natural history, and there is no doubt that he was also well versed in other sciences. Of astronomy, indeed, he at one time speaks with scornful indignation, saying that "our starre-gazers will take upon them to talke so confidently and particularly of those incomprehensible bodies, as if they had beene there and survaied every corner thereof;" but he nevertheless had some acquaintance with this science, and could speak with the contempt proper to learning of the ignorant opinions of the vulgar. Thus he says of the patches of light and darkness which are observed in the moon, that these are found, as every scientific man knows, or ought to know, because "her substance is very unequall, as in some parts of thicker substance, and in some parts thinner; therefore she is unequally inlightened by the sun-beames, which maketh the weake eye and weaker judgement to fancie a face of a man in the moone; whence wee have gotten the fashion of representing the moone with a face." The sun is also represented in heraldry with a face (or "figured," to use the technical expression), the object of which Gwillim cannot conceive, "unlesse it bee that he should not be outfaced by the moone being his inferiour." He also supplies us with a valuable contribution to what may perhaps be called historical astronomy. It appears that once upon a time there was a purpose of marriage between the sun and moon, but that "all nations (especially those of hot countries) preferred a petition to Jupiter to hinder the nuptials," the reason alleged being that, if there was a family of little suns, "the heat would so increase as all must needes perish." The petition was apparently successful, as the marriage is not known to have taken place.

Gwillim was undoubtedly a great scholar, in the sense that his reading must have been very wide. His book is full of quotations from classical and medieval Latin authors. With Greek he was apparently not acquainted, as, though he frequently quotes from Aristotle, it is always from a Latin translation. It is a pity that he is not content to show his learning by quotations; but it was his decided opinion that "etymologie,

or the true interpretation and derivation of words, is very behoovefull and of great use;" and he favours us with some specimens of philological conjecture, which are ingenious certainly, but perhaps somewhat rash. Each derivation, it must be owned, is accompanied by a good and sufficient reason showing why it should be so. Thus a fish is called in Latin *piscis, a pascendo*, because fishes are good for nothing but to eat and be eaten; a bow is naturally styled *arcus ab arcendo*, because you can keep the enemy at a distance by shooting at them; and the term *stella* was naturally applied to a fixed star *a stando*, because it stands fast. Modern scholars will perhaps also be surprised to hear that the name of the god Mars is derived *a magnitudine artis;* but these are merely a few instances taken from a very mine of philological research. Another point of scholarship on which Gwillim evidently prided himself was translation, almost all of his quotations from classical poetry being accompanied by a rendering in English verse. In one case he even tries to improve upon his original, because he thought the ideas rather irreligious. The lines in question are as follows:—

"Si quoties peccent homines, sua fulmina mittat
Jupiter, exiguo tempore inermis erit."

Which Gwillim renders—

"If God should thunder-strike still when He sin doth see,
His shafts would soon be spent, and arme unarmed would be."

Adding, "His inference had been truer thus:—

"'If God should thunder-strike still when He sin doth see,
All men would soon be spent, yet God still armed should be.'"

The authors quoted by Gwillim comprise a great number of the classical writers, both in prose and verse—Virgil, Ovid, Catullus, Lucan, Statius, Livy, Tacitus, Pliny, Suetonius, &c., and a number of less known authors of later date. With the works of the fathers, too, he seems to have been well acquainted, giving many passages from St Augustine, St Jerome, and St Ambrose. Indeed the extent of his patristic learning might be taken to favour the theory that Barcham was the author of the 'Display,' were it not that the wide extent of reading shown proves that it could not have been written by a young man.

Nor, indeed, can we imagine that the remarkably liberal and enlightened views upon religious questions expressed by Gwillim would have found favour either with the intolerant Bancroft or the puritanical Abbot, to both of whom Barcham was chaplain when they succeeded each other as Archbishops of Canterbury. Gwillim seems to have taken up a position with regard to religion which inclined, to a certain extent, to the High Church views of the day, but to be equally removed from extremes on either side. Thus, in speaking of the cross in heraldry, he makes no distinction of merit between the "two opposed kinds of fantastickes," as he calls them, —"the one, who so superstitiously dote on it" (the cross) "that they adore it like their God; the other, who so unchristianly detest it, that they slander the most godly and ancient use thereof . . . as if it were some divelish idoll." So he speaks of the pictures of the Virgin,—"I am farre from their opinion who damne it for superstition to portraict that glorious Virgin or her Babe; but yet I hold it undoubted idolatry to offer to these,

or any other pictures, those services of worship and praier which God hath made His own peculiar prerogative, not to be communicated to that holy Virgin her selfe, much lesse to her image." Against the Pope's pretensions he speaks strongly in many places, while in others he seems to aim at the Puritan party. They, in all probability, are meant by "those hedge-hogge holy ones, whose sharpe censures and bitter words pierce thorow all those who converse with them." It is possible, also, that he may have meant to refer to them in a passage where he speaks of a representation of fire borne in a shield,—"As here this painted fire yeelds little heat, so doth an hypocrit's coloured zeale; and many now adaies might beare such painted fire upon an escocheon of pretence, for their device." It may seem strange that a book upon heraldry could be the medium for conveying ideas upon religion; but when a man has thrown his whole soul into a book, as Gwillim did into this, we can discover what he thought on almost every point. And as a relief to the controversial tone of some of the last quotations, we may cite his quaint lament, when he is speaking of an instrument of torture used against the early Christians, that "now men will scarce be true Christians, when they may be such not only without punishment, but both with quietness and commendation also."

Very little of all this is to be found in Gwillim's manuscript, the appearance of which would make us think that he had at first merely intended to present to the world a purely technical text-book, which he afterwards enlarged and amplified with illustrative remarks and with those pearls of science of which some have already been mentioned. The manuscript, too, contains a far greater number of drawings of arms than ever appeared in the published work, and more technical details than are to be found there; while the unprofessional part is very small, and is frequently, as in the case of some of his quotations from his favourite Job, carefully crossed out with a pen. The idea that his original conception had a much more limited scope than his published work is borne out by the proud title of the 'Display of Heraldry,' as compared with the humbler one of 'Elementarye Rudimentes of the Arte of Armorye,' which is prefixed to the manuscript. Perhaps he found that, even in those days, heraldry was not in itself a sufficiently attractive subject; perhaps he wished to concentrate all his various learning upon his work, with a view to its intrinsic improvement alone; at any rate, we should be grateful to him for having eked out what to some would be the dry details of heraldry with the mass of curious information of which we have tried to present a small part to our readers, in the hope that they may thereby be led to make further researches into the "honourable art of heraldrie"; "which if you please to crowne with acceptance," as honest Ralph Mab, Gwillim's publisher, says of his second edition, "enjoy you the profit, my selfe the paines, and renouned Gwillim the glory."

F. R. OLIPHANT.

HEAVY POLITICAL CLOUDS.

MORAL DEGENERACY; WHO IS ITS AUTHOR?

We Britons still pay homage, such as it is, to virtue. We do not at all like to live openly in the daily breach of a recognised ever-reproving commandment or guide, and we avert the scandal of so doing, not by mending our practice, but by putting out of sight and showing our wish to abolish the statutes of which we take no heed. As the Athanasian Creed contains disagreeable reminders, we object to hearing it recited; the doctrine of an eternal punishment having been preached *ad nauseam*, we have found accommodating divines ready to repeal it. In the same way, the devil, having become rather an offence unto us, is fading into a myth, and likely to share the fate of the law which forbids marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

Such being our disposition with regard to virtues which we intend to observe no longer, it seems expedient that we should, without loss of time, take order for the expurgation from our books of instruction of such phrases as: "He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance." As we lie open to the imputation of having lost all regard for good faith and consistency in public matters, 'twere well that we should not allow our senses to be vexed with the continual iteration of precepts which insist on these things.

Never till to-day, we presume, have men of any note dared to profess opinions, or to pledge themselves to actions to which their subsequent conduct must probably give the lie; and certainly never till now would an indifferent public allow itself to be insulted by practices so dishonourable. Looking back into last century, we find the public mind very sensitive as to the sincerity of those who appealed to it, and very stern in its judgment of defaulters. The grossest instance of reckless pawning of honour was probably that exhibited by Mr Fox, who, after declaring that he would rest satisfied to be called the most infamous of mankind whenever he should be found entering into any terms with an individual of Lord North's Cabinet, made a coalition with Lord North himself in a few months.

