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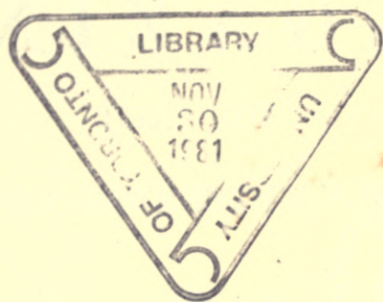
LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL ONTARIO JULY—DECEMBER 1887.



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JOYCE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Colonel took his wife's arm, drawing her close to him, leaning over her little figure: he could hold her closer in this way, and take her strength more completely into his own than if she had taken his arm in the ordinary fashion. But she gave him but an uncertain support for the first time in their life. The group made up of those two figures linked into one, making but one shadow, tottered as they set out. And she made no reply to his look, to the urgent clasp of his arm on hers, until they had passed out of the village street, and gained the quiet and stillness of the avenue within the gates. Then Elizabeth — unprecedented action! — detached herself almost with impatience. "You hurt me, Henry," she said quickly, with a sharp intolerance in her tone. This brought the painful excitement of the morning to a climax; for when had she complained before?

"My dear!" he cried, with a tone of compunction and horror, "I—hurt you?" as if he had been accused of high treason and brutal cruelty combined.

This accent of amazed contrition brought Mrs Hayward to herself. "Oh no, Henry," she said, "you did not hurt me at all. I am not fit to speak to any good Christian. I am a wretched creature, full of envy, and malice, and all uncharitableness. Let me alone a little till I come to myself."

The Colonel gave her a piteous look. "As long as you please, my dear," he said, then added apologetically, "I can't help feeling very anxious. There is more in this than meets the eye—there is more in it than I realised: there is—the young lady, Elizabeth."

In spite of herself his wife looked at him with a momentary scorn which was almost fierce. "Do you mean to say that this is

the first time you have thought of that?"

The Colonel was very apologetic. "I am afraid I am dense," he said; "but, my dear, I always like to wait till I know what you think—and as yet you have said nothing. How was I to suppose——" Here he broke off, seeing in his wife's eyes more than he could read all at once, and with a tremulous movement laid his hand again upon her arm. "What is it?" he said.

She was tremulous too, but in a different fashion. She began to open out a little parcel which she held in her hand quickly, almost with indignation. "You will know what to think when you see your own hand and name," she said. "There! that's been laid up waiting for me—fancy! for *me* to find it—these twenty years."

The Colonel looked at the yellow old letters with increasing agitation, but no increase of understanding. "What is it?" he said. "What does it mean, Elizabeth? I did not go through all this, only to come to an old letter of my own at the last."

The little woman stamped her foot with a kind of fury. "I think you are determined not to understand," she cried. "Look who that letter is addressed to—look at this other along with it; for God's sake, Henry, don't worry me any more! don't ask what I think: look at them for yourself."

He did look, but with so bewildered an expression that compassion overcame her. She took the papers over which he was puzzling, looking at his own writing vaguely, with a quick impatient movement.

"You have been right, quite right in your conjectures," she said; "the poor girl that came here alone twenty years ago, and had her baby, and went wrong in

her head, and died, was your poor young wife, Joyce Hayward, Henry. There is your letter to her—not the kind of letter I should have thought you would have written; and there is hers to you, a voice out of the grave. Don't look at me in that pitiful way. I don't expect you to read it here. Go away to your own room or into the woods, Henry, and read your wife's letter. Go away! go away! and do this for yourself without me. I am not the person," cried Mrs Hayward, thrusting them into his hands, and pushing him impatiently from her,—“I am not the person to read your wife's letter. Go away! go away!”

"My wife's letter," he said, with a momentary look of awe and trouble. Then suddenly he put one arm round her, and, half sobbing, said, "Twenty years since! it has always been right, all the time, my darling, between you and me."

"Oh, Henry!—is that all you think of at such a moment?"

He patted her shoulder with his large and unsteady hand, and held her close. "If it is not all, it's the first and foremost," he said; "you will never again, Elizabeth, never any more——"

"Oh, go away! go away!" she cried, stamping her foot upon the path. There were tears in her eyes, half love and softness, half impatience and fury. She pushed him away from her with all her strength, and, turning her back upon him, walked quickly through the trees and across the park in the full sunshine. She was distracted with conflicting sentiments, unwilling to be melted, yet touched to the heart; determined that he should go back by himself into that distant past with which she had nothing to do, yet scarcely able to resist the habit of doing everything for him, of encountering even that for him.

She hurried along until she had got within the shade of a belt of wood, and out of sight of the spot where she had left her husband. Here Mrs Hayward suddenly sat down upon the grass, and hid her face in her hands. Sometimes it became necessary for her, even in the ordinary course of affairs, to escape for a moment now and then from the Colonel's constant demands. But to-day it seemed to her that she must do this or die. The sudden summons, the long journey, the agitating news, the commission so suddenly put into her hands, the discovery she had made, all united had overwhelmed her at last. She cried heartily, as she did everything, with an abundant natural overflow of feeling which relieved and exhausted her, and a sensation underneath all which she could not define whether it was happiness or pain. This Joyce, who had been from the beginning the shadow upon her married life, in despite of whose possible claims she had married, and whom she had regarded all through with a mixture of pity and indignation and fear, roused in her, dead, almost as strong feelings as if she had been a living claimant to the name and place which were hers. The very fact that the poor girl's story was so pitiful, and that nothing could take away the interest and compassion roused by the image of a young forsaken creature dying so miserably with no one near who loved her, was to Mrs Hayward at this moment an additional aggravation, adding a pang to all the rest. And yet there was in it an unspeakable relief; and the fact that this, and not any revival of the romance of his youth, had been her husband's first thought, was exquisite to her, yet with a certain acrid sweetness,

not unmingled with pain and the contradictoriness of a highly sensitive, impatient, and intolerant soul, sharply conscious of every complication. For notwithstanding her strong personal share in the matter, it was clear to Elizabeth that he ought to have thought of the other, the poor girl in her youth and misery, first; and that the sight of her letter, the words written in her anguish, coming to him as it were from her grave, across the silence of twenty years, ought to have transported the man to whom these words were addressed out of all recollection of the present,—out of everything save that tragedy of which, however innocently, he was the cause. She could not but feel it sweet that it was herself and not the dead Joyce of whom in reality he had thought: yet, in a manner, she resented it, and was wounded by it as a thing against nature which ought not to have been. "That is all that a man's love is worth," she said to herself. "He cost her her life, and it is me he thinks of, who am well and strong, and in no trouble." And yet it went to her heart that he should have so thought. In this keen complication of feeling, Mrs Hayward, for the time, could realise nothing else. It was not possible to think of the dead girl and herself but as rivals: and this, too, gave her a pang. How mean, how ungenerous, how miserable it was! Such a story in a book, much more in real life, would have moved her to warm tears; but in this, which touched herself so closely, she could feel no true pity. It was her rival, it was one who had come before her, whose shadow had lain upon her life and darkened it, who even now was bringing trouble into it—trouble of which it was impossible to fathom the full ex-

tent. How could there be tenderness where such sharp antagonism was? And yet, how poor, how small, how petty, how unworthy was the feeling!

In these contrarieties her mind was caught, and thrilled with sharp vexation, shame, scorn of herself, and sense of that profound vanity of human things which makes the present in its pettiness so much greater than the past, and dims and obliterates everything that is over. To think that such a tragedy had been, and that those who were most concerned thought of their poor share in it first, and not of her who was the victim! That contradiction of all that was most true and just, that infidelity which is in every human thing, the callousness and egotism which ran through the best, jarred her with a discord which was in herself as well as in all the rest. But when she had cried her heart out, Mrs Hayward, as was natural, exhausted that first poignant sensation, and came to contemplate apart from all that was past the present condition of affairs, which was not more consolatory. Indeed, when, putting the tragedy of the poor Joyce who was dead out of her mind, she returned to the present, the figure of the living Joyce suddenly rose before her with a sharp distinctness that made her spring to her feet as a soldier springs to his weapon when suddenly confronted by an enemy. Mrs Hayward had never seen Joyce, so that this figure was purely imaginary which rose before her, with a stinging touch, reminding her that here was something which was not past but present, a reality,—no affair of memory or sentiment, but a difficulty real and tangible, standing straight before her, not to be passed by or forgotten. She

sprang up as if to arms, to meet the new antagonist who thus presented herself, and must be met, but not with arms in hand, nor as an antagonist at all. Joyce herself would scarcely have been so terrible to encounter as Joyce's child thus coming between her husband and herself, taking possession of the foreground of their existence whether they would or not. What Mrs Hayward would be called upon to do would be—not to retire before this new actor in her existence, not to withdraw and leave the field as she had always felt it possible she might have to do, but to receive, to live with,—good heavens! perhaps to love her! Yes; no doubt this was what the Colonel would want; he would require her to love this girl who was his child. He would take it for granted that she must do so; he would innocently lay all the burden upon her, and force her into a maternity which nature had not required of her. A mother! ah yes, she could have been a mother indeed had God willed it so; but to produce that undeveloped side of her, that capacity which she had been so often tempted to think Providence had wronged her by leaving in abeyance, for the benefit of this country girl, this Scotch peasant with all her crude education, her conceit (no doubt) of superiority, her odious school-mistress's training!

Mrs Hayward could not sit still and look calmly at what was before her. There was something intolerable in it, which stung her into energy, which made her feel the necessity of being up and doing, of making a stand against misfortune. However much she might resent and resist in her private soul, she would have to do this thing, and put on a semblance of doing it with, not

against, her own will and liking. Talk of the contradictions of fate! they seemed to be all grouped together in this problem which she had to work out. If the child had been a boy, the Colonel would have been compelled more or less to take the charge upon himself. There would have been school or college, or the necessities of a profession, to occupy the newcomer; but that it should be a girl—a girl, a young woman, a creature entirely within the sphere of Colonel Hayward's wife, whose business it would be not only to be a mother to her, but to receive her as a companion, to amend her manners, to watch over all her proceedings, to take the responsibility night and day! Mrs Hayward felt that she could have put up with a boy. He would not have been her business so much as his father's, and he would not for ever and ever have recalled his mother, and put her in mind of all that had been, and of all she herself had already borne. For though she had accepted the position knowing all that was involved, and though it was, so to speak, her own fault that she had encountered these difficulties, still there could be no doubt that she had for years had much to bear; and now what a climax, what a crown to everything! A second Joyce, no doubt, with all the headstrong qualities which had made the first Joyce spoil her own life and the lives of others, with all the disadvantages of her peasant training, of her education even, which would be rather worse than ignorance. Mrs Hayward conjured up before her the image of a pupil-teacher, a good girl striving for examinations, immaculate in spelling, thinking of everything as the subject of a lesson: looking up with awe to the inspector, with rever-

ence to some little prig of a schoolmaster, a girl with neat collars and cuffs, knowing her own condition in life, and very respectful to her superiors: or else bumptious, and standing upon her dignity as an educated person, which Mrs Hayward had heard was more the way of the Scotch. In either point of view what a prospect, what a companion!

And the Colonel's wife knew how that good man would conduct himself. He would remonstrate with her if the girl were *gauche*, or if she were disagreeable and presuming. He would say, "You must tell her"—"you must make her do so-and-so." If his taste was shocked, if the girl turned out to be very dreadful, he himself, who ought to know so much better, would throw all the blame upon her. Or perhaps, which would be still more intolerable, his eyes would be blinded, and he would see nothing that was not beautiful and amiable in his child. With a sudden flush of irritation, Mrs Hayward felt that this would be more unbearable still. Joyce had been the bugbear of his life in the past; what if Joyce were to be the model, the example of every good quality, the admiration and delight of his life to come: and she herself, the stepmother, the half-rival, half-tyrant, the one who would not appreciate the new heroine! No one was so ready as Elizabeth to perceive all her husband's excellent qualities. He was good as an angel or a child—there was no soil in him. His kindness, his tenderness, his generous heart, his innocent life, were her pride and delight. And the perpetual appeal which he made to her, the helplessness with which he flung himself upon her for inspiration and counsel, made him dearer still. She herself laughed and sometimes

frowned at the devout aspiration, "If only Elizabeth were here!" for which all his friends smiled at the Colonel; but at the same time it warmed her heart. And yet there was no one in the world so feelingly alive to the irritations and vexations which were involved in this supreme helplessness and trust. There were moments when he worried her almost beyond endurance. She had to be perpetually on the watch. She had to subdue herself and forget herself, and make a thousand daily sacrifices to the man whom she ruled absolutely, and who was ready at her fiat almost to live or die. But of all intolerable things, that which was most intolerable was the suggestion that he might in this matter judge for himself without her aid,—that he might admit this strange girl into his heart, and place her on the pinnacle which had hitherto been sacred to Elizabeth alone.

She had seated herself on a grassy bank under the shade of the trees which skirted one side of the park of Bellendean. Instinctively she had chosen a spot where there was "a view." How many such spots are there to which preoccupied people, with something to think out, resort half-unawares, and all-unconscious of the landscape spread before them! Edinburgh grey in the distance, with her crags and towers, shone through the opening carefully cut in the trees, the angle of the castled rock standing forth boldly against the dimness of the smoke behind; and the air was so clear, and the atmosphere so still, that while Mrs Hayward sat there the sound of the gun which regulates the time for all Edinburgh, the gun fired from the Castle at one o'clock, boomed through the distance with a sudden shock

which made her start. She was not a fanciful woman, nor given to metaphors. But there was something in the peace of the landscape, the summer quiet, broken only by the hum of insects and rustle of the waving boughs, the distant town too far off to add a note to that soft breathing of nature, which made a centre to the picture and no more—when the air was suddenly rent by the harsh and fatal sound of the gun, making the spectator start, which was to her like an emblematic representation of what had happened to herself. To be sure, if she had but thought of it, that voice of war had been tamed into a service of domestic peace, a sound as innocent as chanticleer; but Mrs Hayward was a stranger, and was unaware of this. As she rose up hurriedly, startled by the shock in the air, she saw her husband coming towards her across the sunshine. He was moving like a man in a dream, moving instinctively towards where she was, but otherwise unconscious where he was going, unaware of the little heights and hollows, stumbling over the stump of a tree that came in his way. The sight of his abstraction brought her back to herself. He came up to her, and held out the little packet in his hand.

"Put them away," he said, hoarsely; "lock them up in some sure place, Elizabeth. To think all that should have been going on, and I ignorant—oh, as ignorant as the babe unborn!"

"How could you know when she never told you?" Mrs Hayward cried quickly, instinctively taking his part, even against himself. He put his large hand upon her small shoulder, and patted her with a deprecating, soothing touch, as if the wrong and the sorrow were not his but hers.

"But she meant us to know—that letter, if I had ever got it! She was young and foolish, young and foolish. Put it away, my dear; don't destroy it, but lock it away safe, and let us think of it no more."

"That is impossible, Henry. You must think of it, in justice to her—poor thing;" this Mrs Hayward said unwillingly, from a sense of what was right and fitting, and with a compunction in her heart,—“and for the sake,” she added firmly, after a moment, “of your child.”

"The girl," he said, vaguely. Then he came closer to her, and put his arm within hers. "You will see to all that, Elizabeth. You understand these sort of things better than I do. It would

be very awkward for me, you know, a man." To describe the persuasive tone, the ingratiating gesture with which, in his simplicity, he put this burden upon her, would be impossible. Even she, well as she knew him, was struck with surprise—a surprise which was half happiness and half indignation.

"Henry!" she cried, resisting the appealing touch, "have you no heart for your own child?"

He leant upon her for a moment, drawing as it seemed her whole little person, and all her energy and strength, into himself. "I'm all upset, Elizabeth. I don't know what I have, whether heart or anything else—except you, my dear, except you. Everything will go right as long as I have you."

CHAPTER X.

In the perplexity of this extraordinary crisis they both went, without another word, "home": though it was no more home than these wonderful new circumstances were the course of everyday. If we were to prophesy the conduct of human creatures in moments of great emotion by what would seem probable, or even natural, how far from the fact we should be! Colonel Hayward, a man of the tenderest heart and warmest affections, suddenly discovers that he has a child—a child by whose appearance, and everything about her, he has been pleased and attracted, the child of his first love, his young wife to whose cruel death he has contributed, though unwittingly, unintentionally, meaning no evil. Would not all ordinary means of conveyance be too slow, all obstacles as nothing in his way, the very movement of the world arrested till he had

taken this abandoned child into his arms, and assured her of his penitence, his joy, his love? But nothing could be further from his actual action. He went back to Bellendean with a feeling that he would perhaps know better what to do were he within the four walls of a room where he could shut himself and be alone. It would be easier to think there than in the park, where everything was in perpetual motion, leaves rustling, branches waving, birds singing,—the whole world astir. "If we were only in our own room," he said to his wife, "we could think—what it was best to do."

She said nothing, but she longed also for the quiet and shelter of that room. She recognised, as indeed she might have done from the first, that whatever had to be done, it was she that must do it. And Mrs Hayward was entirely *dépaysée*, and did not know how

to manage this business. Janet Matheson was a new species to a woman who had done a great deal of parish work, and was not unacquainted with the ordinary ways of managing "the poor." She did not understand how to deal with that proud old woman, to whom she could not offer any recompense, whom she would scarcely dare even to thank for her "kindness." Janet had repudiated that injurious word, and Mrs Hayward felt that it would be easier to offer money to Mrs Bellendean than to this extraordinary cottager. To be sure, that was nothing, a trifle not worth consideration in face of the other question, of Joyce herself, who would have to be adopted, removed from the cottage, taken home as Miss Hayward, a new, and perhaps soon the most important, member of the family. Elizabeth's heart beat as it had never done before, scarcely even when she married Captain Hayward, accepting all the risks, taking him and his incoherent story at a terrible venture. That was an undertaking grave enough, but this was more terrible still. She felt, too, that she would be thankful to get into the quiet of her own room to think it over, to decide what she should best do.

This, however, was more easily said than done. The anxious pair were met in the hall by Mrs Bellendean with looks as anxious as their own. She was breathless with interest, expectation, and excitement; and came up to them in a fever of eagerness, which, to Mrs Hayward at least, seemed quite unnecessary, holding out a hand to each. "Well?" she cried, as if their secrets were hers, and her interest as legitimate as their own. In short, the pair, who were very grave and preoccupied, having exhausted

the first passion of the discovery, had much less appearance of excitement and expectation than this lady, who had nothing whatever to do with it. A shade of disappointment crossed her face when she saw their grave looks; but Mrs Bellendean's perceptions were lively, and she perceived at the same moment tokens of agitation in the old Colonel's face which reassured her. It would have been too much if, after all her highly raised expectations, nothing had happened at all.

"Come into my room," she said quickly; "we have half an hour before luncheon, and there we shall be quite undisturbed." She led the way with a rapidity that made it impossible even to protest, and opening the door, swept them in before her, and drew an easy-chair forward for Mrs Hayward. "Now," she said, "tell me! You have found out something, I can see."

They looked at each other,—Mrs Hayward with the liveliest inclination to tell the lady, whom she scarcely knew, that their affairs were their own. It would have been a little relief to her feelings could she have done so; but this was just the moment, as she knew very well, in which the Colonel was sure to come to the front.

"Yes," he said, with a sigh, in which there was distinct relief. (He found it so easy to relieve himself in that way!) "We have found out—all we wanted, more than we expected. Apart from all other circumstances, this is a memorable visit to me, Mrs Bellendean. We have found—or rather Elizabeth has found—She is always my resource in everything—"

"What?" cried Mrs Bellendean, clasping her hands. "Please ex-

cuse me, I am so anxious. Something about Joyce?"

"You must understand that I had no notion of it, no idea of it all the time. I was as ignorant— There may have been things in which I was to blame— though never with any meaning: but of this I had no idea—none: she never gave me the slightest hint—never the least," said the Colonel, earnestly. "How could I imagine for a moment—when she never said a word?"

Mrs Bellendean looked at Mrs Hayward with an appeal for help, but she gave a smile and glance of sympathy to the Colonel, who seemed to want them most. His wife sat very straight, with her shoulders square, and her feet just visible beneath her gown—very firm little feet, set down steadily, one of them beating a faint tattoo of impatience on the carpet. She was all resistance, intending, it was apparent, to reveal as little as possible: but the Colonel, though his style was involved, was most willing to explain.

"It is," he said, "my dear lady, I assure you, as much a wonder and revelation to me as to any one. I never thought of such a possibility—never. Elizabeth knows that nothing was further from my mind."

"Henry," said his wife suddenly, "you have been very much agitated this morning. All these old stories coming up again have given you a shake. Go up, my dear, to your room, and I will tell Mrs Bellendean all that she cares to hear."

"Eh? do you think so, Elizabeth? I *have* got a shake. It agitates a man very much to be carried back twenty years. Perhaps you are right: you can explain everything—much better than I can—much better always;

and if Mrs Bellendean thinks I am to blame, she need not be embarrassed about it, as she might be before me. I think you are right as you always are. And perhaps she will give you some good advice, my love, as to what we ought to do."

"I am sure I shall not think you to blame, Colonel Hayward," cried Mrs Bellendean, with that impulse of general amiability which completed the exasperation with which Elizabeth sat looking on.

"Yes, no doubt, she will give me good advice," she said, with irrepressible irritation; "oh, no doubt, no doubt!—most people do. Henry, take mine for the moment, and go up-stairs and rest a little. Remember you have to meet all the gentlemen at luncheon: and after that there will be a great deal to do."

"I think I will, my dear," Colonel Hayward said: but he paused again at the door with renewed apologies and doubts—"if Mrs Bellendean will not think it rude, and even cowardly, of me, Elizabeth, to leave all the explanations to you."

Finally, when Mrs Bellendean had assured him that she would not do so, he withdrew slowly, not half sure that, after all, he ought not to return and take the task of the explanation into his own hands. There was not a word said between the ladies until the sound of his steps, a little hesitating at first, as if he had half a mind to come back, had grown firmer, and at last died away. Then Mrs Hayward for the first time looked at the mistress of the house, who, half amused, half annoyed, and full of anxiety and expectation, had been looking at her, as keenly as politeness permitted, from every point of view.

"My husband has been very

much agitated — you will not wonder when I tell you all; and he is never very good at telling his own story. A man who can do—what he can do—may be excused if he is a little deficient in words.”

She spoke quickly, almost sharply, with a little air of defiance, yet with moisture in her eyes.

“Surely,” said Mrs Bellendean, “we know what Colonel Hayward is; but pardon me, it was a much less matter—it was about Joyce I wanted to know.”

“The one story cannot be told without the other. My husband,” said Mrs Hayward, with a long breath, “had been married before—before he married me. He had married very hurriedly a young lady who came out to some distant relations in India. They were at a small station out of the way. She was not happy, and he married her in a great hurry. Afterwards, when she was in England by herself, having come home for her health, some wicked person put it into the poor thing’s head that her marriage was not a good one. She was fool enough to believe it, though she knew Henry. Forgive me if I speak a little hastily. She ought to have known better, knowing him; but some people never know you, though you live by their side a hundred years.”

She stopped to exhale another long breath of excitement and agitation. It was cruel to impute blame to the poor dead girl, and she felt this, but could not refrain.

“And suddenly, after one letter full of complaint and reproach, she wrote no more. He was in active service, and could not get home. It was not so easy then to come home on leave. He wrote again and again, and when he got no answer, employed people to find

her out. I can’t tell you all the things that were done—everything, so far as he knew how to do it. I didn’t know him then. I daresay he wasted a great deal of money without getting hold of the right people. He never heard anything more of her, never a word, till the other day.”

“Then that poor young creature was—— And Joyce, Joyce!—who is Joyce? Mrs Hayward, do you mean really that Joyce——”

“Joyce—was his first wife: and this girl—who has the same name,—I have not seen her, I don’t know her, I can express no feeling about her,—this young lady is my husband’s daughter, Mrs Bellendean.”

“Colonel Hayward’s daughter!” Mrs Bellendean sprang to her feet in her surprise and excitement. She threw up her hands in wonder and delight and sympathy, her eyes glittered and shone, a flush of feeling came over her. Any spectator who had seen the two ladies at this moment would have concluded naturally that it was Mrs Bellendean who was the person chiefly concerned, while the little woman seated opposite to her was a somewhat cynical looker-on, to whom it was apparent that the warmth of feeling thus displayed was not quite genuine. The Colonel’s wife was moved by no enthusiasm. She sat rigid, motionless, except for that one foot, which continued to beat upon the carpet a little impatient measure of its own.

“Oh,” cried Mrs Bellendean, “I always knew it! One may deceive one’s self about many people, but there was no possibility with Joyce. She was—she is—I never saw any one like her—quite, quite unprecedented in such a place as this—like nobody about her—a girl whom any one might be proud of

—a girl who—oh yes, yes! you are right in calling her a young lady. She could be nothing less. I always knew it was so.”

“She is my husband’s daughter,” said Mrs Hayward, without moving a muscle. She remained unaffected by her companion’s enthusiasm. She recognised it as part of the burden laid upon her that she should have to receive the outflowings of a rapture in which she had no share.

“And what did Joyce say?” asked the lady of Bellendean. “And poor old Janet; oh, it will not be good news to her. But what did Joyce say? I should like to have been there; and why, why did not you bring her up to the house with you? But I see,—oh yes, it was better, it was kinder to leave her a little with the old people. The poor old people, God help them! Oh, Mrs Hayward, there is no unmixed good in this world. It will kill old Janet and her old husband. There’s no unmixed good.”

“No,” said Mrs Hayward, quietly. She sat like a little figure of stone, nothing moving in her, not a finger, not an eyelash,—nothing but the foot, still beating now and then a sort of broken measure upon the floor.

Mrs Bellendean sat down again when she had exhausted her first excitement. There is nothing that chills one’s warmest feelings like the presence of a spectator who does not share one’s satisfaction. Mrs Hayward would have been that proverbial wet blanket, if there had not been in the very stiffness of her spectatorship signs of another and still more potent excitement of her own. Strong self-repression at the end comes to affect us more than any demonstration. Mrs Bellendean was very quick, and it perhaps affected her

sooner than a less vivid intelligence. She sat down, and turned her eyes with wonder and inquiry which she could scarcely disguise upon her guest’s face.

“I am afraid,” she said, faltering, “you are not so glad as I am. I hope it is not anything in Joyce. I hope—she has not displeased you. If she has, I am sure, oh, I am very sure she did not mean it. It must have been—some mistake.”

“Mrs Bellendean,” cried Elizabeth, suddenly, “I am sure you are very kind. You would not have invited me here as you have done, without knowing anything of me, if you had not been kind. But perhaps you don’t quite put yourself in my place. I did not mean to say anything on that subject, but my heart is full, and I can’t help it. I married Colonel Hayward—he was only Captain Hayward then—knowing everything, and that it was possible, though not likely, that this wife of his might still be alive. It was a great venture to make. I have kept myself in the background—always, not knowing—whether I had any real right to call myself Mrs Hayward. Joyce has not been a name of good omen to me.”

“Dear Mrs Hayward!” cried the impulsive woman before her, leaning over the table, holding out both her hands.

“No, don’t praise me. I believe I ought to have been blamed instead; but, anyhow, I took the risk. And I have never repented it, though I did not know all that would be involved. And now, when we are growing old, and calm should succeed to all the storms, here is her daughter—with her name—not a child whom I could influence, who might get to be fond of me, but a woman, grown up, educated in her way, clever,—all that makes it so much the

worse. No! don't be sorry for me; I am a wicked woman, I ought not to feel so. Here I find her again, not a recollection, not an idea, but a grown-up girl, the same age, as her mother. Joyce over again, always Joyce!"

Mrs Bellendean did not know how to reply. She sat and gazed at the woman whom she wanted to console, who touched her, revolted her, horrified her all in one, and yet whose real emotion and pain she felt to the bottom of her sympathetic heart. Too much sympathy is perhaps as bad as too little. She was all excitement and delight for Joyce, and yet this other woman's trouble was too genuine not to move her. It was very natural too, and yet dreadful,—a pain to think of. "I am sure," she said, faltering, "that when you know her better—when you begin to see what she is in herself: there is no one who does not like Joyce."

Mrs Hayward had got rid, in this interval, of a handful, so to speak, of hot sudden tears. She was ashamed of them, angry with herself for being thus overcome, and therefore could not be said to weep, or make any other affecting demonstration, but simply hurried off, threw from her angrily, these signs of a pang which she despised, which hurt her pride and her sense of what was seemly as much as it wrung her heart. She shook her head with a sudden angry laugh in the midst of her emotion. "Don't you see? that is the worst of all," she cried.

And at this moment, in the midst of this climax of pain, exasperation, self-disapproval, there arose in soft billows of sound, rising one after the other into all the corners of the great house, the sound of the gong. It reached all the members of the household, along the long corridors and round

the gallery, roused Colonel Hayward from the softened and satisfied pause of feeling which his withdrawal up-stairs had brought him, and called Mrs Bellendean back from the wonderful problem of mingled sentiments in which she was embroiling herself, taking both sides at once, into the more natural feelings of the mistress of the house, whose presence is indispensable elsewhere. But she could not break off all at once this interview, which was so very different from the ordinary talks between strangers. She hesitated even to rise up, conscious of the ludicrous anti-climax of this call to food addressed to people whose hearts were full of the most painful complications of life. At the same time, the sound of her guests trooping down-stairs, and coming in from the grounds, with a murmur of voices, and footsteps in the hall, became every moment more and more clamant. She rose at last, and put her hand on Mrs Hayward's shoulder. "The gentlemen speak," she said, "of things that are solved walking. It will be so with you, dear Mrs Hayward. It will clear up as you go on. Everything will become easier in the doing. Come now to luncheon."

"I—to luncheon!—it would choke me," cried Elizabeth, feeling in her impatience, and the universal contrariety of everything, as if this had been the last aggravation of all.

"No," said Mrs Bellendean, putting her arm through that of her guest; "it will do you good, on the contrary: and the Colonel will eat nothing if you are not there. You shall come in your bonnet as you are; and Colonel Hayward will make a good luncheon."

"I believe he is capable of it," Mrs Hayward cried.

CHAPTER XI.

The party was diminished, but still it was a large party. The dining-room at Bellendean was a long room lighted by a line of windows at one side in deep recesses, for the house was of antique depth and strength. The walls were hung with family portraits, a succession of large and imposing individuals, whose presence in uniform or in robes of law, contemplating seriously the doings of their successors, added dignity to the house, but did not do much to brighten or beautify the interior, save in the case of a few smaller portraits, which were from the delightful hand of Raeburn, and made a sunshine in a shady place. The long table, with its daylight whiteness and brightness, concentrated the light, however, and made the ornaments of the walls of less importance; and the cheerful crowd was too much occupied with its own affairs to notice the nervousness of the new-comer, the Colonel's wife, who had only made a brief appearance at breakfast to some of them, and attracted as little warmth of interest as a woman of her age generally does. She sat near Mr Bellendean at the foot of the table, but as he was one of the men to whom it is necessary to a woman to be young and pretty, Mrs Hayward had full opportunity to compose and calm herself with little interference from her host. She was separated almost by the length of the table from her husband, and consequently was safe from his anxious observation; and in the bustle of the mid-day meal, and the murmur of talk around her, Mrs Hayward found a sort of retirement for herself, and composed her mind. Her

self-arguments ended in the ordinary fatalism with which people accept the inevitable. "If it must be, it must be," she said to herself. Perhaps it might not turn out so badly as she feared; that vision of the pupil-teacher, the perfectly well-behaved, well-instructed girl, who would make her life a burden, and destroy all the privacy and all the enjoyment of her home, was a terrible image: but the sight of so many cheerful faces gradually drove it away.

"Who was I, uncle Bellendean? I was a Saxon court lady. I was in attendance upon Queen Margaret. But she was not queen then; she was only princess, and an exile, don't you know? We had all been nearly drowned, driven up from the Firth by the wind in the east."

"And where were you exiled from? and what were you doing in the Firth?" said Mr Bellendean, who was not perhaps thinking much of what he said.

"Well I am sure," said Greta, with her soft Scotch intonation, "I don't very well know; but Joyce does. She will tell you all about it if you ask her."

"This Joyce is a very alarming person. I hear her name wherever I turn. She seems the universal authority. I thought she must be an old governess; but I hear she's a very pretty girl," said young Essex, who was at Greta's side.

"Far the prettiest girl in the parish, or for miles round."

"Speak for yourself, Greta," said a good-natured, blunt-featured young woman beside her, with a laugh. "I have always set up myself as a professional beauty, and I don't give in to Joyce—except in so far, of course, as con-

cerns Shakespeare and the musical glasses, where she is beyond all rivalry."

Sir Harry, who was as little open to the pleasantry of Mid-Lothian as the Scotch in general are supposed to be to English wit, stared a little at the young person who assumed this position. He thought it possible she might be "chaffing," but was by no means sure. And he had no doubt that she was plain. He was too polite, however, to show his perplexity. "Does she receive any male pupils?" he asked. "My tastes are quite undeveloped: even Shakespeare I don't know so well as I ought. One has to get up a play or two now and then for an exam.; and there's 'Hamlet,' &c., at the Lyceum of course."

"Joyce would never forgive you that 'Hamlet,' &c.," said the plain young lady. "You need never hope after that to be pupil of hers."

"Why, what should I say? Irving has done a lot of them. Shylock and—and Romeo, don't you know? You don't expect me to have all the names ready. A middle-aged fellow had no business to try Romeo. Come, I know as much as that."

"They are all real people to Joyce," said Greta. "She is not like us, who only take up a book now and then. She lives among books: Shakespeare is her country as much as Scotland. He is not only a poet, he is a—he is a—well, a kind of world," she said, blushing a little. "I don't know what other word to use."

"You could not have used a better word," said Norman Bellendean. "I am not a very great reader, but I've found that up at a hill-station where one had neither books nor society. I think that was very well said."

Norman looked with a friendly admiration at his little cousin, and she, with a half glance and blush of reply, looked at Mrs Bellendean at the head of the table, who, on her side, looked at them both. There was a great deal more in this mutual communication than met the eye.

"Decidedly," said Sir Harry; "no one is good enough for this society unless he has undergone a preliminary training at the hands of Miss Joyce."

"Don't you think," said a new voice hurriedly, with a ring of impatience in it, "that to bandy about a young lady's name like this is not—not—quite good taste? Probably she would dislike being talked about—and certainly her friends——"

The young people turned in consternation to the quarter from which this utterance came. The Colonel's wife had not hitherto attracted much attention. It had been settled that he was "an old darling:" but Mrs Hayward had not awakened the interest of these judges. They had decided that she was not good enough for him—that she had been the governess perhaps, or somebody who had nursed him through an illness, or otherwise been kind to him—and that it was by some of these unauthorised methods that she had become Colonel Hayward's wife. Greta blushed crimson at this rebuke.

"Oh," she said, "no one meant anything that was not kind. I would not allow a word to be said. I—am very fond of her. She is my dear friend."

"Perhaps it is not very good taste to discuss any one," said the plain young lady. "But Mrs Hayward probably does not know who she is."

"I know that she is your in-

ferior," said Mrs Hayward, quickly; "but that should make you more particular, not less, to keep her name from being bandied about."

"What is that my wife is saying?" said Colonel Hayward from the other end of the table. "I can hear her voice. What are you saying, Elizabeth? She must be taking somebody's part."

"It is nothing, Henry, nothing; I am taking nobody's part," said Mrs Hayward, becoming the colour of a peony. He had leaned forward to see her, for she sat on the same side of the table; and she leaned forward to reply to him, meeting the looks of half the table, amused at this conjugal demand and response. And then she shrank back, obliterating herself as well as she could, half angry, half ashamed, with a look of high temper and nervous annoyance which the young people set down to her disadvantage, whispering between themselves, "Poor Colonel Hayward!" and what a pity it was he had not a nicer wife! Greta, however, had compunctions at sight of the mortified and discomfited looks of the stranger. Greta was very kind-hearted, and did not like that any one should feel at a disadvantage; whereupon she put forth her little parable, turning towards the head of the table.

"But indeed Mrs Hayward was taking some one's part," she said. "She thought, aunt Margaret, that we ought not to talk so of Joyce. People who do not know Joyce——"

"What have I done?" said Greta to herself: for Mrs Bellendean from the head of the table gave her a look, such as no one had ever seen on that lady's pleasant countenance before. Colonel Hayward, who had been leaning forward to listen, with the most benignant looks,

suddenly drew back "as if he had been shot;" and Greta received in her very heart a dart from Mrs Hayward's eyes,—a dart tipped with steel, the girl thought, out of the keen, dazzling blue. She too fell back "as if she had been shot"—feeling herself transfixed by that arrow with points sharper than any steel. And a momentary sensation ran round the table; the others suspended their talk to see what had happened; and for the moment that magical thrill that betrays some passion or event, something different from the common and ordinary, went through the company. There was a distinct pause, and then everybody began to talk again eagerly—all but the Colonel, who laid down his knife and fork (which, indeed, he had been using very vigorously), and subsided into a troubled silence, casting anxious looks, generally behind the backs of the company, in a vain endeavour to catch the eye of his wife.

"Mrs Hayward," said Norman Bellendean, throwing himself into the breach, "do you hear anything now of young Forrester whom you were so good to, up at that hill-station? He went about saying everywhere that it was you who had saved his life."

"Not much," she replied, a little breathlessly. "Saying that is one thing, and keeping up a correspondence is quite another. And it was nonsense, too. I did not save his life. Perhaps I helped to give his good constitution a chance; but it was *that* that saved his life."

"It comes to much the same thing, I think. We used to vow all kinds of vengeance upon him, for he was the only one of us who knew you; and didn't he brag of it! I have often wished to punch his head."

"You were very wise," said Mr Bellendean, for the first time taking any notice of his silent neighbour, "to keep out of the society of an Indian station. Nothing can be more petty than such a little community; it is worse than a village."

"It was not for that reason," said Mrs Hayward, quickly. "I could not help myself; there were circumstances—which have now ceased to affect me."

There was something in her tone and looks which cut the conversation short. Mr Bellendean turned to the lady on his other side with a little mental shrug of his shoulders: he was too polite to do it visibly, but he did not take any pains otherwise to conceal that he was not interested; indeed he was a little angry at the sudden appearance of this lady, for which he saw no justification. It was one of Margaret's impulsive actions, done without any consideration. He did not want any more insignificant women at Bellendean. There are always plenty of insignificant women about. One at least is sure to belong to everybody who is worth asking,—the wives of the pleasant fellows who relieve a party, or the mothers of the pretty girls who inspire it,—always plenty of them; and why should another be added on in cold blood?

In fact, it was a little difficult for any one to carry on the conversation after the way in which she concluded it. Norman, more kind than wise, made several attempts, in order that the new guest, who knew nobody, might not observe his father's want of assiduity. But a chill fell upon that end of the table, only partially lightened by the *chuchotement* of half-audible talk which was going on between the plain girl,

who was, in perfect conformity with all circumstances, an heiress bearing the name of Ratho, and the young Englishman, Essex. "My *carte du pays* is not sufficiently extended," he said; "I want more information. Who is this very decisive little woman? Oh yes, I know her name: and what have her husband and she to do with the girl you all talk so much of? To be sure, she is everything that is charming, I don't doubt: still she is very much in the foreground. The *tableaux* were good. Don't you think we might get up a little play to amuse ourselves?—it is more fun than *tableaux*."

"Which of these questions am I to answer first? You have forgotten about the *carte du pays*, and the Colonel and his wife, and— No; I don't mean to mention her name. Some one might fly at us. They can't possibly have anything to do with each other," said the young lady, decisively. "A play? I don't know. Mrs Bellendean rather likes anything that is a little fun, but none of us that I know of have ever performed. Have you?"

"I do nothing else," said Sir Harry. "I am the *jeune premier*, the ruined noble, the pirate, the successful merchant, the low-comedy man, all in one. Nothing comes amiss to me. I am sorry to see that my great reputation has not penetrated so far north. Such is fame."

"Such is rather the remoteness and ignorance of the north," said Miss Ratho, with a laugh. "We see by 'Punch' that the *beau monde* has taken to the stage, but otherwise how could we savages among our mountains know?"

"Amidst the inaccessible fastnesses of Arthur's Seat, in the

primeval forests of East Lothian? I don't wonder. But you may believe me: I am the general utility man in every company. If a cobbler is wanted, I am the cobbler; if there is nobody else for the part of the *primo tenore*, here I am. There never was such an adaptable talent. Let us get something up. Bellendean would do very well for the Falkland parts, or Hastings in "She Stoops"—that sort of thing, you know. Miss Sinclair is the *ingénue*, evidently; and I think I see beside me——" said the young man of society, turning a look of appreciation, it might be of admiration, upon the plain but sparkling and clever face of the Lowland heiress.

"Not an actor's at all, I fear," she said; "I don't think I have any gifts that way. Put me on the stage in any dress you please, with anything to say, and the universal verdict would be, 'It is just Mary Ratho.' I know myself too well to try."

"As for that, one might say 'It is just Irving'—or still more, 'It is just Ellen Terry,'" said the amateur, with a not very successful attempt to imitate the inflection of the northern voice.

"I am afraid," said Miss Ratho, with a slight, almost imperceptible, drawing up of her solid shoulders, the unacknowledged annoyance of a member of a rural aristocracy to have herself by any possibility compared with a professional servant of the public—"I am afraid, after all, you will be obliged to have recourse to Joyce."

Naturally, as the name had been subject to comment, and as it was said with a little *malice* and in an under-tone, there was at that moment a sudden pause all round the table, and the word came forth with all the more effect, softly

spoken with a pause before and after—"Joyce."

"Upon my word," said Mr Bellendean, impatiently, "I agree with Mrs Hayward. The girl is not here, and she has done nothing to expose herself to perpetual comment. We hear a great deal too much of Joyce."

And now it was that there occurred the extraordinary incident, remembered for years after, not only in Bellendean but in the greater world, which many people must have heard of, without even knowing the people concerned. There rose up suddenly by the side of Mrs Bellendean, at the other end of the company, a tall figure, which stood swaying forward a little, hands resting on the table, looking down upon the astonished faces on either side. At sight of it Mrs Hayward pushed back her chair impatiently, and covered her flushed face with her hands; while every one else looked up in expectation, some amused, all astonished, awaiting some little exhibition on the part of the guileless old soldier. Norman Bellendean turned his face towards his old Colonel with a smile, but yet a little regret. The *vieux moustache*, out of pure goodness of heart and simplicity of mind, was sometimes a little absurd. Probably he was going once again to propose his young friend's health, to give testimony in his favour as a capital fellow. Norman held himself ready to spring up and cover the veteran's retreat, or to take upon himself the inevitable laugh. But he was no more prepared than the rest for what was coming. Colonel Hayward stood for a moment, his outline clear against the window behind him, his face indistinct against that light. He looked down the table, addressing himself to the host at the end,

who half rose to listen, with a face of severe politeness, concealing much annoyance and despite. "The old fool," Mr Bellendean was saying to himself.