The terms in which this *lâcheté* is recorded by annalists and historians prove beyond doubt the horror with which it was generally regarded, and the infrequency in those days of such trials of a people's patience. Chronology advances a good way after this before we find another glaring instance, and that is Sir Robert Peel's abandonment of his own party and principles, and desertion to Mr Cobden in 1846. He had been raised to power to uphold the duty on corn; he not only failed to do this, but he took the most active part in giving effect to the doctrines of the Anti-Corn-Law League. The nation, however, by no means accepted this as an ordinary and venial humour of statesmanship. The defection excited the utmost astonishment and indignation. Even the party which benefited by the treason denounced the traitor. Reproach, lamenta-

tion, ridicule were called forth by the act; and the offender was shortly after hurled from power, the general voice concurring decidedly in the punishment. From which it is manifest that, whatever may have been our national faults in the earlier half of this century — our neighbours impute to us some, and we impute more to ourselves — we did require from our public men a regard for morality, and refused to let them gain their ends by breaches of truth, breaches of promises, or barefaced tergiversation.

All this has changed now. Broken vows, recanted opinions, are "as plenty as blackberries," and no man lays them to heart, or thinks that they are other than the natural produce of the political soil. We have ministers' perfidies,

> "Familiar in *men's* mouths as household words,"

extenuated, jested at, by the deceivers' adherents, and unhappily not loathed or condemned by that national opinion which, if itself in a healthy state, would emphatically resent such tampering with sincerity and truth. Indeed, the public mind has been insidiously poisoned and made indifferent to honour and to consistency. And we may fairly add that this deadening of the national conscience has been chiefly the work of one man, who has dosed it with paradoxes and ambiguities, who has attempered it to faithlessness and equivocation, till unveracity has become the rule instead of the exception, and a literal adherence to a promise or maxim is matter of astonishment.

There was one man in Great Britain who, by his own solemnly and publicly recorded convictions, was restrained from doing any detriment to the Established Protestant Church in Ireland. That was the man who destroyed her. Mr Gladstone, her self-elected champion, who had proclaimed to the four airts her inviolability and his own devotion as her red cross knight, was the man who, years after he took upon him his vows, did her foul indignity, and removed her candlestick from its place. It was asked in amazement—

> "Could no other arm be found
> Than the one that once embraced me,
> To inflict a cureless wound?"

And people thought they did not hear correctly when it was told them who it was that proposed to do this sacrilege. Alas! they have learned now to be less surprised when similar treacherous acts proceed from the same quarter. The turning against the Church was not effected in a day, but was the end of a long-drawn-out perversion, attended by much exercising of the mind and by confessions of moribund faith. Opinion, twenty years ago, was in a state so much more healthy and sensitive than that in which it now is, that it would have been more than the renegade's place was worth had he wheeled about and profaned the object of his former adoration with the same haste and indecorum which he would venture on at the present time. He took care not to do so; he had to be cautious in his first great perfidy, or he never could have led this land on from connivance to connivance, until now he may face about ere men have time to say, Behold—and he will burst like bands of tow to-day those ties which yesterday were declared to be infrangible and sacred. It were a task almost too tedious to undertake to reckon half his apostasies and evasions: his pretended attack upon Austria, acted to serve a tem-

porary purpose, and retracted as soon as the purpose had been served, and a reckoning for his calumnies was likely to be demanded; his assertion that Ireland was peaceful and contented at a season when responsible ministers on both sides of the water were announcing and anxiously consulting over the rebellious feeling which was then being manifested among the Irish, and which it has since been found impossible to soothe or to overcome; his committal to prison of the leaders of Irish sedition, and his negotiation of a treaty with them while they were yet in lawful durance, and disaffection instead of being lessened was growing more confirmed and bolder. One glaring inconsistency between profession and practice followed upon another "with such rapidity of vice and woe," that it became and remains a custom throughout the land to inquire, whenever he makes a promise or gives voice to an unctuous sentiment, "By what trick will he shuffle out of this?" or, "Had we not better prepare for the direct opposite of what he has been recommending and asserting his belief in?"

It is painfully and abundantly apparent this day that no man has confidence in any important utterance of his, according to the plain and obvious acceptation of its words. Evidently his conception of the use of language is not so much that it shall conceal thoughts, as that it shall be susceptible of many interpretations, and so be available, according to circumstances, to assist aims that are opposite and incompatible — peace or war, extravagance or parsimony, apology or denunciation. We do not cite this as an unparalleled or very rare phenomenon. There have been men before to-day who delighted in making enigmas, and not infrequently in making profit out of the ambiguities from which no language is free; but a sound public sentiment has known hitherto how to estimate such jugglers. The saddest symptom in our present case is that we are content, even in reference to our gravest interests, to forgive these artifices, and the deceits and breaches of faith which they are intended to cover, and to let the author of them go on still in his discreditable course without check or hindrance. Such has been the effect of the impunity so accorded, that the rhetorician no longer has regard to anything but the exigencies of the moment, says anything that may be acceptable to the audience whom he is addressing or conducive to the purpose which he may momentarily have in view. If next month, or next day, it should be convenient to argue in the directly opposite direction, he is ready with his wordy dexterity, or, failing that, with an unblushing effrontery in tergiversation.

The last notorious instance of this political profligacy is Mr Gladstone's appearance before us as a Home-Ruler. With characteristic assurance he has proclaimed, in the face of the House of Commons, that he never at any period of his life declared what is now familiarly known as Home Rule in Ireland to be incompatible with imperial unity. It would be a waste of words to disprove this assertion. There is not a soul in the British empire which is conversant with political affairs in the mildest degree, that does not *know* this as a matter of fact—logical *finesses* can be quite put aside — that does not *know* this to be untrue. The history of the last six years, and Mr Gladstone's figure in it, have been

deeply impressed on the consciousness of us all. There can be, there is, no disagreement among us as to his attitude with regard to Home Rule up to last Christmas. If he were to protest on the subject (as perhaps it might be congenial for him to do) up to Christmas next, he could not induce a man, woman, or child to believe his report. It is perfectly well known how he has spoken of Home Rule and Home-Rulers; it is fresh in our memories in what terms he was good enough to speak of an imaginary but dreaded coalition of Conservatives and Home-Rulers; our ears ring still with the scream in which at last election he besought the constituencies to give him a substantial majority to avert the calamitous drama which has now been produced at his own instance, and in which he monopolises all the chief parts, being Lion, Moonshine, Pyramus, and Wall. The force of what Mrs Gamp called "bragian boldness" could hardly go beyond this!

In the same speech[1] which contained the above astounding information, there occurs another passage, a short one, perhaps intended as a pleasantry, but having much appearance of temporary simplicity. "It seems, therefore, impossible that anything said by me should be true." Now, if we knew without book how large a population owns the sway of her Majesty's sceptre, we could say offhand how many assenting voices there would be for this proposition. It was rather a platitude in the speech—something like pausing to tell us that the earth revolves, or that two and two make four.

When the leader thus sets the example of disregarding consistency in his teachings and his promises, it cannot be matter of wonder if the followers also set morality at naught. They are not so deeply immersed as their great exemplar, yet many of them have shown a cordial disposition to follow in his footsteps, now that the barriers of rectitude have been broken through. We could hardly have imagined a front, even of brass, so shameless as that which the Chancellor of the Exchequer presents in the House of Commons. His jests, levelled at his opponents about "stewing in Parnellite juice," and kindred unjust imputations were not three months old when he had disgraced himself by not only forming an alliance with Mr Parnell, who had furnished the juice for his sarcasm, but by consenting to belong to a Ministry which only exists by the Irishman's favour, and which dares not for its life to refuse to do his will. There have been times when such a position would have been felt to be intolerably humiliating; but the chief whom he follows has seared not only his own conscience, but the conscience of the age. Opinion will recover some day, and then history will know how to deal with the insincerity and untruthfulness which are now practised with impunity, if not quite with success.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE FOREGOING.

If, however, the general sense of right is not outraged by the immorality of our demagogue ministers, private consciences have at

[1] Moving second reading of the Home Rule Bill.

last been found not sufficiently adamantine to bear with it longer. The judgment which should have begun in the sentiment of the nation has at any rate been exercised by individuals who could bear no further strain; and thus retribution is at work, coming from a quarter whence, perhaps, it was least expected. Mr Gladstone, the reckless, insincere minister, while he has been inducing the country to wink at—even here and there to applaud—his lapses from virtue, has shattered his party. He was probably unprepared for this breach, as regards its degree. He may have thought that if he could but keep the public patient, his parliamentary satellites would join in his misconduct as a matter of course, looking only to the self-interest of the moment. If he thought so, he has been miserably mistaken; for, though many doses of not very pure composition have heretofore been swallowed at his instance, his followers have at last revolted in some force from the iniquity into which he sought to drag them. It wanted but the defection of some of his leading lieutenants to make the disruption of the Ministerial party complete, and, in all probability, irremediable. Smooth words and specious promises have failed to drag them after him into the unhallowed gulf.

It may be guessed from certain revelations which have been made since the party became disunited, that it is Mr Gladstone's practice to rule his Cabinet with very rigid discipline. They have to wait for inspiration on political subjects until it is his pleasure to enlighten them, and when he speaks they have only to obey, taking their parable and their opinions from him. In former days he has had the skill to exact passive obedience, and to force his thralls to conceal their servility. In this year of grace some of them have, like Oliver Twist, "plucked up a spirit," and revolted against the autocratic dictation. When Mr Chamberlain made, on two occasions, his statements to the House of Commons of his reasons for separating himself from the Prime Minister, he told, out of school, one or two anecdotes illustrative of the disposition required of subordinate Cabinet Ministers. The *ferula* was shaken at him more than once during his confessions; yet, spite of the overawing dominie, he managed to give some instructive views of the academic interior. It is not for us to say on what terms Mr Gladstone's colleagues should serve under him; but we know very well how far men of honourable feelings and independent minds would consent to be blinded and gagged by him. When Mr Chamberlain and Mr Trevelyan broke his yoke from off their necks, it was naturally demanded by their countrymen why they had not, in the course of discussion, since the Ministry was formed, helped to mould the Home Rule Bill into a form less objectionable than that in which it was presented to the Legislature. Then came out the secret that the Cabinet had not been allowed to even see the draft of the Bill till shortly before the day fixed for its first reading; and as for discussion or alteration, those had not been dreamed of. When the murmurs first found voice, it was probably expected that they would be immediately hushed by the authority and address of the Premier. But he had reckoned without his host this time; he had drawn upon their tameness and insensibility to shame with a recklessness too outrageous for it to have a chance of success.

It is pretty plain, notwithstanding the specific objections taken by Mr Chamberlain and his friends concerning exclusion of Irish members from the Imperial Parliament, source of the power of collecting excise, &c., protection of minorities, and so on, that the real cause of their indignation has been the insolent and sudden manner in which the Parnellite compact was "sprung" upon the Cabinet and the country. There had been no preparation for it—there had been no advocacy of it by persons of any weight in this island; on the contrary, the voices of all leading men, including the present Premier himself, had been distinctly against dismemberment. But the result of the last election was such as to show Mr Gladstone that his only chance of immediately acquiring power lay in executing once more a stupendous moral treason, in throwing to the winds recent pledges and professions, and in barefacedly coming to terms with Mr Parnell, who, by clever and patient manœuvring, had made himself arbiter of the destinies of parliamentary parties. It is consolatory to reflect that many of the Ministers so startlingly called upon to participate in this infamy have refused, save "with proviso and exception," such as amount in fact to immedicable defection.

So much for Mr Chamberlain and those who have been styled the "hesitating" recusants. But there is a more admirable secession from Mr Gladstone's rule, which never for a moment countenanced the nefarious project by which it was contemplated to maintain in power another Government of which he should be the head. The Marquis of Hartington, Earl Cowper, the Earls of Northbrook, Selborne, and Derby, Mr Goschen and Sir H. James, refused from the first to be connected with a Government working with such means and to such an end.

Before Parliament reassembled in January last, after the general election, it became known aboveground that Mr Gladstone was burrowing below the surface with a view to regaining power through the instrumentality of Mr Parnell and his faction. The knowledge of the existence of such a conspiracy was enough for men who had honestly and sincerely — not with equivocation and for mere temporary ends—professed themselves opposed to the disruption of the empire. With much spirit and determination they refused to have anything to do with a Ministry which was to exist, first, by the violation of its own pledges; and, secondly, by hazarding an experiment in government of the most dangerous kind, which even, if successful, was likely to do but little good, and if a failure, must bring us to the brink of ruin.

These men have, by their consistent conduct and their open act, protested against the breaches of public faith and public virtue to which, unfortunately, the bulk of the population has been too much inured. They maintain, with entire truth, that they have not swerved in any degree from the tenets of their party, recognised for years, nor from the pledges which they have made before the world. Nay, some of them may plead that they have honourably kept themselves "back from honour" (if it can in any view be an honour to belong to Mr Gladstone's present Administration), that they might maintain the enjoyment of good consciences. It is the reckless, dare-devil Ministry who have turned their coats and deserted their colours. It was lamentable to perceive how Lord

Hartington's constituents, or a large number of them, refused to recognise this truth when lately he explained to them the considerations which controlled his ways. Wilful blindness and intolerance like theirs are at the root of that indifference to honour and good faith which throughout this paper we have been lamenting and deprecating. Mr Gladstone's demagogic instincts show him too truly where such perversion of judgment is most surely to be found. He looks to ignorant, undisciplined minds for fanatical adherents: it is therefore that he has pretended to scorn all the enlightened, propertied, and responsible part of the community as "classes," and identified "the people" with an ignorant, besotted populace whom he can flatter and persuade at will.

Mr Gladstone, though he may not yet realise the fact, has undoubtedly made a great political descent by the steps which he has taken in regard to Home Rule. He had fallen through a great many levels before, losing something of respectable connection at every tumble, but never till now has he been reduced to such deplorable alliances. He has outrun Mr Bright, who was once thought to be extreme in subversive ideas. Scientists are offended at him; the learned professions are, almost to a man, arrayed against him; Dissenters and humanitarians fall away in numbers,—he has reached a perilous depth. One might have supposed that to a man of his acquirements the goodwill of Mr Parnell and his faction, the adhesion of infidels (who still stand by him, as we believe), and the plaudits of the undistinguishing multitude, would make but poor compensation for all that he has surrendered. Such, however, is ill-regulated ambition; it sees only the fair side of the alluring bait, and estimates not, until too late, the degrading cost at which it is to be attained—*or missed.*

We do not believe that the unthinking multitude, among whom Mr Gladstone believes his great strength to lie, are as yet falling away from him. But he is much mistaken if he thinks that the now confirmed defection of many of the foremost Liberals will fail to operate to his disadvantage in even the lowest strata of our community. Masses of Englishmen cannot be swayed except by means of leaders from the higher ranks—from the "classes," if Mr Gladstone likes the word better; and after the trouble which he has taken to alienate and disgust the said classes, and the success which has attended his efforts, the Gladstone and Morley banner is likely, in any future contest, to have a much reduced following. The Premier is said to dislike the word *prestige.* He will probably soon have increased reason for his aversion; for he may rely on it, that the people who are not the classes, in whatever degree they refuse to be influenced by reason, or by any consideration higher than their own preference, in the same degree are liable to have that preference affected by their favourite orator failing or coming to confusion. They may not care much for the profligacy of Mr Gladstone's plan, but they will be much and quickly detached from him by the accounts of his increasing embarrassments with which the daily press teems, and by the knowledge that old and stanch Liberals dare no longer to countenance his wild imaginations. We cannot, at this time of writing, foresee how events may fall out; but should an appeal be made to the constituencies, we

have little doubt that the *plebs* will desert him in thousands, drawn away by the "classes" of whom he has written so contemptuously.

We should like to say another serious word or two about consequences. Hasty as Mr Gladstone's perversion to the Parnell alliance is known to have been, he cannot possibly have set such a whirlwind, as this Home Rule scheme is likely to prove, in motion without some foreknowledge of the dire results of his action. He has not hesitated to sow dragons' teeth in Ireland, and in Britain too. His introduction into the region of practical politics of this fell idea can, at the best, yield to him only the enjoyment of power for a few months, while it is certain to perpetuate hatreds, strife, bloodshed, confusion, and decline, for long after he shall have left the scene. A more unhallowed venture could hardly be made by man. Is it possible that the "old hand" revels in his knowledge how to do mischief, and gloats over the miseries which he will leave behind him—over the certainty, too, that coming generations will connect their misfortunes with his name? Can he in cold blood have entertained the thought, *après moi le déluge?* His motives are of course unknown to us, but the legacy will undoubtedly be for years accursed; and he principally, almost alone, is responsible for it. Had he fortified himself by the concurrence in opinion of other capable men, had he shared the burden with his colleagues, his course might appear less abominably selfish, less fiendishly malevolent. But, as has been shown, he stands accountable personally and alone. If he would not give a moment to this reflection while panting in pursuit of power, it may force itself upon him in a not consolatory form when shortly he may be gnashing his teeth over exploded artifices and crushing defeat!