"I want to say," said the Colonel, swaying forward, as if he rested on those two hands with which he leant on the table, rather than on his feet, "that a very great event has happened to me here. I came as a stranger, with no thought but to pass a few days, little thinking that I was to find what would affect all my future life. I owe it to the kindness of your house, Mr Bellendean, and all I see about me, to tell you what has happened. Her name is on all your lips," he said, looking round him with the natural eloquence of an emotion which, now that the spectators were used to this strange occurrence, could be seen in the quiver of his lips and the moisture in his eyes. "It is a name that has long been full of sweetness but also of pain to me. Now I hope it will be sweetness only. Joyce—my kind friends, that have

been so good to her when I knew nothing—nothing! How can I thank you and this dear lady—this dear lady here! Joyce—belongs to me. Joyce—is Joyce Hayward. She is my daughter. She is my—my only child."

Close upon this word sounded one subdued but most audible sob from the other end of the table. It was from Mrs Hayward, who could contain herself no longer. That, at least, might have been spared her—that the girl was his only child. She pushed back her chair and rose up, making a hurried movement towards the door; but fortunately Mrs Bellendean had divined and frustrated her, and in the universal stir of chairs and hum of wondering voices, Mrs Hayward's action passed unnoticed, or almost unnoticed. And she escaped while the others all gathered round the Colonel, all speaking together, congratulating, wondering. These were moments when he was very able to act for himself, and did not think at all what Elizabeth would say.

CHAPTER XII.

After Peter had got his dinner and had gone out again to his work, a silence fell upon the two who were left behind in the cottage. They had breathed no word, nor even exchanged a glance that could have awakened his suspicions—which was easy enough, for he had no suspicions. And they had avoided each other's eyes: they had talked of nothing that contained any reference to the subject of which their hearts were full. And when they were left alone, they still said nothing to each other. Janet would have no help from Joyce in the "redding up." "Na, na," she said; "go

away to your reading, or sew at some of your bonnie dies. This is nae wark for you."

"Granny, I am going to help you as I have always done."

"This is nae wark for you: and I'll no' let you touch it," said the old woman, with a sudden stamp of her foot on the ground. "I'll no' let you touch it! do ye hear me, Joyce? As long as you are here, you sall just do what I say."

The girl retreated, almost overawed by the passion in the old woman's eyes; and then there was silence in the cottage, broken only by the sound of Janet's move-

ments, as she cleared away everything, and moved about with her quick short step from one place to another. Joyce sat down beside the writing-table, which was her own especial domain, and the quietness of impassioned suspense fell upon the little house. The scent of the mignonette still came in through the window from the little garden behind; but the door was shut, that no cheerful interruption, no passing neighbour with friendly salutations, pausing for a minute's gossip, might disturb the breathless silence. They both expected—but knew not what: whether some fairy chariot to carry Joyce away, some long-lost relatives hurrying to take her to their arms, or some one merely coming to reveal to them who she was,—to tell her that she belonged to some great house, and was the child of some injured princess. Strangely enough, neither of them suspected the real state of affairs. Janet divined that Mrs Hayward had something to do with it, but Joyce had not even seen Mrs Hayward; and the Colonel was to her an old friend who had known and probably loved her mother—but no more. Thus they waited, not saying a word, devoured by a silent excitement, listening for some one coming, imagining steps that stopped at the door, and carriage-wheels that never came any nearer, but not communicating to each other what they thought. When Janet's clearing away was over, she still found things to do to keep her in movement. On ordinary occasions, when the work was done, she would sit down in the big chair by the window with the door open (it was natural that the door should be open at all seasons), and take up the big blue-worsted stocking which she was always

knitting for Peter. And if Joyce was busy, Janet would nod to her friends as they passed, and point with her thumb over her shoulder to show the need of quiet, which did not hinder a little subdued talk, all the more pleasant for being thus kept in check. "She's aye busy," the passers-by would say, with looks of admiring wonder. "Oh ay, she's aye busy; there was never the like of her for learning. She's just never done," the proud old woman would say, with a pretence at impatience. How proud she had been of all her nursling's wonderful ways! But now Janet could not sit down. She flung her stocking into a corner when she saw it. She could not bear to see or speak to any one: the vicinity of other people was of itself an offence to her. If only she could quench with the sound of her steps those of the messenger of fate who was coming; if only she could keep him out for ever, and defend the treasure in her house behind that closed door!

The same suppressed fever of suspense was in Joyce's mind, but in a different sense. With her all was impatience and longing. When would they come? though she knew not whom or what she looked for. When would this silence of fate be broken? The loud ticking of the clock filled the little house with a sound quite out of proportion to its importance, beating out the little lives of men with a methodical slow regularity, every minute taking so long; and the quick short steps of her old guardian never coming to an end, still bustling about when Joyce knew there was no longer anything to do, provoked her almost beyond bearing. So long as this went on, how could she hear *them* coming to the door?

They both started violently when

at last there fell a sharp stroke, as of the end of a whip, on the closed door. It came as suddenly, and, to their exaggerated fancy, as solemnly, as the very stroke of fate: but it was only a footman from Bellendean, on horseback, with a note, which he almost flung at Janet as she opened the door, stopping Joyce, who sprang forward to do it. "Na, you'll never open to a flunkey," cried the old woman, with a sort of desperation in her tone, pushing back the girl, whose cheeks she could see were flaming and her eyes blazing. Janet would not give up the note till she had hunted for her spectacles and put them on, and turned it over in her hand. "Oh ay, it's to you after a'," she said; "I might have kent that,—and no a very ceevil direction. 'Miss Joyce,' nothing but Miss Joyce: and it's nae name when you come to think on't—no' like Marg'et or Mary. It's as if it was your last name."

"Granny," said Joyce, in great excitement, "we are to go to the House immediately, to see Mrs Bellendean."

"We — are to gang? Gang then," said Janet; "naeboddy keeps ye. So far as I can judge, what with one call and another, you're there 'maist every day."

"But never, never on such a day as this! And you are to come too. Granny, I'll get you your shawl and your bonnet."

"Bide a moment. What for are ye in such a hurry? I'm no' at Mrs Bellendean's beck and call, to go and come as she pleases. You can go yoursel', as you've done many a time before."

"Granny," cried Joyce, putting her arm, though the old woman resisted, round Janet's shoulders, "you'll not refuse me? Think what it may be,—to hear about my

mother—and who I am—and whom I belong to."

"Ay," said Janet, bitterly; "to hear when you're to drive away in your grand carridge, and leave the house that's aye been your shelter desolate; to fix the moment when them that have been father and mother to ye are to be but twa puir servant-bodies, and belang to ye nae mair!"

"Granny!" cried Joyce, in consternation, drawing Janet's face towards her, stooping over the little resisting figure.

"Dinna put your airs about me. Do you ken what I'll be for you the morn?—your auld nurse—a puir auld body that will be nothing to you. Oh, and that's maybe just what should be for a leddy like you. You were aye a leddy from the beginning, and I might have kent if my een hadna been blinded. I aye said to Peter, 'Haud a loose grip,' but, eh! I never took it to mysel'."

"Granny," cried Joyce, "do you think if the Queen herself were my mother,—if I were the Princess Royal, and everything at my beck and call,—do you think I could ever forsake *you*?"

"Oh, how do I ken?" cried Janet, still resisting the soft compulsion which was in Joyce's arms; "and how can I tell what ye will be let do? You will no' be your ain mistress as ye have been here. Ye will have to conform to other folks' ways. Ye will have to do what's becoming to your rank and your place in the world. If ye think that an auld wife in Bellendean village and an auld ploughman on the laird's farm will be let come near ye——"

"Granny, granny!" cried Joyce, as Janet's voice, overcome by her own argument, sank into an inarticulate murmur broken by sobs, —"granny, granny! what have I

done to make you think I have no heart?—and to give me up, and refuse to stand by me even before there's a thing proved."

"Me!—refuse to stand by ye?"

"That is just what you are doing—or at least it is what you are saying you will do; but as you never did an unkind thing in your life——"

"Oh, many a one, many a one," cried the old woman. "I've just an unregenerate heart—but no' to my ain."

"As you never did an unkind thing in your life," cried Joyce, out of breath, for she had hurried in the meantime to the aumry—the great oak cupboard which filled one side of the room—and made a rapid raid therein. "I have brought you your bonnet and your shawl."

She proceeded to fold the big Paisley shawl as Janet wore it, with a large point descending to the hem of the old woman's gown, and to put it round her shoulders. And then the large black satin bonnet, like the hood of a small carriage, was tied over Janet's cap. It is true she wore only the cotton gown, her everyday garment, but the heavy folds of the shawl almost covered it, and Janet was thus equipped for any grandeur that might happen, and very well dressed in her own acceptance of the word. When these solemn garments were produced she struggled no more.

But though the ice was partially broken, there was very little said between them as they went up the avenue. Joyce's heart went bounding before her, forestalling the disclosure, making a hundred mad suggestions. She forgot all the circumstances, — where she was going, and even the unwilling companion by her side, who plodded along, scarcely able to keep up with her, her face altogether in-

visible within the shadow of the black satin bonnet, which stooped forward like the head of some curious uncouth flower. Poor old Janet! the girl's head was full of a romance more thrilling than any romance she had ever read; but Janet's was tragedy, far deeper, sounding every depth of despair, rising to every height of self-abnegation. And Peter! poor old Peter, who had no suspicion of anything, whom she had always adjured to keep a loose grip, and to whom "the bit lassie" was as the light of his eyes. Not only her own desolation, but his also, Janet would have to bear. She had no heart to speak, but plodded along, scarcely even seeing Joyce by her side, ruminating heavily, turning over everything in her mind, with her eyes fixed upon the ground under the shadow of the black bonnet. "Oh, haud a loose grip!" she had said it to Peter, but she had not laid her own advice to heart.

There were two or three servants in the hall when Joyce went up the steps, carrying, against her will, the old woman with her, who would fain have stolen round to the servants' entrance as "mair becoming." And the butler and the footman looked very important, and were strangely respectful, having heard Colonel Hayward's oration, or such echo of it as had been wafted to the servants' hall. "This way, this way, Miss Joyce," the butler said, with a little emphasis, though he had known her all his life, and seldom used such extreme civility of address. "This way, Janet." They were taken across the hall, where Janet, roused and wondering, saw visions of other people glancing eagerly at Joyce, and at her own little figure, stiff as if under mail in the panoply of that great shawl—to Mrs Bellen-

dean's room. There a little party of agitated people were gathered together. Mrs Hayward seated very square, with her feet firm on the carpet: Mrs Bellendean leaning over her writing-table, with a very nervous look: the Colonel standing against the big window, which exaggerated his outline, but made his features undiscernible. Janet made them a sort of curtsey as she went in, but held her head high, rather defiant than humble. For why should she be humble, she who had all the right on her side, and who owed nobody anything? It was they who should be humble to her if they were going to take away her child. But she could not but say the gentleman was very civil. He put out a chair for her. As she said afterwards, not the little cane one that Mr Brown, the butler, thought good enough, but a muckle soft easy-chair, a' springs and cushions, like the one his wife was sitting in. He didna seem to think that was ower good for the like of her. Joyce did not sit down at all. She stood with her hand upon Mrs Bellendean's table, looking into the agitated face of the lady to whom she had always looked up as her best friend.

"You have got something to tell me?" said Joyce, her voice trembling a little. "About my mother—about my—people?"

"Yes, Joyce."

The girl said nothing more. She did not so much as look at Mrs Hayward, who sat nervously still, not making a movement. Joyce supported herself upon the back of the writing-table, which had a range of little drawers and pigeon-holes. She stood up, straight and tall, the flexible lines of her slim figure swaying a little, her hands clasped upon the upper ledge. Her hands were not, perhaps, very

white in comparison with the hands of the young ladies who did nothing; but, coming out of her dark dress, which had no ornament of any kind, these hands clasped together looked like ivory or mother-of-pearl, and seemed to give out light. And then there was an interval of tremulous silence. Old Janet, watching them all with the keenest scrutiny, said to herself, "Will nobody speak?"

"Joyce," Mrs Bellendean said at last, with a trembling voice, "it will be a great, great change for you. You are a wise, good girl; you will not let it alter you to those who—deserve all your gratitude. My dear, it is a wonderful thing to think of. I can but think the hand of Heaven is in it." Here the poor lady, who had been speaking in slow and laboured tones, struggling against her emotion, became almost inaudible, and stopped, while old Janet, wringing her hands, cried out without knowing she did so, "Oh, will naebody put us out o' our agony? Oh, will naebody tell us the truth?"

The Colonel made a step forward, then went back again. His child, his dead wife's child, filled him with awe. The thought of going up to her, taking her into his arms, which would have been the natural thing which he had meant to do, appalled him as he stood and looked at her, a young lady whom he did not know. What would she say or think? There had been nothing to lead up to it, as there was when he had met her in the morning, and when his heart had gone forth to her. Now anxiety and a sort of alarm mingled with his emotion. What would she think? his daughter—and yet a young lady whom he did not know? "Elizabeth?" he said tremulously, but he could say no more.

"Young lady," said another voice behind, with a touch of impatience in it,—*Joyce*: it appears I must tell, though I have never seen you before."

Joyce had all but turned her back upon this lady, who, she thought, could have nothing to do with her. She turned round with a little start, and fixed her eyes upon the new speaker. It was curious that a stranger should tell her—one who had nothing to do with it. The little woman rose up, not a distinguished figure, looking commonplace to the girl's excited eyes, who felt almost impatient, annoyed by this interference. "*Joyce*," Mrs Hayward repeated again, "we don't even know each other, but we shall have a great deal to do with each other, and I hope—I hope we shall get on. Your poor mother—was Colonel Hayward's first wife before he married me. He is not to blame, for he never knew. *Joyce*—your name is *Joyce* Hayward. You are my husband's daughter. Your father stands there. I don't know why he doesn't come forward. He is the best man that ever was born. You will love him when you know—— I don't know why he doesn't come forward," cried his wife, in great agitation. She made herself a sudden stop, caught *Joyce* by the arm, and raising herself on tiptoe gave the girl a quick kiss on the cheek. "I am your step-mother, and I hope—I hope that we will get on."

Joyce stood like a figure turned to stone. She felt the world whirling round her as if she were coming down, down, some wonderful fall, too giddy and sickening to estimate. The colour and the eagerness went out of her face. She took no notice of Mrs Hayward, whose interference at this

strange moment she did not seem to understand, although she understood clearly all that she said. Her eyes were fixed, staring at the man there against the window, who was her father. Her father! Her heart had been very soft to him this morning, when she believed he was her mother's friend: but her father!—this was not how she had figured her father. He stood against the light, his outline all wavering and trembling, making a hesitating step towards her, then stopping again. Colonel Hayward was more agitated than words could say. Oh, if he had but taken her in his arms in the morning when his heart was full! She stood before him now, knowing the truth, and yet she was no longer real to him. "*Henry!*" cried his wife sharply from the background. He came forward, but not as he would have done to meet either a friend or an enemy—slowly, faltering, not knowing what to say. When he had come close to her, he put out his hands. "*Joyce!* you are your mother over again; have you—have you nothing—to say to me?"

"Sir," said *Joyce*, making no advance, "my mother—must have had much to complain of—from you."

His hands, which he had held out, with a quiver in them, fell to his sides. "Much to complain of," he said, with a tremulous astonishment; "much—to complain of!"

A murmur of voices sounded in *Joyce's* ears; they sounded like the hum of the bees, or anything else inarticulate, with mingled tones of remonstrance, anger, entreaty: even old Janet's quavering voice joined in. To hear the girl defying a gentleman, the Captain's Colonel, a grand soldier officer, took away the old woman's breath.

"You left her to die," cried Joyce, her soft voice fierce in excitement, "all alone in a strange place. Why was she alone at such a time, when she had a husband to care for her? You left her to die—and never asked after her for twenty years: never asked—till her child was a grown-up woman with other—other parents, and another home—of her own."

"Oh, dinna speak to the gentleman like that!" cried old Janet, getting up with difficulty from her easy-chair. "Oh Joyce, Joyce!" cried Mrs Bellendean. Mrs Hayward said nothing, but she came up to the indignant young figure in the centre of this group, and laid an imperative hand upon her arm. Joyce shook it off. She did not know what she was doing. An immense disappointment, horror, anger with fate and all about her, surged up in her heart, and gave force to the passion of indignant feeling of which, amid all her thinkings on the subject, she had

never been conscious before. She turned away from the three women who surrounded her, each remonstrating in her way, and confronted once more the man—the father—whose great fault perhaps was that he was not the father whom the excited girl looked for, and that the disillusion was more than she could bear.

Colonel Hayward came to himself a little as he looked at her, and recovered some spirit. "I don't blame you," he said, "for thinking so. No, Elizabeth, don't blame her. I was in India. Short of deserting, I couldn't get home."

"Why didn't you desert, then," cried the girl in a flush of nervous passion, "rather than let her die?" Then she turned round upon Janet, who stood behind, burdened with her great shawl, and threw herself upon the old woman's shoulder. "Oh granny, granny, take me home, take me home again! for I have nothing to do here, nor among these strange folk," she cried.

THE HITTITES.

ONCE upon a time, many centuries ago—perhaps five thousand years or more—there dwelt in Central Asia a great Tatar people, whose migrations extended gradually westwards and southwards to the Caspian and to the highlands beyond it. They belonged to that ancient Altaic race which spread on the east towards China, on the north-west to Finland; which peopled Italy with Etruscan and other tribes; which formed the Pelasgian stock in Greece; and which spread to France and to Spain as Basques and Iberians. The tribes with which we are immediately concerned descended southwards from the neighbourhood of Ararat, and peopled Mesopotamia, where they mingled with a Semitic race of nomads who were finding their way from the Arabian deserts to the richer lands watered by the Tigris and the Euphrates. Others of these tribes, crossing the great western river, or penetrating into the Taurus range, peopled Asia Minor and Syria, and were known as Hittites, or to the Semitic people as Canaanites, or dwellers in the “lowlands” of Palestine.

Of the rude condition of the earliest of these hordes, which, as the Mongols, the Turks, and the Hunns (all descended from the same original stock), afterwards spread over the same regions of Asia and of Europe, we may still gather something from the earliest forms of their language.

In personal appearance these Tatar tribes were not very attractive. A sturdy thick-set figure, a large head, a face with short nose and high cheek-bones, the eyes oblique, as among the Chinese, the mouth never graced by

a thick beard, but either hairless or with a thin straggling moustache, the complexion yellowish, the hair and eyes black, and at the back of the half-shaven head a pigtail, sometimes curled up, sometimes hanging down,—these were the chief characteristic features of this indomitable stock. In the south, under the hot and trying climate of the Euphrates valley, the race seems to have fined down, and slender figures are represented on Akkadian sculptures; but among the Etruscans and in Asia Minor the type resembled rather that of the sturdy Turkish peasantry of our own times, who in Smyrna, and even in Constantinople, preserve a much greater proportion of the Mongolian type of physiognomy than is always recognised,—our idea of a Turk being usually taken from the upper class, which is never of pure Turanian blood.

The monuments show us also the dress of these Tatar tribes. Thus, while the earliest robes seem to have been of goatskin or other hides (a kind of dress which is said afterwards to have become sacred, and in which the gods are shown to be robed), at a later period woven stuffs were worn by both sexes. In the north, no doubt, the skins of animals slain in the chase, or of domestic beasts, formed naturally the first protection from the cold. The lion-skin of Hercules is the robe also of early Altaic heroes or gods; but in Cappadocia we have statues representing female figures in long garments of many pleats and folds, the head crowned by a cylindrical bonnet not unlike that still peculiar to the Christian women of Bethlehem.

In these same sculptures the male figures wear a short jerkin or tunic tight to the figure. On their heads appears a conical cap or tiara like that still worn by certain Dervish sects. The sturdy legs of these heroes are bare, but on their feet they have a boot with curled-up toes, like the Turkish slipper or the riding-boot of the Kurdish and Arab horseman. Gloves for the hand, fingerless, but with a thumb, are also thought to have been worn.

The chiefs—who perhaps alone wore the tiara, which was not unlike the well-known crown of Upper Egypt—were also decked with long robes. The curly-toed boot—also known among the Etruscans—so struck the Egyptians that it has been shown on monuments at Karnak which represent the Hittites, as distinctive of the conquered warriors of northern Syria.

The tribes appear very early to have domesticated the ox, the sheep, the goat, and the dog, and used the ass—probably in times of peace—and the horse, which drew their chariots of war. They were, however, not simply a nomadic people. Very early they began to grow corn and to build houses and towns. The camel also they probably knew before descending into Mesopotamia. How soon they constructed chariots of war it is difficult to say, but it was from the east that the Egyptians (before 1600 B.C.) obtained both horse and chariot. The bow, the spear, the short knife-like sword, the buckler, the club—probably also the sling, and certainly the two-headed battle-axe—were the weapons used in war. The axe appears almost of the same form in Cappadocia and in Etruria.

They were mighty hunters also, and warred against the bear, the

wolf, and the lion (which they called the "big dog"): the tiger also—contrary to popular ideas as to its habitat—they may have found in Ararat and in the Caucasus, as well as in Hyrcania, south of the Caspian, and in the Hindu Kush. They distinguished many species of deer, and hunted the formidable bison of Western Asia (*Bos primigenius*). It is not known if they were fox-hunters; and it is even possible, judging from modern custom, that they may have eaten an animal which civilisation gives to the hounds.

The earliest habitations of these Mongolian tribes appear to have been caves, or rude cottages made by an earthen mound piled over a few large stones arranged dolmen-wise. No doubt they used wood when wood was to be found, but the old Altaic word for a house is said to mean a "hole" and a "mound" as well.

They came from the land of darkness, from that mysterious country of night, which so occupied the imagination of the Asiatics of the middle ages, who penetrated towards the north. There are many legends of this land of "peltry,"—skins and furs; of the long nights, and the voices of the unseen inhabitants with whom the traders conducted a silent traffic; of the dreadful winters, and of the seas of sand or of pebbles lapping like the waves of the ocean. Long after the Altaic tribes had descended into semi-tropical regions, they preserved traditions of their northern home; they still felt the fear of that darkness which accompanied the miseries of the time of snow, and told wonderful legends of the great winter in which all but the righteous few were destroyed; and of the birds who, flying from the south, announced the glad tidings

of the return of spring. This legend of the herald birds is one of the most widely spread and most easily understood of Asiatic myths. We can see at a glance why the white stork, on his way to the northern marshes, is regarded as a bird of good omen; why the swallow in Babylonia was the herald of good tidings; why the sad voices of the cranes flying south portended to the nymphs the approach of the Greek deluge. To watch the flight of birds from the south or the north was one of the earliest of human efforts to divine the coming seasons long before a calendar existed.

The religion—if religion it can be called—of these early migrants, was indeed primitive and child-like. Fear and hope, sorrow and joy, lay at its roots, and ignorance of all natural phenomena was the motive of blind attempts to deprecate the wrath or to secure the favour of the countless spiritual beings wherewith man saw himself surrounded. The sky to the Altaic shepherds was not an expanse of atmosphere, but an adamant dome with windows, through which were let down the great bags or barrels containing the rain. The earth, an inverted cup, floated on the ocean under this dome, and in the horizon mountains there were 180 holes or doors towards the east, and an equal number towards the west, through which the sun came forth from the under world, or again descended thereto, soaring during the day as a great bird across the sky. The earth itself was a goddess, the mother of all. The gloomy regions beneath the world were full of feathered ghosts, which beat their wings against the walls of their prison-house, and fed in the darkness—only lighted by the red-hot orb as it passed

through the city of the dead at night—upon mire and clay; while the dust lay thick on the rusty gates, and the terrible king of hell, with his lion-headed consort, devoured the bodies of the wicked. From another point of view, this region was called “the land of no life,” or “the country where there is no movement.” The entrance was sometimes thought to lie in the ocean, and through it ran the river over which the dead must pass, and beside which the infernal deities found the ghosts, as it were, of those propitiatory offerings which friends of the dead had buried or burned with the corpse. Among the reeds of its banks the ghosts wandered; but the righteous were led to a place of repose where they were safe from the demons, beside the stream of the water of life, guarded by the goddess of the nether world. This is no fancy picture of early beliefs, for every touch may be verified from existing records.

The greatest, wisest, most just, and most merciful of the gods was the supreme deity of heaven and of the ocean. The old name which he bore is said to mean “the House” or “the House of Water,” and he was the spirit of the great temple, the floor of which was the firmament, and dwelt also beneath the waves of the ocean. He was represented with bull’s horns to signify his power, and held the great snake wherewith he lashed the waves of the sea into fury. Seated on his throne in the depths, he is shown as the judge of the wicked soul in a form half bird, half man, condemning the ghost to the prison-house beneath the earth. He also appears guiding the souls of the pious beneath the ocean to some abode of rest and peace. The power of this great spirit of heaven and ocean seems to have

been regarded as supreme over gods and demons alike.

The "three lords of justice," who also formed the principal objects of worship, were the fire, the water, and the sun. Fire the Altaic tribes had learned to produce with the fire-drill, and to hold so sacred that the fire-drill itself was a deity, or the emblem of a god. The hymns to fire are numerous among the Akkadians; and the brightness, the devouring might, the warmth, and life-giving power of the fire, are constantly celebrated. It appears that iron was never allowed to approach the flame—the fire was not to be stirred with a sword, and presumably all the pokers were of wood. This superstition, which is very widely spread still among the Tatars, and which is said to have been a Pythagorean maxim, seems to have been based either on the fear of killing a beneficent creature in the flame, or of exciting the wrath of the fire-spirit by wounding it with the sword. Curiously enough, the later Jews had a similar belief, and forbade the approach of iron to the altar fire. The fire was a purifier not only of metals, but even of human beings. It was pacified by offerings of infants burnt alive, or of captives cast into the furnace. Probably, as among the rude tribes of the west, diseased flocks were also driven through the fire, as in the case of the Needfire of German tribes. The ancient custom of ordeal by fire, common to all Asiatics, was no doubt based on this same belief in the justice of the god of flame. There is, moreover, conclusive evidence that at the earliest times many, if not all, the Altaic tribes burned their dead, and offered slaves, wives, horses, and other property of the dead chief, upon his funeral pyre—a

wholesale suttee, of which traces still remain to the present age in China, in India, and elsewhere. The death-horse, on which the ghost was conducted by the terrible Charon of the Etruscans, may perhaps have been the ghost of his own horse so burned with his body. In one representation the goddess of hell rides on such a horse in her boat on the infernal river, and the death-horse is well known in European folk-lore.

Not less sacred than fire was water to the Altaic tribes. As the source of life, in streams, in dew, in rain, and in the springs, it was adored and propitiated. The brightness, the movement, the power, and the life-giving properties of the water, caused it to be regarded as itself alive. The only cure for sickness seems to have been to sprinkle with magic water. The only cure for death was the water of life. The temple god presided over the waters, and the moon was closely connected with water in the popular belief. Whether the difficulty which puzzled the later Zoroastrians had yet been discussed does not appear. The latter could not understand how, if water was so pure, so good, and so holy, water might yet compass the death of men by drowning; and how fire, also being so good, could also slay. It was explained by the learned that these evils were due, not to the water nor to the fire, but to independent demons who lurked in or beside the sacred elements. Probably in this early age the puzzle was solved in a simpler manner by supposing that the spirits of water and of fire might slay the offender, while extending their grace to the pious.

The third "lord of justice" was the sun, regarded as a being controlled by the power of a yet greater deity, taught to pursue an

unerring path or condemned by endless journeys to labour for man, and to fight his battle against the countless monsters of night, of winter, and of storm. By some he was thought to be a great bird, and was therefore represented, like the Persian Rukh, soaring in heaven, or with his wings cut flapping helpless in the forest by night; by some he was regarded as a hare springing from its form in the east, and coursing over the sky in a day; by some as an armed warrior, called the "Friend of Man," standing with fiery weapons on the Eastern mountain, before whose face the demons of shadow and of cold fled away.

The sun was also called the son of the heaven-god, and represented as an infant new-born in spring; in summer as the hero who slays monsters and wanders over the earth; in winter as the aged, feeble, and persecuted monarch, driven from his throne and slain by his foes, or devoured by monsters. The gradual change of his place of rising was watched with anxiety from the remote days when pointer-stones were set up to mark his furthest deviation north or south; and when it was recognised that the return of summer was presaged by a return northwards of the point of sunrise, annual rejoicings accompanied the reports from these rude and early observatories (cromlechs as we call them in the West), telling that the limit of southern deviation had been reached, and that the sun again, as in former years, was beginning to rise further towards the north.

Not less anxiously, night by night, must the shepherd have watched for the first brightening of the light of dawn. The fire having gone out, the moon having set, the chill of the early morn stiffening his limbs, the terror of

darkness—so much feared by all savages—in his heart, he turned his eyes to the east where the first dim whitening of the sky might be watched. The great aurora, which has become so famous a figure in Aryan poetry, was likened by the Egyptians, just as it still is by the Hottentots, to a glorious tree with jewelled boughs growing from the mountain. At the foot of this tree they said the sun was sleeping, and through its radiant branches he climbed up—like Jack up his beanstalk—to the heavens. In Chaldea they called it the "tree of light" and the "tree of Asshur." Horus is represented in Egypt climbing this tree; and the Chinese preserve the same idea, as their emblem for light was the sun on the tree-top, and for darkness the sun under the tree. Down to the middle ages this emblem of the tree of light was still a feature of popular belief. They said in the time of Alexander that the hero went eastwards till he came to the tree in which the Phœnix (the sun-eagle) sat, and there learned his fate. This "tree-like one" is one of the Hottentot gods; and probably the emblem is much older than that with which we are familiar in classic myths, which represents the rosy maiden preceding the chariot of the sun.

The counterpart to this eastern tree was the sunset tree of the Paradise in the west—the land of Cockayne, or garden of the Hesperides, which in Chaldea was said to have its entrance by the door in the sea. The appearance of the sunset glow was regarded with feelings opposite to those greeting the dawn. The Egyptians and many other early peoples said that the sun was falling into a furnace, or that his blood was flowing over the sky, or that he climbed down the western tree into the region

of the dead, or burned himself upon a funeral pyre. Thus the western tree was connected with the under world, and in its branches sat the goddess of night and of fate. The idea of these two trees still influences Moslem beliefs concerning the tree of Paradise and the thorny tree of hell; and there is no known system of Asiatic belief from which they are altogether absent.

Next to the long-suffering and friendly sun, the moon was an object of affectionate adoration. They called her sometimes the "lady of the horned face," sometimes the "light of earth," sometimes the "great princess Istar." They believed her to be the lover of the sun, always pursuing him through heaven and hell. The Akkadians told of her visit to the under world when she was shorn of her crown and jewels, and at length (during the dark quarter) disappeared altogether as a prisoner of the infernal goddess. But by the Water of Life—the dew always connected with the moon—she recovered her strength, and came forth again to light the world, her jewels and her crown being one by one restored to her till her full glory was recovered.

The gentle breezes of the summer were not unnaturally thought to come from the sun, who was said by the Akkadians to breathe on the shining waters of the Euphrates; but the tempestuous wind was an unseen demon, whose blows could be felt, but whose form was hid in the dark robe of the storm-cloud. The lightning was the fiery weapon of the sun-god wherewith he smote the storm-dragon, whose bellowing men heard immediately after the stroke—though some said it was the triumphant braying of the swift ass on which the hero was riding.

This bolt of fire—the club of Mithra or of Hercules, the hammer of Thor, the crooked serpent of the Hottentots—was regarded with awe, but yet connected with the idea of an essential fire of life on which all human or animal existence was thought to depend. Not only did the Medes and other Asiatics develop this theory of the essential spark, but it has lately been found that the Egyptians had a similar belief. The water of life and the fire of life were the spirits whom men adored in the rushing stream and the household flame.

Among the most extraordinary pieces of symbolism known to have been used by these early Asiatics was that of the ass-head, as representing a deity. There is no doubt whatever that such an emblem was used among Hittites, Egyptians, and others, in connection with the red god Set or Sut. The same emblem comes down to us in the ass of Dionysus, in the swift ass of Indra, in thousands of popular stories—such as the Donkey Cabbage—and on the gnostic representations found in Syria and in Rome. The wild ass of Asia was, however, a very different animal from the patient donkey of Europe; and the strength, the speed, and the tamelessness of the wild ass, which are celebrated in the Book of Job, are portrayed in most spirited manner on Assyrian sculptures.

Another ancient figure widely reproduced was that of mother earth, represented, like the Indian goddess, pressing streams of milk from her breast, or nursing the infant sun of the spring-time in her arms. In Troy, in Chaldea, in Syria, in Cyprus, in Egypt, mother earth is again and again so represented, though without the beauty of form and of sentiment

which the Greeks afterwards attained in reproducing her divinity.

In honour of these good powers the annual festivals were celebrated with joy or with sorrow. The winter feast of fire celebrated the solstice; the spring and harvest rejoicings and the vintage festival were followed by the mourning for the autumn, when the leaves fell, and the cold, the rain, and the darkness began to reappear. It was perhaps not until the Altaic tribes reached Asia Minor that they began to know the vine and to drink wine, but they must very early have discovered intoxicants like the Aryan *soma*; and the Egyptians drank beer as well as wine. We have a very early sculpture showing the god of wine and of corn—perhaps as old as 1600 B.C. at least—near Tarsus, in Asia Minor. As early, at least, as the time of Herodotus, the Tatar peoples knew how to make the celebrated koumiss drink from mares' milk, and sprinkled libations of koumiss in their temples and houses and tents, and to the four quarters of heaven. Koumiss is said to be the most exquisite of intoxicants, and leaves no "head" next morning. That the Akkadians, however, suffered from headaches, we know from the fact that their magical texts speak of a "splitting headache" accompanying—as it still does—the malarious fevers in the plains of the Euphrates.

The dark side of the Altaic beliefs was represented by the terror of demons, ghosts, vampires, incubi, succubi, and all manner of fiends of the storm, the darkness, the flood, the fever, and of death or the plague. These demons they represented with the heads of tigers or wolves, with tongues hanging out of mouths armed with the fangs of wild beasts. Their bodies

were those of wolves or of cats, their hind-legs had eagles' claws, and their tails were serpents; while two or four wings added to their terrors and to their power. The demon of the hot wind has been found so represented in Chaldea, while according to other texts the demons crept into houses as serpents, or caused the beasts of the field to start and tremble with fear, and flung the callow nestlings from the trees, and lurked in the ruins to leap on men as their prey.

How to defeat demons was the great question of the day. The chief reliance was placed in the goodwill of the "Friend of Man," who chased them away. Magic potions were brewed, just as Zulu chiefs still spend their days in concocting magic broth to be sprinkled on men, on houses, or on cattle. There were also written charms in leather or metal cases, hung to the walls or round the neck—just like those which the Mahdi distributed to his soldiers; and bands of linen with written spells were bound to the limbs or forehead of the sick, driving the demon of disease gradually from the body. Stone-cut texts were built into the walls of houses, or little statues of the gods were buried under the foundations. The diseased flocks were passed through the fire, or one as a sacrifice was cast down a precipice or thrown into the river. The malignant earth-demon was pacified by a human victim to save the new building from the shock of earthquake—supposed to be due to the heaving of the shoulders of the giant below. The knowledge of certain spells or forms of invocation which was kept as a secret by the wizards or priests, was a most powerful means of counter-acting evil. Witches were hunted

out, as they still are in Africa, and were believed able to torment the living by torturing a presentment in wax or clay, so long as something belonging to the victim—a nail, a hair, or a rag of clothing—could be incorporated into the image, into which needles were stuck, or which was roasted slowly by the fire. Such beliefs, known from an early time in Asia, survived in Europe to a very late period, and still survive in the East. It is most instructive to find among all such early tribes that death was never regarded as the natural end of life—as the withering of the flower or decay of the tree—but as a direct murderous interference on the part of malignant power with the immortal life on earth which man believed himself capable of enjoying. Old age and grey hair, sickness and sorrow, were not the natural lot but the misfortunes of man, due to the opposing influence of demons.

The result of the incantations on the demons was remarkable. The inscribed pillar confronted them at the house door, and they had to lie in wait outside; but the spells of the priests diverted their rage against one another, and they are represented ramping up and tearing one another,—"fleeing away struggling," as one charm preserved in cuneiform tells us. Rude as such conceptions may appear, they still formed an important part of popular religion in Europe late even in the middle ages.

The earliest temples of the Altaic tribes, like those of our own Druids, were open-air circles of stones, with a central standing-stone supposed to be haunted by the deity. Over it libations of oil, of water, of wine, of koumiss, of blood, were poured; before it, or on it, flowers, fruits, berries,

and other such gifts were placed. Within the circle a man might leave unharmed his most valuable property under the protection of the god. Near it the dolmen, or stone table, formed an altar, on which human or animal victims were offered. The magic circle, the cup hollow with its surrounding rings, used by all Asiatics alike, were connected with rites of purification by sprinklings of dew, of water, or of milk. On the dolmen-stones the sick were laid, as they still are on inscribed talisman-stones in Syria; and through the dolmens they crawled or were dragged, in hope of speedy cure.

One of the most curious of Asiatic superstitions—that of the Dead's Door—was connected with this rite of "passing through." In Persia, in China, and not less in medieval Europe, it was thought of evil omen that the dead should pass out through the same door as the living. A hole was broken in the wall, through which the corpse was taken out; or even at a later time a special door—high up from the ground—was made for the same purpose. It is believed that the western superstition as to "closing the door" on a corpse has the same derivation, and the Dead's Doors may still be seen in Northern Italy.

From the religion of these ancient tribes we may perhaps gather most light as to their civilization; but some of their social customs are equally curious and instructive, especially that of the *couvade*, as it is called in France—the custom of putting the *father* of a new-born child into bed, carefully tending him and feeding him on special diet for some time, until the baby begins to grow strong. This extraordinary, and to our ideas unnatural custom, is com-

mon to various Altaic peoples. In France among the Basques, in Spain among Iberians, in Corsica, in Asia Minor, in Borneo, in Siberia, in Greenland, in Africa, America, and in the Indian Archipelago alike, this custom exists, or has existed. Marco Polo mentions it in China; Apollonius Rhodius in Pontus. Perhaps it may be due to a belief in some mysterious sympathy between the father and the child, the health of the infant being supposed to depend on that of its sire. The mother appears to receive little attention from the Turanian peoples among whom this strange custom prevails.

The laws of the Altaic tribes in Chaldea are only known to us by a few Akkadian fragments. Their punishments, including drowning and mutilation, walling up alive, and tearing off the nails, show us how savage they were, even in days when they could write and trade, and had some knowledge of art. They had slaves also who were recognised as having some human rights, for a master was bound to maintain his slave if he had injured him by violence. The position of women was more independent and important than we might have thought likely; but the jealous seclusion of the sex practised by Semitic peoples seems always to have been unknown to Altaic races.

The practice of divining was an important branch of priestly knowledge: divining by gems, by arrows, by sticks thrown into the air, by the flight of birds, by the bones of cocks slain as sacrifices (as is still the case in Burmah)—in short, every sort of consecrated gambling and choice of action by "tossing up." No general would have expected success if he led out his army against the advice of the wizard. Long lists of rules were

drawn up, including such an omen as a dog straying into the temple, and some of these lists have come down to us in cuneiform to the present day. Herodotus tells us how the Scythians divined by twigs, and Buddhist or Nestorian priests alike continue the practice to the present day.

The language and the writing of the Altaic peoples were, like themselves, extremely primitive. Picture-writing—like that of bushmen, or of the cavemen in Europe—had passed into a further hieroglyphic stage, in which pronouns and other parts of speech were represented by emblems, and in which the plural was shown, as in Egypt, by the simple device of a series of strokes after the noun. Language, in like manner, had developed from mere monosyllabic sounds to the agglutinative stage—still traceable even in English—where other syllables are added to show the relations of the various root-sounds to each other; but even to our own times the Altaic peoples have not advanced any further. Their languages have not become inflexional like those of Aryan or Semitic peoples, and they have never invented, consequently, an alphabet to supersede their clumsy hieroglyphics or syllabaries, which, with time, have only grown clumsier and more complicated. A Chinese at twenty-one has not attained that mastery over his language which an Aryan child may attain at the age of five.

The arts were represented among the Altaic tribes of Western Asia not only by writing and sculpture, but very early by metallurgical discoveries. Not less than 3000 years B.C. the Akkadians had not only learned to smelt iron, to extract copper, lead, and tin from the ore, to use gold and silver and alloys like electrum in barter, but

they even knew how to make bronze and brass. They wrought beautiful vases, bowls, and bas-reliefs in *repoussée* work in all metals; they plated their chariots with silver; they made statues with heads of gold; they carved wood and alabaster, and engraved on their signets groups representing the gods, or commemorating the myths already noticed. Many precious stones—the ruby, diamond, turquoise, and others—were known to them by distinct names; and their temples were rich with crusteal metal, like the houses of kings which Homer describes.

Such then was the civilisation of the Turanian tribes of Western Asia before the family of Abraham crossed the Euphrates, and entered a land fully peopled with their tribes, whose names—Hittites, Amalekites, Philistines, and the rest—are preserved for us in the Bible. Such were the Canaanites whom Joshua drove out before him. Such were the Hittite princes whose daughters Rameses and Solomon alike married, and whose trade with Egypt is not only mentioned in the Bible, but is also known almost as early as the time of Moses to have been regulated by a treaty written on a silver tablet, the account of which is still preserved in a famous papyrus.

But it came to pass, in process of time, that the prosperity of this great race declined. The Babylonians drove them from Chaldea, or lorded it over their surviving members. The Assyrians defeated them at Carchemish and in Syria. The Hebrews almost extirpated them in Palestine. The Romans conquered them in Italy, the Gauls in France. The civilisation which they founded was adopted by Babylonians and Greeks and Latins, and by many later races, and their

very existence was forgotten, and their language unknown to have been ever spoken beyond the regions of Central and Eastern Asia.