And now as to Mr Parnell. That agitator conceived a tempting and specious but not perfect game. He played it with patience, constancy, and ability. But it contained an inherent defect. It was founded upon an unjustly base view of party feeling in Great Britain. Had we all been like Mr Gladstone, Mr Parnell's discernment would have had ample justification. But we have—God be thanked for it!—statesmen who can put *patria* before party; and by eliminating our patriotism from his project, Mr Parnell has probably built an arch without a keystone, and eaten the bread of carefulness in vain. Immediately after the general election, while admitting the success up to a certain point of his ingenious plan, we perceived how it was liable to collapse, and stated our opinion that it might give way.[1] Mr Parnell with much acuteness foresaw how he might some day, with his well-drilled legion, be able to turn the scales between evenly balanced parties. He did not foresee that he might be the means of shattering one of the parties,—that some of those on whom he designed to practise might, by joining hands for the occasion with those who were generally political opponents, turn the tables on the wily intriguer. "'Sblood!" says Hamlet, "do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me." And in the same words might any of our patriotic

[1] See 'Blackwood's Magazine' for Jan. 1886—article, "Facing the Result."

Liberal members have reproached Mr Parnell.

Suddenly the ground has been cut from beneath the Home Rule faction, not by an accident, but by an evolution which can, and we hope will, be repeated whenever an Irish agitator may attempt to make himself arbiter of the destinies of this empire. The "most sweet voices" which, as it was lately thought, could give the prize to either side in the House of Commons, and were to have been bid for at the price of our imperial integrity, have sunk to zero. We have no pretension to the gift of prophecy, but we can remember when Mr O'Connell, who had played a game something like Mr Parnell's, having been vigorously resisted, came down like a spent buffalo. There was not in his boasted organisation any power of recovery, any hope of living to fight another day. The one stroke well delivered made an end of him and his rout. There is nothing extravagant in the idea that Mr Parnell also may have fallen like Lucifer, never to hope again. How to square matters with the National League must be a sufficiently perplexing problem. He distinctly promised that Home Rule should be carried this year, and there is not the least chance of the promise being kept. The League has not been distinguished for patience or for clemency. We would much rather not be arraigned before its secret tribunal as a defaulter. Had Mr Parnell's career been less discreditable we could have found it in our heart to pity him, for he has many qualities of a capable political leader; but we remember Kilmainham, and the immersion in "treason to the lips," and can make no recommendation to mercy.

IRISH LOYALISTS OF SOME ACCOUNT ONCE MORE.

It has been a marvel to us how, during the last six years, it has been possible to neglect the loyal and law-abiding inhabitants of Ireland, and almost to ignore their existence. 'Maga' was for long exercised by the fact, and from month to month protested against the injustice. Yet it remained unredressed. Ireland, to the mind of the Legislature, meant only disaffected and turbulent Ireland: it seemed never to be worth remembering that she contained a large proportion of peaceable subjects who were at least as well deserving of parliamentary regard as Leaguers and rioters. Opinion, revolving with impenetrable tardiness, has at length begun to view with sounder vision the important factor in the Irish problem which for so long has been kept out of the reckoning. The Ulster men (which term for the occasion covers all those Irishmen who do not countenance rebellion, open or veiled)—the Ulster men, if a numerical minority, are a considerable power, and the attempt to legislate without the slightest regard to their interests and wishes, must prove to a great extent futile. No sooner is this hitherto disregarded subject fairly in the field of observation, than a hundred pens are in motion to impress upon us its importance and to indicate its great points. It would have been well if these had been taken into serious account five or six years ago; but it is too late to harp on that: let us see what the properties are which so many of us have overlooked in Ulster.

First comes the power of the

purse—a power which, in a slightly different shape, Britons are very quick to recognise. It appears that Ulster men contribute by far the largest portion of whatever revenue is raised in Ireland. If they should leave the country, if they should shut up their factories or counting-houses, if they should do what Hampden did, and refuse to pay taxes which they may think to have been illegally imposed, they might render Ireland bankrupt, and utterly confound any fiscal calculation based on the quiet continuance of things as they are. They therefore ought not to be regarded as a mere makeweight, as simply a difficulty and a vexation, when Ireland, as a whole, comes to be cared for. Again, it is coming to be acknowledged that these men monopolise, to a great extent, the intelligence and energy of the country. If that be so, can any scheme be sound under which they may be oppressed, irritated, and held to be mere incumbrances? Should they not rather be looked upon as the leaven by means of which, on some future day, the unpromising mass may be leavened? Furthermore, they are the portion of the population who have systematically upheld order and obedience to the law. Surely, therefore, their goodwill and co-operation must be of the highest importance at a time when it is proposed to reduce or to remove legal restrictions, to shackle the police, to bring the office of the judge into contempt! We will do no more than mention another consideration of which we have already heard too much—viz., Ulster's ability to resist the law by physical force. Such conduct is opposed to her practice and her traditions: she would not, we are certain, resort to it except under the most intolerable provocation, and that has not been offered to her as yet.

There is nothing new, nothing that was not palpable in the above remarks; only the public eye, plentifully dusted by Mr Gladstone during the last six years, refused to take the meaning in. At last the course of events has necessitated an attentive survey of the situation, and it is perceived that the passion-play of Ireland, with the part of Ulster left out, is something like an absurdity. The aspect of the whole case has materially changed since opinion got upon the new tack, and it would look as if we were rapidly coming back to the ideas of two centuries ago. What a blessed change would be effected if Governments, instead of flattering, indulging, and studying traitors, murderers, and lawbreakers, were to turn and once more ally themselves with the friends of order, the law-abiding, covenant-keeping subjects of the Queen! It will create quite an agreeable diversion in Irish politics if we take to construing "Justice to Ireland" as justice to *all* Ireland. Justice has for generations been only a catchword in this connection: it has been used to mask gross *in*justice.

It is probable that, the pendulum having swung so far and for so long in the direction of favour to rebellion and violence, there must, in any case, soon have come a reaction towards fair government. The love of change inherent in the nature of men warrants us in asserting this. But change must wait for opportunity, and an opportunity for Ulster to make herself heard once more has been afforded by the attempt to subject Ireland to what is called Home Rule—that is to say, to the as-

cendancy of a portion of the kingdom, which will, without doubt, if it can, put in force against Ulster every expedient for oppressing a hated and numerically inferior dependency. Lord Salisbury, speaking on the 15th of May, said that Ireland is, in reality, two nations, and that it cannot be fairly legislated for without this fact being considered. Mr Gladstone, however, has plotted with Mr Parnell to make Ireland self-governing, without regard to the duality of its population. Hence has Ulster lifted up her voice and obtained a hearing.

As the question of Home Rule, which Mr Gladstone has so unadvisedly raised, is likely to remain lively for many years, there is good reason for examining without delay what Ulster's capabilities are with regard to it. It is freely stated—and the idea is plausible—that Ulster may loyally and constitutionally object to be divorced from Great Britain, and to be handed over to a new government seated in Dublin. She may, so it is said, without treason, decline to send representatives to Dublin, or to recognise the validity, in respect to herself, of any law made by a Parliament sitting in Dublin though it should be assented to by the Crown. It will be for the new Irish Government to determine how the recusancy of Ulster shall be dealt with.

Should the legal view of the case prove to be anything like what is here stated, it will be proved that the Home Rule problem, which Mr Gladstone thought that he had solved, has only now been fairly stated, and that it presents difficulties at which any reasonable statesman may well be appalled.

THE QUALITY OF IRELAND'S HATRED.

There has been a vast number of explanations of Irish discontent, and there will be in all probability a great many more. The idea of it for the present has shaped itself into the belief of the Irishman's utter abhorrence of the Briton. This is matter of fact; there is nothing to reason about; it is simply the Irishman's pleasure to hate us. So now we know the exact situation, and will do well to (as the official pen would write it) govern ourselves accordingly.

Well, it is hardly a pleasant thing to feel that one is hated, nor an easy thing to bear one's self quite wisely beneath the weight of odium. Perhaps, instead of considering our conduct of the defence, it may be profitable to examine a little into what this hatred is; since hatred in the ordinary sense we are certain it is not. It is, to begin with, the present fashion of describing Irish lawlessness and turbulence; for these are described in different terms every three or four years. The Irishman figured as a religious martyr, as a political martyr, as an agrarian martyr, the *rôle* having always something of the sufferer in it; but now he has done with that phase; he has exhausted the catalogue of complaints, and finds it easiest to throw off the pretext of being aggrieved, and to simply proclaim that he *hates* Great Britain. Why? For a sound Irish reason. He does.

There would be as little in Irish hatred as there used to be in Irish

martyrdom, were we to treat these things as passing pretexts of restless, ill-governed dispositions. But unfortunately there are persons, some of them influential, who are caught from time to time by phrases as they change; and many of our countrymen have thought it worth their while to treat this hatred as something ascertained and real, not as the temporary pseudonym of anarchic, cruel, and dishonest nature.

Old Johnson said that he liked a good hater. Samuel, if he could not altogether approve the rancour, yet saw, no doubt, something of the sublime, something to respect, in a being who might have given himself up to a heroic, if by no means a Christian, passion. But the sage of Lichfield was contemplating, as we fancy, men who, in the maintenance of their hate, exhibited qualities which have always been regarded as lofty and grand. The determined avoidance of the enemy except when dangerous strife is practicable; the absolute withholding from all relations with him; the repugnance to mention even his name; the loathing of all that appertains to him—these are some of the evidences of an enmity which one can regard with some respect. Of course no mention need be made in such a case (for the things go without saying) of the rigid refusal to interchange with the hated one anything approaching to offices of courtesy, still less of the uncompromising rejection of any favour coming from the hated source, whatever may be the consequence of such rejection.

Now any one who may read over these indications of intense hatred, will probably smile when he reflects upon the Irish method of showing the same feeling. Paddy's hatred of us is not aversion, in the proper sense of the word. If he were our most constant admirer, he could not seek us more persistently than he does. He comes pouring across the herring-pond as if it were a race in which each would be first to tumble among the darling Saxons. Avoidance, repulsion, lofty segregations—not a bit of them. It is a hatred which brings Irishmen in shoals, in myriads, into Great Britain—not to punish, and destroy, and wreak vengeance (at least not openly to do so), but with their mouths running over with sugared blarney, clamouring for our favour, our patronage, and a taste of our money. Now, how does this behaviour sort with a deadly hatred, centuries old, irrepressible, ineradicable?

When an Englishman goes to Ireland, does he find himself received with a scowl? does he find everybody fleeing from the blight of the hated foreigner? Far from it; there is no expedient for drawing alms which is not practised upon him. He is flattered, amused, lied to; his pity is challenged by all manner of tales and sights; his generosity is appealed to; he is offered any service, no matter how degrading to him who renders it, if only in exchange he will bestow a few of his loose coppers. How does this accord with the idea of a grand hatred? That the Irishmen who fawn and beg could easily be induced to cut the throats of those whom they supplicate, we can quite believe. But this only proves that they are false, treacherous, venal hounds. It is no proof of a hatred worthy of the name.

No. Hatred, as we understand it, has no place, we may rely on it, in the Irish nature. That is insincere, cruel, fawning, unscrup-

ulous, greedy of alms, inimical to order; but it is incapable of what we mean by the word hatred.

The hatred idea is perhaps put forward at the present time to help forward Home Rule. It was thought, probably, that if we could be persuaded of the fixed animosity of all Irishmen we should see more clearly the impossibility of ever governing the two islands by one Parliament: it may also have been imagined that we should be terrified into compliance with the demands of a nation that hates us and may make us feel its vengeance. But if this was the fancy as regarded Home Rule, hatred is hardly calculated to extract from our pockets the money necessary for making the tenants free of the land. "Because they hate us, and boast that they do so," is hardly a sound argument for inducing us to tax ourselves and our posterity in order that Irish land may be bought for them!

Like the martyrdom and the earth-hunger, the hatred is just a fashion of Irish general ill-condition. It will be changed to some other expression before long. In the meantime we may as well use the feeling, or the professed feeling, as a means of growing wiser. We cannot moor the two islands farther apart than they lie at present, we must have Irishmen close on our flank; and if these let us know that they bitterly hate us, they can hardly be surprised if we take measures to secure ourselves from harm, and to remind them that we are the stronger of the two peoples. Whether it come soon or late, we may be quite sure that a military government is in store for the Green Isle; not a Government to oppress or shackle good citizens, but one that can curb the bad, and uphold the laws—the only securities for real freedom. Nothing short of it will ever restore order after the horrible licence that has been permitted. Whenever that day may come there will be heard nothing but professions of the docility, sweetness, and devotion of the Irishman's nature, and of his ancient and unchangeable affection for us Saxons, which affection we have repaid with violence, oppression, and tyranny. It may be well, against that day, to keep on record the announcements of hatred, which it is found convenient to fulminate at the present moment. They will form good items in justification of the screw that will be on the Irish in some coming day, and may take their place in the indictment alongside of the hideous murders and cruelties by accounts of which we are almost daily shocked in this year of grace 1886.

OUR LAST WORD: ON THE POSSIBLE PAULO-POST FUTURE.

We go to press while the motion for second reading of the Home Rule Bill still awaits the decision of the House of Commons. Before our day of publication, the vote will no doubt have been taken. Without presuming to foretell what the event of the coming division may be, we may, as we venture to think, look upon a very early general election as inevitable. Ministerial speeches have pointed distinctly to it; Lord Salisbury on the 15th May said that he believed it to be at hand.

Thus we may be in the middle of the great contest before the readers of the Magazine can be

addressed again. A great contest it must certainly be, because no question so momentous as the integrity or disruption of the empire has been submitted to the constituencies in this century, as we think—certainly equal importance has attached to no measure since 1832. The daring scheme which Mr Gladstone craftily kept in the background in November last, must now form the great contention; and we trust that the crushing exposure which it has undergone in Parliament, and out of it, during the past spring, will sufficiently instruct the people as to how they should give their voices. We do not propose now to enter upon that well-sifted congeries, the merits of the question; but we will mention that the measure, on its first appearance, was sufficiently alarming to break up the Liberal party into sections, so that only a fraction of it (whatever that fraction may choose to call itself) can go to the electors as favourers of Home Rule. Those electors who give their voices for it, must vote for a coalition formed by Mr Parnell's party and the Radical rump which still pins its faith to Mr Gladstone.

The Marquis of Salisbury has taken care that there shall be no obscurity about an alternative policy, and that the Ministerial fallacy—"if you reject the Home Rule project, you have nothing to fall back upon, and you leave Ireland without any plan of government at all"—shall be demolished. There is without doubt an alternative policy, a sensible and practicable one. It is that the laws shall be vigorously and firmly enforced in Ireland for a period of some duration. This does not mean that a state of siege or any *duresse* that can possibly incommode loyal citizens shall be maintained: it means that the law, and not the law-breaker, shall be master. The Marquis named twenty years as the term of this dispensation; but we presume the intention to be, that there shall be no expiry of the system after a year or two, and that it shall last long enough to bring the people whom it may affect into *habits* of obedience and order. "Resolutely, wisely, and consistently," were the adverbs by which the noble Marquis qualified his method of administering government; and we cannot do better than quote from a later part of his sound and statesmanlike speech, more detailed explanations of what he thinks the duty of a good Government to be. He said—

"It is the duty of the Government to devote its energies to the amelioration of the condition of the people, —to their amelioration materially as well as morally; to do all that is possible to stimulate their education, and to increase their culture; to do all that can be done to make their industry easy, to open the paths of prosperity to them, and to facilitate the expansion of their commerce, — so that, by the action at once of peace, good order, moral advancement, and that amount of prosperity which shall secure them from pinching want, they may reach that level of happiness which, in this island, we have for a long time been privileged to enjoy. That is my view of the task involved in the government of Ireland."

The above design is entirely in accordance with principles which we laid down some six years ago.[1]

[1] See 'Blackwood's Magazine' for December 1880 — article, "Ireland our Reproach."

It does not go so far as our recommendations; but so far as it does go, it is quite according to our views. We named fifteen years certain as the period for which unwavering enforcement should be secured; but we see no objection to making it twenty years. Our opinion, therefore, is that Lord Salisbury's alternative plan should altogether be supported.

Should it be the will of the constituencies to discredit Mr Gladstone's wild, impracticable, ruinous scheme, and to give their sanction to the old-fashioned and simpler method of governing Ireland verily and firmly, the latter will acquire a momentum and a chance of success which it never had before. It will be brought into operation as the distinct choice and will of the people of Great Britain, and as such it will prevail. Hitherto it has always been possible to represent determined government in Ireland as repugnant to the majority of the British nation. That pretence cannot again be resorted to, if the people, having been appealed to on this very question, decides for ruling, and not for sopping and indulging, the lawless.

Mr Gladstone, having had repeated opportunities, has failed to do anything but further excite and injure Ireland. Another system and other men ought now to be tried. We trust that the appeal about to be made to our countrymen may be productive of the result which we think so desirable, and which we have always advocated.

INDEX TO VOL. CXXXIX.