But they left behind them written records to prove their descent, their race, their wealth and power, their beliefs and hopes and fears. The present century has seen the recovery of these records, cut in basalt, stamped in clay, carved on stone, engraved on silver; and at last, after thirty centuries, their history begins to be written. In Syria, in Chaldea, in Italy, nay, even in Egypt, the same discovery has been made, and the oldest civilised race claims credit for its own works.

It has taken many years for this result to be attained, and the full understanding is yet incomplete.

In 1812, the great traveller Burckhardt found at Hamath the first of these hieroglyphic texts, hewn in basalt. Then, for nearly three-quarters of a century, nothing more was done. When, however, explorers again lit on Burckhardt's text, and on four others at Hamath, they were at first said to be fanciful ornamental designs; but when this failed to explain them away, a learned man set to work, and studied them for some time upside-down. Then another learned man translated them, and discovered that one (this is a fact) referred to giving permission to see a bull-fight gratis. This was not approved by the rest of the learned, partly because no one ever heard of bull-fights in the East (though the Assyrians had something of the sort), partly because they doubted apparently if admission gratis to a bull-fight was probable. Thus the question went to sleep again, and the learned society most interested turned its attention to printing a paper, in

which a Hebrew scholar raised the question whether a pigeon could ever have flown with one wing. It seems that the Rabbis understood the words, "O that I could fly away and be at rest!" to mean fly with one wing and rest with the other. The author called his paper "Ancient Observation on the Flight of Birds," and sent it to Mr Huxley, whose reply was unfavourable; also to the Vienna Balloon Society, who were less unfavourable (perhaps because balloons fly without any wings). The Vienna Balloon Society said the paper was very interesting.

Meanwhile the Hittite inscriptions remained unread, or at least only read to the satisfaction of each one who proposed a new system. At length, in two different directions, comparisons with known emblems—from Cyprus and from Babylon — were proposed; but, alas! each author was mutually convinced that the other was wrong. It was a case of two sides to the shield; and the fact that the rude clay-sketches derived from the old basalt emblems were very different from the scrawls on limestone, which had the same original forms, was not at first evident. George Smith, who had discovered, at Carchemish, many of these valuable texts, and François Lenormant, who had begun to study the question in earnest, both died too soon. Professor Sayce is the only student of first-class acquirements who has since made much of the matter.

Substantial agreement is, however, at last being slowly attained

on important points. The fact that the hieroglyphics are to be read as syllables, not as an alphabet, that they are of Hittite origin, that the Hittites were an Altaic people, and even that the language is akin to the Akkadian, is beginning to be established. It is established, also, that the names of the gods occur on these hieroglyphic texts, and that some, if not all as yet known, are magical or religious incantations. To discover the meaning of such inscriptions, when the language and the actual meaning of each symbol are alike unknown, by aid of nothing more than a short bilingual of six words, is evidently a task of no little difficulty. But it is not impossible; and if followed on scientific principles, with patience and a mind open to the objections of others, it must in the end yield, as other problems have yielded, to the labour of the student. The Etruscan remains, not less than those of the Akkadians, will serve to throw new light on the subject; and the recent discovery of a common origin for the hieroglyphics of Egypt and of Babylonia shows us that Egyptian also will serve to assist in the interpretation of the Hittite script. The doubtful results of cuneiform research will be controlled by comparisons with many living languages; and so, after centuries of growth, centuries of civilisation, centuries of decay, and long periods of neglect, the old Tatar race of Asia and of Southern Europe begins once more to take its place in the history of the world.

A SKETCH FROM ILFRACOMBE.

GERAINT, "a tributary prince of Devon," ruled a wonderfully picturesque country. And it must have been a very paradise for the venturesome knight-errant who made blows his business, and sought recreation in the chase. The red-deer which still run wild in Exmoor swarmed then in the wilderness of woods and sloughs; while beneath the Earl's Doorm or "the Sparrowhawks" in their "bandit-holds," the combs and the sea-caves offered almost inaccessible retreats to meaner malefactors, who were quite as lawless and scarcely less troublesome. If Geraint, as the Laureate tells us, succeeded in establishing order, it was much to the credit of his chivalrous energy; for many a century afterwards, when myth and fable were only perpetuated in local tradition, these wild districts had an exceptionally evil reputation in our criminal records. Mr Blackmore has written actual chronicles in his strangely fascinating romances; and his pictures of the sensational state of society in the past may be trusted to their most minute details. When even the fierce debatable land lying between Carlisle Castle and Hermitage had been brought into something like tolerable order; when Somersetshire and Devon had their regular forces of train-bands; and just before the Lord Chief-Justice of England held the Bloody Circuit of the West, in all the pomp and circumstance of orderly law-administration,—the Doones had their robber-den on the borders of the two counties. The traces of the Doone settlement are still to be seen on the green banks sloping down to the stream of the Badge-

worthy Glen. It was comparatively nothing that a Tom Faggus should take tolls upon the roads; for at that time the heaths and commons surrounding the metropolis were more unsafe than the tracks on the skirts of Exmoor. But it seems strange that a mere score or so of stalwart ruffians should have laid half-a-dozen of parishes under regular contribution, when those parishes were populated by the men of Somerset and Devon, who have always prided themselves on sturdy manhood. Still more striking, perhaps, was the existence of the colony of naked savages that flourished under the pastoral charge of the redoubtable Parson Chowne, years after Rodney, who gave his Christian name to one of the heroes of the 'Maid of Sker,' had won his victory off Cape St Vincent.

The explanation of historical phenomena which seem at first sight to be romantic extravagances, is to be found on a visit to the north of Devon. It is a district which, as it long kept the law at arm's-length, is likely for many a year to come to bid defiance to the enterprise of railway promoters. No doubt our engineers are not to be baffled, in the days when they are driving their tunnels through the Alps. But it is one thing to spend millions in surmounting physical obstacles on great rival lines of lucrative international traffic, and another to offer reasonable security for returns on the thousands expended in opening up thinly peopled wastes. The coast from the point of Hurland northward and eastward, along the southern shores of the British Channel, is a succession

of lofty hills and bold headlands, divided by the deep and rugged chines or combs that once did a fair stroke of business in smuggling. Here and there a fishing village is struggling by slow degrees into a popular watering-place, but, literally, that is sadly uphill work; for the only approach is by coach or steamer, and railways made at a relatively fabulous cost would have to develop the traffic by which they hoped to thrive. And as the season of tourist travel in the watery west is short, the chances of railways vulgarising these districts is almost as remote as any prospects of dividends to possible shareholders.

Meanwhile, the only exceptions to the general inaccessibility are Watchet and Minehead in Somersetshire, and Ilfracombe in Devon. At Ilfracombe the Great Western still keeps up communications with its Barnstaple terminus by means of brakes; but the South-Western has a station which, like the city in the parable, is set conspicuously on the summit of a hill. That rather peculiar situation of the station is eminently suggestive of the character of the surrounding country. All the roads leading out of Ilfracombe are tremendously against the collar. The very "machines" from the chief hotels to the railway station are horsed either with four-in-hand or with a tandem. For longer stages, though the teams are in good condition, the strain on horse-flesh must be severe, and whipcord is freely expended. And those Devon hills, which you climb under hanging copses and between flowery hedgerows, appear to have no ending. At each gentle winding of the stiff ascent fresh steepes are ever rising before you, until at last you attain the top of some Pisgah which shows a descent towards the

invisible bottom of a valley, with a twin eminence soaring up against the sky-line, to be breasted on the opposite side. The enjoyment of those mountain and moorland drives depends of course on the weather. In wet they are not only wretched enough, but probably the dripping mists shut out such glimpses of the landscape as you might otherwise catch between your neighbours' umbrellas; while the dust-clouds thrown up in a blazing sun beneath the hoofs of the toiling and scrambling horses are a still greater nuisance. So that, on the whole, the voluptuous aesthetic who likes to do his holiday work pleasantly, may be grateful to the spirited South-Western directors for landing him comfortably on the heights overhanging Ilfracombe.

Once arrived there, he will find excellent quarters in the Ilfracombe Hotel. Without going out of my way to give the hotel company an advertisement; without making invidious comparisons with competing establishments of which I know nothing,—I am bound to say that the situation of that hotel is unsurpassed for dreamy noontide siestas and for romantic contemplation after sundown. Rising up a little way from behind a broad and rather lofty esplanade, the hotel is shut in on either side by hills breaking down into black rocks and jagged reefs. Full in front, you look out across the Channel to the dim and distant hills of the Welsh coast. The first evening, when enjoying that view, there was the perfection of summer softness, except that a faint fine-weather haze all through the day had been veiling even objects in the foreground and middle distance. Towards sunset the foreground cleared, though long low banks of purple cloud were loom-

ing heavily on the opposite horizon. And soon afterwards, passing slowly before our eyes, we witnessed the marvellous illusions of a magnificent transformation-scene. Far to the westward, beyond a broad track of molten fire, the sun was sinking into the sea in a lurid globe of glowing orange. To the landward, over Wales, he had left the skies still streaked with bands of flaming orange and crimson. And against those skies with their prismatic lights, taking sharply defined shapes and clean-cut outlines, was an alpine land emerging, in which the Devon hills seemed to be overtopped by the snowy giants of the Swiss Alps. The rounded headlands and black tors standing out below, might have been exact reflections of the scenery behind us. But above there were Mont Blancs, and Matterhorns, and the crests of the Aarhorns and Jungfraus, with their phantom snow-fields gleaming ruddily in the fading lights, and their great glaciers gliding downwards towards the sea, till they were lost among the Devon tors and in the thickening shadows. As if to confound the confusion, ships were sailing in the air, and fishing-craft with their tawny sails were tacking leisurely through the summits of that cloudland. While by way of prosaic bridge, to bring us back from hallucinations to realities, the swarthy steam-screws bound for Cardiff in Bristol were hugging the base of the Capstone Hill so closely, that apparently any one of the promenaders listening to the evening band might have "chucked a biscuit on to the taffereels" of the steamers. For though the Channel widens out between Ilfracombe and Swansea Bay, the deep waterway before the watering-place is generally lively. The

steamers skirt the southern shore to "dodge" the currents and the flow of the sea, which often runs as fast as four and a half or five knots, while there is a difference of some seventy feet between the extremes of the neap and spring tides.

Ilfracombe is most picturesquely situated: the pity is that it is growing like all favourite sea-resorts. The bold curves of its hills are being cut away into fashionable crescents; and terraces are being scarped out upon all the heights commanding the landlocked harbour and the beautiful marine views. Already it contains some 6000 or 7000 inhabitants. After all, it is a mere sprat, in point of size, compared to those interminable sea-snakes of Brighton or Hastings, coiling themselves around many a mile of coast. And on its sea side there are constant facilities for charming and extremely interesting excursions. Far the pleasantest way of approaching it, in fine summer weather, is by steamer from Portishead, which is within a few miles of Bristol—though, according as the tide is on the ebb or the flow, the voyage may last three and a half hours or seven. But with the beauties of the varied panorama which unrolls itself on either shore, a few hours more or less should be of little consequence. First, the steamer stands in for the winding Welsh coast, till you sight the gunboats lying in Cardiff harbour, with the black hulls and the chimneys of the colliers at their moorings. Then, by way of a sudden change, after remarking these gratifying signs of industrial prosperity, we stand across to the bold heights of Somerset. There is Porlock, sheltering in a deep rift among the hills, and Lynton looking down from its rocks upon

Lynmouth, where John Ridd's own Lyn river runs down to the Channel, through the wilderness of feathering woods which darken the depths of its valley. Lynton and Lynmouth are on the outskirts of Exmoor; and thenceforward, till we come to Hartland Point, far to the south-west of Ilfracombe, we are in a country made familiar by romance. Each town, each hamlet, each hill or heath, is associated either with 'Lorna Doone' or with 'Westward Ho!' In the struggle for literary fame in our own times, Kingsley and Blackmore stand conspicuously out from the ranks of the most able and ambitious of our novelists. One and the other have stamped the individuality of their genius on districts so rich in all the materials for romance, that it seems marvellous they had never been wrought before. We are more immediately concerned now with the scenes of 'Westward Ho!' Though in 'Lorna Doone' we are taken incidentally to Ilfracombe, it is only natural to contrast two of our favourite novels. For myself, I give the preference to 'Lorna.' One and the other will bear reading repeatedly—no bad test of real genius and the gifts of vivid dramatic idealisation. The more showy romance of Kingsley may be more fascinating at first, with its glowing narrative and the fire of its rhetorical descriptions. But we feel, on a third or a fourth perusal, that Kingsley is perpetually "piling up the agony." He strikes so shrill a key in the opening chapter, that he is kept continually on the strain to the end of the novel. The painting of his beloved Devon scenery is inimitable, but inevitably he repeats himself there; while, though the brilliant pictures of the tropics, conjured up from his fancy, surpass anything

he afterwards delineated in 'At Last,' from actual observation, they are more fascinating to the inexperienced of youth than in middle age. We are dazzled, and almost blinded, by the flashes of fervid description, which seem to want an occasional touch of sobriety to tone down the glaring stage effects. But in 'Lorna Doone,' though the story is almost laboriously elaborated, in consistency with John Ridd's strong and deliberate nature, the impressions have been so deeply driven home that we are always delighted to revive them.

Be that as it may, with Kingsley as with Blackmore, their novels are associated in a twin immortality with the localities they describe. 'Westward Ho!' with its breezy spirit and its manly tone, has very appropriately given its name to the now famous links, where southern gentlemen, who can no longer seek their excitement on the Spanish main, may exercise themselves indefatigably in the game of golf. Kingsley has done for that back-of-the-world nook of Devon what Scott did for the Border counties and the Scottish Highlands, for Warwickshire, for Cumberland, and the banks of the Tees. Wherever we go, we are wandering among the memories of Kingsley's innumerable Devonshire worthies—from the Hoe of Plymouth, bustling even in Elizabeth's time, to the shingly coves, now encumbered by bathing-machines, that breach the cliff-wall at Ilfracombe. But it is around Bideford, Barnstaple, and Clovelly that he has centred the interest of his romance. There, within a mile or two of Bideford, is Borrough, communicating with the once flourishing seaport by the deeply grooved, Breton-like lanes, overgrown with their luxuriant summer growth of sweet honey-

suckle and dog-roses, along which Amyas used to saunter daily to and from Mr Brimblecombe's school. There are Stow and Portledge, and half-a-score of other places, the seats of the Grenvils, the Coffins, and other long-descended families, who have figured honourably in the history of England, and are still resident in Devon, though for the most part they have transplanted themselves elsewhere. Some of those seats, like Stow, have been demolished, rebuilt, and demolished again. But the natural characteristics of the county have scarcely changed, and nowhere have things altered so little as at Clovelly. It is true that the Carys are gone, but the grounds of Clovelly Court must be much as they used to be; and the fishing village which clings to the face of the cliffs, descending abruptly from the lodge gates to the little harbour, is absolutely unique in England. In fact, cramped between the steep walls of that rocky chasm, it has never had room for expansion. Even now it is some fourteen miles from the nearest railway, and the only roads by which it may be reached come to an abrupt ending at a sylvan corner on the hill overhanging it. By far the most easy means of access are by sea, and the inmates of Clovelly Court can only come at their seaport by scrambling down the ladder-like causeway on foot, or by trusting their necks to a sure-footed pony.

Steamers make frequent excursions from Ilfracombe in the summer. Before the season has fairly set in, these steamers are by no means overcrowded; and assuredly the approach from the Channel is a thing not to be missed. Should a haze chance to be hanging over the shore, the village is hardly to be discovered till you are close

upon it. For the grey roofs are scarcely distinguishable from the hanging woods which thickly clothe the sides of thecombe. Then the haze has been thickened by the spiral threads of smoke curling up from many a cottage-chimney, and floating in the stirless calm of that perfectly sheltered little valley. Nothing but a fresh gale and a strong surf from the north-westward, could knock the tiny fishing-craft about, or cause confusion in the anchorage behind the primitive little pier. But the prudence of the fishermen takes precautions against possible changes in the weather, and the fishing-boats not on service are hauled high and dry on a broad ledge of shingle well above the broken beach. To the left of the landing-place are low cottages, with long verandahs, that remind one rather of habitations in Kingsley's tropics than of a fishing-hamlet in Devon. The landing is of course in boats; and as the charge for landing and embarking again is sixpence for each person, the Clovelly men must make a fair harvest in the summer-time. Indeed, being shut up between the downs, the cliffs, and the beach, they must be entirely dependent on the sea in one shape or another. There is hardly a yard about the village where you could plough and sow, though it is brightened and beautified by small strips of hanging gardens; and where there is no room for even a narrow flower-border without the doors, the villagers are fond of displaying geraniums and mignonette on their window-sills. There is perhaps no village in England where it seems more certain to the stranger that he has lost his way, as there can be no place where losing one's self is more impossible. Landed on the beach, you see nothing before you

but impracticable wooded steeps, though there is a rough staircase of stone leading to the threshold of the Red Lion hostelry. Feeling yourself bound to give the portly landlord a good turn—he is smoking and contemplating the disembarkation with simulated indifference—you trespass on what is apparently his private approach; but really, the flight of steps is a public thoroughfare, and the only outlet for Clovelly life and traffic. You scramble up on one side; you scramble down upon the other, crossing the stone platform before the open door of the Lion; you follow a path that skirts the shingles by the harbour, to climb again, and be brought up beneath an archway that leads to nothing but a neglected backyard—so you think, at least, and modestly make inquiry, to be told that the low-browed arch is the entrance to the main street. The room above it, by the way, is said to be haunted by the village ghost. Beyond that, surprises, which are almost always striking and beautiful, meet you at every turn, till, sated into quiet satisfaction, you cease to be surprised at anything. There is a white-washed cottage that would be prosaic enough anywhere else, embowered in a soft bloom of pink China roses, and backed up by the boughs of spreading apple-trees. You turn the corner by a narrow passage between a dead wall and a dilapidated pigsty; but the dead wall is brightened by a blaze of fuchsia, and the pigsty is tapestried with hart's-tongue ferns. Another step, and you are looking down over an angular parapet of masonry on a creek of bright blue water at the bottom of the cliffs. That is what About's M. le Roy, in his 'Trente et Quarante,' might well have called a corner of the

Cornice *en mieux*, for Clovelly beach is washed by the tide, which the tideless Cornice is not. It is stiff work toiling up the little street in a hot sun, and you are delighted to come to an anchor at the New Inn, half-way up, where the walls of the coffee-room are elaborately decorated with old china, and where a luncheon-table is temptingly laid out for the trippers. The inn is as quaint as anything else in Clovelly: half the house stands on one side of the street, half on the other. The natives, with few exceptions, turn their attention to letting lodgings,—for there are tickets of "apartments to let" in almost every window. No doubt, the first *coups d'œil* in a glorious summer day are most enchanting. Yet we should be sorry to commit ourself to a week in Clovelly, when westerly winds were bringing up wet from the Atlantic. But in summer, those first enchanting *coups d'œil*, with the glimpses up the overhanging chestnut glades and down to the blue baylets of the Channel, remind one irresistibly of the most picturesque mountain-towns in the Apennines or along the Riviera. The causeway, the crossways, the crowding together of the houses, as if the inhabitants shrank from the sunshine, are all the same. Nay, to complete the illusion, you are met by the donkeys with their panniers of manure, which block the narrow thoroughfare as they come stumbling down over the stones.

But when the hill has been scaled, and you have passed into Clovelly Park, you are fairly out of Italy and back again in England. The fresh foliage is exuberantly rich. But everywhere you can trace the perpetual struggle between the biting northerly gales

and the balmy Devon air, laden with warm moisture from the Gulf Stream. To the southward, and in the shelter of the swelling downs, the stems of the trees are covered with mosses, and they break out in thickets of boughs. To seaward, the trunks are clean and weather-scoured; and where branches have been thrown out, they are bare and stunted as so many stags' horns without the velvet. The cliff-path, as it goes winding along beneath the trees, has the green park, rolling upwards through rough sheep-pastures to the downs, on the one side, while on the other it cuts across promontories and the heads of the rugged combes, which sink perpendicularly to the sands. On the one side are the sleek and drowsy red Devons, sadly bothered by the flies, as they crowd together in the coolest and darkest of the shadows; on the other are the sea-fowl or the jack-daws, circling restlessly between the sea and the cliffs, and the rabbits rustling among the bracken and the brambles, which are matted in an impenetrable undergrowth. After a tolerably substantial lunch at the New Inn, where they had tempted you with hill-mutton and newly caught lobsters, one is naturally somewhat drowsy. In languid admiration of the beauties all about, you sit down on the stem of a fallen tree, and, in memory of Raleigh and Kingsley and Sebastian Yeo, light up a pipe of tobacco. As your eyes wink and close, you are evoking fancies from smoke-land—it may be the influences of the soothing narcotic, or the balmy softness of that southern air, or the droning murmur of the bees in the scented blossoms of the furze. You think of the Devon adventurers setting out for western climes, which could scarcely be more beautiful, and

were certainly less salubrious. You dream of Raleigh dreaming of the golden realms of an imaginary Manoa, and of his gallant half-brother, Humphrey Gilbert, gilding the fogs of Newfoundland with delusive reflections from the golden ventures of Cortes and Pizarro. You nod, and the pipe has fallen and gone out, when you are startled out of sleep by a crashing, as of wild cattle making a plunge through the covers skirting southern savannahs. And in reality it is one of the peaceful North Devons of the Park, maddened out of all endurance by the plague of flies, and blindly charging at the fag-end of a broken park-fence. But, unlike the swine of the Gadarenes, he does not take a header down the hill. On the contrary, he seems to be brought up with a round turn by the sunshine and the bright sea-view; and after standing a panic-stricken statue for a few seconds, he wheels round and gallops back by the way he came. Inclined to abuse him at first, you are soon ready to bless the beast, for you find that an hour has slipped away in your day-dream. You have barely time to reach the bold headland beyond the woods, whence the eye may wander over the distant landscapes, looking down over rocks clothed in young oak saplings and carpeted along the ledges with purple ling, and over a succession of thickly timbered combes melting away into mists on the horizon. Then you must hurry back to catch the steamer, marvelling and congratulating yourself that among some seventy or eighty fellow-excursionists, not one has taken that romantic walk through the Park. By the way, before leaving the Park we are reminded of another novel, or rather novelette, with which it is associated. The tragic

scenes of 'The Picture's Secret,' by Mr Walter Pollock, were laid in the house and grounds, with which the writer had an old and familiar acquaintance. It was in the Park, and on the precipices looking over the moonlit sea, that the guilty pair of lovers had their stolen meetings. It was in the house that the organ made mysterious music; and that the family picture, with its prophetic fatalism, precipitated the dramatic catastrophe.

Clovelly has always been a hamlet clinging to the rocks in the shadows of the woods, that are literally "hangers"; a place where it might be said, as at Morlaix in Brittany, it is but a single step from garret to garden. The only possible spot for landing is on the strip of beach, strewn as thickly with loose stones as the slopes of any quarry. But Barnstaple and Bideford, glorified in 'Westward Ho!' have been seaports of some renown from time immemorial, much to the disadvantage of the dwellers in the surrounding country in ancient days, for they were favourite recruiting stations for the piratical Norsemen. Yet Barnstaple bar, which shallows the broad estuary of the Taw united to the Torridge, must have always had an evil reputation. Many a galley and good ship has come to grief there. Even now Barnstaple Bay is a dangerous trap in fogs for vessels that are bound up Bristol Channel; and it was *appropos* to Barnstaple bar that Kingsley wrote his melancholy song of "The Three Fishers," which has the merit, both in the words and the music, of making a dreary theme profoundly depressing. Kingsley glorifies both Barnstaple and Bideford,—in fact, to borrow an Americanism, he "cracks them up." Unquestionably one and the

other enriched themselves under the later Tudors and the Stewarts by daringly speculative commercial enterprise; and they bred a race of hardy seamen, who often found their most celebrated captains in the heads or sons of old county families. The Grenvils and the Gilberts, the Raleighs, the Stuckleys, and the Leighs, have stamped their names and memories on our naval history; while the Drakes and Hawkins, sprung from the people, carried "niggers' heads," and such appropriate emblems of a successful traffic in "ebony," on the scutcheons they had won by their gallantry and grand seamanship. Nevertheless, in following the older chroniclers, according to the soundest county historians, Kingsley exaggerates the importance of the trade of those ports, with the number of the ships they sent on transatlantic expeditions and against the Invincible Armada. Yet, in the main, his pictures of their prosperity under the Virgin Queen are as true as they are vivid. It was rather animated individual energy than natural advantages which, in the infancy of our commerce, gave some fortunate little Devonshire borough a favourable start. When a merchant made profits in successful foreign voyages, having been lucky enough to engage the services of daring adventurers, his next-door neighbours and rivals immediately rushed into the field. The biggest of the ships were of small burthen; and sea-captains, who had tried to face the Northwest Passage, who had gone groping among the fogs off the Banks of Newfoundland, or threading their way through the Keys of the West Indies, thought little of the trivial hazards awaiting them on their own threshold, in

the shape of the sandbanks and shallows of Barnstaple bar.

Barnstaple and Bideford, if they did not run Bristol hard, can certainly have been no very long way behind it when Amyas Leigh was going from Borrough to the Bideford Academy. So we should expect to find in Bideford solidly built medieval houses, with their sculptured doorways and the monograms of merchant princes in miniature, such as are still to be seen at King's Lynn or Dartmouth. But if we are charmed with Clovelly, we are disappointed in Bideford. The old town is more than decently well to do, but it has been thoroughly modernised. The steep main streets are as broad as that of Clovelly is narrow, and the houses are almost invariably comfortable and commonplace. The old church, where Mrs Leigh, with all the landed dignitaries of the district, went to give thanks for the return of her son and his companions from their circumnavigation of the world, has been restored, or rather rebuilt. Little of the former fabric, except the noble square tower, has been left standing. The long bridge itself, the famous bridge of Bideford, which had become a household word with all the medieval patriots of North Devon, has been rejuvenated and disfigured out of all recognition. The interminable row of arches still spans the broad tidal stream; but, thanks to the widening and the throwing out of a footway on either side, they have almost disappeared under the superstructure they support. That superstructure is so heavily plated with metal as sorely to try the old foundations; and the only very visible proof of antiquity is an intimation by the Borrough authorities, with a warning as to traction-

engines and the abuse of heavy traffic.

Old Salterne used to entertain Amyas, and other ship captains with whom he did business, at the "Ship Inn," where Frank Leigh gave the great entertainment that founded the famous brotherhood of the Rose. The "Ship" has disappeared, with its great bay-windows looking out upon the shipping, which has vanished likewise. Now the local sea-trade is done from Appledore, two or three miles farther down the river. But the "Ship" has a satisfactory modern successor in "Fortescue's," immediately above the bridge, which, like it, fronts full upon the Torridge.

While leisurely lunching, the sole sign of maritime enterprise I saw was a boatman pushing out from the bank, to recover a scull floating up on the flood. On a ramble afterwards up the streets and round the town, the only thing that recalled the Bideford of the Elizabethan age was an occasional name on a street corner or on one of the inns. There was the "Porto Bello," suggestive of voyages to Panama; and the "Peal o' Bells," which might have been meant to commemorate the return of successful adventurers. There was the "Newfoundland," no uncommon sign in these parts, a sad tribute to the memory of the gallant and unfortunate Gilbert. Allholland Street and Bridgeland Street certainly smacked of medievalism; but, in conspicuous inconsistency, at the corner of the former is the cheap haberdashery establishment of the *Bon Marché*; while both streets lead up to heights that have been suburbanised with smug villas, detached and semi-detached, all christened with the stereotyped watering-place names. It was a pleasure,

on retracing one's steps to the *quais*, to come upon a Grenvil House, "a seminary for young ladies," kept by the Misses Yeo. Possibly they are collateral descendants of old Sebastian, for I fancy that Amyas Leigh's trusty follower never married. And at any rate, there is something appropriately welcome in a reminder of Bideford's long association with the Grenvils, — who had settled there originally with a Norman, Saxon, and Briton following, on lands given by the Conqueror:

These *quais*, and the shady promenades prolonging them along the banks of the Torridge, are the most attractive feature in modern Bideford. They remind one of an Antwerp or a Rotterdam on a small scale, with all the trade drained away. Sweets to the sweet, sleepiness to the stagnant; and there is a congenial drowsiness about them of a sultry afternoon. What a paradise for the work-worn that promenade would be, were it only close to Wapping or Rotherhithe! As it is, the visitor has it pretty much to himself, though one or two of the benches are occupied by slumberers; and these rare slumberers seem to be weather-beaten naval veterans "in retreat," who, like Yeo, should be blessing Raleigh for the boon of tobacco. The view down the river towards its estuary is enchanting, with the broad salt-water flood sparkling and winding under the hanging banks and the black fir woods; and with the masts of the shipping off Appledore in the distance, confounding themselves with the stems of tapering pine-trees, and with the telegraph-posts of the railway on the opposite shore.

The Torridge is the river of Bideford, as the Taw is the river of Barnstaple, and nothing can be

more striking than the contrast between their channels at high water and at low. Coming from Ilfracombe to Barnstaple at the ebb in the forenoon, we skirt a wide expanse of white sands and salt-water pools, where sea-gulls are clamouring and herons are fishing, and which are skimmed from time to time by a whistling flight of dunlins or sandpipers. Barnstaple is stranded high and dry; it seems as if nothing but a flat-bottomed scow could ever get up to the bridge. But when we go back to Barnstaple from Bideford late in the afternoon, the railway is skirting a majestic stream, which apparently, in the language of the guide-books when expatiating on maritime advantages, might float ironclads of any draught, with no necessity for taking soundings. And really, though that expanse of water is a sham, ships of tolerable size are coming up on the tideway; while small river-craft, with their tar-smearred sails, are tacking about merrily between shore and shore.

As for Barnstaple, though its municipal antecedents may be interesting to the antiquarian, for it boasts of extraordinarily ancient charters, there is little to be said about it from the picturesque point of view. Not that it is not prettily and even romantically situated; but being bigger, more bustling, and more prosperous than Bideford, it is become even more conventionally respectable. The municipal authorities have done much for the welfare of the citizens, as the stranger is almost sorry to observe. They have rebuilt and purified a network of narrow medieval streets. They have encouraged railways, and have been gratified by a couple of termini, one in the very heart of the town, and within a stone's-

throw of the markets. At Barnstaple, too, they have rejuvenated a venerable bridge which used to be the curious rival of that of Bideford. At Barnstaple, as at Bideford, they have got something like a Rotterdam Boompjes, where the shadows of the foliage fall over the *quais*; and they have gone the length of laying out pleasant public gardens, confided to the honour and guardianship of the burghers.

Further away to the southward there is much that is interesting to be visited. There are the ruins of the Augustine Abbey of Hartland, near Hartland Point; and beyond that again, within the borders of Cornwall, is the site of Stow, the seat of the Grenvils. If we may judge from what is to be seen there nowadays, Kingsley must have exaggerated the sylvan beauties of Sir Richard's Park—although the views from the heights both on the sea and the land sides must always have been strikingly wild and picturesque. Stow, by the way, is in the wild parish of Morwenstow, on the confines of Cornwall and Devon. For more than forty years the Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker laboured as vicar among a scattered population which he found as rugged and forbidding as their own sterile rocks, and apparently as unfruitful as their own barren moorlands. But those rough Cornish folk brought forth much good fruit before their worthy vicar was lost to them. Hawker was a remarkable man in many ways, and must have been decidedly eccentric. He had some hereditary right to literary talent, for he was grandson of Dr Hawker, the Calvinistic divine, whose 'Morning and Evening Portions' had at one time an immense circulation. As a youth he showed strong intellectual tastes, and it

was a sad disappointment when his father told him that he could not afford to let him complete his university career. But young Hawker's decision was promptly taken. He went straightway and proposed to a woman with some property. It is true she was his senior by twenty years, but the money paid his college expenses. Dr Phillpotts, the famous Bishop of Exeter, offered him the preferment of Morwenstow, with little expectation of his accepting it. The Bishop did not believe that so brilliant a man would hide his light under a bushel at the back of the world. But Hawker closed at once with the offer, and resigned himself to life-long banishment. No vicar had been settled in Morwenstow for a hundred years. Hawker found everything to be done. He built a vicarage and schools; he had the ruined church restored; he threw a bridge over a river, previously only to be passed by a perilous ford.

He is said to have been extremely liberal to the poor, and he used the influence he gained by his charities for their religious and social improvement. To use a common phrase, he found "his work cut out for him," for lawless traditions and habits still lingered on the storm-lashed coast among the descendants of smugglers and wreckers. Not the least important of his parochial duties was saving lives imperilled at sea, and burying washed-up corpses in the overcrowded little churchyard, with its rudememorials of shattered ships' timbers and crossed oars, which offered the last hospitality to all comers. One letter printed in the short biographical notice prefixed to Hawker's 'Poems' tells of his efforts to save the crew of the Margaret Quayle, by inducing the boatmen to put out to the

rescue—efforts which proved successful in the end. After the vicar had given up hope, he got a note on a Sunday morning that gladdened him: "The captain and crew of the Margaret Quayle desire to give thanks to Almighty God for their rescue from wreck and death." Another letter gives a ghastly account of recovering and burying the battered bodies floated ashore from the wreck of the Ben Coolen, East Indiaman. "When all is done, it is not without a battle that we can win from the county rate about 30s. a corpse for each interment—the balance, always £2 or £3, being from my own purse." Mr Hawker was the veritable author of the spirited Trelawny ballad, which Macaulay mistook for ancient Cornish. In a volume of various poems of very unequal merits but with many beauties, the most striking and original were those that were inspired by the picturesque surroundings and traditions of his Cornish parish. Of the two I quote, the short "Death Song" was doubtless written after one of his burial-services read over waifs cast up by the Atlantic surges:—

"There lies a cold corpse upon the sand,
Down by the rolling sea;
Close up the eyes and straighten the hand,
As a Christian man's should be.
Bury it deep, for the good of thy soul,
Six feet below the ground;
Let the sexton come and the death-bell toll,
And good men stand around.
Lay it among the churchyard stones,
Where the priest hath blessed the clay;
I cannot leave the unburied bones,
And I fain would go my way."
As for "Mawgan of Melhuach,"

it is terribly suggestive of the hardened hearts and burdened consciences it was his business to bring to penitence:—

"'Twas a fierce night when old Mawgan died,
Men shuddered to hear the rolling tide:
The wreckers fled fast from the awful shore,
They had heard strange voices amid the roar.

'Out with the boat there!' some one cried;
'Will he never come? we shall lose the tide:
His berth is trim and his cabin stored;
He's a weary long time coming aboard.'

The old man struggled upon the bed;
He knew the words that the voices said:
Wildly he shrieked, as his eyes grew dim,
'He was dead! he was dead when I buried him!'

Hark yet again to the devilish roar,
He was nimbler once with a ship on shore;
Come, come, old man! 'tis a vain delay;
We must make the offing by break of day.

Hard was the struggle, but at the last,
With a stormy pang, old Mawgan passed;
And away, away, beneath the sight,
Gleamed the red sail at pitch of night."

There are no attractions in the way either of architecture or landscape-gardening on Lundy Island, which lies midway in the British Channel, some dozen of miles off Hartland Point. But the story of Lundy is full of sensational romance. There are the remains of round towers and of feudal strongholds, and the wall of cliffs by which it is encircled is breached and broken into tortuous curves and tunnels, which become so many hells of boisterous turmoil when the sea boils through them in storms. Lundy, from time immemorial, has always been the resort of the

lawless; and, strange to say, even down to the seventeenth century, it was infamous as the headquarters of pirates and buccaneers. We are told by Mr Worth, in his admirable 'History of Devon,' that in the opening years of the reign of James I. it gradually grew in favour as a haunt of the pirates, who had for their "king" a certain Captain Salkeld. Salkeld must have been expelled; but in 1625 the island is said actually to have fallen into the hands of an Algerine squadron, and thenceforward, for many years, "it was nothing" if not piratical. In 1632 it was reputed the headquarters of a notorious buccaneer named Admiral Nutt, who required for his repression a fleet of some dozen vessels. It should be remembered, in planning a trip to Lundy, that everything depends on the weather. Except when the Channel is perfectly calm, landing and embarking are always more or less difficult; and the tourist who has gone ashore in the clothes he wears, may be detained indefinitely while a gale is blowing itself out.

Enlivening himself with such excursions from time to time, the visitor may make himself very comfortable at Ilfracombe. The seats scattered along the bulks,

escarped on the Capstone Hill, are delightful places for reading or dreaming. One need never be tired of admiring the quaint little harbour, with the characteristic chapel-lighthouse on the hill above, where coasting craft are riding loose at their moorings on the rise and fall of the tide; and where steamers are sounding their whistles of a morning, before starting on trips up and down the Channel. The strolls in the neighbourhood are extremely enjoyable; go which way you will, you can hardly go wrong. There are glorious views from the "Torr Walks" to the westward—the objection to them being that they land you in a *cul-de-sac*; for the entrance is by a bower of roses, which is the gateway at a cottage-lodge, where a penny is paid as the privilege of admission. But in all directions, at each turn, and from every height, the eye ranges over the Channel or the open sea, and the air on these heights is always fresh and invigorating, without any of the bitter easterly nip. That Ilfracombe may flourish without further expansion must be the hope rather than the expectation of each visitor who has fallen in love with the place.

ALEX. INNES SHAND.

THE TWINS.

FROM THE CHINESE OF WU MING.

THE saying commonly attributed to Mencius, that "Marriages are made in heaven," is one of those maxims which unfortunately find their chief support in the host of exceptions which exist to the truth which they lay down. Not to go further for an instance than the Street of Longevity, in our notable town of King-chow, there is the case of Mr and Mrs Ma, whose open and declared animosity to each other would certainly suggest that the mystic invisible red cords with which Fate in their infancy bound their ankles together, were twined in another and far less genial locality than Mencius dreamed of.

With the exception of success in money-making, fortune has undoubtedly withheld its choicest gifts from this quarrelsome couple. The go-between who arranged their marriage spoke smooth things to Ma of his future wife, and described her as being as amiable as she was beautiful, or, to use her own words, "as pliant as a willow, and as beautiful as a gem;" while to the lady she upheld Ma as a paragon of learning, and as a possessor of all the virtues. Here, then, there seemed to be the making of a very pretty couple; but their neighbours, as I have been often told, were not long in finding out that harmony was a rare visitant in the household. The daily wear and tear of life soon made it manifest that there was as little of the willow as of the gem about Mrs Ma, whose coarse features, imperious temper, and nagging tongue made her anything but an agreeable companion; while a hasty

and irascible temper made Ma the constant provoker as well as victim of her ill-humours.

By a freak of destiny the softening influences of the presence of a son has been denied them; but *en revanche* they have been blessed with a pair of the most lovely twin daughters, who, like pearls in an oyster-shell, or jewels in the heads of toads, have grown up amid their sordid surroundings free from every contamination of evil. They are beyond question the most beautiful girls I have ever seen. In figure they are both tall and finely shaped, with plastic waists and gracefully bending forms. In feature—for both Plum-blossom and Convulvulus, as they are called, are so exactly alike, that in describing one I describe both—they are lovely, having eyebrows like half-moons, eyes which are so lustrous that one would expect them to shine in darkness, lips of the most perfect vermilion, finely shaped noses, and softly modelled cheeks. In fact, they are more like children of the gods than the daughters of men; and from all I have ever heard of them, their tempers and dispositions are counterparts of their outward appearance. All these charms of mind and of person were, however, quite lost upon their sordid mother, who until lately regarded them as though they were of the same mould as herself. So much so, that when they reached the prescribed marriageable age, instead of proposing to seek through the empire for two incomparables to pair with such matchless beauties, she announced to her husband, in her usual brusque and

overbearing manner, that she intended to look out for two rich young shopkeepers as husbands for "the girls." The moment she chose for making this announcement was not happily timed. She had already succeeded in ruffling Ma once or twice in the earlier part of the day, so that when she now blurted out her intention his colour rose with more than usual rapidity in his commonly sallow cheeks, and he replied angrily—

"I forbid your doing anything of the kind. You have no business to meddle with matters which don't pertain to you. Your duty in life is to obey me, and to do nothing without my instructions."

"Hai-yah! If I did that," said Mrs Ma, now thoroughly aroused, "the household would soon come to a pretty pass. What do you know about managing matters? You remind me of the owl which made itself look like a fool by trying to sing like a nightingale!"

"You ignorant woman!" replied her husband; "how dare you bandy words with me! Don't you know that Confucius has laid it down as an imperishable law that a woman before her marriage should obey her father, and after her marriage her husband?"

"And do you know so little of the Book of Rites," said Mrs Ma, nothing abashed, "as not to be aware that the mother should arrange the marriages of her daughters? So just you leave this matter to me. If you want to be doing something, open your chemist's shop again. What will it matter if you do poison a few more people by dispensing the wrong drugs?"

"You infamous creature! how dare you utter such slanders! If you ever again venture on such unparalleled insolence, I will divorce you! for remember that one of the

seven grounds for divorce is violence of language. And how would you like to be turned adrift into the cold world at your age, and with your anything but pleasing appearance?"

This last shot told, and Mrs Ma flung herself out of the room without a word, contenting herself with expressing her anger and defiance by banging the door furiously after her. No sooner was the door shut, than Ma took paper and pencil and wrote to invite his friend Ting "to direct his jewelled chariot to the mean abode of the writer, who was preparing a paltry repast for his entertainment." Ting was one of Ma's oldest friends, and, being linked to a wife of a harridanish temperament, had a common bond of union with him. Like Ma also, he was secretly afraid of his better half, and his counsel, therefore, on the several occasions of domestic dispute on which he had been consulted, had naturally tended rather towards artifice than open war. Ma's note at once suggested to Ting a family disagreement, and he lost no time in obeying the summons, being always glad to find fresh evidences that others were as evilly circumstanced as himself. He was a tall, stout man, with a loud voice, but wanting that steadiness of eye which should match those outward seemings. By many people he was credited with a firm and somewhat overbearing character; but his wife probably showed more discernment when on one occasion, after a shrill outburst, she reminded him that "an empty pot makes the greatest noise."

As Ting entered Ma's room the two friends greeted one another cordially, and into the sympathetic ear of his guest Ma poured the story of his griefs.