'Aberdour and Inchcolm; being Historical Notices of the Parish and Monastery,' reviewed, 389.
Acquisition of Burmah, 279.
Adam's Peak in Ceylon, 606.
Address of the typical penitents to the Virgin, Goethe's, 737.
A DIALOGUE OF DREAMLAND: THE IRISH DIFFICULTY, 169.
A DIARY AT VALLADOLID IN THE TIME OF CERVANTES, 314—reference to 'Don Quixote,' 317—the English Embassy, 319—bull-fights, 320—the Duke of Lerma, 321—the diarist's gallantries and amatory adventures, 323—the Valladolid ladies, 325.
A mysterious chest, 9.
A page of unwritten history, 1.
AERIAL NAVIGATION, 442—success of recent efforts, *ib.*—early experiments, *ib.*—Renard and Krebs's fish-shaped balloon, 443—experimental voyage, 445—cylindrical balloons, 446—English proposals and novelties, 449—egg-ended cylindrical balloons, *ib.*—navigable balloons as war-engines, 450—ballooning during the siege of Paris, 451—the balloon service in the Soudan, *ib.*—difficulties in making reconnaissances from balloons, 452—Lord Wolseley on balloons, 453—balloons for passenger and "cargo traffic," *ib.*
Allusions to arms in the Hindu epic poems, 778.
American principle of compensation, 638.
Amusements in Karpathos, 240.
An ascent of Adam's Peak in Ceylon, 606.
Anomalies and absurdities of Mr Gladstone's Irish scheme, 692.
Armies of the native States of India, 274.
Artillery, introduction of, into India, 781.
ATTACHÉ, REMINISCENCES OF AN, IV.: Lacordaire, Pereyve, Chocarne, Guizot, 93—Napoleon's fatal year, Ollivier's Ministry, 1869, 96—Charles Lever, 97—Interview with Emperor Napoleon III., Caroline Norton, 1868, 98—Countess Guiccioli and Byron, Allegra, Comtesse d'Haussonville, 101—Franco-German war, 1870, 105.
Balloon service in the Soudan, 451.
Beauty of Second Part of 'Faust,' 725.
Byron and Countess Guiccioli, 101.
Case of the Highland landowners, 563.
Chamberlain, Mr, reveals the tyranny of Mr Gladstone, 815.
Chapter from an unknown life, 12.
Civil Service Commissioners, reports of the, 738.
Classification of the arms of India, 785.
Coal-pits of Culross, 382.
College of Arms, incorporation of the, 799.
Colonial federation and imperial supremacy, 219.
Colonial maladministration, 221.
Conservative programme, the, for Ireland, 823.
CRACK OF DOOM, THE, Part VI., 42—Part VII., 189—Part VIII., 292—Part IX., 505—Part X., 642—Conclusion, 748.
Crofters and the arrears of rent, 559.
'Culross and Tulliallan; or, Perthshire on Forth,' by David Beveridge, reviewed, 380.
Danger of Mr Gladstone's unstable and erratic course, 412.
Dante and Beatrice, the relation of, 664.
Dante and Shakespeare, comparison between, 678.
DANTE FOR THE GENERAL, 660—Professor Longfellow's translation, 661—interest of the opening cantos of the Inferno, 662—Dante and Beatrice, 664—Dante on gluttony, 665—his mystic ballad of the New or Early Life, 668—his iron grasp of the letter of the Christian religion, 672—his descriptions of hell, 674—comparison between Dante and Shakespeare, 678—his relation to Virgil, 679.
DAVID, THE END OF, 682.
Devices on shields, bearing of, 799.
Difficulties in making reconnaissances from balloons, 452.
Difficulties of English Civil Service candidates, 744.

Discreditable course of Mr Gladstone, 565.
Disloyalty of the Parnellite satellites, Mr Bright on, 402.
'Display of Heraldry,' publication of, 793.
DOOM, THE CRACK OF, Part VI., 42—Part VII., 189—Part VIII., 292—Part IX., 505—Part X., 642—Conclusion, 748.
Dufferin's, Lord, Military Policy in India, 273.
Education of England's youth, 740.
English Civil Service candidates, difficulties of, 744.
Europeans in India, influence of, 783.
FACING THE RESULT, 141—the state of parties, *ib.*—disappointment of Conservatives, Whigs, and Radicals, 142—Mr Gladstone's despotic power, 143—Mr Chamberlain's political schemes, *ib.*—the "three acres and a cow," 144—the Conservative defeat in Scotland, 145—progress of Conservatism in boroughs, 147—Mr Gladstone angling for Mr Parnell's support, 148—Lord Salisbury's successes as Foreign Secretary, 151—difficulties and perplexities of the Cabinet, 152.
Faust at the Lyceum, 258.
'Faust,' Second Part, Sir Theodore Martin's translation of, 724.
Federal Parliaments, Mr Froude and, 225.
FORTUNE'S WHEEL, Part X., 80—Conclusion, 153.
Franco-German war, 1870, 105.
FRENCH EXAMINERS UNDER THE CIVIL SERVICE, 738—reports of the Civil Service Commissioners, *ib.*—the education of England's youth, 740—the French system of examination, 744—difficulties of English Civil Service candidates, *ib.*—military examination statistics for Woolwich and Sandhurst, 746—proposed international college under British control, *ib.*, 747.
FRENCH POETS, SOME: Chanson, 370—Villanelle, Rozette, *ib.*—Bon Jour, Bon Soir, 371—Le Papillon, 372—The Dying Christian, *ib.*—On the Daughter of my Friend, 373—From "L'Année Terrible," 374.
French system of examination, the, 742.
Froude's 'Oceana,' review of, 218.
German pre-Raphaelite school, the, 542.
GHOSTS, THE GRATEFUL, 108.
Gladstone's, Mr, apostasies and evasions, 812.
Gladstone's, Mr, position, 406.
GLADSTONE'S, MR, SCHEME, 684.
Goethe and the Fichtean philosophy, 728.
Goethe's deficient sense of moral evil, 734.
Greece in 1848, 179.
Guiccioli, Countess, and Byron, 101.
GWILLIM, JOHN, ROUGE CROIX PURSUIVANT-AT-ARMS, 790.
Gwillim's knowledge of natural history, 804.
Harcourt, Sir W., on the Tory and Parnellite forces, 400.
Hartington, Lord, weak and feeble course of, 570.
HEAVY POLITICAL CLOUDS: Moral degeneracy; who is its author? 811—reckless pawning of honour by Mr Fox, *ib.*—Sir Robert Peel and the Anti-Corn-Law League, *ib.*—the unveracity of Mr Gladstone, 812—his apostasies and evasions, *ib.*—his appearance as a Home-Ruler, 813—his evil example, 814—his dealings with the Parnellites, *ib.*—immorality of demagogue Ministers, *ib.*—Mr Chamberlain reveals the tyranny of Mr Gladstone, 815—the Liberal protesters against Mr Gladstone's rule, 816—the dare-devil Ministry, *ib.*—Mr Gladstone's political descent, 817—his desertion by old and stanch Liberals, *ib.*—Mr Parnell's specious game, 818—the attitude of the Ulster men, 819—their contribution to the revenue, *ib.*—the quality of Ireland's hatred, 821—the Conservative programme for Ireland, 822—the expected division on the Home Rule Bill, 823.
Helen of Troy, the story of, 730.
Hell, descriptions of, by Dante, 674.
Heraldry during the civil wars, 791.
Home-Ruler, Mr Gladstone's appearance as a, 813.
HUNT, HOLMAN, HIS WORK AND CAREER, 540.
Impotency of Gladstonian statesmanship, 695.
Inchcolm, monastery of, 391.
INDIAN ARMS, 776—weapons the first necessity of man, 777—the weapons of the Peninsula, *ib.*—Mr Egerton's work on Indian arms, *ib.*—allusions to arms in the Maha Bharata, 778—marvellous weapons described in the Ramayana, *ib.*—representations of arms on Hindu bas-reliefs, 779—Indian archers, 780—the worship of the sword, 781—introduction of artillery into India, *ib.*—early use of fiery or explosive projectiles, 782—knowledge of the science of fortification, 783—influence of Europeans in India, *ib.*—classification of the arms of India, 785—ornamentation of swords, *ib.*—the short dagger of India, 787—the peculiarities of offensive weapons, 788—the varieties of defensive armour, *ib.*—the favourite sword for performing feats, 789.
IN SUSPENSE, 564—Ireland and her