"And now, what do you advise

me to do?" asked the host. "My insignificant daughters have arrived at a marriageable age, and though they profess an aversion to matrimony and a contempt for the young men of this place, I consider it my duty to settle them in life. But I see clearly that if I am to do it at all, I alone must be the doer. My wife's views are so invariably opposed to mine, that it is hopeless to attempt to act in harmony with her."

"Well," replied Ting, "I myself always act on the principle of the proverb, 'What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve after.' I have on several occasions made family arrangements without letting my wife into the secret until the time for interference has passed, and then, of course, she has been compelled to accept the inevitable. It is true the artifice has resulted in very unpleasant outbursts of wrath; but that is nothing—nothing, my dear Ma." Here Ting's voice, in spite of his brave words, trembled, as a recollection of certain domestic scenes came back to his memory. "Besides, I have in this way succeeded in asserting my position as master of my own household. And my advice to you in your present circumstances is that you should do likewise. If you have made up your mind to marry your daughters, employ a go-between to look out fitting partners, and make the necessary arrangements without saying anything to your wife about it. Then, when the presents have been sent and the cards exchanged, she will find it as easy to dam up the river with her pocket-handkerchief as to bar their marriages."

"Excellent! excellent!" said Ma; "I will act upon your advice. But I must be very circumspect, Ting, very circumspect; for Mrs Ma has a number of old cronies

about her, who gather gossip from stone walls, rumours from the wind, and scandal from everything."

"Perhaps then it would be as well," replied Ting, rising to take his leave, "if you were to make use of my study for seeing the go-between and others whom you may wish to employ in the affair. It is quite at your disposal."

"Ten thousand thanks," said Ma. "Your advice has made a man of me, Ting, and your kindness has carved for itself a place in my heart in which it will be for ever enshrined."

Meanwhile Mrs Ma, although for the moment discomfited, was by no means inclined to give up the struggle. After a short communing with herself she sent for Plum-blossom and Convolvulus, and announced to them her intention of forthwith providing them with husbands of their own rank in life, directing them at the same time to preserve absolute silence on the subject to all but old "Golden-lilies," their maid and chaperon.

"But, mother, we do not wish to marry," said Convolvulus; "least of all to be tied for life to the sort of young man whom you are kind enough to contemplate for us. Why should we not remain as we are?"

"You are too young to understand such matters," replied Mrs Ma. "I have seen mischief enough arise from leaving young girls unmarried, and I am determined that you shall not be exposed to any such danger. Besides, I have been so bothered lately by suitors who, it seems, have heard of your beauty, that I shall have no peace until you are settled."

"Remember, mother," put in Plum-blossom, "that as you have

no sons, you and father are dependent on us to tend and wait upon you. Then, mother, we are so perfectly happy in each other's society that we need no other companionship, and it would break our hearts to be separated from each other and from you."

"I am touched by your expressions of affection, my children," answered their mother; "but my mind is quite made up, as I have just told your father, who is foolish enough to think, poor man, that he ought to have the management of the business. And now go back to your embroideries, and remember what I have said to you about keeping the matter secret."

Mrs Ma's announcement, although not altogether unexpected, fell with a heavy blow upon the twins, who had other and deeper reasons than those they had expressed for disliking the idea of having husbands of their mother's choice forced upon them. Women seldom, if ever, in the first instance give their real reasons, at least in China. Their habit is to fence them round with a succession of outworks, in the shape of plausible excuses, which, if strong enough to resist the questioner, preserve inviolate their secret motives. If, however, they are driven by persistence out of the first line of defence, they retreat to the second, and so on, until the citadel is reached, where they are commonly obliged to yield at last, though even then they generally manage to march out with all the honours of war. In this case Mrs Ma had no motive for breaking the fence of the twins, and so never learnt, as she might otherwise have possibly done, that though the garden wall was high, it was not too hard to climb, and that often when she fancied her daughters were en-

gaged at their embroideries, or practising their guitars, they were flirting merrily in the garden with two young scholars, under the chaperonage of "Golden-lilies," to whom recollection brought a fellow-feeling for such escapades, and who always carefully watched over her charges, though at a judicious distance. These two youths, Messrs Tsin and Te, presented the real obstacles to the adoption of Mrs Ma's proposals by the twins. And it was at least evidence of the good taste of the young ladies that they preferred them to the young men of the shopkeeper class, among whom their mother thought to find them husbands. It was true that neither Tsin nor Te had at that time much of this world's goods, nor did there appear any immediate prospect of their being able to marry; for their fathers, who were ex-officials, were unendowed with anything beyond the savings they had accumulated during their terms of office, and these were not more than enough to enable them to end their days in retired comfort.

In these circumstances the ambitions of the young men centred in their chance of winning official rank at the examinations. Of Tsin's success no one who had sounded the depth of his scholarship had any doubt. Te, however, was by no means so gifted. His essays were dull reading, and his odes were wooden things, painfully elaborated in accordance with purely mechanical rules. He had none of the facility with which Tsin struck off a copy of verses, and could no more have penned the lines to Plum-blossom's eyebrows, which first attracted the attention of the sisters to the young scholars, than he could have flown. It was on the occasion of the Feast of Lanterns at the be-

ginning of this year, that Tsin and Te first became aware of the existence of the twins, who, under the charge of Golden-lilies, were on the evening of that festival admiring the illuminations in the streets. Struck by the incomparable beauty of the young ladies, the youths followed them about in blank amazement, until Tsin's imagination having been suddenly fired by seeing an expression of delight pass over Plum-blossom's beaming countenance at the sight of an illumination more brilliant than usual, he hurriedly penned a stanza, in which the ideas of willow-leaf eyebrows and jade-like features were so skilfully handled, that when it fell into that young lady's hands she was lost in admiration at the grace and beauty of the lines. A hurried glance of acknowledgment was enough to keep the young men at the heels of the twins until the portals of the ex-chemist closed upon them; and when, on the next afternoon, Convolvulus found in the summer-house a stanza marked by all the grace of diction which characterised the ode of the previous day, she had no hesitation in ascribing the authorship to the same gifted being. This message of homage was a prelude to a hurried visit paid and received beneath the bunches of wistaria which hung around the favourite garden retreat of the twins, and this again to other and longer interviews, in which Tsin gradually came to devote himself to Plum-blossom, and Te to Convolvulus.

It was while toying at one such meeting that the twins were summoned to hear the designs which their mother had formed for their future; and when they left the maternal presence, it was with feelings akin to despair that they poured their griefs into Golden-

lilies' sympathetic bosom. "What are we to do?" was their plaintive cry.

"Do?" said Golden-lilies cheerily—"why, do as the juggler did who was sentenced to death last year."

"You have always some wise saying or queer story ready, dear Golden-lilies. But explain; what did the juggler do except die?"

"That is just what he did not do, for when the Emperor told him that his life should be spared on condition that he made the Emperor's favourite mule speak, the man undertook to do it within twelve months by the calendar."

"What a fool he must have been!"

"So his friends said; but he replied, 'Not so, for many things may happen in a year—the mule may die, or the Emperor may die, or I may die; and even if the worst comes to the worst, and none of these things happen, I shall at least have had another year of life.' Now, though you are not in such a parlous state as the juggler was, yet, as you cannot resist your mother, you had better appear to submit, and trust to the chapter of accidents."

But Mrs Ma was evidently disposed to leave as little as possible to accident, for the very next morning she sallied out in her sedan-chair, and paid a visit to a well-known "go-between" in the town. This woman, delighted to have the credit of arranging the marriage of the beautiful twins, chose from her list of bachelors two young men, one the son of a silk-merchant and the other of a salt-merchant, who fulfilled Mrs Ma's main requirement of being rich.

"They are nice young men, too," she added, "though neither of them is likely to attract the admiration of the goddess of the North

Star like the matchless Chang-le. But if ugly men never mated, the imperial race of China would soon die out."

"I don't care a melon-seed," said Mrs Ma, as she ate two or three of those delicacies from the dainty dish by her side, "about beauty in a man. None can be called deformed but the poor: money is beauty, and to my mind the true deformity is an empty purse. So please make the proper overtures at once, and let me know the result. I have reasons for wishing to preserve secrecy in this matter, and I would therefore beg you not to talk of it until all is arranged."

It was not long before the go-between reported confidentially that her proposal had been received both by the silk-mercator Yang and the salt-merchant Le on behalf of their sons with enthusiasm. Nor did the fortune-teller throw any obstacles in the way of the speedy fulfilment of Mrs Ma's schemes; for the almanac pointed with unmistakable clearness to the next full moon as being one of the most fortunate in the whole year for marriages.

Everything seemed therefore to lie level with the wish of Mrs Ma; and under the combined influences of good fortune and satisfaction evoked from the conviction that she was doing her duty as a mother, her good-nature knew no bounds. She was even civil to Ma, and in her superior way smiled to herself at the beaming self-content which had lately come over him, and which she naturally regarded as a reflection of her own good-humour. As the day for receiving the presents approached, she chuckled to see how easily he was persuaded to have the chairs and divan in the reception-hall

re-covered and the walls redecorated. On the day itself—poor foolish man!—far from expressing any surprise at the superlative toilet in which she had bedecked herself, he paid her the compliment of likening her to a fairy from the palace of the "Royal Mother of the West," and even went the length, as though following her example, of arraying himself in his costliest garments. As the day advanced, the actions of each seemed to have a strange fascination for the other, and when, at the usual evening hour for the presentation of betrothal presents, the merry strains of the "Dragon and the Phoenix," played by more than one band, struck upon their ears, they glanced at one another with gratified curiosity rather than surprise. As the noise in the street swelled into a roar compounded of bands, drums, and the shouts of coolies, Mrs Ma's pride rose at the thought that she had succeeded in capturing such liberal and munificent suitors, and she had almost forgotten the opposition of her husband when four young men, bearing letters, and each leading a goose and a gander—the recognised emblems of conjugal affection—followed by servants carrying a succession of rich presents, advanced to the audience-hall. That her two *protégés* should have sent eight geese appeared to her unnecessary, although she accepted the multiplication of the birds as a pretty token of the ardour of the lovers; but her sense of this excess was soon lost in her admiration of the unusually numerous gifts which now filled the courtyard.

With many deep reverences the young men presented their letters to Ma, who was at first too much dazed by the confusion which

reigned about him to do more than to incline his head and open the envelopes. As he read the first letter, however, his confused expression of countenance was exchanged for one of puzzled surprise.

"There is," he said, "some mistake here. I know nothing of this Mr Yang who writes. You must," he added, turning to the young man who had presented the letter, "have come to the wrong house by mistake."

"Pardon me," replied the young gentleman, "your humble servitor has made no mistake, unless, indeed, you are not the honourable father of the incomparable twins whom you have deigned to betroth to my principal, Mr Yang, and his friend Mr Le."

The mention of these names recalled Mrs Ma to the actualities of the position; and, advancing towards her husband, she said with some embarrassment—

"There is no mistake in the matter. I told you that I should arrange our daughters' marriages, and I have done so. Messrs Yang and Le are the gentlemen I have chosen, and these are their presents in due form."

For a moment Ma looked at her in angry astonishment, and then, as the whole affair took shape in his mind, he lost all control over himself, and, trembling with passion, he broke out—

"You stupid, obstinate woman, how dare you disobey my orders and practise this deceit upon me? By what pretence of right have you ventured to interfere in this matter? You have brought disgrace upon me and infamy upon yourself. I have arranged alliances for the twins with the sons of my friends Messrs Tsai and Fung, and it is these they shall marry and no others!" Then

turning to Yang and Le's young squires, he added with scant courtesy — "Take away your gifts, young men, and tell your principals that this rebuff serves them right for dealing in an underhand way with a headstrong woman."

"Don't listen to him," cried Mrs Ma. "I accept your presents."

"Take them away!" shouted Ma.

"You shameless boor!" screamed Mrs Ma—"you miserable, vapouring good-for-nothing! Do you talk to me of 'daring' and 'venturing'? Why, you may thank Buddha that you have got a wife who knows how and when to act; and I tell you that your friends Tsai and Fung may as well try to join the hare in the moon as hope to raise the veils of my daughters. So if these young men represent them they had better be off at once and take their rubbish with them."

This was more than Ma's irascible nature was able to endure, and raising his hand to strike, he rushed at his wife. Fortunately his servants were near enough to intervene, and an exchange of blows—for Mrs Ma had seized a flute from an amazed musician, and stood ready for the assault—was for the moment averted. Foiled in finding the natural outlet for his rage, Ma, with as wild gesticulations as were possible with a man holding each arm and a third dragging at his skirts, shouted orders to his servants to turn Yang and Le's squires, with their presents, out into the street. With equal vehemence Mrs Ma invoked the direst misfortunes and deepest curses on the head of any one who ventured to lay hands on them, and at the same time called on her partisans to throw the other people and their gifts out of doors. The hubbub thus created was aggravated by the incursion of idlers

from the street, some of whom presently took sides, as the squires and their followers showed signs of acting on the taunts and adjurations of Ma and his wife. From words the adverse hosts speedily came to blows, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. The presents, which had made such a goodly show but a few minutes before, were broken to pieces and scattered over the courtyard; while the eight geese, with outstretched wings and wild cacklings, flew, seeking places of refuge. With impartial wisdom the servants of the house, aided by some unbiassed onlookers, threw their weight on the combatants in the direction of the door. By this manœuvre the courtyard was gradually cleared, and eventually the front gates were closed on the surging, fighting crowd, which was dispersed only when some few of the ringleaders had been carried off to the magistrate's *yamun*.

As a neighbour and an acquaintance of Ma, I thought it best, on being informed of what had taken place, to call in to see if I could be of any use. I had some difficulty in getting inside the front gates; but when I did, a scene of confusion presented itself such as I have never seen equalled. The courtyard was covered with *débris*, as though some typhoon had been creating havoc in an upholsterer's shop; while in the audience-hall Ma was inflicting chastisement on his wife with a mulberry-twig, which he had evidently torn from the tree at hand in the yard. I was fortunately in time to prevent the punishment becoming severe, though at the time I could not but feel that Mrs Ma's conduct was of a kind which could only be adequately punished by corporal chastisement.

As a husband and a Confucianist, I deprecate the use of the rod towards a wife except in extreme cases. There are, however, some women whose intellects are so small and their obstinacy so great that reasoning is thrown away upon them. They have nothing to which one can appeal by argument; and with such persons bodily fear is the only fulcrum on which it is possible to rest a lever to move them. From all I hear, Mrs Ma is a typical specimen of this class. She prides herself on her obstinacy, which she regards as a token of a strong mind, and she is utterly destitute of that intelligence which should make her aware of the misery and discomfort it causes to those about her. No camel is more obstinate and no donkey more stupid than she.

But while quite recognising this, I could not but feel some compassion for her, as, weeping and dishevelled, she escaped from the hall when I succeeded in releasing her from her husband's wrath. At first Ma's fury was so uncontrollable that I could do nothing with him; but gradually he quieted down, and, acting on my advice, went over to his friend Ting to consult as to what should be done in the very unpleasant circumstances in which he was placed. It was plain that some decided step would have to be taken, as the arrest of some of the rioters had brought the whole affair within the cognisance of the mandarins, and it is always best in such matters to be the one to throw the first stone. After much discussion it was, as I afterwards learned, decided that Ma should present a petition to the prefect, praying him, in the interest of marital authority and social order,

to command the fulfilment of the contract entered into by the petitioner with Fung and Tsai.

On the following morning Ma, in pursuance of this arrangement, presented himself at the prefect's *yamun*, and after having paid handsome *douceurs* to the doorkeeper and secretary, was admitted into the august presence of his Excellency Lo. Having only lately arrived in the prefecture, Lo's appearance had been hitherto unknown to Ma, who was much awed and impressed by the dignified airs and grand ways of his Excellency. A man severe he is and stern to view, and yet beneath his outward seeming there is a strong undercurrent of human nature, held in check, it is true, by the paralysing effect of our educational system, but still capable of being aroused and worked upon at times. As Ma knelt before him he glanced down the memorial, and demanded a full explanation of the circumstances. Nothing loath, Ma poured forth his version of the story, in which he by no means extenuated his wife's conduct, and wound up by emphasising the importance of checking the insubordination of the women, which was becoming only too prevalent in that neighbourhood.

"You certainly have made out a *prima facie* case for further investigation," said the prefect; "and what you say about women is, to your credit, precisely in accord with the teachings of Confucius, who laid down that 'women should yield absolute obedience to their husbands, and that beyond the threshold of their apartments they should not be known either for good or for evil.' I shall therefore summon your wife to appear at once before me; and meanwhile you may stand aside."

The summoning officer was not long in executing his mission, and the time had scarcely begun to hang heavily on Ma's hands when Mrs Ma entered the *yamun*. That lady looked anything but comfortable when she saw her husband talking with an assured air to the officers of the court, and answered his glance of recognition with the kind of look that a house-dog gives a stranger cur when it crosses his threshold. On learning that Mrs Ma had arrived, the prefect at once took his place on the bench; and as both disputants fell on their knees in the courtyard, he ordered Mrs Ma to explain her conduct in disobeying the commands of her husband.

"May it please your Excellency," she began, "I am a poor ignorant woman."

"So far I am with you," said the prefect; "but go on with your story."

"And, your Excellency, I have always tried to do my duty by my husband and children."

"That is not the point. Tell me why, when your husband had forbidden you to interfere in the matter of the marriage of your daughters, you persisted in doing so."

"May it please your Excellency, my great-grandmother——"

"Oh, may curses rest on your great-grandmother!" shouted the prefect, losing patience. "Speak to the matter in hand or you shall be flogged."

"I was only going to explain, your Excellency."

"Now take care what you are saying."

"It is true my husband told me that he would arrange our daughters' marriages, but I knew that anything he touched he marred, and I thought, therefore, that as

I had always been told, at least by my great——” A warning glance from the prefect here checked her eloquence, and she went on——“I have always learned that the marriage of a daughter is the particular province of her mother. I should never have dreamed, your Excellency, of interfering if it had been our son’s marriage. Not that we have a son, your Excellency, though many is the time I have been to the temple of Kwanyin to pray for one; and as to money, your Excellency——”

“Bring a one-inch bamboo,” said the prefect to one of the lictors.

“Oh, please spare me, your Excellency, and I will say anything you wish!”

“All I want is that you should tell the truth and speak only the record. Do this, and I will listen; lie or wander, and I shall flog you.”

“Well then, your Excellency, I found also that the two young men selected by my husband were in no way proper matches for my daughters, who are very beautiful. One of these wretched youths is blind in one eye, and the other has one leg shorter than its fellow. In these circumstances I took the matter in hand, and discovered two veritable dragons, who were yearning to link their fate with the pair of phoenixes who rest beneath my humble roof. As destiny decreed, my husband’s cripples sent their betrothal presents at the same moment that Messrs Yang and Le sent theirs. Upon this my husband gave way to wild fury, broke the presents to atoms, beat the servants, and flogged your humble servant until she was one mass of bruises.”

“Is it true that these *protégés* of yours are as your wife describes them?” asked the prefect of Ma.

“No, your Excellency; she has grossly exaggerated their defects. It is true that the sight of one of Fung’s eyes is partially affected, and that Tsai’s legs are not quite of an equal length, but the difference between them is so slight that it is outwardly invisible, and is only perceptible if he walks over a wooden floor, when there is a slightly hop-and-go-one sound about his steps. But, your Excellency, she would have been wise to have remembered the proverb, ‘Don’t laugh at your neighbour’s wart when your own throat is disfigured by a wen;’ for it is as well known as that your Excellency is the quintessence of wisdom, that Yang is only, as we people say, nine parts of a whole; and as for young Le, he bears so evil a reputation that no respectable citizen will allow him to enter his doors.”

“Well, if this were a matter which only concerned you two, I should not trouble myself further about it, for you are a pair of the simplest of simpletons; but as your daughters’ interests are at stake, I have thought it right to send for them, that I may find out what they feel on the subject.”

At this moment the twins entered the court, and advanced with graceful modesty, swaying from side to side like tender shrubs gently moved by a passing breeze. Never had they looked more lovely; their jade-like complexions, exquisite features, and lustrous eyes lent so ethereal a beauty to their budding womanhood that they seemed more than mortal. With the winsomest mien, and wielding their fans as only Eastern women can, they bowed low before the prefect, and then stood awaiting his orders. The poor man gazed on them as a man gazes on spirits from the other

world. He had looked up as they entered, expecting to see in them repetitions of their vulgar-looking parents; but to his unutterable surprise they stood before him resplendent as the moon on the fourteenth night, and as fascinating as fairies. As it happened, they had just arrayed themselves in their most becoming costumes in expectation of a visit from Tsin and Te, when the prefect's summons came. Every charm, therefore, which personal adornment could add to their natural beauty was present with them, and the picture they made as they stood in the middle of the courtyard was one which struck the spectators dumb with astonishment. The prefect dropped his pencil, and seemed quite to forget that anything was expected of him; and for the moment no one, except the twins and their parents, did expect anything from him; for one and all—secretaries, *ting-chais*, lictors, and clerks—were so ravished by the sight, that all consciousness of the fitness of things was lost to view. After some moments of silence, which seemed to the twins like so many hours, the prefect awoke from his rapt astonishment, and said—

“Are you really the daughters of these people before me? Is it possible that nature should have played such a trick, and should have moulded you in manners as in shape, in blood and in virtue, on a model as widely separated from your parents as earth is from heaven?”

“May it please your Excellency,” replied Plum-blossom, in a low and nervous tone, “we are the children—the only children—of these our parents.”

“Come nearer,” rejoined the prefect, in a voice that had no

stern judicial ring about it, “and speak without reserve to me; for if I do not espouse your cause and shield you from wrong, may my father's ashes be scattered to the wind, and my mother's grave be dishonoured. Tell me, now, have you any desire to marry any of the four suitors your father and mother have provided for you? and if you have, tell me to which you incline.”

“We know nothing of these young men, your Excellency,” said Plum-blossom.

“Well, when you hear that, according to your parents' description, one is blind, another lame, a third silly, and the fourth wicked, I should hardly expect that you would care to make their acquaintance. However, as they are in attendance I shall have them in, that you may see what manner of men they are.” Turning to an officer, he added, “Send in the four suitors in this case.”

As the young men entered, all eyes were turned towards them, and certainly a sorrier quartet it would be difficult to find anywhere. Their natural failings fully justified the description given of them by Ma and his wife, and were in this instance exaggerated by the consciousness of the ordeal they were called upon to undergo. The prefect looked at them with surprise and disgust; and the twins, who held Tsin and Te as their models, regarded them with horror from behind their fans.

“Well?” said the prefect, turning to Plum-blossom and Convulvulus.

“Oh, your Excellency!” plaintively ejaculated the twins in one breath.

“I quite understand you, and your verdict is exactly what I should have expected; and since

it is plain to me,—come a little nearer; I fear you cannot hear what I say,—that your parents are as incapable of understanding your value as monkeys are of appraising the price of apple-green jade, I shall take on myself the matter of your marriages. Are not prefects ‘the fathers and mothers of the people’? and if so, then I am both your father and your mother. Put yourselves into my hands, then. Trust in me; and if I do not do the best I can for you, may I die childless, and may beggars worship at my tomb!”

“How can we thank you,” said Plum-blossom, who was always readiest with her words, “for your boundless condescension and infinite kindness towards your handmaidens? May your Excellency live for ten thousand years, and may descendants of countless generations cheer your old age!”

“Thank you for your good wishes,” said the prefect. “I must take time to consider the course I shall pursue, and will let you know the result.” Then turning to Ma and his wife, he said in quite another tone—“Take your daughters home, and do not venture to make any arrangements for their future until you hear from me.”

So saying he rose, but, contrary to his usual habit, waited to arrange his papers until the sylph-like forms of the twins had disappeared through the folding-doors, when he retired precipitately.

The next morning Ma was surprised by a visit from the prefect, who had found it necessary, he said, to inform the twins in person of his intentions towards them. Having greeted his wards with all the affection of a guardian, he said—

“On thinking over the matter

of your marriages, I have determined to hold an examination preliminary to the coming official examination, and I propose to offer you as the prizes to be awarded to the two scholars who shall come out at the top of the list. In this way we shall have at least a guarantee that your husbands will be learned, and likely to gain distinction in official life.”

“But suppose,” put in Convolvulus timidly, “they should be married men?”

“Ah, I never thought of that!” said the prefect, laughing. “Well, I will tell you what I will do. It happens that a hunter brought me in this morning a brace of the most beautiful gazelles, and these I will give to the two top married men, as dim and bleared emblems of the still more lovely creatures which will fall to the lot of the two successful bachelors.”

The prefect accompanied his remark with a smile and bow which added another tinge of colour to the blushes which had already suffused the brilliant cheeks of the twins, whose modest confusion had scarcely subsided when he took his departure.

The appearance, two or three days after this interview, of a semi-official proclamation announcing the examination and specifying the prizes in store for the winners, produced the wildest excitement in the town. The proceedings before the prefect had become notorious, and the rare beauty of the twins was, if possible, exaggerated by the thousand-tongued rumours which spread of their exceeding loveliness. To Plum-blossom the ordeal suggested no uneasiness. For, feeling confident of the surpassing talent of Tsin, she entertained no doubt that he would

come out first upon the list. But with *Convolvulus* the case was different; for, though devotedly attached to Te, she had wit enough to recognise that his literary talents were not on a par with his distinguished appearance. The uneasiness she thus felt found vent in words at one of the stolen interviews in the arbour, and Te frankly admitted that he had been tortured by the same misgiving.

"If I could only dive into the prefect's mind," he said, "and find out what themes he has chosen for the two essays, I should have no fear."

These words sank deep into *Convolvulus's* soul, and in a conversation with Plum-blossom, in which she expressed her fears for Te, she repeated what he had said, adding—

"Do you think that we could worm out of the prefect something about the themes he is going to set?"

"I do not know, but we might try," replied her sympathetic sister. "The best plan would be, I think, that we should express in a casual way a liking for some classical piece, and it is possible that to pay us a compliment he might be kind enough to choose the themes out of it. For, dear old man, I saw from behind my fan a look in his eyes when he made us that pretty speech the other day that made me think of mother's saying, 'Men propose and women dispose.' Only yesterday dear Tsin taught me a lovely ode out of the 'Book of Poetry,' beginning—

'See where before you gleams the foaming tide
Of Tsin and Wei down-sweeping in their pride.'

It was so pretty of him to choose

an ode in which his own dear name occurs, was it not? Now, don't you think that in the letter we have to write to the prefect to-day about the copy of the proclamation he sent us, we might put in a quotation from this ode? It would at least please him, for I know he is fond of poetry, and it is possible that it might draw a remark from him which we may turn to account. It is full of lines which would make capital themes."

"Oh, Plum-blossom, how clever you are! If you and Tsin have sons they will all, I am sure, be *Chwang-yuen*.¹ Your device is excellent. Let us set to work at once to compose the letter."

So down they sat to the task, and after much cogitation Plum-blossom drafted the following:—

"May it please your Excellency, —Your humble servants on their knees have received the jade-like epistle and proclamation which you deigned to send them. With rapture they have admired the pearl-like style of your brilliant pencil, and with endless gratitude they recognise your kindness and bounty, which are as wide and far-reaching as 'the gardens beyond the Wei' described in the 'Book of Poetry.'"

"Now, what do you think of that?" said Plum-blossom, as she put down her pencil. "I think it is neat. It brings in the reference to the ode without any seeming effort, and will, if I mistake not, tickle our friend's fancy for classical quotations."

"Oh, it is excellent," said *Convolvulus*. "With the twig so cleverly limed, I feel sure we shall catch our bird."

And the results proved *Convolvulus* to be right; for on the fol-

¹ The title of the senior wrangler of the empire.

lowing day the prefect called again, and in conversation with the twins, with whom he had now grown familiar, he remarked—

“So I see you have read the ‘Book of Poetry.’”

“Yes,” said Convolvulus; “and it was such a pleasure to be able to quote our favourite ode in writing to our dearest friend.”

The prefect, touched and pleased at this artless expression of regard, rejoined—

“It so happens that that is one of my favourite odes also. The description,” added he, waxing enthusiastic, “of the wide-sweeping rivers, and the lovely gardens, with the admixture of human interests in the mention of lovers toying beneath the shade, presents to my mind a picture which is literally laden with beauty and delight.”

“Though, of course, I am quite incapable of understanding *all* that you mean, it has occurred to me in reading the ode,” replied Plum-blossom, “that every line is like a seed of corn, which, if properly treated, may be made to bring forth rich literary fruit.”

“I cannot help thinking, Miss Plum-blossom,” said the prefect, “that if you were to enter the lists at the examination you would probably win yourself.”

“What a barren triumph it would be!” said Plum-blossom, laughing. “But if I competed at all,” she added, “I should insist on your taking this ode as our text, and then I should reproduce the ideas you have just given us, and win the prize.”

“Well, I tell you what I will do if you will keep my secret,” said he. “I *will* give the themes from this ode, and then you and your sister will be able to judge whether the winners deserve the

prizes. But what is the matter with your sister?”

This exclamation was caused by Convolvulus dropping her teacup on to the floor and breaking out into hysterical sobbing.

“Oh, she is rather subject to these attacks at this time of the year,” said Plum-blossom, running to her side. “Will you excuse my attending to her?”

“Oh, don’t think of me for a moment. Please look after your sister. I will go off at once, and shall send over in the afternoon to inquire how she is.”

As the door closed on the prefect, Convolvulus sobbed out: “Oh, how stupid I have been! But I could not help it. Dear Te is now safe.”

That afternoon there were great rejoicings in the summer-house, and Plum-blossom’s *finesse* was eulogised in terms which to an unprejudiced observer might have seemed adulatory. And it was generally agreed between the four lovers that by steady application during the month which intervened before the examination, Te might easily make himself so completely master of all that had been written on the ode in question that he could not fail to succeed. With ready zeal, on the very next morning he set to work at the commentaries, and beginning with Maou’s, he waded carefully through the writings of every weighty critic down to the present time. In the intervals of leisure he practised essay-writing under the guidance of Tsin, and made such progress that Convolvulus was in raptures; and even Plum-blossom, reflecting the opinion of Tsin, was loud in her praises of his diligence and success.

At last the examination day arrived, and armed with the good wishes and benedictions of the

twins, the two friends betook themselves to the prefect's *yamun*. On entering the courtyard they found that rows of tables, separated by temporary partitions on the sides and at the back, were ranged in the usually empty space. At the door was a secretary—a stranger—who gave to each a numbered ticket, and inscribed their names on a register; while another official allotted to each a table, and distributed paper, ink, and pencils. In their impatient anxiety our two heroes had come early; but from the noise and excitement which began immediately to echo on every side of them, it was plain that there were very many others who were minded to be in good time also. At length, when every table was full, and every ticket given away, a drum was sounded, the folding-doors were closed, and the competitors were cut off from the outer world for the rest of the day. Presently the prefect entered at the upper end of the hall, and having taken his seat on a raised dais, thus addressed the assembled scholars—

“You are all doubtless aware of the unusual circumstances under which I am holding this examination, and I take it for granted that you are cognisant of the prizes which are to be won by the two most successful competitors.” Many an eye sparkled at this reference to the twins. “The two themes on which I shall ask you to write as many essays are taken from the ode of the ‘Book of Poetry,’ entitled ‘The Tsin and the Wei.’” Here Te gave a great sigh of relief. “The first consists of the two opening lines—

‘See where before you gleams the
foaming tide
Of Tsin and Wei down-sweeping in their
pride;’

and the second, of what I may call the refrain of the ode—

‘Beyond the watery waste of mighty
Wei—
There blooms a garden rich in blossoms
gay,
Where lads and lasses toy in shady
bowers,
And pelt each other with soft-petalled
flowers.’

You will have observed that a secretary, who has been kindly lent me for the occasion by the Viceroy of the province, took down your names at the door, placing them on his scroll opposite the numbers corresponding with those on your tickets. Having finished your essays, you will be good enough to sign at the foot of each the number on your tickets—not your names. After the papers have been examined, and the order of merit arranged, this sealed envelope which I hold in my hand, and which contains the secretary's scroll, will be opened, and the names of the winners ascertained and announced. As the task of going over the essays will be a long one, I propose to proclaim the award on the fifteenth of the present month at noon. And now to your tasks. The prizes offered you are well worth a struggle, and I cannot imagine any objects more calculated to stir the blood and fire the imaginations of young men like yourselves than the lovely daughters of Ma.”

When the students had settled down to their work, the prefect, acting on a sudden impulse, sent to invite the twins to look down at the competitors from the latticed gallery which ran along one side of the courtyard. Such an opportunity of looking down upon five hundred possible husbands was not to be lost, and as quickly as their chair coolies could carry them

they presented themselves at the door of the private apartments. The prefect, who had grown quite alert when Plum-blossom and her sister were in question, snatched a moment from his duties in the hall to escort them to the gallery. Once alone, they eagerly scanned the five hundred for the lineaments of their lovers.

"Oh, there is Te!" said Plum-blossom. "I know him by the lie of his pigtail."

"Where do you mean?" asked Convolvulus, seeing that her sister was looking in quite another direction to the one in which her eyes had been riveted for some minutes.

"In the front row, and about the tenth from this end."

"Why, you silly thing, there the dear fellow is, sitting in the fourth row, with his sleeves tucked up and his spectacles on."

"Well, then, all I can say is, that there is another young man with a pigtail exactly like Te's. Do you see Tsin?" she added, after a pause. "He is writing as though his life depended on it, and smiling at times as though some happy thoughts were crossing his mind."

"Oh!" exclaimed Convolvulus presently, "Te is in difficulties. He is biting the end of his pencil, as he always does when he is stranded for want of matter. I wish I were by him to encourage him."

"I don't think your presence would be likely to add much to the concentration of his thoughts," remarked her sister.

"Oh, there, he is off again! I wonder what thought suggested itself to him at that moment. Do you know, I sometimes think that Te and I are able to communicate mentally by speechless messages, for I have several times found

that we have both been thinking of the same thing at the same moment."

"Oh, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! But now we must be going, or those men near us will hear us chattering." So sending a dutiful farewell to the prefect, they returned home to await the arrival of their lovers, who had promised to report progress after the labours of the day. As the shades of evening fell, the sound of well-known footsteps brought the sisters to the balcony of the summer-house, and as they leaned over to greet their lovers, the young men instinctively paused to admire the beauty of the picture they made. Their light and graceful forms, clothed with all the taste and brilliancy of richly embroidered robes, and their exquisite features lit up with pleasure and expectancy, presented a foreground which found fitting surroundings in the quaint carving of the arbour and the masses of wistaria-blossom, which drooped like bunches of grapes from the eaves and every coign of vantage.

"Well?" they asked.

"Good news," was the answer. "The prefect was as good as his word, and everything turned out exactly as we had expected."

"That is capital. But we were sorry you did not sit together," said Plum-blossom.

"How do you know that we did not?" said Tsin, with surprise.

"And why, Te, did you tuck up your sleeves, as though you were going to contend with a sword rather than with a pen?" said Convolvulus.

"Now, who told you that I tucked up my sleeves? Confess, or I'll——"

"Oh, what a pair of unsympathetic mortals you are!" broke in

Plum-blossom, who was too happy to be silent. "There were we looking down upon you from the latticed gallery, and you were no more conscious of our presence than if you had been made of stone."

"And, Te, dear," said Convolvulus, "once when your ideas had evidently forsaken you, I longed to be at your side to help you out. And I think my longing wish must have been of some use, for almost immediately you set to work again."

"Let us go for a stroll in the garden, and we will talk it all over," was the reply of the enamoured Te.

The ten days which elapsed between the examination and the announcement of the results passed slowly with Tsin and Te, and were mainly occupied in going over each point they had made and each opportunity they had missed. In the preliminary studies Tsin had among other points striven to impress upon Te the importance of drawing a comparison between the effect of the licentious music of the state of Ching, as illustrated by the manners of the people described in the ode, and that produced by the austere strains of Wei. But when the moment came for the use of this comparison, Te found himself hopelessly confused, and ended by attributing to the exceptionally pure airs of Wei an impropriety which bordered on grossness.

The recollection of this and other shortcomings weighed heavily on Te's spirits, and tortured him even in the presence of his lady-love.

"But what matters it," said that young lady, "if you do fail in one direction, so long as you make up for it in others? It is

no use making a bridge wider than the river."

"True," replied Te; "but what if an architect puts his materials together so badly that they topple over into the stream?"

"What should you say of an architect," answered Convolvulus, "who built a good bridge, and could not sleep of a night if a leaf stirred for fear it should be blown down?"

"Well, my eyes will not now be long 'blackened with the pencils of sleeplessness,' to use your own pretty imagery," answered her lover. "And I really don't know whether to wish that between this and the fifteenth Time should fly or move with leaden feet. At all events, I enjoy your presence now, and it may be that then it will be lost to me for ever."

"I should not give up hope even if you failed," replied the cheery little Convolvulus. "There are more ways of catching a bird than grasping his tail."

The intense anxiety felt by Tsin and Te as to their success or failure caused them, as perhaps was only natural, to lose sight, to a certain extent, of the fact that to the young ladies there was even more depending on the fifteenth than to themselves; for, after all, their failure would only bring on them a negative misfortune, while it was within the bounds of possibility that Plum-blossom and Convolvulus might find themselves bound to partners whom they loathed. Their interest in the day was heightened by the arrival of the prefect on the afternoon of the fourteenth, to invite them to be present on the following morning.

"I have arranged," said he, "a pretty little alcove on one side of the hall, where you can sit with your mother and watch the pro-

ceedings. As you know, I inserted a saving clause into my proclamation, reserving to myself the right of rejecting any student who should appear physically unworthy of you; and it may be that I may wish to refer the decision on such a delicate point to yourselves."

"How thoughtful you are, your Excellency! But I am sure we may trust you not to give us pock-marked, bald, or stunted husbands," said Plum-blossom, smiling.

"Now describe your idea of what a husband should be," replied the prefect.

"First of all, he must be tall," answered Plum-blossom, drawing a mental picture of Tsin, "with broad shoulders and an upright figure. He should have a well-formed nose, a bright eye, and a glossy pigtail."

"Just what I used to be in by-gone days," thought the prefect to himself. Somehow lately he had taken to wishing that life was beginning with him anew, and after each interview with the twins he had returned to regard Madam Lo's matronly figure with increasing disfavour. On this particular occasion he was evidently bent on enjoying himself, and seemed disposed to reproduce in Ma's garden the free and easy manners of the frequenters of the "shady bowers" "beyond the watery waste of mighty Wei." Nothing loath, the girls indulged his humour, and when he finally took his leave he carried off with him one of Plum-blossom's prettily enamelled hairpins and *Convolvulus's* bangle.

On the following morning the town was early astir, and quite a crowd collected at Ma's doorway to see the twins start for the prefect's *yamun*. In that usually

decorous building the scene was tumultuous. Not only did the five hundred competitors present themselves, but when it became known that the beautiful twins would be present, nearly the whole male population of the town, including myself, poured into the courtyard. The police and lictors had no light task in keeping order; and when the twins stepped into the alcove a rush was made to that side of the courtyard, which threatened to break down the barrier that enclosed the hall. Even the sounding of the drum and the appearance of the prefect produced little or no effect on the disorder which prevailed; and it was not until two or three of the most obtrusive admirers of the two beauties had been seized and flogged on the spot, that sufficient silence was obtained to allow of the opening of the proceedings.

"I have read," said the prefect, addressing the competitors, "with the greatest care the essays which you handed in on the fifth, and after much consideration I have selected two sets as being the best of those contributed by bachelors, and two whose authors are married men. As there is less to say about the married men, I will dispose of them first. I find that Ping and Lung are the winners in that competition. Let Ping and Lung step forward. Your essays," said the prefect, addressing the two scholars, "are extremely creditable, and I have much pleasure in presenting you with the gazelles which I advertised as your reward. I am only sorry for you that they are not the gazelles on my left hand," pointing to the twins.

"Most cordially do we echo your regret, your Excellency," said Ping, casting longing eyes towards the alcove; "but failing those priceless

prizes, we thank you for the gifts you have conferred upon us."

"Now," said the prefect, "I come to the bachelors."

At these words there was a movement and excitement in the hall, which showed how deeply the admiration of the competitors had been stirred by the unparalleled beauty of the two sisters. To both Tsin and Te the moment was one of supreme concern. Tsin held his breath and bit his lip, while Te wrung his perfectly dry pocket-handkerchief as though it had been used, as well it might have been, to wipe the perspiration from off his streaming forehead.

"With regard to the winner of the first prize," he added, "I have no hesitation in pronouncing my decision. Beyond compare the essays of Tsin, in whom I am glad to recognise the son of an old friend, are infinitely the best. Not only do they display originality of thought and brilliancy of diction, but the depth of the scholarship they manifest is perfectly wonderful. I could not have believed that any scholar could have possessed so minute and accurate a knowledge of the writings of the scholiasts of all ages. I have known men who have been thoroughly acquainted with the critics of the Chow dynasty; others with those of the Han dynasty; others, again, with those of the T'ang dynasty;—but never have I met with any who had mastered so thoroughly the writings of all of them. And it becomes almost bewildering when one thinks that his knowledge of the scholia on every other ode in the 'Book of Poetry' is as perfect as his knowledge of the commentaries on this one. For why should I suppose that his attention has been especially attracted to this

ode? Without question, then, I give the palm to Tsin. But with regard to the second prize I confess to have been in some doubt. However, after mature consideration, I have determined to award it to a gentleman of the name of Te." Here *Convolvulus*, who had been leaning forward to catch every word, threw herself back in her chair with a sigh of relief. "The genius," went on the prefect, "displayed by Tsin is wanting here, and there is a lack of literary ease, and sometimes a confusion of thought which has surprised me; but at the same time I cannot overlook the fact that, like Tsin, Te possesses an extraordinarily accurate knowledge of the ancient commentators. His power of quotation is prodigious, and it would almost seem that he had learnt the commentaries by heart. Proof of such untiring diligence and of such a wonderful memory may not be passed over, and I therefore proclaim Te the winner of the second prize. Tsin and Te, stand forth."

With some trepidation the two young men stepped forward and made a profound bow to the prefect, who rose and went over to the twins.

"Do these young men satisfy your requirements, young ladies?" asked the prefect, smiling on them.

"Exceedingly well, your Excellency," said Plum-blossom.

Then returning to his seat, the prefect continued—

"To you, O most fortunate Tsin, the fates have awarded the incomparable Plum-blossom; while to your lot, Te, falls the equally matchless *Convolvulus*. Ascend the dais and let me introduce you to your brides."

With alacrity the young men mounted the steps and advanced

towards the alcove. At the moment that they made their bow and swore their fealty, the band, which the prefect had provided for the occasion, struck up the well-known wedding air, "The Phœnixes in concord sing," and the courtyard rang with the shouts of "Good!" "good!" "Very good!" "good!" "good!"

After a short pause, caused by the difficulty of getting Ma and his wife to their appointed places in the hall, the happy couples made obeisance to heaven and earth, and to their parents; and then, with a deep reverence to the prefect, turned at his invitation towards the private apartments of the *yamen*, where, as I afterwards learned, he entertained them at a sumptuous feast. At the moment that the bridal procession passed from the hall the prefect turned to the crowd and said—

"I am quite aware that the course I have pursued on this occasion is an unusual one, and that it could only be justified by circumstances such as I was called upon to encounter. The result, however, has surpassed my highest expectations, and to-day we have seen two veritable dragons of learning united to beings of more than earthly beauty. Such a consummation is worthy the labours of the wisest of mankind, and reminds me of those well-known lines of the great poet of the T'ang dynasty—

'In all the regions watered by Hwang-
ho
Or Yang-tse-Keang's current, tell me
where
You'd find on sultry plain or mountain
snow
Men half so wise or women half so
fair?'"

SECONDARY EDUCATION IN SCOTLAND.

I HAVE endeavoured in a previous article to point out the nature and the causes of the educational deficiencies of those students who come up to the universities too ill prepared to obtain the full benefit of a university course. The facts which have been adduced prove conclusively the following points:

1. That students who have received a regular training in a good secondary school evince an incontestable superiority to other students throughout their university course, so that whereas their numbers, as regards other students, are only as one to three, the distinctions they carry off are in the proportion of three to one; and—

2. That the course of higher instruction afforded in ordinary public schools by means of the Specific Subject system, is utterly inadequate as a foundation for a successful university course. Further, this inadequacy does not show itself only or mainly in an insufficient and inaccurate knowledge of the subjects studied at the university, but still more in a want of general knowledge, of disciplined habits of thought and work, and of that sound basis of literary culture without which the mind cannot assimilate the teaching of the university, nor receive its natural and full development.

The consideration of this latter point leads naturally to the question of the teaching of English, and of that set of subjects which may be called the English subjects of instruction—namely, Grammar, Composition, History (whether secular or sacred), Geography, and Literature. These subjects form the indispensable basis for all higher education; and what I

wish especially to insist upon, from my experience in the teaching of classics, is this, that the deficiencies of our students in classics result not only from an imperfect and too short course of instruction in the classical languages themselves, but also from the fact that the English subjects are too often taught in a barren, lifeless way, with a view to accurate mechanical results, but without any attempt to stimulate the intelligence or to feed the natural curiosity of the young mind by supplying it with suggestive information, and leading it on to make for itself the first steps in thought. And thus our students fail not merely or mainly from imperfect knowledge of Latin and Greek as languages, but from a want of knowledge generally, and especially of those general ideas which lie at the root of language, of history, of literature, and to which the knowledge of language is the most appropriate introduction.

And there is another point not less important for the teacher of languages to bear in mind. Whatever may be the language taught to the pupil, *the teaching of English should never cease*. Whether we teach him Latin or Greek, French or German, one permanent object to be aimed at all through is to enable him to understand English more perfectly, and to use it with greater accuracy and freedom. The knowledge and the use of the new language being learnt must be dovetailed through and through with the knowledge and the use of English; for it is only by battling with the difficulties and the peculiarities of other languages that

we can attain a complete mastery over our own. This point is so important, and its importance is so much overlooked by our teachers of classics in Scotland, so little understood by the public, that it is necessary to insist on it with some detail, and to point out that in regard to this matter of English there is no real contrast, from an educational point of view, between the training to be gained by a study of the classics, and that derived from a study of modern languages.

It is often supposed that a classical education is to be contrasted with a modern or English education; and it is common to hear the merits of an education in English and modern languages contrasted favourably, with a view to utilitarian purposes, with the study of the "dead" languages, Latin and Greek. But there is no term with regard to the ancient tongues which is, in fact, less appropriate, and which will be more strenuously repudiated by all true educationists, than the adjective "dead." If the classical languages are indeed "dead," then the sooner they are buried and put out of the way the better. But it is not so. The classical languages hold their place in education, not because they belong to a bygone age, and are removed from the present purposes of life, but because they have been held to offer the best vehicle for instruction in the principles of language in general, and therefore, of all languages in particular; and because the study of the best classical authors has been held to supply the best foundation for the study of the literature, the history, the philosophy, of all times and of all ages. The principles of language are the same for all tongues; and no man can be considered a cultured being who has not grasp-

ed those principles in connection with some particular language. The principles of grammar are forms of thought. They are a universal logic, used by all men, applicable to all times, and corresponding to the fundamental and elementary conditions of human thought. A study of language, therefore, has been always held to be the first and most essential study for mankind; and the question we have to consider is not, Shall we make language the foundation of our higher education? but, What language or languages are the best suited for the purpose? It might at first sight be thought that the best vehicle for teaching the principles of language to any man would be his mother tongue, with which he is familiar; but the very fact of its familiarity renders it unsuitable for the purpose, and it is, in fact, more easy for a learner to gain a knowledge of language through a language not his own. Our own language is too near to us to be an object of study; to examine it is an act of introspection, and, to a young mind, introspection of all kinds is difficult. Our own language is part of ourselves. We cannot without effort recast, analyse, and classify by logical methods the speech which comes into our mouths by natural and illogical methods, and to whose irregularities and idioms we have been accustomed from the first day that we could speak at all. The young mind will not believe in the existence, or see the meaning, of rules which it does not need in practice; to explain by abstract rules what we know so well in the concrete seems a reversal of the natural order of knowledge, proceeding to the known from the unknown, instead of to the unknown from the known. Again,

of all known languages English is one of the most difficult as a subject for the teaching of grammar. To teach language easily and simply, a teacher requires a normal, typical language; English abounds in the abnormal. He requires a language obedient to general rules; English is notoriously the reverse. He desires a simple language; English is a most complex language. To explain the formation of words, he needs a language with a word-history and a word-formation which can be simply and uniformly traced; English borrows forms and meanings right and left from every tongue. The result is that English grammars are for the most part prodigies of difficulty. They abound in refined distinctions, in subtle abstract explanations conveyed by complicated rules which often have not the merit of being true, and, even when they *are* true, are difficult to bring home to a boy's mind, because the language, not being inflected, bears no trace of the rule upon its surface. It is difficult to explain in English even the relations of the cases; for when a child is told that the same form *Brutus* is the accusative in the sentence "Cæsar killed Brutus," but the nominative in "Brutus killed Cæsar," the form of the language gives him no help: the idea is purely abstract to him, and therefore hard to grasp.

A few instances will show how baffling English is to the young student of grammar, and how likely he is to be led astray by the fact that differences of meaning are constantly concealed by similarity of form; while, on the other hand, differences of form by no means correspond to differences of idea. It is difficult to explain to a boy that the words *him* and *me* are in different cases in such

sentences as "Give *him* back his book," "Give *him* back to his mother;" and again, "He sent *me* down some dinner," "He sent *me* down to dine." Take, again, the word "to." How hard to explain to a young mind the distinctions in the following: "Go *to* bed," "I want *to* sleep," "I take porridge *to* my breakfast," "Man must eat *to* live," "He laid him down *to* die." And the word "to" itself is outdone by "that" in a language which permits such a sentence as "My grammar informs me *that that 'that' that that* grammar of yours explains is wholly unnecessary." The pronouns and conjunctions present an inextricable labyrinth of difficulty. The principles of verb formation and of the consecution of tenses are in English irregular and illogical; and it is impossible to explain the syntax of the language without resorting to refinements of a highly cumbersome and complicated character. Hence ordinary English grammars, even those specially designed for schools, bristle with complicated distinctions and formulæ which are highly unsuited for the purpose of instructing the young. In one grammar I find that the participial termination *ing* exercises four different functions in English. Thus the word *passing* is a verbal noun in the sentence, "He sang of the *passing* of Arthur." It is a present participle in, "And Arthur, *passing* thence, rode on to the wood." It is a gerund in the sentence, "This is only good for *passing* the time;" and, finally, it is an adverb in, "He was *passing* rich on forty pounds a-year." Even a gender becomes bewildering in English grammar. What are we to think of a question lately set to Glasgow pupil-teachers, "What is the *masculine* of

'*aunt*'?" a question which raises problems before which the deceased wife's sister falls into insignificance. Another question was, "What is the feminine of '*patron*'?" No doubt *patroness*

was meant; but would not *matron* have been an equally good or better answer? In one high-class grammar I find the distinction between abstract nouns and concrete nouns thus illustrated:—

<i>Abstract.</i>	<i>Concrete.</i>
Quadruped,	Horse.
Building materials,	Bricks and mortar.
Warlike weapons,	Sword and guns.
Rich and poor,	The palace and the cottage.

Confusion of thought could scarcely go further. Now let us look at another famous—too famous—grammar based on so-called philological principles. In this grammar the poor little word *it* receives a marvellous development. In some sentences it is explained to have a "backward reference," as in the sentence, "The day is fine,—no one doubts *it*," in others it has a "forward reference, as "*It* is healthy to walk;" while in other cases it has an "indefinite reference," as "*It* rains." When syntax is reached, still more complex explanations are necessary. A simple sentence is said to be a "naked" sentence; a complex one is "clothed," or "filled out with" additions. It would be difficult to imagine a grammatical illustration more grotesquely false than this. A simple sentence, expressing a single idea, is *naked*, imperfectly clothed! This principle is evidently responsible for the intolerable prolixity of much of our Scottish writing and speaking, as though a sentence, if not smothered in verbiage, could hardly be considered decent. Then the wholly misleading word "enlargement" plays an important part: A temporal subordinate clause is styled an "enlargement of time," a conditional clause, an "enlargement of condition," and so forth, as if the word "enlargement" conveyed any meaning whatever ex-

cept increase of bulk. In the sentence, "*Those concerned in it* were to be arrested," the words in italics are considered to be a "restricted adjunct"; but in the sentence, "The minister, *having obtained information of the conspiracy*, was enabled to prevent it," the words in italics are called a "co-ordinating adjunct." Not unfrequently these distinctions, manufactured with so great care, are absolutely false: for in another well-known grammar used in our schools we are introduced to a case called the "nominative of address"; and (*mirabile dictu!*) this *nominative* is said to be sometimes the subject, and sometimes the object, of the verb. The instances given of this remarkable grammatical phenomenon are as follows: (1) "A hot day, gentlemen;" in this instance a *hot day* is apparently the "nominative of address," and is the subject to the verb. (2) "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" Here a *horse, a horse*, is still the "nominative of address," only it becomes the *object* to some verb understood! It is unnecessary to cite further examples; these instances show how very unnatural and complicated a science grammar tends to become when constructed to suit the idiosyncrasies of a language like English.

In Latin and Greek no such vagaries are possible; they exhibit

the fundamental and universal laws of grammar in a logical and consistent form. If these laws are broken, the fact is apparent, and the reason *why* can at once be explained. Hence it is the experience of all teachers that those who really know Latin and Greek grammar understand the grammatical principles of all languages; whereas nothing is commoner than to find scholars who have been taught English grammar entirely at sea when confronted with the logical preciseness of the classical languages.

It may be said, however, that, granting this to be true, grammar might be equally well apprehended through German or French as through Latin and Greek. To a great extent this is perfectly true. German especially, which is an inflected language, can be taught upon rigorously scientific principles, and might be made almost, if not quite, as efficacious an educational instrument as Latin or Greek. But as a matter of fact, this is not done; and all modern languages, regarded as educational instruments, err in this, that they have developed great refinement and complexity of ideas at the expense of obscuring and crowding out of sight the simple radical principles of language. They are more subtle, more abstract, and the simple grammatical relations are buried beneath anomalies, exceptions, and irregularities. No modern language equals the classical languages for typical simplicity of form, and for adhesion, even in their exceptions, to scientific principles of construction. Added to this, the modern languages are usually acquired rather for practical purposes than as a scientific discipline; and if strict and idiomatic accuracy were demanded—such as good scholars attain in Greek and Latin—the process

would be at least as laborious, probably more laborious, than in the case of the classical languages.

Such are the reasons which will determine the teacher who has his choice between languages, to prefer Latin or Greek as the medium of teaching grammar, to English. If, however, it be granted that where a choice is possible, English is an unsuitable language for the teaching of grammar, it is no less necessary to insist upon the converse proposition, that whatever be the language taught, whether it be ancient or modern, it should be so taught as to have the greatest possible effect upon the pupil's knowledge of his own language, and with a view to his acquiring the power of using it for his own purposes with ease, simplicity, and force.

Experience has proved that it is not possible to become a master of language without knowing more languages than one. The Greeks suffered from knowing only one language: this led them frequently to mistake differences and similarities of names for differences and similarities of things. The Romans deemed the possession of a knowledge of Greek indispensable for an educated gentleman; and all generations of educators are agreed that there is no mode by which a man can so surely acquire a mastery over his own language as by comparing and contrasting it with another, learning to separate what is essential in expression from what is accidental, and habituating himself to translate, not only correctly, but idiomatically, from the one language into the other. A good teacher will not allow a pupil to translate word for word one language into another, without regard to idiom; he will endeavour to guide his pupil to the choice of the most apt and simple

words, and to the corresponding idioms in the two languages. Thus in learning Latin side by side with English, the pupil should be taught at every step not only to understand fully the meaning of the Latin author, but to turn it into the most pure, vigorous, and simple English which he can command. He should be taught to eschew Latin and Latinised words so far as possible, and to use plain, vigorous Saxon; for, paradox as it may seem, the true Latin scholar is precisely the man who will most avoid Latin in writing English. He will use pure unadulterated English; for what he most appreciates in Cæsar, Livy, Virgil, and Horace, is that they wrote pure unadulterated Latin. This process, no doubt, may be carried on in the learning of all languages; but the process is especially fruitful when it is pursued in connection with Latin or Greek. The whole cast of these languages is so different from that of English, they are constructed upon principles so fundamentally different, that a really good translation from either of these languages into English or *vice versâ*, implies that the student has dived into the very essence of the thought, and can reclothe it in a new form, so as to express a similar meaning with equal force and purity in the other language. Add to this that the classical authors studied are for the most part themselves models of good style. Their works deal with the great fundamental facts, thoughts, and sentiments of humanity, which are at the root of all human knowledge, and form the necessary basis of all languages and all literature. There are as great and greater writers in modern literature: but classical literature is more compressed; it deals with simple, typical

ideas capable of being apprehended by, and of making an impression upon, young minds, and occupies comparatively so small a compass, that it is possible to go over a considerable portion of its best products even within the narrow limits of a school course. To take in these ideas is a training in universal human thought; to render them adequately into English implies not understanding only, but judgment, taste, power over language—in short, all the elements of literary culture. The ideas of a French or German author may often be translated into English almost as they stand, because all modern thought runs more or less in similar grooves; but in Greek or Latin the thought is cast in moulds so different that it must be taken to pieces before it can be reproduced in English, and if it has been imperfectly or wrongly apprehended, the pupil has no power of concealing or slurring over his want of understanding.

It would be, of course, absurd to pretend that such an education in language, or as I should prefer to call it, in literature, can be obtained only from a study of the classics. I wish only to point out what are the special advantages claimed for the classical languages for an education of this kind, and to show that the idea that there is an essential difference between a classical and a modern education, in regard to the kind of literary culture to be derived from them respectively, is wholly erroneous. The classical instructor, like the instructor in modern subjects, aims at giving his pupils a mastery over the principles of language in general, whether ancient or modern; he aims at enabling them to write or speak their own language well and forcibly; he seeks to open their minds in regard to all the great

subjects of human life and history, to appreciate the beauties of style, and to cultivate a taste for literature. If he fails in these ends, he fails in the main objects which a classical education is intended to secure: if he succeed, it can only be by keeping these supreme objects unceasingly in view.

We have thus seen that the classics, if they are to do their function in the work of secondary education, must be made a living study, must be brought into direct relations to English, and be so used as to become the foundation of the pupil's thought and knowledge in all the great human subjects of instruction. I would now reverse the picture, and point out how frequently it happens that the teaching of English, which ought to be the most living of all things, is lifeless and unintelligent, and is, in fact, so conducted that it is English, and not Latin or Greek, that veritably deserves the character of being "a dead language." I have already spoken of "the essay" or theme as prescribed in many of our schools. We have seen that in these exercises the object is not to enlarge the scope of the pupil's knowledge—not to make him think correctly, or to express in some new and more compact way what he knows—but to string together a number of sentences that have more sound than sense, that are grammatically correct, and are correctly spelt and punctuated. And there is this further mischief, that the standard of taste of such educators generally prefers long words to short words, Latin or Latinised words to English words, and all that long-winded splendour of verbose correctness which is the mark of a semi-educated person, and especially of one who has not been penetrated by the spirit of classical scholarship.

Let us take the subject of diction. This may be made a most useful and educative exercise. For younger children, there is much training involved in making them reproduce, in their own words, a simple story plainly told, with proper spelling and punctuation. At a later age, a longer narrative, an exposition, a train of argument, and so forth, may be substituted for the story; the great object being to make sure that the pupil understands the whole passage, follows its sequences or its reasoning, and can give back the essence of it independently, in his own words, and with any changes of order or expression that preserve the sense. But too often, in the hands of unreflective teachers, this exercise becomes a mere rote exercise of memory. They try to make the class reproduce the story exactly, in the very same words; and actually regard every variation as a fault, instead of praising it as a merit. Some time ago, in an important school in a considerable Scotch town, I heard a simple story about a wig read out to an intelligent class. Many reproduced the story on their slates *verbatim*, including some stilted sentences which would have been much better simplified. These versions were praised: those which gave the whole sense shorter, and in better English, were pronounced imperfect. At last I asked the first boy, "Tell me, what is a wig?" He had not the faintest idea! and I had to ask *seven boys individually* before I could get a correct answer to the question. Thus in this class, which did this work so correctly, it was to be inferred that there were at least six-sevenths who did not know what the whole story was about! This I call *dead* unintelligent teaching.

Take, again, the subject called

“composition.” I find a noted text-book half filled with exercises of the following kind. A number of bald detached sentences are strung together, each closed with a full stop. They all relate to a common subject; a river, a country, an animal, an event, and so forth. Each sentence gives one simple fact related to the subject. This exercise is to be taken home, and the pupil is required to string these simple sentences into one long continuous whole, to be read off in one breath. He takes home the sentences “naked,” as our grammarians would say: by jumbling them up into a confused, cumbrous, complicated whole, he gives them their necessary “clothing.” But no exercise could be more useless than this. No ideas are imparted by the process; the pupil is taught elaborately to be long-winded, and to write loosely worded periods, instead of being taught to do exactly the reverse. If he were taught to condense a long period into its constituent parts, and to resolve complex sentences into simple ones, he would have gone through a valuable operation; but to teach him systematically to turn simple sentences into complex ones, is to do him and his style the very reverse of a service.

No subject can be more stimulating to boys than history, if taught with intelligence, but history is too often taught as a mere piece of “cram.” The class has a page or half a page of some densely compressed history to get up for a lesson, and the teacher, instead of bringing out the intelligence of the class by grouping the facts in an interesting pictorial way, and fixing their minds upon the ideas which it contains, contents himself with asking the pupil to reproduce *verbatim*, one by one, without any explanation, without any tracing

of cause and effect, the facts given in the passage. Not long ago I heard a class examined as follows. The subject was the last Russo-Turkish war, compressed into about one page. The teacher kept his finger on the place, and questioned the class by taking up each sentence as it stood and turning it into an interrogative form. “After many months of negotiations vainly protracted, the Russians did—*what?*” The prompt answer from the boy examined was, “Crossed the Danube.” “Quite right.” Then turning to another boy: “It took the Russians—*what?*—to effect their purpose?” Much doubt and hesitation. At last a successful boy shouts, “Six months.” “Quite right; it took them six months.” “Next boy: After many bloody battles, and much delay caused by the heroic resistance of Plevna, Turkey did—*what?*” This was a puzzler. The question went round: at last an intelligent boy answered triumphantly, “Lay prostrate at the feet of Russia!” I at once asked what was the meaning of “prostrate,” but no satisfactory answer could be obtained. In another case I noticed a master’s finger slip too far down the page, between one question and the next, and he inverted all modern political history, by assigning to 1884 a series of figures which related to 1832. In another school I found that an advanced class had written down on their slates, from dictation, an admirable summary of a period. On examination I found they were nearly all equally good, and all the good ones were *identical*. It turned out that these advanced pupils had simply reproduced the dictation word for word. In the passage there occurred a very unusual phrase. Not one pupil could explain it: I turned to the teacher,

but the teacher had never noticed it, and could give no explanation of it whatever.

Geography, again, is in itself one of the most interesting and stimulating of subjects. It may be taught in the most suggestive way, starting from the everyday experience of children, leading them on to understand and take in the great wonders of the earth and its formation, appealing to their imagination, filling them with sound knowledge of real things, and laying a simple but sure foundation for the reception of the principles of science. And yet how dull and lifeless is the mode in which it is commonly taught! Many teachers are satisfied with exacting a knowledge day by day of a limited portion of some text-book; and most text-books are made up of long dreary lists of names, without interest, without life, without one living point of connection with the ideas which the child has in his mind already, or the objects which he sees about him every day. And so this most fruitful and real of all subjects, which might quicken into intelligence the dullest mind, becomes too often, under the weary grinding process of the examination mill, a mere string of dead barren formulæ, learnt and repeated by rote, without understanding, without human interest, without adding one iota to the real knowledge of the child, or making him thirst for more.

And now that I am touching on English, and on the subjects that may specially be called the English subjects, I cannot but express my fears that there is one subject of paramount importance in education which, under the present system, is being gradually driven into a corner, so that it constitutes no longer the main pillar of our

educational system—I mean the study of the Bible. The Bible finds, alas! no place in the six standards, or in the inspector's examination; its teaching has to be huddled into odd corners, or to be confined to the Sunday-school; and I have a strong suspicion that the youth of this generation do not study it, do not know it, as their fathers did. If this indeed be so, it is a serious national misfortune, and is of itself enough to account for a deterioration in the literary fibre of our youth. Apart altogether from its sacred character, the Bible is the grandest book that the world has ever produced for feeding the intelligence, the conscience, the taste, the imagination of the young. It is all that Homer ever was to the Greek or the Roman, and much more. There is history in it, there is poetry, there is romance, there is philosophy; it is a fountain of wisdom, great, simple, and universal; it is a storehouse of instruction and illustration for every form of human emotion, for every phase of human character, for every incident of private life, for every kind of social and political institution. There never was a richer or nobler granary out of which to feed the heart and mind of a nation. It is a model of style, or rather of many styles; it speaks in a language at once pure, rich, and strong, at once popular and classical, and presents for the formation of our vocabulary an inexhaustible well of English undefiled. May the day never come when the simple facts of the Bible shall cease to be studied in our schools as the foundation of all human knowledge, or its ideas and its literary form to shape the conscience, to develop the taste, and to fire the imagination of our young!

It is obvious that such a course

of education as that sketched in this article can only be successfully carried out by means of a prolonged and systematic course of training. Modern reform, excellent as it has been in many ways, has been injurious to the cause of higher education, by the demand that is continually made for the introduction of new subjects into the school course. It is not that all these new subjects do not deserve recognition; on the contrary, they are admirable in themselves, and probably each of them, if systematically organised and with a sufficient amount of time at its disposal, might form the basis of an excellent system of education. The mistake made has been in the attempt to crowd all the subjects, new and old, into one curriculum, to be got through in the same space of time, or, as many demand, in a shorter space of time than formerly, to the serious injury both of the old subjects and of the new. It matters little comparatively what subject or set of subjects be chosen to form the staple of an educational course; what does matter supremely is, that whatever subjects be chosen should be completely, patiently, and exhaustively studied, with a view to the gradual training and development of the human faculties. The object to aim at is not to crowd all knowledge into one mind, but to train each mind thoroughly and systematically in one branch or one side of knowledge; for the mind which has been thoroughly trained in this way will be able, when time and opportunity offers, to make itself master of any other subject to which it may desire to turn its attention. I plead, therefore, rather for a reduction of the number of subjects to be taught in our schools, and an increase in the time

to be given to each; and when critics complain of the sorry results produced by our secondary schools or universities, they should consider how far the shortcomings they deplore are due to the fact that the scholars have been tossed about from one subject to another, without having ever received a really continuous education in any subject at all.

It has sometimes been made the ground of attack upon the Scotch schools and universities that they do not produce classical scholars that can rank beside the best English scholars, and patriots of the type of Professor Blackie declaim against what they are pleased to call the snobbery of believing that our best Scotch students can learn something by continuing their studies at Oxford and Cambridge, or that Oxford and Cambridge can supply us with types of scholarship which we do not produce at home. It would be well for such critics to consider how long and patient a course of classical training is given by the best schools of England, and how vain it is to hope that equal results can be produced, save in exceptional cases, in the very much more limited time which is devoted to the study of classics in this country. We have seen the absurdity of imagining that a training in specific subjects continued for three years can form a satisfactory basis for university study. Let us ask what is the usual preliminary training received by students who enter at Oxford and Cambridge, and whose performances are contrasted with those of average Scotch students. Such a youth in England has probably been at school since he was nine years of age. From that age to thirteen or fourteen he attends a preparatory classical school. He has begun

Latin at eight, sometimes even earlier; Greek at ten or eleven. At the preparatory school his education is mainly in Latin, Greek, and English, tempered with a moderate amount of mathematics, French, and history (including divinity). He works about 40 hours in the week, and from the time he is eleven he will devote no less than from 18 to 19 hours per week to classics, with which the study of English, on the principle explained above, always goes hand in hand. At fourteen he is transferred to one of the great public schools. I have before me the time-tables of Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Clifton, Winchester, and other schools, and I find that the amount of time given to the different subjects in the different schools is very much the same. At the age of fourteen, on an average not less than 12 hours a-week are given to classical lessons. As the boy rises in the school, the amount of time given to classics increases till it becomes as much as 17 hours per week. In addition to the time given in school, there is the time for preparation out of school, and for the writing of exercises in prose or verse composition, of which there are generally from two to three a-week. In one school I find that, counting both the time taken for preparation and that spent in class-work, not less than 27 hours per week are given to classics, while $5\frac{1}{2}$ are given to mathematics, 4 to modern languages, 2 to science, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ to history, making a total of from 40 to 41 hours in all. In another school I find as much as 52 hours of work per week, including preparation, of which 28 or 30 are devoted to the study of classics: the proportion throughout the other schools is very similar. The above exam-

ples, of course, are taken from the classical side. On the modern side, at Harrow 4 hours only per week are given to classics, 11 to science and foreign languages, 2 to English and history, and 6 to mathematics; from 20 to 24 hours are taken for preparation. The school course is continued usually up to the age of nineteen, so that when an English student joins the university, he has had ten or eleven years of consecutive training in classics, in literature, and in composition, all dovetailed into each other, and made to form part of a single and continuous system of education. How far this system is defective upon its mathematical and scientific side it is beside my present purpose to inquire; I only wish to point out what immense advantages in point of classical and literary education a good English student has received when he enters an English university, and how vain it is to expect that Scotland, with her mixed and inadequate system, can produce in classics an average of similar results.

If with the above system we compare that pursued in our best secondary schools in Scotland—those whose students distinguish themselves most at the university—it will be found that the main distinction is that the Scotch course is very much shorter, and that it devotes less time to classics and more to English and mathematics. In Scotland, neither Latin nor Greek is begun at so early an age as in England, and this is probably an advantage. The Scotch course ends earlier: few scholars remain at school after seventeen, and not many after sixteen years of age. The consequence is that the scholars have not read nearly as much, and do not ever reach the same point of scholarship, as the best English boys when they

leave school. Another most important difference is that Scotch schools are not able to devote as much time and care as are needed for the indispensable item of composition. It is, in consequence, most prominently in this respect that ordinary Scotch scholarship falls short of English scholarship. Nevertheless, during the last few years of the course, the time given to classics in a good secondary school in Scotland is nearly as great as that given in the best English schools. In Dundee High School, during the three last years, about 12 hours per week are given to classics in class, exclusive of preparation. In the Edinburgh High School, 15 hours a-week are given to classics in the highest class, 10 hours in the third class, and so on. In Glasgow High School from 10 to 15 hours of class-work, according to choice, are given to classics. In Ayr Academy as much as $16\frac{1}{2}$ hours are given to classics in the highest class, as much as $12\frac{1}{2}$ in the third class, exclusive of preparation. In Hutcheson's Grammar School, Glasgow, 10 hours are given to classics in the three highest classes of the school, while as much as from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 11 hours are devoted to mathematics.

I content myself with thus indicating the amount and character of the work done in our secondary schools, in order to show by what a gulf the training they offer is separated from that provided by ordinary public schools; but I am far from wishing to imply that these schools do not need improvement. The organisation of many of them stands in need of radical amendment, and this amendment will undoubtedly be insisted on so soon as the public is convinced that such schools must form an essential portion

of our national system. The improvements most needed are that the power of head-masters should be strengthened, so as to exclude all divided authority inside the schools; that in all cases promotion by merit should be established, instead of by mere seniority; that pupils *in each subject* should be classified according to their degree of proficiency in it; that the hours of work should be better adjusted, so as to admit of boys taking proper exercise, and taking their meals at proper hours, throughout the winter months; and, most important of all, that a high standard of qualification should be demanded from the masters, and salaries sufficiently high provided to secure the services of really high-class men.

Without reference, however, to future improvement, the facts given above show that in any good secondary school a systematic course of literary training is provided, extending over five or six years; classics are systematically and continuously taught; composition, though deficient in quantity, and far from being what it ought to be in quality, forms a substantial part of the work; and at the end of the course the scholar leaves school having understood and mastered considerable portions of the best classical authors. The scholar who has worked diligently and carefully through such a course has learned much more than a certain amount of Latin and Greek. He has learned to grapple with difficult processes of reasoning, and to follow trains of argument; he has learned how to get up a book or a subject systematically, and to hold it as a whole in his mind. He has had explained to him many abstract processes of thought, and has some grasp of abstract ideas. He has gained

some appreciation of the niceties and delicacies of language, and a power to understand the differences of thought to which they correspond. He should have some sense for beauty of expression, for compactness of language, and (if he has had good teachers) he has been taught to value simplicity, directness, and strength in writing his mother tongue. If he has gained these things and nothing else, he is a fit subject for the highest education which the university can give him.

Now let the reader who has borne with me thus far, contrast the kind of education which is here sketched out—an education which can, and which ought to be provided in every secondary school—with the specimens selected at random in my previous article as the product of the teaching of the “higher subjects” in ordinary public schools, under the system of specific subjects. Let him consider how entirely deficient that system is in respect of the teaching of English—how barren in the production of ideas—how destitute of the flavour of literary culture. Let him remember, further, how very unsatisfactory the teaching of “English” commonly is, not only in the elementary, but in many of the secondary schools, and how largely it fails in producing that development of the intelligence, that cultivation of the taste, that command over language, which it is the main function of a literary education to secure.

We may now attempt to give an answer to the question from which we started. Is it possible to give a literary education such as has been described in this article, and such as every secondary school should aim at, in every public school in the country? Assuredly not. Such an education

can only be carried out by high-class teachers, such as are not to be found in every school in the country; by men who have taken honours at a university, or who have otherwise shown that they have some real literary culture of their own. Such work cannot be carried out successfully by men who merely repeat by rote the knowledge which they have crammed up for their own examinations, or which they get up with a view to their lessons from day to day. It may be asked, then, Should specific subjects be abolished altogether? Is it proposed that the connection between the universities and the elementary schools of the country, which has so long subsisted, should be broken, and that all students should be required, as a necessary condition of entering the university at all, to go through a complete course of secondary instruction at a secondary school? No doubt this would be the most admirable solution of all: but it is vain to discuss such an alternative. The facts given in my first article as regards the schools from which the universities draw their students, show that it would be impossible to effect such an educational revolution as to close the university door upon all but scholars of secondary schools. But such a revolution is not required. What is wanted is, not that all students should go through a secondary school, but that wherever secondary instruction is given, whether it be in a secondary school or in an elementary school, it should be systematically organised, and upon principles entirely different from those which regulate the work done for the six standards.

The first thing to recognise is that it is impossible that efficient higher instruction can be given in *every*

ordinary school: and that therefore the first requisite is that there be a proper differentiation or grading of schools. All public schools must teach the elementary subjects; but the higher subjects will never be taught well if every public school considers itself entitled to be regarded as a "school in which efficient instruction is given in the higher branches." If all schools are to teach the higher subjects, they will be taught only to small classes, imperfectly organised, with none of the stimulus of competition amongst the scholars, and with no adequate remuneration either in money or position to the teachers. If the higher instruction given is to be good in quality, it must be given by high-class teachers, well paid, able to devote their whole time to the organisation of higher work, and able to count upon the continuous attendance of their scholars for at least four years. The whole work should be conducted and tested, not according to officially fixed standards, as in the specific subjects, but according to more pliable and comprehensive tests, in which the whole character of the work done by the teacher shall be fairly gauged, and attention concentrated rather upon the development of the intelligence as a whole, than upon reaching a particular minimum in a particular subject. To engraft a higher department upon selected public schools here and there in suitable localities would be a matter of no difficulty. There is no objection to uniting under the same roof the teaching of elementary subjects with that of higher subjects; the only essential thing is that the teaching of the higher subjects should be organised and maintained upon methods applicable to the kind of instruction and the kind of result which it is their business to give.

This may be illustrated by the case of Glasgow. There are certain schools in Glasgow upon which the School Board has devoted especial care, and in which they are attempting to organise a really high course of instruction. Garnethill School is a typical school of this kind; and another public school in Glasgow — Woodside School—was able last session to send up a student to the university, who was, in point of real literary training, equal to the best scholars sent up by secondary schools. Now Garnethill is not merely a school which adds on a few specific subjects to the ordinary school course; it has a secondary course of four years' duration. It has a staff of teachers for the express purpose of teaching the higher subjects; it prepares for the university examinations with considerable success; and I have no doubt that it will receive further improvement and development. Now what has been done at Garnethill can be done elsewhere in specially selected schools. Glasgow has room for several schools of this kind, and I trust that, whether by the exertions of the Board or by a larger and more systematic recognition on the part of the Education Department, we may see similar schools springing up in various parts of the country, offering to the able students in every district an education, whether literary or scientific, which will make their scholars fit recipients of higher education at the university or elsewhere.

But it is evident that even the School Board of Glasgow do not adequately recognise the distinction between schools properly equipped like these, and an ordinary public school which teaches the "higher branches." Under the new educational schemes for Glasgow, a large number of bursaries

have been created, to be held for two or three years by able and deserving boys after the completion of their ordinary school course. These bursaries must be held at schools "in which efficient instruction is given in the higher branches." Already some 300 bursars have been appointed under these provisions, and it was to be hoped that special care would have been taken to confine those picked 300 to a few picked schools such as Garnethill—some certainly might have been sent to the High School—in which a course of really higher instruction is offered. Instead of this, the School Board, it seems, has insisted that almost any school which teaches specific subjects may be regarded as satisfying the conditions on which the bursaries are held, and no less than *thirteen* schools have been permitted to have a share in the instruction of these bursars. Such a decision is much to be deplored. The stimulus which would have been created by the presence of so many good scholars in one school will be lost by scattering them in small numbers over many schools; and the scholars will not all have the benefit of going through, as the scheme provided, a course of "efficient higher instruction." Glasgow might well have several good schools of the type of Garnethill: it is quite impossible that it can maintain as many as thirteen. Let it be enacted that no school be considered under these schemes as "giving efficient instruction in the higher branches" unless it were declared by the Education Department to fulfil this condition. The addition of the words, "in the opinion of the Education Department," would remove the difficulty, and ensure that the schools selected were really of a superior type. This point is one of great importance, and attention needs to be

called to it, as it applies to a very large number of the schemes made by the Endowment Commissioners.

The first condition, then, for having the higher subjects really well taught, must be a proper differentiation of schools. And the second condition follows as the natural corollary of the first—there must be a proper differentiation of teachers. It is absurd, and contrary to all the experience of all other countries, to suppose that every good teacher of elementary subjects can, if he chooses, or if he be set to it, become a good teacher of secondary subjects. The acquirements needed for the two purposes are entirely of a different order; the methods and aims of the two kinds of work are essentially different; and to some extent the training and methods required of elementary teachers absolutely *disqualify* them for the work of higher education. I have already insisted on the narrow, cramping, and actually deadening effect of the ordinary pupil-teacher course; it is only the very best minds that rise superior to it. Here is a proof of it. Under the present system, a certain picked number of those who enter the training colleges are allowed to attend the university, for certain classes, during the two years of their course; but it is only a few of these picked students who really take a good place in the university, and can be pronounced fit to teach the higher subjects. The mere possession of a good Government certificate is no proof whatever that the holder is fit to teach in a secondary school; and yet many members of school boards look to no other qualification than this, and imagine that any certificated teacher can be turned on, like the tap in a conjurer's barrel, to teach any subject which they desire to be taught. Even the ordinary M.A.

degree is, by itself, no sufficient test of qualification, unless evidence be obtained that the holder has specially distinguished himself in those higher subjects which he will have to teach. What is wanted is a special honour qualification, of a distinctly higher type. The candidate should either have obtained university honours in some department of his M.A. course, or else a special honour grade should be instituted in the examination of schoolmasters now conducted by the universities, with especial reference to the standard required for higher class schools. The University of Glasgow has lately laid before the Scottish Education Department a scheme for a special schoolmaster's examination of this kind; the other universities have offered to make arrangements of a similar character. In England, no man has a chance of obtaining a mastership in a good secondary school unless he has taken high honours at the university: and until managers of schools in Scotland have some tangible means of distinguishing the honour-man from the mere pass-man, the teaching of secondary subjects can never be placed upon a satisfactory footing. The idea that every certificated teacher can be expected to have the scholarship, the culture, the capacity to use the finer and larger methods required for high-class teaching, is as absurd as to suppose that a prize Clydesdale would have a fair chance of winning the Derby.

If these two fundamental conditions be secured—the differentiation of schools, and the differentiation of teachers—then the development of our secondary school system will become mainly a question of money. Without more means, high-class teaching

cannot be got; without more means, the various internal reforms which are needed cannot be introduced. In this article, which I have confined strictly to educational points, I abstain entirely from entering on the question of finance, or suggesting from what source funds are to be found; but if things are to be put right, the public cannot understand too soon that education forms no exception to the law which regulates the price of all commodities. If they want a really good thing, they must pay a really good price for it. There is such a thing as high-class education, and there is such a thing as shoddy education; the public may choose which they like, but they need not expect to pay the shoddy price and get the first-class article. The necessary cost must be provided from one source or another. Let the State do her part, let parents do their part, in paying willingly a higher price for an incalculably better article; there will still be room for the generosity of benefactors. To quote the words of the late Scotch Secretary, spoken in Edinburgh in November last:—

“If this work is to be done, it must be done by Scottish people in obedience to Scottish needs; and if my views could reach beyond these walls, and if I could influence by anything I say, those worthy and public-spirited men who have done, and who are doing so much for education in all parts of Scotland, I would ask them to do what they can to endow secondary schools, not in the first instance by the creation of bursaries, but by the creation of some form of endowment which shall put them in a position to carry out with freedom and with efficiency that great work of preparing the Scottish youth for the university which is so absolutely necessary for the efficiency of our education.”

G. G. RAMSAY.

THE WAR OFFICE.

IT is much to be regretted that the Royal Commission, of which the Report now lies open before us, was restrained from pushing its inquiries further than into "the system under which the patterns of warlike stores are adopted, and the stores obtained and passed into the service." Sir James Stephen, it is pretty clear, in accepting the chair when it was offered to him, looked forward to a far more extensive field of inquiry than this. He was at once confronted, however, when the Committee met, with a difficulty on which he had never counted. The first witness called was the then Secretary of State for War, whose reply to the first question put to him stated frankly "that to inquire into the whole administration of the War Office," were it only for a few years back, "was not the purpose for which the Commission was appointed." Here was a poser. The officials who adopted the patterns of warlike stores, and passed them into the service, are all the subordinates of the War Minister. For him they acted, and by his authority they expended enormous sums in the purchase of weapons, on the trustworthiness of which the efficiency of the army depended. It might be desirable enough, in the event of a discovery being made that the weapons so purchased were worthless, to spot the individuals through whose hands they passed into those of our soldiers and sailors. But what advantage to the public service could

arise out of this so long as it is not ascertained whether or not the first-class official, in whose name the delinquents acted, knew anything at all of the line of business which he is well paid to direct? And if by chance it came to light that in this particular instance the great man was an ignoramus, would not the suspicion be immediately awakened that in other instances not less important he might be quite as much, if not more, in the clouds? Where, then, was the use of going into the inquiry at all, unless it were made thorough? So, evidently, Sir James Stephen thought; and hence, while adhering to the letter of his instructions, he has so dealt with his witnesses, and with the evidence tendered by them, that a good deal of light is thrown, as it were obliquely, on points which successive Administrations have done their best to keep dark. What he and his brother Commissioners hint at rather than express, we propose in the following pages to make clear.