affairs, *ib.*—discreditable course of Mr Gladstone, 565—great crisis in public affairs, 567—position of the Radicals and the new voters, 569—course of the Gladstonian Liberals, 570—weak and feeble course of Lord Hartington, *ib.*—Janus-like appearances of Mr Gladstone, 572—folly of accepting Mr Gladstone's utterances as those of other men, 573—sympathy of the Court of Terrorism with Mr Gladstone, 574—vanity and wrong-headedness of the Prime Minister, 575 — the duty of patriotic men, 576.
Interpretation of Goethe, 733.
Interview with Emperor Napoleon III., 98.
Ireland and her affairs, 564.
Ireland's hatred, the quality of, 821.
Irish Land Purchase Scheme, Mr Gladstone's, 693.
Irving's, Mr, Mephistopheles, 259.
Italy in 1842, 176.
Italy in 1862, 183.
Jane Taylor, 23.
John Gwillim, Rouge Croix Pursuivant-at-Arms, 790—the science of heraldry, *ib.*—heraldry during the civil wars, 791—the life of Gwillim, 792—his position in the College of Arms, 793—publication of his 'Display of Heraldry,' *ib.*—sixteenth century coats-of-arms, 795—the mysteries of heraldry, 796—is the Old Testament an authority on heraldry? 797—the arms of King Arthur, 798—the antiquity of national ensigns, *ib.*—bearing of devices on shields, 799—the origin of heraldry, *ib.*—incorporation of the College of Arms, *ib.*—separation of heraldry from military matters, 800—mystic interpretations of heraldry, 801—the connection between the shield and the bearer, 803—Gwillim's knowledge of natural history, 804—an authority on hunting, 806—his familiarity with the classics, 808—his views upon religious questions, 809.
Karpathos, description of the island, 233.
Knowledge of the science of fortification in India, 783.
Lacordaire, 93.
Lever, Charles, 97.
Liberal protesters against Mr Gladstone's rule, 816.
Literature of translation, the, 737.
London in January, 245—the exhibitions which open the year, 247—provincial schools of art, 248—exhibition at the Royal Academy: the Grosvenor Gallery, 251—the pre-Raphaelite school, 252—Millais's portraits, 255—the exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil, 257—the theatres, 258—Faust at the Lyceum, *ib.*—Mr Irving's Mephistopheles, 259—Miss Terry's Margaret, 260—Mr Hare and the Kendals, 264—the Royalty Theatre, 265.
Longfellow's translation of Dante, 661.
Loyalty of the Colonists, 226.
Martin's, Sir Theodore, Second Part of 'Faust,' 724.
Mephistopheles and the young student, 728.
Method, Musings Without, 351.
Military examination statistics for Woolwich and Sandhurst, 746.
Mismanagement of the Liberal party, 223.
Monastic establishments and coal-pits of Culross, 382.
Moral degeneracy of politicians, 811.
Moss from a Rolling Stone: I., A Page of Unwritten History, 1—II., A Mysterious Chest, 9—III., Italy in 1848, 176—IV., Greece in 1848, 179—V., Italy in 1862, 183—VI., Some Sporting Reminiscences, 479—VII., The Overland Route to India forty-five years ago, 601—VIII., An Ascent of Adam's Peak in Ceylon, 606.
Mr Holman Hunt: his Work and Career, 540—early pictures and early life, *ib.*—the German pre-Raphaelite school, 542—the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, 543—Millais's early works, *ib.*—symbolic teaching of Hunt, 545—Ruskin on Millais and Hunt, *ib.*—"The Light of the World," 547—"The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple," 550—orientalism of art, 552—"The Shadow of Death," *ib.*—lack of divinity in Hunt's Christ, 553—Isabella and her Basil Pot, 554—"The Triumph of the Innocents," 556—the Hunt Exhibition, 558.
Mr Gladstone's Scheme, 684—Mr Parnell's rule in Ireland, 686—his parliamentary constitution for Ireland, 688—anomalies and absurdities of scheme, 692—Irish Land Purchase Scheme, 693; position considered in the light of the past, 694—insincerity of the Liberal policy of 1880, 696.
Music and Morals, 365.
Musings without Method: Republics are frequently Overrated, 351—Curiosities of Ebriety, 355—Wrestling and Forbidden Fruit, 358—Music and Morals, 365—Wanted, a Pronoun, 368.
Native Races of India, our military policy towards the, 267.
Navigable balloons as war-engines, 450.
Navigation, Aerial, 442.
New Eastern Province, Our, 279.
New Views of Shakespeare's Sonnets: The "Other Poet" Identified: III., Identities, 327.

Norton, Caroline, 98.
NOTE TO "HOME TRUTHS ON THE CROFTER AGITATION, BY AN OLD HIGHLANDER," 413.
'Oceana,' Mr Froude's, review of, 218.
Old Testament, is the, an authority on heraldry? 797.
ON A FAR-OFF ISLAND, 233.
Origin of heraldry, 799.
Ornamentation of Indian swords, the, 785.
OUR MILITARY POLICY TOWARDS THE NATIVE STATES OF INDIA, 267—our present position in regard to the feudatory states, *ib.*—origin of the various contingents and local forces, 268—the case of Gwalior, 269—restoration of Gwalior to Scindia, 271—Lord Dufferin's policy, 273—the armies of the Native States, 274—the employment of Indians in the civil service, 275—the Indian nobility and their soldierly qualities and defects, 276.
OUR NEW EASTERN PROVINCE, 279—the acquisition of Burma, *ib.*—oppressive rule of King Thebaw, *ib.*—the valleys of the Irawaddy, 280—native rule and taxes, 281—revenue of the king from customs, 282—state lotteries, *ib.*—abundant crops, 283—the magnificent teak-forests, *ib.*—proposed railway between Mandalay and Toungoo, 284—the ruby-mines and jade-quarries, 285—trade with China, 286—the development of Burmese trade, 290—relations between Assam and North Burma, 291.
Our present position in regard to the feudatory States of India, 267.
OUTLOOK, THE, 398.
Overland route to India forty-five years ago, 601.
Parliamentary constitution for Ireland, Mr Gladstone's, 688.
Parnellite alliance, the alleged, 400.
Parnell's, Mr, rule in Ireland, 686.
Parnell's, Mr, specious game, 818.
Peculiarities of Indian offensive weapons, 788.
PRINCIPAL TULLOCH, 415—his early life and studies, 416—gains the Gray prize, 417—his marriage, *ib.*—early ministry, *ib.*—presentation to Kettins, 418—competes for the Burnett prize essay, *ib.*—contributes to the 'North British Review,' 419—appointed Principal of St Mary's College, St Andrews, *ib.*—John Blackwood and the Principal, 421—'The Leaders of the Reformation' and 'English Puritanism and its Leaders,' 422—journey to the East, 425—lectures on Renan's 'Vie de Jesus,' 426—visit to Tubingen, 427—the Principal and the Scottish Church, 429—his visits to Balmoral, *ib.*—the Principal and the Queen, *ib.*—publication of 'Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy,' 430—voyage to America, 432—member of Scottish Board of Education, *ib.*—Croall Lectures on the "Christian Doctrine of Sin," 433—his editorship of 'Fraser's Magazine,' *ib.*—Moderator of the General Assembly, *ib.*—severe illness and recovery, 434—Dean of the Order of the Thistle, 435—paper on Coleridge, *ib.*—St Giles's Lectures on Religious Thought, 436—his last great speech in the Assembly, 437—projected History of Scotland, 438—his illness and death, 439—the Queen's letters on the Principal's death, 440—universal lamentation in Scotland, *ib.*
Proposed new Highland Railway, 562.
PSALM OF [POLITICAL] LIFE, A, 1885-86, 228.
Purification of the spirit of Faust, 736.
Reckless pawning of honour by Mr Fox, 811.
'Records of Argyll: Legends, Traditions, and Recollections of Argyllshire Highlanders,' by Lord Archibald Campbell, reviewed, 376.
Regent Murray and Regent Morton, 390.
REMINISCENCES OF AN ATTACHÉ, Part IV., 93.
'Reminiscences of Yarrow,' by James Russell, D.D., reviewed, 395.
Representations of arms on Hindu bas-reliefs, 779.
Restoration of Gwalior to Scindia, 271.
RESULT, FACING THE, 141.
Rosebery, Lord, on Lord Salisbury's Government, 402.
Ruby-mines in Burma, 285.
Ruskin on Millais and Hunt, 545.
Salisbury's, Lord, difficulties, 398.
SARRACINESCA, Chapters I.-III., 577—IV.-VI., 699.
Schemes of public and private plunder, 641.
SCOTCH LOCAL HISTORY, 375—work of the local antiquary, 376—Records of Argyll, *ib.*—anecdotes of Highland bravery, 378—Culross and Tulliallan, 380—the voyage from Leith to Stirling, *ib.*—early history of Culross, 381—its monastic establishments and coal-pits, 382—visit of James VI. to Culross, 383—work of the Culross kirk-session, 384—Sabbath desecration, 387—Aberdour and Inchcolm, 389—Regent Murray and Regent Morton, 390—the monastery of Inchcolm, 391—parish records of Aberdour, 393—Cromwell's troops visit Aberdour, 394—trials for witchcraft, 395—Reminiscences of Yarrow, *ib.*—the Scottish clergy, 396—the minister's man, 397.