There can be little doubt that the day is not far distant, if indeed it be not dawning upon us already, when a searching inquiry into all the details of military administration in this country will be forced by public opinion upon the notice of the Government. Still less can it be doubted that the result of such inquiry will be to compel a change, were it only to take the shape of an abject return to the system which prevailed prior to the Crimean war. No doubt, to a genera-

Report of the Royal Commission appointed to Inquire into the System under which Patterns of Warlike Stores are adopted, and the Stores obtained and passed for Her Majesty's Service.

tion which knows nothing about that system except what history or tradition may have told them, an administrative machine which was worked by six heads, each, to a great extent, independent of all the rest, may well appear to have been liable to constant friction. And it would be idle to deny that, in times when no master-spirit took its place among them, friction sometimes occurred. But from the hour in which the Duke of Wellington became a member of the conclave, friction was impossible. Differences of opinion might indeed arise,—when did five or six men ever think exactly alike on any subject?—but in presence of an authority to whom all equally looked up, such differences were easy of reconciliation. For our own part, therefore, supposing no other alternative to be possible, we should infinitely prefer going back to things as they were forty or fifty years ago, to a continuance for another year in the state in which we now find ourselves. For, after all, what were the defects inherent in the old system when contrasted with those that are inseparable from the new? That is a question which cannot be answered without explaining briefly, but clearly, how the old system hung together. And forasmuch as the Royal Commission has gone some way towards provoking curiosity on that head, there can be no reason why we should scruple to deal with it in detail. According to the view taken of the subject by Sir James Stephen's Commission, there were in the country, prior to the Crimean war, five members of the Government directly concerned in the management of military affairs. First came the Secretary of State for War and the Colonies,

concerning whom the Report says no more than "that he had the direction of general military policy." This is rather an ambiguous phrase to employ respecting a functionary who was a member of the Cabinet for the time being, and who took no more charge of the military policy of the country than by communicating to the other functionaries, hereafter to be named, the decisions at which, on military subjects, the Cabinet had arrived. But this is not all. As the Cabinet is the constitutional adviser of the Sovereign, so the instructions issued by the Secretary of State were the Sovereign's instructions, and bore necessarily, and for obvious reasons, only on large questions. Through him the Sovereign settled the numbers at which the peace establishment of the army should be kept up, what the composition and distribution of its several parts should be, and, in the event of war, the theatre on which hostilities should be carried on, the force to be so employed, and the general to command it. Beyond these limits the Secretary of State for War and the Colonies never thought of interfering, while Parliament took care that the funds necessary to keep the machine in working order should be voted from year to year on estimates submitted to its consideration.

2. The Secretary at War was the successor of a functionary heard of for the first time in the reign of Charles I. as "the King's Secretary." England had then no standing army, and knew nothing of a military hierarchy in any shape. The King's guards and the handful of mercenaries who garrisoned the King's fortresses received the King's orders through the King's Secretary, who stood

towards them pretty nearly as a chief of the staff stands towards an army in the field. It did not follow then, any more than it follows now, that the King's Secretary, or, as he came afterwards to be called, the Secretary at War, should be a professional soldier. Like the Secretary of State for War and the Colonies, he has been just as often a civilian as a soldier, though in either case he was in times preceding the Revolution of 1688 the instrument through which the King communicated with his army. It is a noteworthy fact, looking to what came to pass, that Lord Palmerston made more than one attempt to recover this position for himself when Secretary at War. And it is not less curious to recollect that he was backed up in this endeavour by George IV., whose great ambition it was to stand before the world as the actual Generalissimo of the British army.¹

Of the Secretary at War the Commissioners say only that "he had charge generally of the finance" of the army. This is scarcely a correct account of his responsibilities and duties. In the first place, he had charge of the finance of only a portion of the army, another functionary looking after that of the ordnance corps, and of all the expensive and complicated *impedimenta* with which modern armies are encumbered. And in the next, so much of the authority of the King's Secretary was left to the Secretary at War, that no de-

tachment of troops could be transferred from one home station to another except by a warrant bearing his signature. The Secretary at War moved what were called the army estimates,—in other words, told the House of Commons how much money was required to keep the cavalry, infantry, and general staff efficient. He was a member of the Government, but as a general rule excluded, though neither necessarily nor universally, from the Cabinet.

3. The third functionary connected with the army long ago was the Secretary of State for the Home Department. His special charges were the yeomanry and the militia, as well as the volunteers, as they existed during the wars of the first French Revolution; and his standing in connection with the armed force of the country dates much farther back than that of any other member of the military hierarchy. The office of Commander-in-chief, of which we shall have presently to speak, was filled for the first time as a permanency by the Duke of York. The Secretary of State for War and the Colonies came into existence after England's colonial empire had begun to grow unwieldy, and to involve the mother country in frequent hostilities, first with foreigners, and by-and-by with the colonists themselves. The Home Secretary, as he is now called, to distinguish him from the Foreign and other secretaries, was once upon a time the sole Secretary of

¹ To such an extent was this fancy carried, that on the death of the Duke of York, a parliamentary committee was appointed to inquire whether it would not be better to connect the army with the Crown by converting the Secretary at War into a King's Secretary, than to fill up the vacant office of Commander-in-chief. The strong evidence against the wisdom of the scheme by a host of experienced officers, including the Duke of Wellington, scarcely sufficed to defeat the proposal.

State, and was intrusted as such by the Sovereign with the general control of what was then the sole constitutional force of the realm. But this control extended no further than to sign warrants for calling out regiments when needed, and their dispersion to their homes when the need passed away. He had nothing to do, except as one of the King's constitutional advisers, with the nomination of the lords-lieutenant of counties, or the appointment or promotion of militia officers. The commissions of these gentlemen were signed by the lords-lieutenant of the counties which furnished the militia regiments, whether of horse or foot; and the regiments themselves, when embodied, came under the command of generals of districts, just as these—after a standing army became one of the regular institutions of the country—took their orders from headquarters in London.

4. The condition of the commissariat, prior to 1884, is correctly described by the Commission. It was a purely civil institution, the existence of which dates no farther back than the last years of the eighteenth century. To the late General Sir Willoughby Gordon belongs the merit of licking it into shape, and very useful it proved to be in checking abuses, not to speak of frauds in high quarters. Gentlemen proposing to serve the public as commissaries were entered when very young as clerks in the Treasury. There they learned how to keep accounts, and thence, when old enough and thoroughly instructed, they were sent out to take charge of the military chest in the colonies, or with armies in the field. For the uses to which the contents of the chest were turned—the purchase

of necessaries for the troops and their regular supply—they were answerable to the Treasury, and to the Treasury alone.

5. The last of the sections in this complicated machine which is noticed by the Commissioners deserves a more elaborate account of its composition than it has received in their Report. They omit to mention that, when in full working order, it included a Lieutenant-General as well as a Master-General of the Ordnance, who, like his chief, was a soldier of recognised ability and experience, and, unlike his chief, was not liable to be changed at every change of Government. His functions were on all-fours with those of the Master-General, thus insuring continuity of policy in a great public department; in other words, retaining permanently at the head of the Board an officer who understood the objects for which the Ordnance Office existed, and the means by which they might most easily be attained. In a fit of mistaken economy a Liberal Government suppressed this most useful functionary, and thus condemned to certain decrepitude the whole department as often as a change of Ministers took place. For contemporaneously with the retirement of the Master-General came the resignation of all the other members of the Board, who, having seats in the House of Commons, kept the office in touch with Parliament, and had acquired some experience in the management of the branches over which they presided. Perhaps the Board of Ordnance might have sustained the shock of the Crimean war had Lord Raglan, whose appointment was not political, been left to direct its operations; it could not possibly have failed so utterly

as did the commissariat under the mismanagement of Mr Trevelyan, the permanent Under-Secretary of the Treasury. But the Coalition Government took care that there should be in Pall Mall as perfect a muddle as in Parliament Street, by removing Lord Raglan to command the army abroad, and improvising a lieutenant in the shape of a gallant old Peninsular artillery officer, who knew no more about the intricate business he was appointed to conduct than the man in the street.

Besides recalling public attention to these facts, it may be well to add that "the chief officers" of the Ordnance to whom the Report alludes, while separately they managed the special concerns intrusted to them, did so under instructions from the whole body assembled as a Board, over which the Master-General, or, in his absence, the Lieutenant-General, presided. In like manner, each of them gave an account from time to time to the Board of the transactions in which he had been engaged, thereby enabling responsibility to be brought home to the right person, and rendering malversation next to impossible.

There is yet another member of this long-forgotten military hierarchy of whom it is necessary to say something, though of him the Royal Commissioners, for obvious reasons, say nothing. Fifty years ago the cavalry and infantry and general staff of the army took their orders, except in India, from the Commander-in-chief. He was a great power, and almost a greater influence, in the State. In his hands were both discipline and promotion, which he exercised without any reference to either the Minister of War or the Legislature. He took his instructions

on these points directly from the Sovereign, to whom he had free access, and whose adviser he was; and the knowledge that such were his privileges gave immense weight to whatever opinions he might express concerning other military departments. The extent to which this independent authority could be carried was shown early in the present century, when the Duke of York, indignant with the Ordnance Office for disputing his right to command the Engineers, applied for and obtained permission to create an Engineer corps of his own, and brought into existence the staff corps, which did excellent service during the Peninsular war, especially as bridge-makers.

Such was the system of military administration which carried England triumphant through the great wars of the first French Revolution, and which, like everything of the kind, could be rendered either effective or otherwise, according to the ability of the hands to which its working was intrusted. A forty years' peace had removed or superannuated almost all the public men reared in the rough school of a protracted struggle, and replaced them by gentlemen who might be competent administrators in ordinary times, but who were quite incapable of dealing with unlooked-for emergencies. On the public offices thus manned came the rupture with Russia, and with it the thousand and one blunders which distinguished the efforts made to meet the strain put thereby on the resources of the country. We cannot pretend to rest the suspicion on other grounds than by a reference from things present to things past; but remembering what Lord Palmerston desired to bring about in 1811, and Lord John Russell in 1837, it seems to

us that in 1855 one or other of these statesmen must have originated the idea of screening their colleagues from censure, by throwing the blame of their shortcomings on the system. Be this, however, as it may, we have hardly as yet recovered from our astonishment when we awoke one morning to discover that there was no longer to be a Master-General and Board of Ordnance, no longer a Commissariat responsible to the Treasury, no longer a militia in connection with the Home Department, nor, except in a moribund state, such a functionary as a Secretary at War. As to the Commander-in-chief, he had long subsided into a General Commanding-in-chief, with powers and influence, as well as emoluments, considerably reduced. And it seemed for the moment as if he alone in the military hierarchy was about to regain his original status. But this delusion, which rested solely on the transfer to him of what had heretofore been known as the Ordnance corps, was soon dispelled when the fact came to light that the Ministry of War was to be separated from that of the Colonies, and that in this new Ministry should be concentrated all the powers heretofore exercised by the Board of Ordnance, the Treasury, the Secretary at War, and the Commander-in-chief. And this when the country was in the midst of a war, entered into without preparation, and of which there appeared to be little chance of its being brought to a speedy and successful end!

And here we are constrained to express over again our profound regret that the Royal Commissioners were forbidden to carry their researches beyond the practical results of the connection be-

tween this leviathan Minister and the Ordnance Department of the War Office. These are described in terms so condemnatory, that, had permission been given to take a general survey of the working of the new system from its commencement, John Bull would have not only been furious on discovering how grossly he had been deceived, but might have insisted on getting rid at any cost of a machine as expensive as it is worthless. Just observe what the Commissioners say, after enumerating five of the great functions with which the Secretary of State for War is charged,—“any one of which,” they add, “would be sufficient to occupy the whole time of a man of first-rate industry, ability, and knowledge:”—

“It is morally impossible that any one man should discharge these functions in a satisfactory manner. No one man could possess either the strength, or the time, or the knowledge which would be indispensable for that purpose; but even if such a physical and intellectual prodigy could be found, he would have to do his duty under disadvantages which would reduce him practically to impotence. The Secretary of State has such a precarious tenure of office, that, speaking generally, he can hardly have time to learn the leading details of the different heads of business under his charge in the time of his occupation of office. This is set in a striking light by what has actually occurred at the War Office since 1881. In August 1881 the office was held by Mr Childers. The Marquis of Hartington succeeded him in 1882. In 1885 Lord Hartington was succeeded by Mr W. H. Smith. In 1885 Mr Smith was succeeded by Mr Campbell-Bannerman. In August 1886 Mr Campbell-Bannerman was succeeded by Mr Smith; and in January 1887 Mr Smith was succeeded by Mr Stanhope, who now holds the office. Thus there have been six changes of office in six years, three of the changes

having been caused by changes of ministry, and two by internal changes in the ministry."

We cannot read the names of these six gentlemen without admitting that, so far as excellent abilities and high character qualify men for office, their fitness to serve the Crown anywhere except in Pall Mall does not admit of a doubt. The same may be said, with here and there an exception, of all who preceded them; yet what a mess have they not made of the military policy of the country! Nay, more, into what positive discredit was not the army thrown at an early stage in the existence of the new system, when there presided over the War Office a statesman who was gifted with no common measure of self-appreciation! Think of the mission of Sir John M'Neill and Colonel Tulloch to the Crimea, and the Court of Inquiry in Chelsea Hospital that followed, and the effect on public opinion of the publication of the disclosures thus brought to light. We were indeed doing here what the Duke of Wellington would have described as "washing our dirty linen abroad," and were rewarded by hearing our suffering warriors described as "an army of lions commanded by asses." This was bad enough, but worse remains to be told. Had not Napoleon insisted on patching up a peace just as our army, thoroughly refitted, was prepared to enter on a campaign, a peremptory order from Pall Mall would have inflicted upon it a stain such as no display of courage and endurance by either men or officers would have sufficed to wipe out. Will it be believed that Sir Edward Codrington, on whom, after Lord Raglan's death and General Simpson's abrupt recall, the chief command de-

veloped, was directed to break up his army on the renewal of hostilities; to place Sir Colin Campbell with 20,000 men under the orders of Marshal Pelissier; and while Pelissier, thus strengthened, was to wage war in the open, Codrington, with whatever force remained to him, was to keep guard over the north side of Sebastopol, and prevent the garrison from escaping? Codrington, as might be expected, protested strongly against this arrangement, and pointed out how it would damage, if carried into effect, the prestige of the English army, and exalt that of the French. Codrington protested in vain; and had not Napoleon's policy prevailed, the British troops, which, in the opening of the Crimean war, showed the way to their allies, and were held by them in the greatest possible respect, would have come out of it reduced to some such humiliating position as that in which, fifty years previously, the Spanish and Portuguese contingents had stood towards their fathers.

We have noticed these solecisms on the part of a particular War Minister in order to show how enormous are the powers with which our modern Secretary of State is intrusted, and how fatal may be an unwise exercise of them to the honour as well as the best interests of the country. If we look, again, to what may be called smaller matters, the spectacle which meets our gaze is scarcely less humiliating. Remember that on the fiat of this one man depends the solution of a thousand different questions. Remember that he brings to the solution of these questions no technical knowledge whatever. He never saw an army in the field. He has not the most remote conception of the arrange-

ments necessary to render and to keep it efficient. He is just as little able, of his own knowledge, to put the country in a state to wage either an offensive or a defensive war, as he is himself capable of fabricating the implements with which our soldiers and sailors are to be equipped; nor, as the Commissioners have well pointed out, is it possible for him to obtain the faintest glimmering of light on such matters. His views on subjects of general politics may be far-searching; he may speak well, and be able to give intelligible answers in Parliament to questions, even if they relate to his own department, of which he has received due notice. But possessing all these accomplishments, he is, as Secretary of State for War, a mere tool in the hands of others. For, besides that he comes to his office profoundly ignorant of what he ought to know, he never remains long enough there to learn anything for himself. The outside public describes one War Minister as able and another as the reverse. The outside public is quite mistaken. Each Minister, during his tenure of office, is to a great extent what his advisers make him; and one is comparatively able and the other comparatively the reverse, because the first puts himself into the hands of wise advisers, the last into those of advisers who are neither wise nor disinterested.

Nothing could be easier than to illustrate all this by reference to the innumerable committees which have reported, since the introduction of our present system of administration, on all manner of military questions. Surely, however, this is not necessary. He must be very inattentive to what passes round him who knows abso-

lutely nothing of the general state of the army at the present moment, and of the processes by which it has been reached; and still more obtuse-minded must he be who is unaware of the perpetually increasing expenditure of public money which these ever-changing processes have occasioned. Not to dwell upon the results of Ordnance *laches*, which Sir James Stephen's Commission justly condemns, much less to speak of the cost of improved weapons, which, though very great, has been inevitable — we should like to see a fair calculation made of the outlay on brigade depots, their barracks, and permanent staff; on the abolition of purchase and its consequences — compulsory retirements and pensions; on reserved pay to the soldier while serving, and his retaining-fee when transferred to the reserve. We should really like to see an accurate calculation made of what these and other changes in the constitution of the army, and of the War Office itself, have cost the country; because only by some such process is John Bull likely to be convinced that he might just as well commit the charge of the fleet to a skilful master of hounds, as place the army under a civilian War Minister, and expect it to be either wisely or economically managed.

Lord Randolph Churchill, we perceive, has begun a series of attacks on the mismanagement of both the navy and the army. We do not propose on the present occasion to notice his exposure of blunders at the Admiralty; but with much that he says respecting the results of army administration, as it is now carried on, we heartily agree. Unfortunately, however, Lord Randolph contents himself

with denouncing abuses without offering a single suggestion which might help us to discover a remedy for the evil. This is scarcely fair, especially in a professed friend of a Government which has had no hand in creating the system complained of. They received it from its authors after it had been thirty years in force, and, thanks to Mr Gladstone's parliamentary tactics, have never been able, since their accession to office, to attend to any other question than how best to prevent the disruption of the empire. Still, we give Lord Randolph credit for meaning well—if not to his late colleagues, without doubt to the country—and will therefore endeavour to supply in part what is wanting in his slashing speech at Wolverhampton, to render it eminently useful.

Some twenty years ago or thereabouts, a Committee reported to the Secretary of State for War that, among the armies of continental Europe, there was none which, in every respect, came up to that of France, either in discipline or organisation. Its *intendance*, or department of supply, in particular, was perfect, rendering the whole force capable of mobilisation at a moment's notice, and incapable, except in the event of a great defeat, of suffering through lack of necessaries. Accepting this statement as incontrovertible, the Secretary of State gave the requisite permission, and forthwith our redoubtable Control Department sprang into existence. Like the Land Transport corps with its smart uniform and elaborate instruction in cavalry drill, it turned out to be a very expensive plaything, of which nobody, except the Commissioners and those who profited by their recommendation, spoke well. It held its ground,

however, and might have been followed by other imitations of our neighbour's system, but for the occurrence of the Franco-German War. Then all respect for French military institutions passed away, and boundless admiration of those of Prussia took its place. This change of opinion on our part was natural enough; and had there been at the War Office a Minister able to distinguish between what in the Prussian system is suitable to our social condition and what not, the best results might have followed. Unfortunately, however, this was exactly what there was not, and the consequence was, that we ran headlong into arrangements which kept us for many years in a state of military decrepitude, and from which, by a second *volte-face*, we are only just beginning to recover. The Prussian War Office, it appeared, enlisted its conscripts for three years' service with the colours, and four in the reserve. The arrangement suited admirably for Prussia; was there any reason why it should not be suitable for us? The committees which sat to consider the point pronounced that it would be suitable, entirely overlooking two important facts,—first, that the Prussian recruit must have attained the twentieth year of his age in full; and next, that, except in the event of war, he is never called upon to pass beyond the limits of his native country—it might be, even of his native province. Putting these facts in the background, the committee determined that it would be advisable henceforth to enlist young men in this country for three years with the colours, and nine in the reserve, without saying one word about the proper age of enlistment, or making the faintest

reference to the military wants of India and the colonies. The recommendation was acted upon without delay. Veterans who had served more than three years already were encouraged, if in home garrisons, to pass into the reserve. If in India or any other foreign station, conditions were made with them which somehow or another never worked well, but which, at every stage in the many alterations that occurred, put the country to constantly increasing expense. At last, in sheer despair, the letter of the Prussian system was departed from, and, except with the Guards, who never leave home for other than a great war, service with the colours was extended to eight years, without, however, raising the military age from eighteen to twenty.

Had there been in the Cabinet when these changes were adopted a Minister capable and willing to put two and two together, he would have doubtless striven to impress the fact upon his colleagues that there was much more in the Prussian military system worth inquiring into than the conditions of service imposed upon the youth of the country. He would have urged them to study the constitution of the War Office in Berlin, and to satisfy themselves whether or not it might be possible to introduce a modification of it into London. The War Office in Berlin is, he could have shown them, not only inexpensive in itself, but the cause of the inexpensiveness—if such a term be allowable—of the army to the State. It consists of two branches, the administrative and the tactical, both presided over by general officers of tried ability and experience, and manned in every department by military men. At the head of the administrative branch

stands the Minister of War, who, besides his special duties, represents the King, and advises with him and takes his instructions on all points of military policy. His special duties connect him with the appliances of every description which are required to keep the army efficient—*i.e.*, in a state of constant readiness to pass from a peace to a war establishment, and to move. At the head of the tactical branch is the King's chief of the staff, on whom rests the responsibility of maintaining discipline among the troops, and seeing that in all other respects they may be fully depended upon. Over every important department in each of these branches an officer presides who is master of the specialties with which he has to deal, and the writers—or, as we should call them, the clerks—are almost all intelligent non-commissioned officers.

The expense to Prussia of an army thus managed would appear upon the surface to be moderate in comparison with that incurred for the English army. Lord Randolph, looking beyond Prussia proper, tells us "that the great German empire, with its forty-seven millions of people, spends, in ordinary times, twenty-one millions annually on army and navy purposes. In return for this outlay, it can bring into the field a million and a half of armed men, exclusive of the reserve. The United Kingdom, on the other hand, with its population of thirty-six millions, expends on army and navy thirty-one millions, and could scarcely, after maddening delay, and pouring out money like water, put one hundred and fifty thousand men in the field." Now this, begging his lordship's pardon, is mere clap-trap. Germany may appear, in times of peace, to spend no more

than twenty-one millions annually on its army and navy. Let war come, however, and the twenty-one millions will mount up to forty-two millions, through that very process which enables the empire to place in time of need a million and a half of men under arms. No doubt the peace establishment of the German army is much greater than that of England, and equally certain it is that, as regards artillery, stores, transport, and weapons of every sort, the German army is very far ahead of ours. But three facts Lord Randolph forgets to notice: first, that the German army is raised by conscription, a much less expensive process to the State than voluntary enlistment; next, that of these twenty-one millions, scarcely three are annually spent on the German navy; and lastly, that besides the money voted by the nation, Germany has a secret military chest to draw upon, into which the larger portion of the French indemnity was poured, and from which the War Office supplements, when necessary, its requirements, without giving any account of the incident to Parliament. As we really do not know to what extent this process is carried, it is impossible for us to say how far these recognised eighteen millions (for after deducting 3 from 21, 18 remain) are annually exceeded, though we are quite ready to admit that, comparing the numbers and conditions of the two armies, that of Germany is maintained at a figure which, under our existing system, we can never hope to approach, far less to parallel.

Conceding, therefore, to Lord Randolph that the British army, with its sixteen or eighteen millions annually expended upon it, costs a great deal more than it ought,

and going further than perhaps he does in attributing this unpleasant fact to a faulty system of administration, the question arises, Are we prepared to make a great change in the system, and to substitute for it a mere replicate of what works so well in Germany? Our answer to the first portion of this question is decidedly, Yes; to the last, No, with qualifications. The German War Office is responsible to the Emperor-King alone, and the Emperor-King is in reality the commander-in-chief of his own army. The English War Office has unfortunately become too much, because too immediately, responsible to Parliament, and the Sovereign is commander of the British army only in name. To transfer, therefore, *en bloc*, the usages of Berlin to London, would, if it were possible, only make matters worse. But it is not possible. It would, however, be not only possible but easy, if only we had strong men at the head of affairs, so to manipulate the Prussian system that England should extract from it all that tends to link together efficiency and economy in her army, without infringing in the slightest degree upon the constitutional rights of the Government. And by common consent, now that we have come down to household suffrage, government is admitted to be government by the Imperial Parliament.

There was a time—not long ago—when the Master-General of the Ordnance was as necessary a member of the Cabinet as the Secretary of State for War and the Colonies. The Master-General, as we need scarcely repeat, was a general officer of admitted ability and experience; and on all military questions, whether the country was at war or at peace, he was the

chief adviser of his colleagues. This good practice was interrupted for the first time when the Duke of Wellington passed from the Ordnance Office to the Horse Guards, and became a Cabinet Minister, and, as the country knows to its cost, was never afterwards resumed. But the Secretary of State for War now sits in the Master-General's chair, and is *ex officio* a Cabinet Minister. All that seems necessary to make a good beginning in the process of War Office reform is to determine that for the future no statesman, however able, shall be eligible for office as Secretary of State for War, unless he be a general officer of recognised ability and experience.

The fact that he is an accomplished soldier cannot, however, in a constitution like ours, exempt the Secretary of State for War from going out of office on every change of Government. Ours is a parliamentary government,—in other words, a government by party; and the claims of individuals to good things when their party is in the ascendant cannot be ignored. If, therefore, the country be determined to maintain something like continuity of policy at the War Office—and until this be effected all reforms must be shams—the permanent Under-Secretary must, like his chief, be a soldier, well acquainted with his profession, and of recognised ability as a man of business. Nor only to this extent ought the military element to prevail in an office which has the management of military affairs. At the head of each department which has to do with providing arms, stores, or means of transport, or other appliances, without which no army can take the field, a military man

should be placed—not temporarily, as is the case at present with every officer employed in Pall Mall, but permanently, or till some sufficient reason present itself for desiring a change. This is not necessary in the department of Finance. Nor, if in addition to the Financial Secretary a Parliamentary Secretary be essential, need he be a military man. Like the Financial Secretary, however, he must have a seat in Parliament—in the House of Commons if his chief be a peer, or the House of Lords if his chief be in the Commons.

Let us look next to the composition of the body by which the details of the business are conducted at the War Office, and to the accepted mode of conducting them. Lord Randolph Churchill thus deals with one branch of this subject: "The staff of the War Office consists of twenty chief clerks, who receive from £700 to £900 salary; of forty-six senior clerks, who receive from £400 to £600—altogether 577 clerks at the War Office, who cost this country £156,000 a-year; and in addition to that, they pay £8000 to copyists, who are taken on at 10d. an hour, and who, you may be perfectly sure, do all the real work of the Office." This, like his lordship's comparison of the relative costs of the German and English armies, is mere bunkum. The copyists do not "do all the real work of the Office," and the number of clerks is put down at an exaggerated figure. But we are not prepared to deny that the War Office, as now constituted, is greatly over-manned, or that the manner in which the work of the Office is carried on accounts for—indeed is the true cause of—such over-manning. There is not a clerk in Pall Mall, however brief

his standing, who does not think it necessary, whenever a paper reaches his room, no matter where originated, or to whatever subject directed, to express his opinion of its scope and merits in a lengthy minute, written on a fly-leaf. The document, thus enriched, is handed to the head of his room, by whom it is further minuted and forwarded to the head of the branch, from whom it receives additional attention and a third minute before reaching the hands of the first clerk, and through the first clerk to the permanent Under-Secretary. If the matter under discussion be important, both of these gentlemen express their opinions upon it in succession; and thus loaded with minutes, it reaches the Secretary of State at last, who might have possibly been able to form a judgment respecting it had it reached him in its simplicity, but whom the efforts of his subordinates to render clear the merits or demerits of the proposal brought forward completely mystify. When business is carried on after this fashion, a numerous staff of clerks is absolutely necessary, though the exact figure at which Lord Randolph places them may well cause the uninitiated to open their eyes.

In whatever hands the War Office may be left—whether in those of an accomplished soldier, or those of a clever but necessarily ignorant civil Secretary of State, as at present—an end must clearly be put to this method of doing business. If, as we venture to hope, the soldier-Minister be preferred, then we may presume to offer a fresh suggestion. The War Office in Berlin is manned entirely by military men—in its higher ranks by commissioned, in its lower by non-commissioned, officers. Why should not that in London be so

far moulded on a like principle—that the bulk of a greatly diminished staff shall be composed of commissioned officers, seconded while so employed; while copyists, if they be really needed, are taken from the class of meritorious non-commissioned officers? No doubt a change of so sweeping a nature cannot be brought about except at a heavy expense. The gentlemen now employed in the War Office cannot be cut adrift without adequate compensation for the loss of office, both present and prospective; and if their salaries be taken at the figure assigned to them by Lord Randolph, the capitulation—say of two-thirds of the whole—will require a lump sum of probably a million and a half. Where is the money to come from? We answer, without hesitation, from the Sinking Fund, the entire suppression of which for a single year will enable us to set in order not the War Office only, but the Admiralty likewise, besides providing ample stores and means of transport for more than the two army corps of which we have heard something, but have as yet seen nothing.

It will be seen that in this paper we have dealt exclusively with that branch of the War Office which represents, to all who remember what it was, the old Ordnance Office. The reason is obvious. In the strictly military section of the machine comparatively few changes are necessary. If an excessive military staff be reduced, and the clerical work which remains to be done be done by intelligent non-commissioned officers, the Commander-in-chief—if the title be still retained—will find himself in a position nearly, if not altogether, analogous to that of the Chief of the Staff in

Berlin. On all points affecting the military policy of the country, such as the amount and distribution of the force to be kept on foot—the management of the great schools in Woolwich, Chatham, and Sandhurst, and higher culture generally—he will take his orders from the Secretary of State for War; but on questions affecting discipline, the appointment and promotion of officers, the tactical instruction of the troops, he will be perfectly independent. Collision between authorities, of which the respective limits are thus defined, is next to impossible. It never occurs in Berlin; there is no reason why it should occur in London. But if by chance any difference of opinion on any subject should arise, the views of the Secretary of State must, of course, prevail. He represents the Sovereign to the whole army, and, as a necessary consequence, to the chief of the staff.

There remain many points intimately connected with our present subject on which the space at our disposal will not permit us now to enter. One refers to the establish-

ment and proper constitution of an Audit Office, intermediate, so to speak, between the Treasury and the War Office. Another raises the question whether or not the Commissariat should become again a branch of the Treasury. A third would lead to a critical inquiry into the comparative work of the Intelligence Department as now constituted, and of the money laid out upon it. A fourth, to the Education Department, its composition and uses. All these, however, and more which we need not stop to particularise, will settle themselves if only we get a War Minister who knows his right hand from his left. The army was never richer than it is now in officers quite capable of guiding the military policy of the country, and if we decline to name one or more of them, it is because we might appear thereby to underestimate the merits of the rest. Let one or other take his proper place in the administration of our military affairs, and the occupation of Lord Randolph Churchill and of other impugners of War Office extravagances will be gone.

THE OLD SALOON.

THE current wave of literature, always changing in its freight, has deposited upon our table a handful of books of a kind which ought to be very congenial to its traditional retirement. In a place so rich with memories of men, we receive with satisfaction those records which form the history of the human race—the biographies by which one generation transmits to another the features and port of those who have most truly served or represented their period. This, however, has failed to be a necessity for the subjects of biography in these days. To be worthy of a record is no longer necessary; the mildest distinction, a little notoriety, the good or bad luck of being personally connected with important people, or any event which has excited public curiosity, is sufficient warrant. And whereas in all other branches of human industry, except perhaps the lowest class of novels, some sort of faculty is considered necessary, nothing of the kind is needed, according to what seems the tenets of the time, for this. It has always been considered by the vulgar that portrait-painting was a lower branch of the pictorial art. To “catch the likeness” was all that was necessary—to copy the features of the sitter, his hair, his beard, his particular costume; and thus Dick Tinto complacently adopted the profession which was not too small for Titian, until the photographer happily came in to accomplish for a shilling what the poor painter had been paid several wasted pounds for. The sun is not a fine

artist in this way; but his works are as good at least as the sign-board school of portraiture. Alas! the sun cannot write a man's life, though he can “take” after a sort his face—and biography has become what bad portrait-painting used to be, an art which anybody can pretend to: for have they not materials to go upon?—letters, jottings, what the public is content to accept as the hero's own version of his character? So that, after all, to write a man's life little is required but to empty his wastepaper basket, and diligently copy out the scraps, connecting them by faint descriptions of when and how they were found, or, in more ambitious cases, of the probable state of mind and temper in which the unconscious victim might have been when they were written. When the facts are thus all supplied, and the materials abundant, what need is there of other faculty? This seems to be the prevailing impression of the time; and nothing could prove more completely that it is so than the three books which lie before us—than which nothing much worse in the way of literature could be conceived.

That this should be said of the memoirs of Charles Reade¹ is about as unfortunate and inappropriate as any fact can be. In this case there can be no doubt of the interest of the subject, or the claim of so notable an individuality and so admirable a writer to the recollection of the world. Though he was never widely known in society, nor personally a recognisable figure

¹ Charles Reade: Dramatist, Novelist, Journalist. By Charles J. Reade and the Rev. Compton Reade. Chapman & Hall. 1887.

before the public, his appearances were all individual, and marked by so many humorous peculiarities, that no one could contemplate further acquaintance with the hot-headed, warm-hearted, impulsive, imperious, and fanatical soul without pleasure, and an expectation of many agreeable things to come. He was so good a lover, so good a hater, so determined upon every subject which took possession of him, so ready to place himself against the world as the partisan and champion of all the wronged, that his tumultuous career, wherever it could be glimpsed, whether defying Acts of Parliament or personal prejudices, whether reconstructing medieval life or fighting trade-unionists, was always humorously and violently consistent with itself. It is a sort of irony of fate which has made this highly coloured and emphatic personage the victim of the two dull nephews whose names appear on the title-page of this book. One asks one's self, Did he know what was awaiting him? had he any idea that all his most private concerns would be raked out into the light of day by such incompetent hands? If he suspected it, it must have added a terror, not necessarily involved in its approach, to death.

The life of the distinguished writer whom we have recently lost was not a very eventful one, but it had its vicissitudes; it was brightened by a romance of a peculiar character, and it was full of enthusiasms and struggles. Even in the chaos of this disjointed publication there are accordingly gleams of interest; and though the style is often both vulgar and flippant, and the arrangement bad throughout, there are occasional glimpses of the man which, especially to those who have seen and known him, will say much. His own remarks,

his analysis of his work, his many plans and preparations for it, are quite characteristic and individual: and we find in them a modesty and reasonableness for which we had scarcely been disposed to give him credit. These characteristics are not shared by his biographers, who speak of their eminent relation as if he were but a little lower than Shakespeare, and fully on a par with the greatest writers of the day—making, indeed, a little profession of loyalty to Dickens as his master, but undervaluing Thackeray, and entertaining a somewhat angry jealousy of George Eliot. If these unworthy sentiments ever crossed Charles Reade's mind, it would have been more meet to have veiled them from the world. Nevertheless, no one of these distinguished writers possessed a personality so amusing and original as that of the author of 'Christie Johnston.' Neither Dickens, whose life has been told in such detail, nor Thackeray, whose life has never been told at all (though the result of these two very much differing modes of treatment is curiously similar, and people in general know quite as much about the untold as the overtold history) has left such a distinct impression of himself, perhaps because neither of these great writers possessed the eccentricities once supposed inseparable from genius, or had in reality so mingled a web of individual characteristics to show.

Charles Reade was the son of an Oxfordshire squire, of whom his biographers proudly assert that "his ancestry on either side for about four centuries is capable of exact verification." His mother was a Scott, supposed to be descended from "Baliol le Scot," the son of John Balliol, through whom these gentlemen inform us, though the deduction is a little

far-fetched, he "could claim consanguinity with the royal house of Scotland." He was born in 1814, and had a somewhat irregular education at various private schools, one apparently less desirable than the other, until by favour of a system very advantageous to young gentlemen possessed of friends and influence, he attained with little trouble the position of Demy at Magdalen College, Oxford. There was "no nonsense of merit about it," say the biographers. The appointment was a matter of pure favour, with scarcely even a pretence at examination, or tests of scholarship; and it developed naturally, and in due time, into a fellowship, thus becoming a provision for life for those at least who kept matrimony at arm's-length. We remember hearing Mr Reade in after-life defend the principle of fellowships, against which, at the moment, was raging one of the periodical attacks to which such institutions are subject. It was on a brilliant summer day at Magdalen, with the hum of Commemoration behind, which made the supreme repose of these Magdalen glades, with their deep shadows and browsing deer, more than ever delightful. He held forth his own example in the confidence of conscious worth. The system which had enabled him to mature his powers in congenial leisure without the necessity or strain of arduous work for daily bread, was not a system for anything but approval; and he would be a Stoic indeed who would have thought otherwise, being the happy possessor of such a historic home, of such woods and walks and luxurious retirements. If it could be ensured that all fellowships should be as well bestowed, few people, we conceive, would grudge them.

His rooms were at that time in the New Building, with none of the venerable charm of antiquity about them, and they were not arranged with that æsthetic daintiness which was once thought appropriate to ladies' boudoirs, but has now invaded study and smoking-room — bare walls with looking-glasses instead of pictures, the sun shining in through the semi-transparent curtains of rose-coloured merino which he particularly affected, and books and papers tumbled everywhere. But we never saw him so genial or pleased with himself and everybody about him, so little eccentric, ready to show all the corners of the college, the cool rooms, the pleasant gardens, nooks and corners which were only accessible to the masters of the place. If it was a possible wrong to some scholar that easy patronage had put Charles Reade there for life instead of a succession of precocious classicists, it was a pleasant sin and covered over with happy laurels. Reade's biographers express something like this sentiment (bumptiously), in a passage which will show the character of the book.

"Had he been sent to Eton or to Harrow, he might have learned to be polished and commonplace; had fate consigned him to Balliol, he might have adorned the first class and become Lord Chancellor, for he had the head of a lawyer. He was destined for something less ephemeral. Lord Brougham is reported to have said that he would rather have written 'Pickwick' than have been raised to the woolsack; and if we may say so inoffensively, Lord Selborne, Charles Reade's most illustrious contemporary among the Magdalen fellows, who absorbed all the honours that Oxford and Winchester had to offer, and attained the highest apex of a lawyer's ambition, will be forgotten when 'Masks and Faces' is remembered

and played, and its author's name is held in veneration. That is perhaps a humiliating reflection for the worshippers of divine average, who believe that labour and talent transcend genius. We venture to prophesy that it will be a long day before a Magdalen brain shall conceive another Triplet, or create such a climax as the picture scene. Unless mankind changes fundamentally, this glorious literary achievement must be rated higher than prize poems, prize essays, scholarships, and all the first-class degrees that ever have gilded talented mediocrity. On the contrary, our conviction remains that with the spread of education, the whole world of thought and reading will command the more successful plodders to take off their hats in the presence of genius."

This passage suggests the expressive comment of Mr Burchell, "Fudge!" To speak of "the picture scene," as one might speak of the scene of the Caskets in the "Merchant of Venice," is simple nonsense; and yet the present writer will yield to no one in sincere admiration for the genius of Charles Reade. It is a wonderful relief from this bombast, when our manly friend steps forth in his own person and begins to discuss the difficulties of his work, and the system upon which he intends to carry it out. These extracts "may strike the reader as being a little hysterical," the biographers say. They will strike the reader, if we know him at all, as the sole passages of interest in the book. He is in the midst of 'Peg Woffington' when the diary begins. In this piece of work he had inverted the usual order of proceeding, and developed the story out of the play—in which, later, Mr Tom Taylor had been his (often provoked and impatient) *collaborateur*. It is needless to enter into the little controversy, happily without bitterness, which took place on this subject. There

is no controversy except with himself about the book. He bemoans himself for finding no sympathy in his pursuits. "I am a most unhappy artist to have no public and no domestic circle. Praise and sympathy are the breath of our nostrils. It is not all vanity. My friends have good understandings, and are great readers, yet no one of them has ever expressed the least curiosity as to what I write." This plaint, in which there is a certain whimsical, delightfully childish quiver of self-pity, comes to still more whimsical petulance further on.

"I have finished my novel 'Peg Woffington'—I don't know whether it is good or not. I wish to heaven I had a housekeeper like Molière! No man can judge his own work. I hope now to work out my *forte*, criticism. But how purposeless, hopeless, and languid I feel! On the other hand, I know that if I don't do something soon, some still more ignorant ape will fly the subjects before the public and take the bread out of my mouth. *It is horrible how an idea never occurs to a single person, always to three!* It is a feature of the day."

He had indeed, it is evident, but little confidence in himself in this beginning. We have had from other hands wonderful accounts of the novelist's vanity, but he does not show it in these early records. He is as doubtful about 'Christie Johnston' as about 'Peg Woffington'—fears "there is an excess of dialogue in it—is told that there is too much criticism in it," and acquiesces with despondent resignation. "I have no doubt there is." "These are defects," he adds humbly, "which judgment cannot correct. I lack the true oil of fiction, and I fear she (his critic) will have to inspire me as well as reform me. The drowned fisherman scene was admired by Kinglake and by Tennyson; but I feel how much

more a thorough-bred narrator would have made of it." After these dejected utterances comes his description of the plan upon which he intends henceforward to work, which is an admirable one, though perhaps not so original as he seemed to suppose, for, after all, successful novels are seldom written on subjects of which their writers are ignorant.

"The plan I propose to myself in writing stories will, I see, cost me undeniable labour. I propose never to guess where I can know. For instance, Tom Robinson is in jail. I have therefore been to Oxford Jail and visited every inch, and shall do the same at Reading. Having also collected material in Durham Jail, whatever I write about Tom Robinson will therefore carry (I hope) a physical exterior of truth. George Fielding is going in a ship to Australia. I know next to nothing about a ship, but my brother Bill is a sailor. I have commissioned him to describe, as he would to an intelligent child, a ship sailing with the wind on her beam—then a lull—a change of wind to dead aft, and the process of making all sail upon a ship under that favourable circumstance. Simple as this is, it has never been done in human writing so as to be intelligible to landsmen. . . . My story must cross the water to Australia, and plunge after that into a gold-mine. To be consistent with myself, I ought to cross-examine at the very least a dozen men that have farmed, dug, or robbed in that land. If I can get hold of two or three that have really been in it, I think I could win the public ear by these means. Failing these, I must read books and letters, and do the best I can. Such is the mechanism of a novel by Charles Reade. I know my system is right; but unfortunately there are few men so little fitted as myself to work this system. A great capacity for labour is the first essential. Now I have a singularly small capacity for acquisitive labour. A patient indomitable spirit the second; here I fail miserably. A stout heart the third; my heart is womanish.

A vast memory the fourth; my memory is not worth a dump. Now I know exactly what I am worth. If I can work the above great system, there is enough in me to make one of the writers of the day; without it, No, No."

He carried his system to the length of absurdity, collecting in prodigious and innumerable volumes every scrap of information that seemed ever likely to be useful in illustrating a tale or pointing a moral, and leaving a huge but worthless collection of giant tomes behind him, the result of endless labour, which might, one cannot but feel, have been much better bestowed; and he did become one of the most distinguished writers of the day. But whether these two facts were to be regarded as cause and result is more than doubtful.