Scottish clergy, the, 396.
Separation of heraldry from military matters, 800.
SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS, NEW VIEWS OF: THE "OTHER POET" IDENTIFIED: III. Identities, 327.
Shield and the bearer, the connection between the, 803.
SIR THEODORE MARTIN'S SECOND PART OF 'FAUST,' 724—previous translators, *ib.*—difference between the First and Second Parts of 'Faust,' *ib.*—structural beauty of Second Part, 725—his success with difficult passages, 727—the Fichtean philosophy, 728—the story of Helen of Troy, 730—interpretation of Goethe, 733—his deficient sense of moral evil, 734—the purification of the spirit of Faust, 736—address of the typical penitents to the Virgin, 737—the literature of translation, *ib.*
Sixteenth century coats-of-arms, 795.
SOME FRENCH POETS, 370.
Some sporting reminiscences, 479.
Superstitions of the Karpathiotes, 239.
Sympathy of the Court of Terrorism with Mr Gladstone, 574.
TAYLOR, JANE, 23—residence of the Taylor family at Lavenham, Suffolk, 24—education of Jane and her sisters, 25—removal to Colchester, 26—taught engraving by her father, 27—the "Associate Minstrels," *ib.*—early writings, 29—letter from Sir Walter Scott, 30—products of the "Family Pen," *ib.*—her novel 'Display,' 32—her insight into human nature, 34—publication of 'Essays in Rhyme,' 36—'Contributions of Q. Q.,' 39—serious illness, 41—sojourn at Hull with her sister Ann, *ib.*—her tranquil death, *ib.*
Taylor, the water poet, on the Culross coal-pits, 384.
Teak-forests, the, of Burma, 283.
'THE BUCHHOLZ FAMILY,' by Julius Stinde, review of, 492.
THE CROFTERS: HOW TO BENEFIT THEM, 559—the arrears of rent, *ib.*—prospective legislation, *ib.*—means to work sea and land to profit, 561—proposed new Highland Railway, 562—the case of the Highland landowners, 563.
THE END OF DAVID (a Legend of the Talmud), 682.
THE GRATEFUL GHOSTS, 108.
THE IRISH DIFFICULTY: A DIALOGUE OF DREAMLAND, 168.
THE OUTLOOK, 398—Lord Salisbury's difficulties, *ib.*—no party with a majority, *ib.*—Mr Gladstone's Mid-Lothian campaign, 400—the alleged Parnellite alliance, *ib.*—Sir W. Harcourt on the Tory and Parnellite forces, *ib.*—Lord Rosebery on Lord Salisbury's Government, 402—speeches of Mr Gladstone's new colleagues, *ib.*—Mr Bright on the disloyalty of the Parnellite satellites, 404—Mr Gladstone's position, 406—the concessions to occupiers of land in Ireland in 1870, 409—danger of Mr Gladstone's unstable and erratic courses, 412—testimony to Lord Salisbury's ability, 413.
THE STATE'S EMINENT DOMAIN, 635—the theory of Eminent Domain, *ib.*—the opinions of American judges, 636—the American principle of compensation, 638—the proposed adoption of doctrine of Eminent Domain in this country, 640—schemes of public and private plunder, 641.
TULLOCH, THE LATE PRINCIPAL, 414.
TULLOCH, PRINCIPAL, 415.
Ulster men and Home Rule, 819.
Unveracity of Mr Gladstone, 812.
Vanity and wrong-headedness of Mr Gladstone, 575.
Vosges, wild-boar shooting in the, 68.
Waagen, Dr, on the English pre-Raphaelites, 548.
Wanted, a pronoun, 368.
Weapons of the Indian Peninsula, 777.
WHAT THE COLONIES THINK OF US: Mr Froude's 'Oceana,' 218—Colonial federation and imperial supremacy, 219—the preservation of the unity of the empire, *ib.*—Colonial maladministration, 221—the mismanagement of the Liberal party, 223—Mr Froude and Federal Parliaments, 225—loyalty of the colonists, 226.
WHEEL, FORTUNE'S, Part X., 80—Part XI., 153.
WILD-BOAR SHOOTING NEAR THE HEATHEN WALL OF THE VOSGES, 68.
Wolseley, Lord, on the value of balloons in war, 453.
Worship of the sword, the, 781.
Yarrow, reminiscences of, 395.
ZIT AND ZOE: THEIR EARLY EXPERIENCES, Chaps. I.-V., 457—Conclusion, 612.

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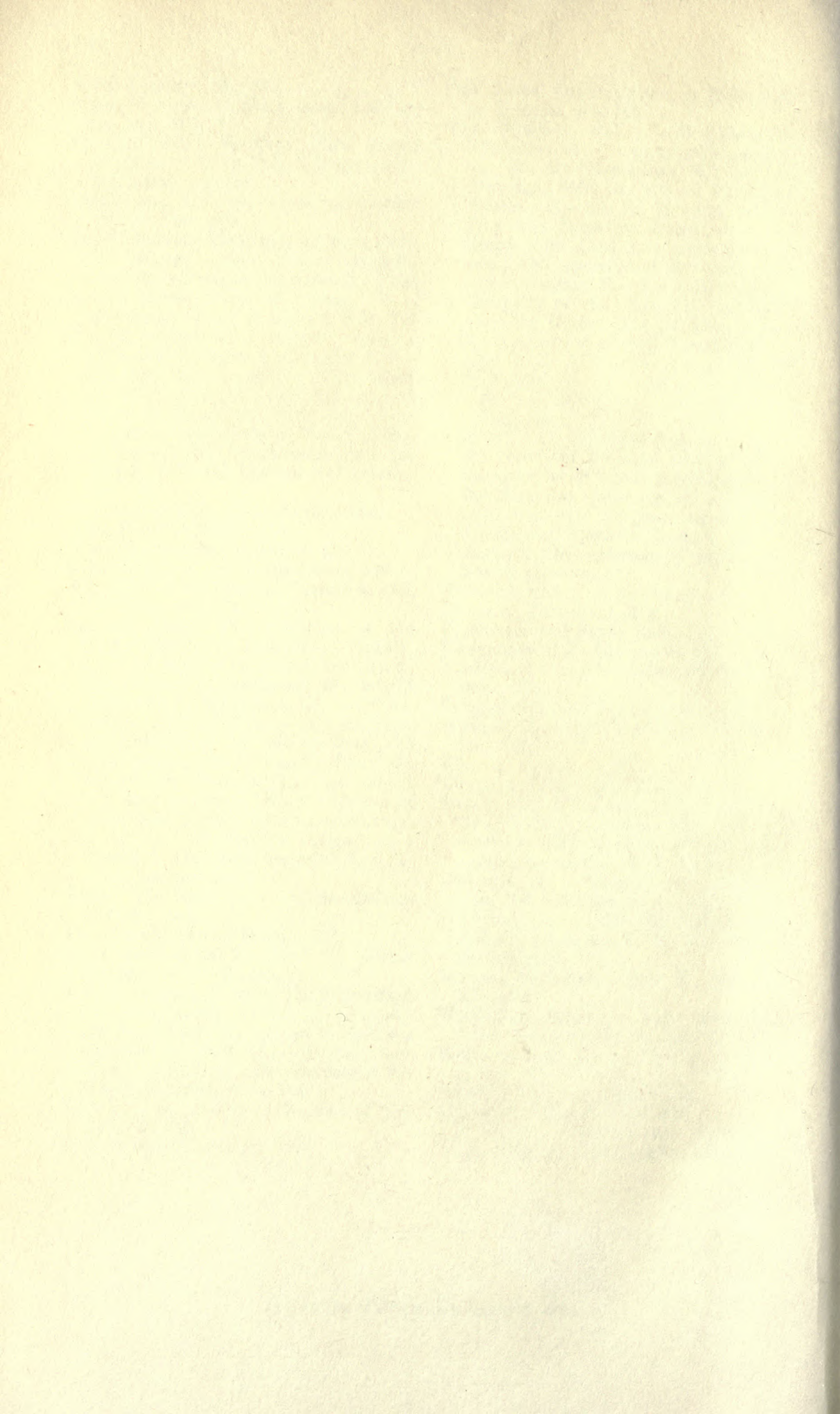

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