His collections, however, were the cause of a great deal of harmless and innocent brag on Reade's part. He was proud to think that no one had ever collected so many newspaper scraps bearing on the life of his time, so many anecdotes and stories—much more proud of them than of his great faculty, as Scott is said (as a matter of reproach) to have been more proud of Abbotsford than of his genius. And with the best of reasons! A little twopenny-halfpenny Gothic castle, an absurd gigantic collection of contemporary scraps, may be things to be proud of—not the genius which makes a true man humble, which is to him like the air he breathes, a gift of God.

"I made myself cry to-day writing a bit of my story 'Never too Late to Mend.' Is that a good sign? Louisa Seymour says I have pathos. I suspect I shall be the only one to snivel," he says, in the same mood of self-doubt, then repeats his resolutions. "I will hunt

up two men who have lived in Australia and are very communicative; from them I will get real warm facts. . . . I will write plays with Tom Taylor—his exuberance makes it easy—I will play steadily for hits. I will not be worse than the public—or not too much so. I will write better than ‘Christie Johnston.’ The story there is dry and husky. I will live moderately. I will take decisive measures for being out of bed by eight.”

One wonders whether these *naïve* determinations were carried out, especially the last, which is a matter about which people “resolve and re-resolve, yet die the same,” more emphatically than graver faults. Such glimpses of the eager, impulsive, natural mind, by no means sure of its powers, half ashamed of having made itself cry, wondering whether the emotion will gain any one else, unassured, tentative, eager to do something, but a little puzzled about magnitudes, feeling the necessity of “being out of bed at eight” to be as difficult, and worthy of almost as great an effort, as improving upon ‘Christie Johnston,’ or writing plays with Tom Taylor—are very attractive and ingratiating. Charles Reade was not one of the writers who rise into solemnity and write platitudes in their private journals. He is always himself. Here is one other scene, which might have come out of ‘Never too Late to Mend’ :—

“Went to-day to the chapel of Reading Jail. There I heard and saw a parson drone the liturgy, and hum a commonplace, dry-as-dust discourse to two hundred great culprits and beginners. Most of these men’s lives have been full of stirring and thrilling adventures. They are now, by the mighty force of a system, arrested in their course, and for two whole hours to-day were chained under a pump, which ought to pump

words of fire into their souls; but this pump of a parson could not do his small share—so easy compared to what the police and others had done in tracking and nabbing these two hundred foxes, one at a time. No; the clerical pump could not pump, or would not. He droned away as if he had been in a parish church. He attacked the difficult souls with a buzz of conventional commonplaces, that have come down from book of sermons to book of sermons for the last century, but never in that century knocked at the door of a man in passing—nor ever will. ‘The beetle’s drowsy hum!’

“Well, I’m not a parson; but I’ll write one, and say a few words, in my quiet temperate way, about this sort of thing. But la! it doesn’t become me to complain of others. Look at myself. Can’t write ‘Never too Late to Mend,’ which is my business.”

The romance of Reade’s life was a curious one. He admired Mrs Seymour on the stage, conceived an exaggerated idea of her talents, and asked leave to read to her one of the plays which he had not been able to get accepted. The biographers tell us that she was at this period a middle-aged woman. She listened amiably, but does not seem to have been impressed by the reading, and disappointed the author, whose dejection so touched her, that believing his low spirits to proceed from poverty, the kind-hearted woman next day sent him a five-pound note with a sympathetic letter. A gift of five pounds to a Fellow of Magdalen, the son of the squire of Ipsden! It was, however, a memorable gift, since it brought into intimate knowledge of each other two people whose lives henceforward ran on together in an indissoluble yet unauthenticated bond. The gentlemen who write Mr Reade’s life assure us that it was friendship alone which united the pair, as Reade himself at all times maintained.

In such matters the world is always sceptical, and people who form a tie so unusual must make up their minds to misconception; but there seems no reason to doubt that the account given was perfectly true. Mrs Seymour seems to have been the truest of friends and the most helpful of companions, a real aid in his theatrical work, and in everything else his best critic and sympathiser. "She was his literary and dramatic partner, and with her he discussed his plots, situations, and characters. To her criticism he submitted his dialogues. She possessed the faculty of perceiving at a glance how the lines would play, and how each chapter would read. To term her part author would be to exaggerate; to underrate the aid she afforded him would be injustice." This is a great deal to say, and probably more than the truth, for Charles Reade was too original and strongly marked to make it possible that he could have actually shared his work with any one; but the criticisms of a fearless and bright intelligence in such a position, never to be misconstrued or taken unkindly, is such an aid as cannot be overestimated. The wives of men of genius too often become mere singers of litanies, to the infinite loss and frequent deterioration of the complacent hero of their applauses. Mrs Seymour preserved her independence, as perhaps it is more difficult for a wife to do, and was evidently consulted on every point, and informed of every step of progress. "When 'The Good Fight' (which was the original title of 'The Cloister and the Hearth') gets into my hands," he says to her on one occasion, "and you and I can see it all in one view, we can make an immortal story of it by the requisite improvements."

At the same time, it is quite evident to those who want such testimony, that her part was that of critic and adviser alone—an invaluable part, and worthy of all appreciation.

Mrs Seymour was Charles Reade's companion, critic, and housekeeper for more than a quarter of a century. It is a pity that the world cannot be persuaded to permit the possibility of such faithful and familiar friendships; for they would, we cannot but think, be sometimes more dignified and honourable both to man and woman than the inappropriate and unbecoming marriages, of which there have been some recent instances, in which fear of public misunderstanding has made husband and wife of a pair of friends, to the amusement and scorn of the very public which that proceeding was intended to disarm. The lady's profession, perhaps, helped to make the unusual character of the position less alarming to her, and it does not seem to have at all compromised her with her friends. Her death in 1879 was a death-blow to her companion; he survived her for five years, but never recovered that disruption of his entire being. "We do not exaggerate when we affirm that the gravest anxiety weighed on all at the moment as to whether he would survive the bitter ordeal of the funeral," say the biographers. He fell back upon the sympathy and companionship of his own family, who seem to have always stood by him affectionately, and upon the spiritual help of a sympathetic clergyman, who was his chief consolation at this sad conjuncture of affairs. "My only true intermissions of misery," Reade himself says, "have been whilst doing a little act of good or communing with my friend the

Rev. Charles Graham, who is *an Apostle*." His sorrow led him back to that fountain of consolation, the only effectual comfort of the mourner, which is to be found in religion. He had been brought up in the austere seriousness of a family of Evangelical principles; and contrary to the wont of so many, who have been repelled and revolted by that form of faith, it was to something of the same atmosphere that he returned in the sorrowful evening of his days. The world heard no more of the great novelist, the ever combative writer, the Quixote of his time. But the poor knew of him, to whom he distributed with pious care the "sacred money" which his friend had left him, with much of his own added.

His health had been impaired for years, and though for a time he seemed to recover, there was no second spring for the worn-out and impoverished heart. At last on Good Friday 1884 (we grope for dates, but believe this to be the correct one), after much suffering, he died. He had accomplished, or nearly so, the allotted years of man—and his life had been full of enjoyments and good things, success and fame, if not to the extent of his wishes, yet in a far greater measure than falls to many. He was overshadowed, indeed, by the special wealth of his generation in those gifts in which he was most great. Had not Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot existed, he might have been the greatest novelist of his time—and this was a spite of fate which there seems evidence to show that he resented unconsciously. He shows a little temper, indeed, in his remarks upon George Eliot for instance, whom he thought over-applauded—an opinion in which, it must be allowed, a great number of their literary contemporaries

agreed; and he undervalued Thackeray and Trollope, his biographer tells us. On the other hand, he gave a sort of *culte* to Dickens, calling him "my master," and attributed a very high place to another name which will probably surprise the reader. "Next to Dickens," say his biographers, "he ranked *qualis inter viburna cupressus* his very dear friend Mr Wilkie Collins. 'An artist of the pen: there are terribly few among writers,' was his terse eulogium; the plain fact being that this past-master in the art of construction excels all competitors just where most English authors fail." The latter assertion is that of the Messrs Reade, and may be taken for what it is worth. But it is very curious that Charles Reade, with all his genius, should have ranked Mr Wilkie Collins above the authors of 'Vanity Fair' and 'Adam Bede'—so curious as to be almost incredible.

Some estimate of his literary excellence has been lately attempted in these pages, so that it is scarcely necessary to recur to that subject. His wonderful power and grasp of a story, the sweep and energy of his style, the fine enthusiasm for goodness and burning indignation against wrong which inspired him, combined to give extraordinary effect to his greater books. The two or three feeble ones in which his great powers are subdued by a less noble purpose and characters less worthy of him have dropped, and are not of enough importance in his literary history to detract from his fame. His productions on the whole were few, and running over with life and power. His preference for incident and story does not blind his perception of the finest shades of human feeling; and he has the true humourist's gift of affectionate playfulness, and

that tender mockery which is of the very nature of love. Humour, indeed, in that aspect is more entirely his than it is an attribute of any of his contemporaries. Dickens is scarcely tender even of Mr Micawber, and the keen *malice* in Thackeray's eyes dances at the imperfections which he cannot help noting with delighted amusement even in the midst of his softest delineation; but in Reade there is a melting tone in the midst of the fun always, and while he is never above a laugh at his most cherished hero, he is always ready to turn in the twinkling of an eye into wrath with any man who lays a finger upon him, or scorn of the spectator who may be led away by his own loving banter. He wrote less, if we except his dramas, than any of his contemporaries in fiction; and as the dramas are in most cases either taken from or worked into novels, they can scarcely be taken as adding much to the quantity of his productions. And in all the energy and fervour of his genius, the most fiery spirit, and perhaps the most poetic imagination of his period, he never reached to that universalness, to use a bard's word, which has lifted Thackeray and Dickens over his head—we can scarcely tell why—nor can we help feeling that to be contemporary with these men, and therefore inferior to them, was in some sense to this vaulting spirit an injury and wrong. May it lie lightly upon him, that "large sarcophagus of Mull granite" which covers what was mortal of Charles Reade! We should have chosen a soft and kindly sod for him instead, which he could have thrown aside lightly when that

great day of resurrection, in which from his grave he declares his faith, shall come. We need not fear, however, that all the granite of Mull will hold down that hot-headed Immortal when the sound of the great trumpet echoes among the tombs.

The memoir of Anne Gilchrist¹ is one which it was wholly unnecessary to write. It is a record of the modest and altogether uneventful life of a good woman who lost her husband at an early age, and bravely struggled on through the burdened ways of existence, bringing up her children and fulfilling all her duties as, let us thank heaven, a countless number of good women do who look for no honour or praise for it, and receive none. Her claims to literary reputation are of the slenderest. Her husband was the author of the *Life of Blake*, a work which has no doubt contributed much to extend the knowledge of that primitive and half-miraculous poet-painter, which is a good thing; but which has likewise organised, or at least revived, a sort of fantastic worship of him, which is much less good. The book, though successful in its object, was not of itself remarkable, although very laborious and conscientious. But the writer and his wife were members of a little band who, both in literature and art, have got themselves more talked about than any other coterie of their time; and this is perhaps the reason why young Mr Gilchrist has thought it necessary to add a memoir of his mother to the abundant literature which has gathered, and is still gathering, round the studio of Rossetti and his companions. It is a little hard upon us to be obliged to reckon with

¹ Anne Gilchrist: Her Life and Writings. By Herbert H. Gilchrist. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

another volume, and receive a roll of the pedigree and connection of Mrs Gilchrist, because she was acquainted with the Rossettis and other notable persons in literature and art. The following is an example of the style of the book :—

"We may find a suggestion of John Parker Burrows' personal appearance in the fact that the lawyer when walking would not unfrequently be mistaken for Sir Thomas Lawrence by friends of the latter," is the interesting beginning of the biography. "Mrs Burrows spoke of the physician's admiration for her little one. The old doctor would come daily during bath-time to study 'the most beautifully formed baby' he had ever seen. The child must have had a memory to remember her first lesson—that of toddling from mother to nurse. Annie (Gilchrist) possessed a 'kind and good father' who recognised ability in his daughter, and did all he could to develop the child's mind and character. John P. Burrows was fond of music, and often would little Annie be taken to hear a fine chorister; or sometimes on Sunday afternoon the two would walk from Gower Street to the Zoological Gardens. No wonder if the little feet ached on these occasions! At other times this companionable father would empty his pockets of coppers (before dressing) for Annie's benefit, Ann Carwardine's granddaughter taking care of their bright faces until there had accumulated enough to buy a rosewood desk. It must have been a pretty sight to see the father listening to his daughter's first piece, 'La Petite Surprise,' the chubby fingers of five summers rendering the small intricacies of this French composition upon the piano with painstaking fidelity.

"Anne has a playmate in John F. Burrows, the typical brother, who burns the dollies of a yielding and half-hearted devotee of dolly."

It is inexcusable to pile a mass of nonsense like this upon the grave of a good woman who never did anything to expose herself to such treatment. There was nothing in her character or work to call

for the jargon of the biographiser, and John P. and John T. Burrows are out of place anywhere, save in an American village. But "companionable father" is a fine phrase—" 'mobled queen' is good." There is an affectionate condescension in it, very characteristic of the literary grandson looking down from an amiable elevation on the predecessor who was happy enough to be instrumental in producing him.

Nevertheless, though the book is bad and entirely uncalled for, it is not without interest—an interest which does not, however, attach to the chief personages of the record. Alexander Gilchrist, who died so early, was evidently a hard-working literary man, with a considerable knowledge of art, and indefatigable in research, following upon the trace of rare engravings and scraps of illustration in the true spirit of a collector. "He was regarded," says Mr W. M. Rossetti, "in my own circle as the best equipped and ablest of the various art-critics on the periodical press." And his taste was evidently catholic and impartial, since he stepped from the Life of Etty to that of Blake, with but little interval, with the composure of an honest workman to whom one piece of work is as good as another. But his interest in engravings and the valuable historical illustrations supplied by old prints brought him in contact with Carlyle at the time when he was busy upon his 'Frederick,' and eager for everything that threw a little light upon the crowded and tumultuous period which he had undertaken to elucidate. This led to a correspondence, and finally to the establishment of the young *ménage* of the Gilchrists next door to the Carlyles in Cheyne Row, and to much pleasant intercourse—the elder

and greater pair extending to the younger that warm kindness and interest for which they were always remarkable before they came in their turn to be biographised. The most interesting pages in this book are those in which Mr Alexander Gilchrist notes his recollection of evenings spent in that now desecrated house—recollections which bring before us the pretty old-fashioned drawing-room, the kindly Sage, the lively talk, the pleasant and genial atmosphere of the place—in which the world has been taught to believe there was nothing but a sullen sense of wrong and perpetual storms. The record is very simple but very true. It is dated in 1857, after the conclusion of the Crimean war.

“Called on Carlyle about half-past three. Lady Stanley and her friend Mrs Brown were there. They talked the usual small-talk—about the Peace, the Naval Review, and so forth. Carlyle agreed with them in being glad of peace ‘on any terms.’ Reverting to the subject of the Naval Review, and what a muddle it had been, Lady Stanley said it was not to be talked of but under the breath; but the Queen was the cause of the confusion in not having chosen some other day—the previous day—and slept at the Isle of Wight.

“*Carlyle.* Well, I suppose the Queen thought it was hard if she, of all her subjects, must choose a day which was inconvenient to her.

“*Lady S.* Oh, but the line was shut up by her going; and the greedy railway people took more passengers than they could accommodate.

“*Carlyle.* I heard drunken peers were seen about.

“*Lady S.* No; drunken stokers.

“*Carlyle.* Ah! there was a good deal of spirituous liquor going.

“*Carlyle* asked Miss Brown whether she was related by her ancestors to a Marshal Brown, an Irish Jacobite, and distinguished in the Austrian service? Carlyle mentioned that there were two

Browns, Austrian generals; Marshal Brown, the more celebrated. A life of him (French) in existence which he had never seen. Couldn't find out anything about him.

“Miss Brown didn't know—he probably was related. One Brown, an ancestor, had offered the crown of Ireland to the — family. Miss Brown thinks he had been hung.

“‘It was a hanging business that.’ Carlyle ended by asking her to inquire into the history of the Browns—it would oblige him much.

“When I first went in, the ladies were commending Carlyle's beard. ‘There is much to be said in favour of a beard. I see them gradually appearing up and down the world.’ Admitted upright collars did not go well with them: flat linen ones which used to be worn with beards were necessary.

“The pretty lady talked much with Mrs Carlyle, next whom she sat—Carlyle with Miss Brown. On leaving, the pretty lady coaxingly said to Carlyle, ‘You will come to my Saturday evening? Now, don't screw up your mouth so; you must say Yes.’ (Lady Stanley, speaking imperatively) ‘Say Yes, now.’ ‘Yes,’ round and full says Carlyle; who then conducted them to the street door.”

This is nothing; but it is full of good-natured ease, the great man willing to linger in his wife's drawing-room, ready for a jest, to twit “the pretty lady,” who could not refrain from a little dart under her breath at the Queen—not displeased even to have his growing beard discussed (beards were rare in those days). The genial insignificance of the pretty scene is soothing to those who have seen that great man so gently courteous, listening to the smallest little voices without a sign of impatience: it helps to erect again the four protecting walls which have been shattered into such remorseless ruin. The next scene is of more general interest:—

“28th Dec. 1859.—Carlyle again asked me about the *Blake*, what I was

doing with it. I stated that I had delivered his letter to Chapman, but was giving my MS. a last revisal before sending it in. He talked of the difficulties of a book, of getting it done, of reducing chaos to order. The whole world, seems against you, but it is not so. Other men knock against you who are simply thinking of themselves, not of you at all. Carlyle's difficulties as to maps: sent for some to Germany; certain towns, battle-fields of Frederick's, he wanted; reads maps very ill now to what he used to; obliged to use spectacles for them,—through these cannot see quickly.

"Carlyle took his seat on the footstool by the fire as usual, to smoke: talk fell on the dog Nero, now very ailing. Mrs Carlyle has had it ten and a half years; six months old when Nero was brought to her. Carlyle says, 'Never dog had given trouble more disproportionate to its use and worth than Nero had to him.' Mrs Carlyle: 'It had been worth it all.' He denied it, and reiterated the absurdity of its existence. It would be a kindness to kill it. Mrs Carlyle: 'If he is to be believed, he shouldn't make affectionate speeches to Nero in the garden when he thought no one heard.'"

When this poor dog was killed by the doctor some time afterwards, the record is: "Carlyle that evening cried like a child."

We must make one other extract, though it has still nothing to do with the Gilchrists, being a report of a conversation between Mrs Carlyle and Mrs Gilchrist.

"Annie called on Mrs Carlyle, whose husband is in great misery over his proofs: always is; alters and re-alterers always, and won't let them alone. Mrs Carlyle reads them, and suggests alterations. Carlyle begins by calling her a fool, and so on, and ends often, after a few days, by saying 'he thinks he shall strike out so-and-so.' This time the proofs seemed to Mrs Carlyle to hang fire—the story not to progress. A great deal about 'our melancholy friend,' which impeded

the progress. One passage in particular, justifying 'torture': the world has ceased to care for justice. 'If Mr Carlyle had had space to go more into it, he might have made good his position; but as it was, the impression would simply be: Mr Carlyle regrets the abolition of torture.' He at first angry with her. 'She, like the rest of the world, did not care for justice; did not see the distinction between the guilty and the innocent.' The first day Mr Carlyle came down very cross in the evening, saying that he had done nothing all day, hang it! had spent all the afternoon trying to alter that paragraph of hers, and he couldn't. The second day uneasy, the third day more so; the fourth sent L. in post-haste to recall the proofs, that he might strike out the whole of 'our melancholy friend's' remarks."

This is worth volumes of description as to the terms on which this pair stood with each other, and is perfectly true at once to fact and to nature.

The book has thus an interest entirely apart from its primary subjects. There is a great deal about the Rossettis, both the more and less famous members of the family, letters of condolence, letters of encouragement, a great deal of friendly and pleasant, but in no way remarkable, correspondence. And if any reader should desire to know how a poet looks and speaks when he is in search of a piece of land to build himself a house upon, he will find it fully set forth here—Mrs Gilchrist having been the happy and honoured instrument of leading Lord Tennyson and his family to the delightful heights of Aldworth. Such episodes were the pleasure and charm of a life which was full of hard work and dutiful accomplishment of all a mother's offices—mingled with a little literature, not enough to be oppressive. When Mrs Gilchrist had reached the maturity of middle age, a

selection from the poems of Walt Whitman, published by Mr W. M. Rossetti, affected her mind with a passionate enthusiasm worthy of the first outburst of youth; and her letter-essay on this subject, called "An Englishwoman's Estimate of Walt Whitman," which is re-presented in the end of the volume, seems to have been received with warm approbation in America. This is not the place for any criticism of Whitman, so that we are unable to enter into the impassioned plea which she makes for a poet not understood of the people. It is startling to hear that "he takes up the thread where Christ left it," and that "he inaugurates in his own person a new phase of religion." And we find another proof of that abnormal attraction which a class of highly cultured women in this age find in subjects naturally revolting to their womanhood, in her hot conviction that the poet's treatment of the subject of love, especially in its physical aspects, required "corroboration, acceptance from a woman, before it could be accepted by men." To decide from whence this strange perversion comes would be a curious question; probably the very revolt against such discussions has the result of violently driving into them a mind which has forced itself to reject as conventional the usual and natural bonds and limitations. This is at least the only way in which we can explain it to ourselves. "I often feel as if my enterprise were very like Lady Godiva's—as if hers indeed were typical of mine," Mrs Gilchrist says, with, the reader will perceive, a robust confidence in her own power of convincing the world. But she has not yet, at least, convinced the world that Walt Whitman is the greatest of prophets and poets. What a wonderful blessing to the

world that the Christian faith, though it has done more for women than all the other religions put together, should have dwelt so little upon that question of sex which plays so large a part in all the heresies of this time, and of others before this!

Mrs Gilchrist wrote a life of Mary Lamb in the "Eminent Women" series, and several stories and magazine articles besides this Whitman defence and plea. We wonder, by the by, how Mary Lamb, poor suffering soul, came to figure as an eminent woman? She is a most pathetic figure, caught thus, a very fly in amber, on the edge of that notable group whose dependants and hangers-on have not escaped the fierce light that beats upon the paths of genius as well as upon a throne; but personal eminence is, after all, a different matter. This, however, has nothing to do with Mrs Gilchrist, who executed her commission well and sympathetically. "My dear, you write very nicely too!" had been said to her long before by Mrs Carlyle, who was not enthusiastic about literary performances generally. One wonders, by the way, under what rule it is that young writers take upon themselves to speak by their Christian names of eminent persons much older than themselves? Jane Carlyle is what the young gentleman who is the author of this volume takes upon himself to call the philosopher's wife. He carries the habit still further, familiarly mentioning his own grandmother as Henrietta So-and-so. We think that the line should certainly be drawn at a man's grandmother, both metaphorically and actually. No excellence or superiority in your own person can make it meet that you should call that venerable lady Henrietta.

The life of Lady Lytton¹ is a book, the publication of which is an injury and offence to the world. We cannot doubt when we have read all we can of this most strange and undesirable publication that the subject of it was in many ways an ill-used woman. Her virulence, her violence, her slapdash, hurry-scurry vituperation, incline us at first entirely towards the other side of the controversy; but we fear that there is not much to be said on that other side. It is very probable that she was an intolerable person—one whom a saint could scarcely have lived with in peace—and her life is a record of quarrels, of friendships hastily made up and as hastily broken, of perpetual debts, struggles for money, squabbles of every kind. But with all this she must have been an ill-used woman. Public opinion has altered since that day, and the power of any husband to punish with banishment and separation from her children the woman who does not suit him as a wife is now very much limited. But when we have said this, we must repeat that the book is an offence, and that it never ought to have been published at all. The undisciplined creature, handsome, self-willed, and altogether unscrupulous, is a figure for a novel, where she would be extremely effective, but altogether unsuited to real life. Her wandering and wild career, now the centre of a circle of friends who are supposed to adore her, now starting off at a tangent with wild complaints of disappointment and injury, always ill used and deceived, her dearest companions one day being her bitterest enemies the

next—constantly finding some one who at last is the friend and champion she looked for, and as constantly discovering that this champion has but used her for his own ends, and that she is left more desolate than ever,—is miserable to the last degree. So much wasted energy, a life so frittered away in endless kicking against the pricks, grows tragic in its utter helplessness and hopelessness at last—but the tragedy is of an exasperating kind. Human nature grows weary of the continued plaint, and the most persevering of defenders cannot but feel that a person so invariably disappointed in everybody around her, must be apt herself to be in the wrong. We need not enter into the too painful story. The marriage was a hasty one, the bridegroom being a spoiled favourite of society, the bride an Irish girl equally spoiled, and entirely without moral discipline or restraint. We cannot wonder at the interference of the present Lord Lytton to stop the publication of the letters, which, according to the specimens given by an enterprising newspaper, were little edifying on one side or the other: but the injunction furnishes a sort of posthumous grievance, of which, no doubt, the heroine would have made abundant use had she been able to know it, and which carries out all the precedents of her life.

There is this, however, to be said for her, that she never did fail to find friends, many of whom proved their friendship in the most approved way, by gifts and loans and hospitality, few or none escaping without a contribution. She had but a small income for an extravagant and luxurious woman, and she was always able to prove

¹ Life of Rosina, Lady Lytton: A Vindication. By Louisa Devry. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.

triumphantly that it was not enough for her nor ever could be, without, however, convincing the only persons whose opinion on the subject could be of any avail. To have made her four hundred a-year suffice, and to have held her peace and borne her misfortunes, would have been much the more dignified mode of procedure, no doubt; but of this the passionate, reckless, uncalculating woman was quite incapable. The record of a life prolonged to the patriarchal age of eighty, which is nothing but one long, noisy, violent struggle against injuries, real or imaginary—real and imaginary would perhaps be the better expression—against circumstance, against the infallible laws of human living, against at least every second man and woman encountered in that long career,—is a very pitiful sight. To call it a vindication is nothing but a mockery. It is, on the contrary, a long, detailed, and unanswerable proof that this fantastic, unreasonable, capricious heroine was one of the women impossible to live with or satisfy, however fascinating for a time, or however much to be pitied. The modifications in the law which have so much changed the position of women during the reign of Queen Victoria have this great fact in their favour, that any such distracted and distracting figure as that of Lady Lytton, tearing her hair and cursing her husband in the sight of all the world, has become impossible. Such women, virtuous in the ordinary sense of the word and unassailable, but half mad with the excitement of a quarrel in which much harsh treatment and sharp-stinging injustice were involved, proclaiming their wrongs with the wildest cries and maledictions, never satisfied nor quieted, were not an unusual spec-

tacle in the last generation. No man can ever be injured by such a situation as a woman can, and it is only women who have disgusted and wearied the world by such an endless appeal to the pity of the crowd. Perhaps even the horrors of the Divorce Court are scarcely worse than the spectacle thus kept for years before the public. They, at their worst, are only for a time; the other lasted, as in this deplorable case, for about half a century, always cropping up again when half-forgotten.

As in the case of the book previously discussed, the thing which interests us most is not the subject of the record but the occasional lights that fall upon other figures that cross her way. One chance gleam lights up for a moment the little known individuality of a woman whose name was familiar to our youth as that of the author of many clever but vulgarish novels, but who was only revealed, and that almost accidentally, in the real heroism of her life, by her son's autobiography, published at his death a few years ago. It is doubtful even whether Mr Anthony Trollope was aware what a curious glimpse he afforded into the nobility of an unrecorded existence in his account of his mother—which he gives at little length and with the composure of one long acquainted with the tale, and too near to see its quite unusual character. Mrs Trollope was one of the many people who warmly took up Lady Lytton's cause at one period of her career; and the following letter of affectionate advice will show how the more delicate and judicious woman, even while fully believing in the wrongs of the clamorous sufferer, endeavoured, though vainly, to check and calm her down:—

“What can I feel but pride and

pleasure at your offered dedication? I accept it, dear Lady Bulwer, gratefully. But both here and in your preface let your old woman preach to you; and bear it, dear, as sweetly as I have seen you do heretofore, when most literally 'love conquered fear,' and enabled me to lecture you upon prudence and forbearance as never any one so circumstanced was lectured before. You have great powers; and though I will not say they have been unworthily used in being lent to the painful purpose of exposing a little part of what you have so wrongfully endured, I will say that no one who loves and admires you as much as I do, and who knows even so much as I do of the public, but would deprecate the idea of your again dipping your brilliant wing in the dirty troubled waters of personal affairs. Walter Scott, with all his talent multiplied into itself, could not have stood against the blighting blight of such a mildew as this would wrap around your name as a writer. I saw the herculean strength and vigour of Byron's literary reputation almost strangled by his

'Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred;'

and well do I remember hearing one of the cleverest men in Europe, and a greatly attached friend of Byron to boot, say, 'If he goes on wiping his eyes thus on the public, it is over with him; it is downright snivelling.' I stake my sagacity on your success as a writer if you keep clear of this pitfall. . . . Trust me, your vocation is not to scold, either in public or in private. Your nature is kind, noble, generous, and warm-hearted. You have a great many things to thank God for. That you have been sadly tried is true; but you have that within you that ought to enable you to rise unscathed from it all. Now, do not shake your head and say, 'Foolish old woman!' but be good, and mind what I say to you."

This was precisely what the passionate creature could not do.

Mrs Trollope's estimate of her powers was probably much too exalted; but such a letter is one of the best testimonies to something lovable still at the bottom of a character spoiled beyond remedy by passion, self-will, and a hard fate.

There is another biographical-historical work before us of a very different calibre, which is beyond the sweep of criticism—the far-famed memoirs of Wilhelmina Margravine of Baireuth,¹ sister of Frederick the Great, one of the most notable *mémoires pour servir* that the world knows, now done into English by no less illustrious hands than those of the Princess Helena. It is singular that a work so interesting and important should have remained without translation so long: the greatness of the epoch, the value of the light thus thrown upon the complications of history, that great enigma of which the *fin mot* is so often buried in the obscurity of private memoirs—and even the curious, busy, crowded court-life, full of petty intrigues and endless gossip, of which it gives so vivid a picture, should make it interesting and attractive to the general reader. Its value to the historical student is already well known. "The only book touching on Friedrich's childhood," says Carlyle, "that we can characterise as fairly human. A human book, not a pedant one. We find it a veracious book, done with heart, and from eyesight and insight, of a veracity deeper than the superficial sort. Practically she is our one resource in this matter." The translation seems well and carefully done, with a little necessary weeding in places where the

¹ Memoirs of the Margravine of Baireuth. Translated and Edited by H.R.H. Princess Christiän of Schleswig-Holstein.

Margravine becomes unnecessarily explanatory, according to the fashion of the time. It is indeed the strangest picture, minute as a Japanese account, and in something of the same perspective, of the strangest court, combining such extremities of rudeness and ceremony, of luxury and primitive economy, as are more amazing than any fiction. The intrigues which involved as in a net all those hapless princes and princesses, the political motives which made even fathers and mothers so remorselessly indifferent to the fate of their children, the perpetual wire-pulling, which decided by unseen hands, if not the fate of nations, at least the happiness and misery of those apparently born to rule them, rise before us in the close and vivid narrative with an authenticity beyond question. It is perhaps a fault of all limited societies, and especially of those which suppose themselves influential in public affairs, to imagine complicated motives for the most trifling action; but this is a matter of comparatively small importance so long as the record of facts is exact and true; and no testimony can be more trustworthy than that of Carlyle to the general truthfulness and actual power of observation of the royal annalist. The Princess Christian has already entered the field of literature in her memoir of her lamented sister Princess Alice, which called forth so much sympathy and many tears from gentle readers. This is a piece of work very appropriate to a royal hand. Happily it brings out in the clearest light the fortunate change in royal surroundings since that time. Princesses may

thank their stars that they are born in the nineteenth century, at a period when more romantic marriages are made in royal families than anywhere else, and choice is free and statesmen meddle no more.

The little book of Poems¹ on our table owns the influence of the moment by a pretty dedication to the Queen. Her Majesty is responsible for a great deal of literature of every kind, swelling the records of the year. But there is nothing Jubilee about this small book except its dedication, which is in better taste than most of the poetical addresses which have been made to the Queen. It is brief enough to quote:—

“When God enthroned You, fifty years ago,

And the grey Dukes in homage would have knelt,

You rose up to prevent them, blushing—

‘No,

I am your niece Victoria!’

England felt

Her heart beat; England loved You!

It was good

So great a Queen should be a girl so true!

Madam, these Realms praise God—
and reverence You—

For Fifty Years of Sovereign Womanhood.”

The writer of this graceful verse has collected a number of little poems, very pleasant and melodious, and full of sense and meaning as well as music. The poem from which the book takes its name is not, we think, one of the best. It is the story of a visionary whose intention it is to write a great poem—an epic of humanity—when he has completed all the preparations and gained all

¹ A Lost Epic; and other Poems. By William Canton. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

the information he thinks necessary. He must have been a very Charles Reade in his devotion to facts, and when he is presented to us he is—

“A tall, mild, wise-eyed, silver-bearded man—
The sea-wind scattering down our village street
His sixtieth autumn’s crimson leaves.”

But though it might be supposed he had in these circumstances no time to lose, the would-be poet saw no need for haste.

“Years must still be spent in search and thought;
And years, perchance, in waiting, sail outspread,
To catch the ever imminent breeze of song;
Years on the voyage through that sea of dreams;
Years—and the man who had thought and wrought, too rapt
To note the years, forgot that he was old!”

We do not pretend to find a new master of song in Mr Canton, but he is evidently one whose steps will be worth watching, and whom, after he has had time to find out himself, and become more independent of those influences which hem a young poet about, the world will probably hear more of. The echoes which it is impossible not to find, which, indeed, if a young writer is honest and loyal, must inevitably be found, in all or almost all essays in verse, are still too strong to permit a thoroughly individual note. The “Death of Anaxagoras,” an epistle by that same Cleon who formerly dictated an epistle to Mr Browning, though a great deal smoother than the older poet, cannot fail to recall him, and naturally suffer by the comparison; and the same may be said of other poems, in which, however, we are bound to acquit Mr Canton of that

easy art of imitating the eccentricities of his models of which many youthful writers are guilty. Charming touches of nature, however, occur here and there, which promise emancipation. “The God and the Schoolboy,” if it is really a rendering of a Greek legend, has a tender nineteenth-century application which takes something from the local colour: but it is, Greek or not, a beautiful little poem.

“Doubtless God
Was pitiful in heaven, when unaware
Of Whom they sought, men called
Asklepios,”

says the poet, with the toleration of his day. The story, he proceeds to tell, is of a sick child who, brought to the shrine of the physician-god, offers “ten marbles” for the gift of health.

“‘Ten marbles! quoth the child. Asklepios laughed;
But on the morrow forth the lad went whole.’
Thus closely had the Greek in ancient times—
Through some prophetic prompting of pure love
God’s unfulfilled events divining—
drawn
Man’s heart unto the human heart in God.”

The interpretation is all of our own time, the atmosphere modern and Christian, but the whole very attractive and tenderly turned. Still more true and sweet are some of the little lyrics with which the volume ends, especially in the “Poems of Childhood,” some of which might almost be Victor Hugo’s. We will give one example:—

“In praise of little children I will
^{say}
God first made man, then found a
better way
For woman, but his third way was the
best.
Of all created things the loveliest

And most' divine are children. Nothing here

Can be to us more gracious or more dear.

And though when God saw all His works were good

There was no rosy flower of babyhood,

'Twas said of children in a later day

That none could enter Heaven save such as they.

The earth, which feels the flowering of a thorn,

Was glad, O little child, when you were born;

The earth, which thrills when skylarks scale the blue,

Soared up itself to God's own Heaven in you;

And Heaven, which loves to lean down and to glass

Its beauty in each dewdrop on the grass—

Heaven laughed to find your face so pure and fair,

And left, O little child, its reflex there!"

An account of the fatal cholera epidemic which devastated Naples in 1884¹ might be expected to furnish a companion volume to Defoe's 'History of the Plague of London,' rivalling even that doleful volume in incidents of suffering and episodes of desolation. The Swedish doctor who has described the Naples epidemic, and the English author who has chronicled the last visit of the Plague—was it the last, or has it since visited us disguised under some new appellation?—view their subjects from very different standpoints. Defoe, with the author's keen eye for a good subject, seeks out the dramatic and sensational side, and is wise enough to perceive it ready to his hand, and with little need of embellishments to intensify it. Axel Munthe, our Swedish doctor, takes a

very different course. So far is he from seeking to harrow our nerves with descriptions of the scenes which he visited, that but for the fact that cholera is in Naples, and that he has gone there to be of use in the epidemic, we might sometimes conveniently forget that the people were dying around by thousands. But Axel Munthe is much more of a philosopher than a doctor. He has no high estimation of the best efforts of his own craft; he is even profane enough to speak disrespectfully of Dr Koch's "microbes," and does not scruple to scoff at "the 'profound researches of science,' which we have to fall back upon in times of pestilence,"—the magnificent triumphs of medicine; and its brilliant discoveries.

"Well and good!" he exclaims; "amidst the *olla-podrida* of dead theories and living microbes, of groping experiments and troubled mixture—*la main sur la conscience*, what poor insignificant charlatans are we not all the same, and how little able to compete with the other Physician, whose practice is so large, and who goes about from bed to bed with his one and only drug, his eternal sleeping-draught!"

Naturally the cholera forms the chief text of these 'Letters from a Mourning City,' but we are so engrossed in the preacher himself as to be willingly oblivious of his subject. Our friend—and all Axel Munthe's readers will desire, we are certain, to admit him within their *cercle intime*—has many affecting, still more ludicrous stories, to tell of his experience among the cholera-stricken; but it is the mental side, not the loathsome physical symptoms, of his cases that he dilates upon. In

¹ Letters from a Mourning City (Naples, Autumn 1884). By Axel Munthe. Translated from the Swedish by Maude Valérie White. London: John Murray. 1887.

spite of his benevolence, he shared the fate of other less distinguished practitioners. "Yet have I never met with so little consideration as in this part of the world, where they have thrown my wonderful mixtures out at the door, tried to send me after them, and thrashed me into the bargain." On the whole, Axel Munthe does not appear to think that he has been either unjustly or unreasonably treated, although he does express a mild wish that they had confined their repugnance to throwing away his medicine. The jealous suspicion which the Neapolitan *lazzaroni* evinced of all interference on the part of the authorities, whether curative or sanitary, is a common feature in cholera epidemics,—in Egypt, in India, in every country where the pestilence preys upon the ignorant masses. A general impression prevailed that the municipality, with a view to remedy overcrowding and reduce the surplus population, "had let the cholera loose in order to give more room." It is little wonder, then, though the *lazzaroni*, with their half-oriental apathy, with their incapacity for struggling with fate, should rather throw their dangers upon the blessed Virgin than combat the plague for themselves, with or without medical assistance. Axel Munthe is not a Roman Catholic, although no one would make that discovery until three-fourths of his book has been read, but he speaks both reverentially and touchingly of the consolation which the cholera-stricken found in their cult, and of the strength which their faith in the Madonna afforded those who were exposed to infection. The little lamps burning before the pictures and images of the Virgin in the *sottoterrani* and *fondaci* were the only rays of hope that lit up

the gloom which hung over the Mourning City.

We are glad to turn from thoughts of the cholera to the personality of the writer, who cannot, to use a critical "cant" word, be said to be "singularly free from self-consciousness." Axel Munthe himself and his opinions are the essence of the book; the cholera is merely the accident that has called him before the public. We lay down his "Letters" feeling that we know much of him, but would like to know still more. What we glean of him is that he already knew Naples well before he set out,—that his acquaintance with the *lazzaroni*, the fishermen, the boatmen, was sufficient to furnish him with good grounds for hoping to secure their confidence. The impulses which prompted his journey may perhaps be guessed at by the searching question which he puts to himself on the journey from Rome to Naples:—

"Pure nervousness + innate sentimentality + blind love towards Italy + suspicious tendency to mysticism;—is the fellow a Catholic? eh, doctor?"

Qui s'excuse, s'accuse. We would have given Axel Munthe the full benefit of his confession, but for his direct contradiction of the latter part of the query. Of the "innate sentimentality" we have abundance of proof, and his blind love for Italy appears to have been returned by her waifs and strays. To them he is known as *il Signore con lo cane*; and "Puck," of whom his master boasts as "the biggest dog in Southern Italy," and with whom he "*parla come era un Cristiano*," furnishes one of the most touching episodes in the book. Axel Munthe is struck down with fever in the street while engaged in cholera work, and has to be taken

home to his lodgings, where he lies for some time insensible. On his recovery the dog is missing. All Axel Munthe's ailments are at once forgotten in this irreparable loss. Although he can scarcely turn himself in bed, he implores, but in vain, his servant to dress him and carry him down to a cab, in order that he may prosecute the search in person. The consul's assistance is invoked to recover this missing subject of his Swedish majesty; and while this functionary promises to do his best, Axel Munthe can only lie and bemoan his bereavement.

"I recollected how for eight whole years we had fought the battle of life together,—how for eight whole years we had stuck to one another through thick and thin, honestly sharing the heavy burdens and the light. I recollected how, when I was happy, he was happy too, never once stopping to think whether he himself had any ground for rejoicing. He asked no questions,—to share my pleasure was all he cared about. A look, a nod, a friendly word, and his honest face would light up with the gladness that he saw in mine. And were I depressed and low-spirited, he would sit beside me, just as miserable himself. He never tried to cheer me up, for he was well aware of the insufficiency of solitary words. He said nothing, for he knew that silence is soothing when one is feeling sad. But steadily would he look at me, and softly lay his head upon my knee. He knew that his poor brain was unable to keep pace with mine, but still his faithful heart claimed his share of my grief.

"Did others vote me rough and cross-grained—his patient forbearance would overlook it all, and his friendship stand proof against every injustice. And were I irritable and hard upon him when I left the house, yet did he always return good for evil, and affectionately and good-humouredly would he always run to greet me when I came back.

"Others might sit in judgment on

my many faults, and abuse me up hill and down dale, but eagerly and lovingly he always strove to look at everything from the least unfavourable point of view, refusing to believe that I was capable of wrong. Did I enter heart and soul into some cause or other, defending it to the best of my abilities—the rest of the world might abuse me for my pains, but he was always of the same opinion as myself. And in the hour of need, when other friends were not forthcoming, he always stood beside me, ready to shield me from every danger, and glad, if need be, to lay down his life for my sake. . . .

"Once upon a time we had a very good opinion of mankind. We were idealists, because we thought the rest of the world were idealists too. We were tender-hearted and kind, because we thought that others were the same. We were philanthropists; but after a while we found out how mistaken we were, and came to the conclusion that there was not much love lost between most of our fellow-creatures.

"And one and all they laughed me to scorn because I dignified a dog's unselfish devotion by the name of friendship; because gratefully I strove to repay, as far as lay in my power, the humble comrade of my life, who, according to their lights, was nothing but a soulless animal, whose keen and sensitive understanding they dismissed as mere instinct, and whose honest, upright soul, they said, would live no longer than his faithful heart! . . .

"And where was he now, my faithful friend? Fallen perhaps into the hands of some hard-hearted brute, who was kicking and ill-treating him, for aught I knew, sitting there bound fast, and anxiously waiting for me to come to the rescue; and I—incapable of putting one leg before the other."

Nor think this maudlin sentiment, ye whose acquaintance with caninity does not pass beyond a patting and "good dog" recognition—ye who treat the dog as a lap-toy or as a useful slave in the covert or on the moor, or, in still more utilitarian fashion, as a

terror to burglars when tied to the end of an iron chain. To develop a dog's nature, to appreciate it, and to reap the accruing return of affection, there must exist the same solidarity of interests as between Axel Munthe and Puck; and we may be permitted to doubt whether he would have exerted the same benevolence towards what he would seem to consider an equal if not an inferior race, but for Puck's influence. The school of the cynics is not a bad one in which to learn the more tender virtues; nor is Kingsley's Raphael Aben-Ezra the only man whose better nature has been called forth under canine tuition.

How Puck was happily recovered by means of a member of the Camorra,—writing at this safe distance from Naples, we rejoice in the interests of the Picturesque to learn that the terrible society is still in existence,—makes a very pretty story, involving one still more touching; but for these the reader must go to the 'Mourning City' itself. Nor can we enter into the sparkling discussions between Axel Munthe and Rosina, his donkey—an animal who, as might be expected, is inclined to pessimistic views. There are many little incidents which we would gladly have repeated had space allowed; but we hope the reader will go to the fountain-head for the story of Sœur Philomène, or for an account of the dinner at which the Sorrento fishermen ate up a whole article in the 'Dagblad,'—the Swedish journal which has the privilege of numbering Axel Munthe among its correspondents.

Axel Munthe is in some respects a Scandinavian Sterne. Both his sentiment and his humour are Shandean; but as Axel Munthe's function is not to cre-

ate but to observe, his labour is easier and the result less weighty. Like Tristram, Axel Munthe is perpetually digressing; but he does so at the right moment, and his digressions are their own best apology. We have had so much false Continental coin recently put in currency in this country, that hesitation is natural in giving the hall-mark to more; but 'Letters from a Mourning City,' in Miss White's polished English version, is a work to which even our insular cautiousness cannot deny recognition as genius—albeit genius of an erratic order.

Shall we ever come to an end of studies, letters, and reminiscences of Carlyle? Not only does the lurid cloud which Mr Froude some years ago conjured up to obscure the star of the Sage of Chelsea yet linger in the literary horizon, but its density is still gathering round it a number of other and scarcely less fuliginous nebulae. In vain do judicious lovers of Carlyle who are content to read the author in his works exclaim, "*Ohe! jam satis.*" The nobler the quarry the more the carving, is the motto of that increasing class of artists who whittle their quills as they read the obituaries. No literary work of the century has suffered more than has Carlyle's at the hands of his biographers, students, and admirers, with some recollection or other to push forward. It would be an unalloyed blessing to those who are reading 'Sartor Resartus' and the 'French Revolution' for the first time, if the author's life were as much shrouded in darkness as that of Shakespeare, even though it might be a debatable point whether or not Herbert Spencer wrote Carlyle. In our curiosity about the earthly clay which the man has now shuffled

off, we pay no attention to the yet living voice that spoke with such effect in its day, and still addresses those who prefer to listen rather than to stare.

We apply these general remarks with some limitations to the particular book before us. The correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle,¹ which had escaped Mr Froude, presented strong temptations, and afforded some excuse for making a book. The letters which passed between Goethe and Carlyle are not very numerous, nor are they weighty, and what interest they possess is rather of a social than of a literary nature. It is generally assumed that Goethe's works and Goethe's counsels gave the determinative bend to the peculiar mental line which Carlyle subsequently struck; and Carlyle himself gives colour to the assumption both in the letters before us and elsewhere. We lay but moderate stress upon Carlyle's complaisant acknowledgments of his indebtedness to Goethe, or on Mr Norton's still more decided reiteration of them. Unquestionably Carlyle's German studies opened up to him wider intellectual vistas. They were even of more practical service, in furnishing him with a valid excuse for coming before the public. They equipped him for the fight that was before him, and in some measure enabled him to prove his weapons. And a connection with Goethe was one that, taking it merely at its market value, was well calculated to be of the highest service to the aspirant for a literary career. Of this Carlyle with his national shrewdness was fully conscious; and without casting doubts upon his sincerity, we are

obliged to discern a strain of compliment running throughout his letters to Weimar. That his alliance with Goethe tended much to shape Carlyle's literary life we readily acknowledge; that it exercised any potent influence on his beliefs, sympathies, and prejudices we are far from convinced.

Goethe was seventy-four when he received a letter from the unknown Scotsman, with a copy of his English translation of the first part of 'Meister.' "Four years ago," Carlyle writes him, "when I read your 'Faust' among the mountains of my native Scotland, I could not but fancy that I might one day see you, and pour out before you, as before a father, the wees and wonderings of a heart whose mysteries you seemed so thoroughly to comprehend and could so beautifully represent." A very graceful compliment, whether or not it be entitled to rank among the "verities," eternal or otherwise. This was in 1824, when Carlyle was entirely unknown, save to the very few who had recognised original and meritorious studies in his 'Life of Schiller,' which had been running through the 'London Magazine' during the two preceding years. The letter of thanks with which Goethe acknowledges the translation of 'Meister' does not, however, blossom into regular correspondence for some years to come. In 1827 Carlyle sends to Weimar the new edition of his 'Schiller' and his 'German Romance,' with another very graceful tribute to him "whose voice came to me from afar with counsel and help in my utmost need."

"For if I have been delivered from darkness," adds Carlyle, "into any

¹ Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

measure of light,—if I know aught of myself, and my duties and destination, it is to the study of your writings, more than to any other circumstance, that I owe this ; it is you more than any other man that I should always thank in reverence, with the feeling of a Disciple to his Master, nay as a son to his Spiritual Father. This is no idle compliment.”

We are so little accustomed to courtly language in Carlyle's mouth, that we require his own assertion to support the sincerity of his claim for spiritual affiliation. This letter drew from Goethe a hasty acknowledgment, and, later, a warm commendation, which must have presented Carlyle with a powerful stimulus to further work. Along with this Goethe propounds some “general considerations,” “long cherished in silence, and stirred up afresh” by the books Carlyle had sent him, which, when with some difficulty reduced to their lowest terms, amount to a project for effecting universal peace by a free interchange of translated literature—a gospel to which we will all cheerfully subscribe, if backed up by sound copyright laws and assurances of adequate remuneration to authors. Some pretty little presents accompany this note ; and to us the frequent interchange of these *cadeaux* are the most natural features in an intercourse which is only too apt to seem pedagogic on the one side, and court-like on the other.

In 1828 Carlyle was a candidate for the Chair of Moral Philosophy in St Andrews University, and begged Goethe to support him with a testimonial. Hence arose the only amusing incident which is recorded in this volume. Goethe does indeed bear warm testimony to the “single-heartedness, purity, effect, and influence” of Carlyle ; but he does not miss the oppor-

tunity of letting loose a High-Dutch ethical hurricane, which, had not some kindly deity diverted on its course across the North Sea, must have burst upon St Andrews with the appalling force of a typhoon. The testimonial arrived too late ; Carlyle was disappointed ; and we think both he and St Andrews were to be congratulated on the result. But as a rule, the Carlyle-Goethe correspondence keeps within the easy and natural bounds of friendly letters,—kindly expressions of interest in, and little acts of assistance towards, each other's work and projects. In 1831, Carlyle, then engaged on ‘Sartor Resartus,’ drops a hint to his Weimar patron of this newest, and as yet most original, of his ventures. But “alas ! it is not, after all, a Picture that I am painting ; it is but a half-reckless casting of the brush, with its many frustrated colours, against the canvas : whether it will make good Foam is still a venture.” A month after, August 1831, Carlyle is in London, “where the confusion in which I and all things are carried round must be my excuse for brevity, and almost unintelligibility. Often do I recall to myself the saying of poor Panthalis in ‘Helena’—‘the soul-confusing spell of the Thessalian Hag’—and feel as if I too were a shade ; for, in truth, this London life looks more like a Mephistopheles' Walpurgis Night than a real Heaven-encircled day, where God's kind sun is shining peaceably on industrious men.”

This was the last letter which Goethe was to receive from his Scots disciple. In it Carlyle again reiterates his obligations to the Master.

“Never” he writes, “was letter more gladly welcomed : it reached us in the calm summer twilight, and was itself so calm and pure, even like the

summer evening with mild sun-rays and the sheen of an everlasting morning already peering through! Endless gratitude I owe you, for it is by you that I have learned what worth there is in man for his brother man; and how the 'open secret,' though most are blind to it, is still open for whoso hath an eye."

Even if we are unable to shake ourselves free from the feeling that this is to a considerable extent the language of courtship, we must still regard the intercourse between Carlyle and Goethe, as revealed in these letters, as among the most genial episodes of a life in which softening tints are sadly wanting. And it must be recorded that Carlyle never wavered from his loyalty to Goethe. The 'Essay' on his death indicates real feeling, and is written in too deep lines to have either been dictated by mere enthusiasm, or to have been simply a response to the general outburst of admiring grief which the news of

the poet's departure called forth all over the world of letters. Had personal intercourse succeeded or supplemented the epistolary friendship, would the Goethe-Carlyle alliance have come down to us thus without a flaw to impair its lustre? We see reasonable grounds for doubting it. Each was to the other merely a voice, pleasant and animating, and there was none of that friction which the encounter of two strong individualities rarely fails to engender. As it happened, the interchange of friendship was evidently gratifying to Goethe's last years; it was eminently useful to Carlyle; and their letters are pleasant to the reader, as softening on the one side the imputation of selfishness that, with not insufficient reasons, has been ascribed to Goethe, and as brightening on the other a life that has been already too much overlaid by darker touches.

THE BALANCE OF MILITARY POWER IN EUROPE.

It is a curious fact that the most unmistakable mark of himself which it appears likely that Mr Bright will leave behind him on our Statute-book is to be found in the Army Act. Up to the year 1867 the preamble of the Mutiny Act had always declared that the purpose for which the army was maintained was "the safety of the United Kingdom, the defence of the possessions of her Majesty's crown, and the preservation of the balance of power in Europe."

But when Mr Bright became a Cabinet Minister in Mr Gladstone's Administration, the words referring to the "balance of power in Europe" were, at his instance, dropped out; and as the preamble to the annual Act now stands, our army exists only for "the safety of the United Kingdom and the defence of the possessions of her Majesty's crown."

As a rule, abstract questions, such for instance as the purposes for which we maintain armed forces at all, are not in England thrashed out. A writer here or there propounds a theory which obtains a certain amount of acceptance; and a few years later one finds it taken for granted by the careless and the thoughtless that certain assumptions, on which no adequate Areopagus has ever decided, are to be accepted for the future as the primary data of all discussion. Then some fine morning a Cabinet Minister gives practical effect to the abstract discussion, and we discover that the reasonings, which appeared to be too little serious to need the attention of men absorbed by everyday work, have had the most momentous effect, on practi-

cal politics at least, if not on business and life.

Mr Bright, then, has duly dismissed to the shades the wicked dream of our great statesmen of the past, that it was not for the wellbeing of England that any one Power on the Continent should assume a position so preponderating that it could dictate tyrannically to all its neighbours. History would appear to confirm the view that for any State to acquire, as Spain did under Charles and Philip, or France did under Louis XIV. and Napoleon, or as Russia did under Nicholas, a position of overweening power, is a matter dangerously affecting the liberties of nations. In former days our statesmen thought that, for the safety of England herself, she ought to be ready to join hands with other nations in defending the liberties of Europe. They believed that nations, like individuals, have their duties as well as their rights, and that the neglect of one, or carelessness in regard to the other, is sure, sooner or later, to meet with punishment. They embodied these ideas in the phrase, "the balance of power in Europe." It may or may not have been a happy one. We have no anxiety to see it restored to the preamble of the Army Act. Still it had its advantages. It avoided all terms of pharisaical assumption, yet it declared to other nations our readiness to play some other than a purely selfish part. It naturally made them ready to meet us on the *do ut des* principle—the principle, that is, of mutual co-operation for national independence. But what we cannot help noting with some amusement is the quaint

humour with which, in these matters, Time brings his revenges. Here, in the month of June 1887, we have a writer of the extremest Radical school concluding a series of articles—on what? Well, he says they are on “The Position of European Politics.” But we call Mr Bright himself to witness that we are setting down nought in malice,—“the trail of the serpent is over them all.” “The balance of power in Europe” is the subject which this very able writer finds himself at every turn compelled to deal with. Dismissed from the preamble of the Mutiny Act, it forces itself into practical politics from the moment politics cease to be insular—that is, from the moment that, in guiding the helm of the State, the pilot does not sleep, and, sleeping, dream that he can escape all storms because he sees none that are rising.

We have this month from three distinct quarters an earnest demand that the country shall really make up its mind for what purposes it maintains its military forces, and what those forces are expected to do. Differing on nearly every other subject, the Fortnightly Reviewer and the Adjutant-General of the Army are agreed in this, that it is utterly impossible that we can have our armed forces on a satisfactory footing until some authoritative body determines what we ought to expect from them. In so far as Sir James Fitz-James Stephen's Commission has had opportunity, it has earnestly pressed upon us the same sound principle.

It has been noticed already by some of those who have criticised the work of the Fortnightly Reviewer, that he has strangely ignored the conditions under which modern armies engage; and that, whether his statistical calculations of numerical force be accurate or

not, his balance is not a true balance, because he treats the value of a soldier as a quantity absolutely independent of all his fighting qualities and national characteristics. Yet Napoleon was in the habit of reckoning the elements of the forces with which he dealt, for practical purposes and as a matter of business, on the principle that a man of one nationality might be taken as the equivalent of so many more of another. Whatever was the case in his day, it is perfectly certain that in ours a mass of men incapable of acting so as effectively to use modern arms becomes simply a broader target for shot as its numbers increase. Moreover, the writer throughout treats force, latent somewhere or other in a country, as though that could be reckoned as the actually available fighting-power on the battle-field. He laughs, not without some justice, in his latest article—that on England—at Mr Howard Vincent for speaking of the ultimate forces of the British empire as 2,250,000 men, “without telling us anything of the time that it would take to place even a tenth of this force in line near London.” Yet in the ‘Fortnightly’ article on Russia, he himself does precisely the same thing as regards the Russian forces. He treats the vast numbers of armed Russians available somewhere or other among the great deserts and mountains and roadless morasses of Russia, as though they had all to be reckoned with on the frontiers of Germany and Austria whenever it pleased the Tzar to issue his fiat that they should move thither. He complains that those who dispute the accuracy of the picture he has drawn of the colossus of the north do not appreciate the improvement that has

taken place in the Russian army since the Turkish war of 1877-78, yet he utterly fails to show how the weaknesses which then existed have been remedied. He gives no hint that he is aware how amazing was the weakness which Russia actually displayed in the Turkish campaign; and indeed in some parts of his latest article, when he is having his wicked will of the "Jingoes,"—a safe pastime always for a Radical politician in distress,—he demonstrates absolutely that he either does not know it, or finds it convenient for the purposes of his argument to suppress the fact.

Holding, therefore, with the Fortnightly Reviewer, Sir James Fitz-James Stephen's Commission, and the Adjutant-General, that it is of vital consequence for us to determine in military matters "what we want," what we want it for, and whether we can afford to pay for it, we propose, in a series of articles, to discuss the military relations of the great Powers of the Continent at the present moment, and how far those relations affect our own military power. We propose to take up those precise aspects of the question which have been altogether ignored by the Reviewer. We purpose not only to study the armed forces of the Continent, as they exist on paper, as well as our own, but we intend further to take account of the medium in which those forces have necessarily to interact. That is to say, we mean to allow for the influence of those conditions of modern warfare, conformity to the laws of which determines what the effective fighting-power of nations really is, almost as much as any numerical estimate of their fighting men can possibly determine it. We are convinced that the

whole tendency of the articles which have dealt with the "Position of Modern Politics" has been to put these matters in a false light. We are sure that their writer would have us believe that England is weak where she is strong, and strong where she is weak, and that he has misjudged the other forces among which her power has to act. In particular, as regards Russia, he has, as we believe, put her strength for weakness, and her weakness for strength. He has not taken account of the effect upon the position of England in Europe of the rise of the new power Italy, whose army and whose politics he has in many respects most admirably described. He has in many most important respects misjudged the strength of Austria, of Germany, and of France. In almost every instance, not from an inaccurate statement of bare facts, so far as he has given them, but from assumptions radically false, he has tended to lead our statesmen astray. We therefore look upon it as a duty, for the sake of our national future, to endeavour, whilst there is yet time, to remove the false impressions which have been produced on the minds of men by these attractive papers.

For the most part, we shall state our own convictions, and the grounds on which they are based. We shall not weary our readers with lengthy controversy. Indeed we shall have little need to do so. The writer, as a rule, deals only in dogmatic assertion on military matters. He is sure, for instance, that the French frontier and the Russian frontier against Germany are much stronger than the German against either. He gives no grounds for his assertion, and he does not describe the character of the frontiers. We hope to be able

to make clear to all our readers our reasons for believing the precise contrary.¹ He is sure that on military grounds the Germans will march through Belgium; he is sure that England will not resist them if they do. We absolutely deny the soundness of his military assumption, and we propose to expose the weakness of the grounds of his political one. We intend, in either case, to state fully the reasons for our belief.¹

This part of the subject—that of relative military power, and of the courses of action which are, as a consequence of it, open to us—is of such paramount importance, and needs such full statement, that we cannot follow him into those deeply interesting, but—may we say it without offence?—slightly gossipy records of past politics which have enlivened his pages.

We must, however, once and for all, enter our protest against the claim of the writer to appeal to those who desire to put aside “personal and party prejudice.” Whether or not he “who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,” this much at least is certain, that the appeal to men to judge, on higher than party grounds, questions in which party passions have been largely involved, can only justly be made by a man who first takes the beam out of his own eye. In our life, among all the passionate perversions of facts, of which we have had enough and more than enough of late years, we have never read assumptions as to the past more grotesquely unfair than those which are thus paraded under the banner of impartial history. For a man with the past political record of Sir Charles Dilke, who has now avowed the authorship of these papers, to

attempt, when writing anonymously, and at a time when his identity was really concealed, to pass for an impartial historian, weighing, with the fair balance and even weight of one looking only to his country’s good, the foreign policy of the past, seems to us, to put it mildly, to be a not very ingenuous proceeding. But in every historical statement, still more in every carefully considered omission, the cloven foot of the bitter partisan peeps out. It is made worse, not better, by the well-calculated compliment to Lord Salisbury’s recent policy, so worded as to make it appear as though Lord Salisbury had done little more than adopt Lord Rosebery’s line of action in foreign affairs, so that it matters now little which party is in office, so far as foreign politics are concerned. There is something strangely cynical in this boundless faith in the short memory of the English public.

If it were not for the rapidity with which now new electors come on to the register, so that continually we have, in fact, to deal with a Pharaoh who “knows not Joseph,” we should hardly care to correct these pseudo-historical fictions. The present writer had some opportunities for judging what were the feelings which swayed the electorate in several London constituencies at the two last elections. He has always disbelieved in that great expression of feeling being due to some abstract “Conservatism” among Londoners. He knows, at least, of clubs of working men who deliberately met and discussed the question how they should vote, who showed a knowledge of the history of our recent foreign and colonial politics that would startle this happy novelist

¹ See Article II. of this series, “Germany, France, and Belgium.”

out of his self-complacent assumption that he may write a partisan pamphlet, and tell the constituencies that it is exceptionally impartial and patriotic history. The vote of London was given under many influences, of course; but, more than anything else, it meant that that very foreign policy of Mr Gladstone's Government which, if we were to accept Sir Charles Dilke's account of it, was all-wise and all-successful, had been tried in the balance and found wanting. Rightly or wrongly, Londoners believed that it had degraded us before Europe; had sacrificed priceless lives and countless treasure always to be "too late"; that it had alienated from us nearly, if not quite, every Power in Europe, and had kept us for years in one continual simmer of anticipated war; that it had been at once feeble and restless; that it had cringed before Russia, before Germany, and before France, on specific and well-quotable occasions, yet had alarmed them all as to our intentions and our purposes. How ingeniously all these facts have been dropped out of sight by a *suppressio veri* here and a *suggestio falsi* there, it would take a space almost equal to Sir Charles Dilke's own articles to point out. We can only select, as we go on, a few of the most glaring and conspicuous cases, which will at least suggest the caution with which these political reminiscences are to be received.

It has pleased Sir Charles Dilke to fix the date when that reign of force began in Europe, which, as he truly says, now so determines facts, that every politician of the present day who desires to be more than a vestryman, must understand the conditions under which armies are marshalled for the field. We allege distinctly that he has

fixed that date solely, we will not say for the purposes of party, but blinded to the plainest historical facts by that spirit of partisanship which, after years of party life, has become to him a second nature, from which he can no more emancipate himself than he can leap from his own shadow. He says that England, at the Berlin Congress, contributed to set up that reign of force because we "virtually annexed an island which had not been conquered," and that from that moment the reign of force began. We say that England did contribute her share to the setting up the reign of force in Europe, but that it was not in the year 1878, when, with the full assent of the Sultan of Turkey, we occupied Cyprus. The reign of blood and iron was not established by paying good gold that might have enabled reforms to be carried out, and by actually improving the administration of a Turkish island. No! It was in the month of February 1864 that England, after—through the mouth of Lord Kimberley, then Lord Woodhouse—she had persuaded the Danes to surrender to Prussian aggression the first line of their defences and the fortress of Rendsburg, expressly on the ground that, till that was done, she could afford no material assistance, drew back and left the Danish monarchy to be dismembered avowedly by sheer force.

Nothing in all diplomacy is recorded with more precision than the fact that then force was set up as the rule of right. The Berlin lawyers expressly recorded their opinion after the war that Prussia and Austria were the sole lawful possessors of the Duchies, because the *only original right* to them was that of the reigning King of Denmark, who, as a consequence

of the conquest, had transferred by treaty all his rights in them to the conquering States.¹

Of the part which England played in those transactions, the father of the present ambassador in Berlin, Sir A. Malet, has, in his 'Overthrow of the Germanic Confederation,' recorded his view in terms of such vigour as a diplomatist rarely permits himself. He has shown conclusively that England did lead the Danes to suppose that armed assistance would be offered by her, even if she stood alone. It was, in fact, certain that she would not stand alone. Austria knew well that Prussia was then preparing her overthrow, and she was therefore only waiting for a signal from us to abandon the artificial alliance into which she had been forced. The French Emperor was only sulking because we had refused to join him in his proposed European Congress. The feeling in France in behalf of the Danes would have been too strong to be long resisted. Sweden with her gallant little army was ready to join us at once. All that was needed was the facing of a momentary danger of enormous apparent magnitude.

We have always believed that, in a military sense, the danger was apparent only. We speak on the evidence of some of the best trained English soldiers, who were actually present at the struggle, when we say that we believe that, had even such a force as we could then have sent to Denmark been joined to the Danish and Swedish armies, positions could in that most peculiar country have been taken up where, protected by the guns of our fleets, the united army, all of excellent quality, could have defied

the utmost efforts of the Austro-Prussian forces to break down their resistance. It needed only a few weeks of boldly facing the risk then, to have broken down the first avowed effort at setting up the law of force in Europe.

We are far from saying that we now wish all the history of the past undone. We are by no means sure that the formation of a United Germany in the centre of Europe, by whatever means it has been brought about, has not been the event of our time which in the long-run will most tend to the happiness of the human race. But that England then, for the first time, shrank back from redeeming her virtually pledged word in the presence of mere force, and that she did so under a mistaken estimate of her danger, we are firmly convinced. We believe that then Prussia, despite her breech-loaders, which she had not tried in war, and with an army-organisation which, inaugurated only four years before, was not as yet complete, would have evaded the struggle, knowing well the dangers to which in a short time she would have been exposed.

What Sir Alexander Malet does not record, but what is nevertheless a matter of history, is that the great question on which the whole future of European history, "of the position of European politics," for at least a century, of the "balance of European power" was to depend, was settled at a certain Cabinet Council in London. Then for the first—not for the last—time the Sibyl presented herself to the responsible statesmen of England, offering for a price, not, as she did to Tarquin, merely the books which should foretell the future,

¹ See a very clear summary of this remarkable State paper in the Annual Register for 1865. Foreign History, p. 245.

but ready at their bidding to change the very course of history. Before that Cabinet Council, Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell had been conscious of the absolute obligation which lay upon England to redeem words which, taken in their natural meaning by those to whom they were addressed, were now pleaded by Denmark as binding us to support her. They had actually ordered Sir Alfred Horsford to prepare the scheme for an English army to be landed on the shores of Denmark, though for the moment we should have had alone to face two of the great Powers of the Continent. But when the Cabinet Council broke up, Sir Alfred Horsford heard no more of any warlike proposals.

Who had carried the decision of the Council in the teeth of two such statesmen? Who had succeeded in persuading an English Cabinet to make itself responsible for the true inauguration of the reign of Blood and Iron? Who had triumphed so far over all the past traditions of English policy? Who had set the ball a-rolling which, with rapid rush, was to lead on to the "overthrow of the Germanic Confederation," to the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, to the creation of that life of war in peace-time which now lies like a blight on all the nations of the Continent?

It has not needed that the Queen's secrets should be betrayed in order that it should be matter of notoriety that in that Cabinet meeting, though other influences affected the question, and though other members of the Cabinet were strongly in favour of a peace policy, that which decided it was the overmastering eloquence of Mr Gladstone.

It is not therefore surprising that a Radical statesman who up

to the last associated himself with the very latest phases of what Mr Bright has lately called "Mr Gladstone's many turnings of his coat," should desire to forget that very noteworthy date of February 1864, and should desire to transfer to the Congress of Berlin the responsibility for that change in English politics and in the international law of Europe which was then inaugurated. It is not unnatural, we say, that he should "desire" to make this change. But, seeing that all that we have here written is known to Sir Charles Dilke as well as it is to us, with what face, when he thus changes some of the best known pages of history in accordance with partisan desires, can he address himself "to those, if there be such in these days, who are free from party prejudice, from prejudice personal and national—to those, in short, who try to see things as they really are"? That is certainly what we wish to do, as far as we can; but we are warned by the example of the Reviewer against protesting too much.

It is by no means only with a view to the question of the correct date of the origin of the modern reign of force that we have referred to the story of the Danish war. The chief purpose for which we recall it to mind will appear fully after we have dealt with a very curious confession, accompanied, as we do not think but absolutely know, by an enormous historical error of fact, of the gravest possible consequence.

"If," says Sir Charles Dilke, "I have sometimes fallen foul of those whom I look upon as belonging to the Jingo school of 1878, it is because I doubt their wisdom. Of their patriotism I have a profound conviction; and it is only of their methods that I complain, believing

as I do that the inflated language of 1878 was a mere insult to our intelligence, and that the occupation of Cyprus was a blunder calculated to divert the country from the penitential consideration of its own real military weakness, and of the true ways in which that weakness should be remedied. . . . Nevertheless I hate to contend with them, because I feel all the time that upon the essential points we are in real agreement—namely, that we are living in a fool's paradise; that we are not in a military position, in spite of the enormous sums that we have been spending, to defend the empire against attack.”—‘Fortnightly Review,’ June, pp. 815, 816.

Now there is a good deal here which suggests food for reflection. To begin with, the word “Jingo” is one of extremely doubtful acceptance. It was originally invented by Mr Bradlaugh, and made its first appearance, under his auspices, in a letter which appeared in the ‘Daily News,’ in which he said that a certain race of people had recently come to be known “whom I call Jingoës.” The word was eagerly caught at, at the time, by Mr Gladstone’s followers, because there existed, independently of party, a widespread feeling of patriotic appreciation of the position which, under Lord Beaconsfield’s guidance, England had assumed in Europe, and it was necessary, for party purposes, to pour contempt upon that feeling.

In all such popular movements there are necessarily elements of vulgarity mixed, and the music-hall song which was popular at the time expressed undoubtedly the vulgar side of the feeling in the words—

“For we don’t want to fight,

But, *by Jingo*, if we do,
We’ve got the ships, we’ve got the men,
We’ve got the money too.”

Shortly afterwards Sir William

Vernon Harcourt, at Oxford, fully explained what he and his friends meant by flinging the expression “Jingoës” at those who differed from them in opinion. He began by saying, “Do you want to know who the Jingoës are? I will tell you who they are.” And then, using that ample vituperative vocabulary with which he is supplied, he proceeded to represent a character in which everything that was contemptible in point of brains, loathsome in point of vice, repulsive in manners, was mingled in a well-chosen mass of offensiveness.

From this time onwards, therefore, the word served two uses, different in degree but similar in kind, and both of them invaluable. In the first place, the name was of a meaning sufficiently uncertain to prevent it, in its apparent use, from being too manifestly abusive for the purposes of ordinary conversation. “Oh, you are a Jingo!” was in 1880 the ready reply to any one who thought that Mr Gladstone was a man capable of human error, or that Lord Beaconsfield might occasionally slide, by accident, into conduct which was neither that of a fool nor of a knave. To all who so far in either respect transgressed the party creed of the passing hour, the expression was so used, no matter what their antecedents might have been. It was intended to hint, without asserting, that it would necessarily follow that the person so addressed was probably an habitual frequenter of the lowest music-halls in London, and that it was quite an open point whether, properly speaking, all that Sir William Vernon Harcourt had said of him was not true.

Thus the word was delightful alike in the universal sweep with which it could be flung, in its deliberate and essential insolence

of purpose, and in its vagueness. When, therefore, now Sir Charles Dilke, who was immediately afterwards a member of the same Government as Sir William Harcourt, rakes up these expiring embers of partisan warfare, and flings about these brands after he has set them a-burning, at the very moment that he is appealing to those who love country rather than party, we must, before attempting to grapple with his words, have some little definition of their meaning. Of course, if he means to assert that any one who has the misfortune not to agree in every syllable he writes is guilty of all those wickednesses which Sir William Harcourt declared to be the peculiar attributes of the Jingo, discussion with him is closed. We naturally have no special affection, on the one hand, for the character described by Sir William Harcourt. On the other, if we have to choose between the part of pouring such language upon the heads of those who differ from us in opinion and of receiving it, we unhesitatingly prefer to be called Jingoes rather than to violate all the decencies which make fair argument possible. But apparently Sir Charles Dilke, whilst smacking his lips on almost every alternate page over the insolence which he is able subtly to convey in the use of the term "Jingo," reserving its more offensive meanings to be only understood as latent in it, usually means by it only the equivalent of chauvinism or gasconade. He expressly says so in one place; but he uses the term in so many different senses, that it is hard to know what the policy he really refers to is.

How it can be that he is "attacked by the true Jingoes for saying that we are still able to defend ourselves," we are absolute-

ly at a loss to understand. We thought that it was the Jingoes who used to boast our ships, our men, and the like. Nay, in the very passage we quoted just now, Sir Charles Dilke spoke of the "inflated language of 1878."

It is necessary for us, therefore, to define our own position, and to explain the historical fact which, as we allege, Sir Charles Dilke has mistaken, regardless of the various meanings with which he finds it convenient to play in using this term.

Certainly, then, we at all events are not amongst those who think that our army or our fleet is at this moment so complete in its organisation that we either now have, or can be said to have had in 1878, the men and the ships that are needed for the defence of our commerce and the empire. In the main we heartily agree with very much that Sir Charles Dilke has said in these matters, though we think we shall be able to show that he has not taken the best course to remedy them.

But when Sir Charles speaks of the "inflated language of 1878," it is tolerably evident that he refers to an altogether different matter from the silly music-hall ditty which produced the name "Jingo." He manifestly refers to the tone adopted in dealing with Russia by Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury in the early months of that year. Now we assert positively what is a matter easily susceptible of historical proof, that the haughty tone then taken by our statesmen was simply founded upon absolute knowledge of the complete collapse which had attended the Russian attempt to march upon Constantinople. We do not for a moment doubt that the confession which Sir Charles

Dilke now makes that his opposition to the policy of that time was not founded upon any doubt of the patriotism or the importance of the object of keeping Russia out of Constantinople, but upon a belief that we were pretending to be able to keep her out when we could not have done so, is representative not only of the opinion under which he himself acted, but that of thousands of others throughout the country at that time. Lord Randolph's Wolverhampton speech is virtually a confession that that was his view. The real facts were not known out of the Government Offices. We have always held that, as a piece of party statesmanship, it was a very great mistake that steps were not taken to make them known. We can well recall how, after the meeting of Parliament, country members came up to town saying, "Well, we have got peace certainly, but what an amount of swagger and bunkum there has been beforehand about it."

There was no swagger and no bunkum, if by that is meant any threatening to do that which at the time we were unable to carry out. The Turkish resistance had no doubt completely collapsed. Without our action, the advance force of the Russian army could certainly have made its way into Constantinople. As certainly the force which, with the assistance of the Indian troops brought to Malta, we could have landed at Gallipoli, was enough and more than enough to have utterly defeated the feeble remnant of Russians who had passed Adrianople. It does not take a large force of well-mounted and well-trained cavalry to defeat mounted men whose horses have utterly broken down under them, and that was actually the condi-

tion of every Russian dragoon who passed the Balkans. Numerically the Russian force beyond Adrianople never exceeded 30,000 men. They were disappearing day by day, from exhaustion and illness, more rapidly than they could be replaced. Of those that did reach Adrianople, large numbers arrived by way of Varna. That supply would have been cut off the moment our fleet entered the Black Sea. If there be a fact more certain than another in history, it is that at that particular moment our position was such that, at all events till the summer, we were able by mere military and naval force alone to prohibit the advance of Russia upon Constantinople. In the then condition of the Russian army, even a Tzar could not venture to keep it till the summer, with its sea-borne supplies cut off by our fleet, and those terrible snow-covered roads, blocked with broken wagons, with dying and dead horses and men, as its sole means of being fed. Upon a knowledge of these facts alike the Tzar and the English Government acted.

But they were not understood throughout the country in England. To those who were living not immediately behind the scenes (and we ought to say, what we believe Lord Salisbury would now declare, that no Government was ever better served with information than our own was in those days), it appeared incredible that we, with all our unreadiness—with our little army and our slight preparation—could really face the power of the Tzar, whose forces even then were reputed to be counted by the million.

Englishmen revolted against what seemed to them a sham and a false pretence. They punished, as they always have punished, by

their votes, a Government which acted honestly in their behalf, but acted upon information which they did not possess. There is a *naïveté* about Sir Charles Dilke's admission that he at least to this day does not know the truth, and that, had he known it, he would have been bound to appear on the opposite side to that which he took in 1880.

We can afford to allow him to employ what is virtually an algebraical formula—an unknown variable—sometimes equated with Sir William Harcourt's vituperation, sometimes chauvinism, sometimes panic-mongering to his heart's content, in return for an acknowledgment at once so important and so instructive.

I. RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

Let us now, in regard to Russia and to England, and to the question generally of English power, draw together the points on which we desire to insist in these corrections of historical inaccuracies.

We believe, then, that twice since the establishment of the rule of force in Europe—once at the time of its inception, and once since then—it has been either the duty or the interest of England to be ready to intervene on the continent of Europe. We believe that, in either case, from the most peculiar circumstances of the time, it would have been possible for us, even as our armed forces then were, to have intervened with decisive effect; but most assuredly not in either case without a loss proportionate in men and money to the want of actual readiness for war, from which we then and now suffer. To what, then, do these experiences point? Let us consider what were in either case our points of vantage and of weakness. Beyond all doubt, our point of vantage in either case consisted in the facilities of sea transport, and in the fact that the points in which alone we were interested were easily accessible from the sea. In the case of Denmark, we believe that the fighting power of our fleet could have been directly made to tell in aid of our land forces. In the

case of the Russo-Turkish war, the enormous facilities supplied by our fleet, mercantile as well as warlike, for the transport, almost to the field of battle itself, of our whole available force, would have told with incalculable effect.

We speak grave fact, and speak in no chauvinist vein, for which, indeed, no one who really knows our actual deficiencies at this moment has any heart, when we say that no other Power in Europe could have *so quickly* subdued the Egyptian revolt as we did in 1882. The reason is simple. The force that was actually landed in Egypt, about 30,000 men, was just sufficient, not much more than sufficient, for the task assigned it; and we possessed the means—thanks to our vast mercantile marine and the efficiency of the *personnel* of our navy in such matters—of transporting at short notice that number of men, and the stores required for them on a desert march, more easily than any other European Power.

Compare now the case of Russia. To any point at which she desires to strike, she must, by an inexorable necessity, when we are opposed to her, convey her troops over enormous distances by land. By no manner of means, though Sir Charles Dilke and Lord Randolph Churchill exercise all the

genius of man, and show a knowledge of the real conditions of warfare which, as we shall have presently occasion to show, is singularly wanting in these papers, can either of them, with the rival schemes for our military forces which they are advertising as concealed in their respective breast-pockets, enable us to compete, in point of numbers, with the paper millions of the Russian empire.

But the one advantage we do possess, that of transporting, to the very point where we want to strike, the force we can embark in England, is a power the nature of which those know best who best understand the real conditions of war. To Sir Charles Dilke it seems enough to show what forces Russia can collect at her depots. He does not understand how those terrible miles of road, over which the loyal Russian soldiery, whose heroic readiness to die, and whose patriotic and religious enthusiasm he has so truly and so well described, will stretch their limbs, present themselves to the minds of any soldier who does understand what war is. He does not see that an army wanting altogether alike in an officer and in a non-commissioned officer class, with habits of pecculation engrained in those who cater for it, and suffering always from that disease of "Too much Archduke" which proved so fatal to it in 1877, enters upon any distant campaign under disadvantages which no numbers at the depots can compensate.

We cordially and heartily agree with Sir Charles Dilke that it is needful for us, for the defence of the empire, to be able to strike blows far from the shores of England. It is only an application to our time of that which, in the grandest of the Duke of Wellington's despatches, was for ever in-

sisted on, that the true principle for an English patriot is not to make preparation for fighting an enemy at home—though in its measure that too is needful—but to strike blows abroad which shall keep the shores of England sacred from invasion. In all reason, then, where is the weakness of our enemy at which we ought to strike? Where is the special strength which we ought to develop?

We have given illustrations which supply the answer. We were not ready, as we ought to have been, to land at once, and in effective fighting trim, upon the shores of Denmark, the force which, properly equipped and ready for war, would have pricked the bladder of the apparent strength which in February 1864 inaugurated the reign of force in Europe. We were much more ready in 1877, but we were not as ready as we ought to have been.

In each of those cases, and in 1882, exceptional opportunities—in the latter case, brilliantly seized and taken advantage of—would have enabled or did enable us to use our real power. But we cannot hope to have such opportunities in such form so presented to us as that, no matter how careless we are, we can act against armed nations, whilst we, secure in our island home, trust to the free service of our—we thank Sir Charles Dilke for so boldly asserting it—really warlike people. Not all the militia, not all the guns, not all the officers, with which he would supply us, will serve our need for the precise purpose which he has well shown that we need. Of the ultimate and essential power of England, if only time be granted her to develop it, no one, as Sir Charles Dilke himself asserts, has any doubt. What is doubtful is

what she can do in the first few weeks and months of a modern war, and, as he has well shown, that is the time on which now the fatal issues hang. But no mercantile marine, not even our own, can in the first few weeks of war transport to a hostile shore AN ARMY reckoned by the hundred thousand, even if we possessed such a force. Perhaps in a month or two the transport of 200,000 ARMED MEN, if all our vast mercantile resources were strained to the utmost, and everything sacrificed to it, might be possible. But 200,000 men are not an army. If we have afoot a force of something like 70,000 men, complete in all its arms, and actually ready to take the field, that represents pretty nearly the limit of the power with which we could, under any circumstances, strike our blow. Not if we were to submit to all the strain of universal service under which the Continent is groaning; not though we spent upon our army all the milliards which Germany wrung from France, which she has employed for military service, forgotten as they have been alike by Sir Charles Dilke and Lord Randolph Churchill; not though we spent those yet vaster sums of the extraordinary budgets of France which, while they have heaped debt upon her, have created and armed her fortifications, and are quietly left out of the account of these most accurate financiers and would-be economical army reformers,—not so, or by any other means that they can devise, will England be made so ready to meet the special needs of her position, as by four simple means. First, by having her fleet actually able to perform the duties of guarding by effective offensive strokes the vast commerce—*more than double as it is of the whole*

carrying trade of the world outside of Greater Britain—the guardianship of which entails upon that fleet such duties as fall to the lot of no other navies, not of all the combined navies of the world besides. Secondly, by completing the armament and garrisoning of her home fortresses and foreign coaling-stations, so that, possessed as we are of the most important points of vantage for a steam navy throughout the world, we may be able to utilise them to give power to our own fleet, instead of finding them turned to the destruction of our commerce. Thirdly, by completing, in absolute security under our own control, our telegraphic communication with our distant dependencies and outlying forts. Lastly, by having at home an effective army actually ready at any moment to be made complete; of such strength as a mercantile marine like ours can suddenly and rapidly ship, with all its stores, with all its needed land transport, and can deliver *in an unknown direction*—supported at home by such a force of volunteers and militia as will, when actual invasion threatens, in the sense in which it did in 1805, enable the whole body together to take the field, and, when it does not, will enable the active army to be employed for the defence of the empire and the fulfilment of national obligation.

Of the two rival politicians who are anxious to return to political power, by announcing that they have each discovered the philosopher's stone—Parr's Life Pills for our army and the Elixir of Life for the nation—but that the patient must be absolutely submitted to their hands before they will announce their discoveries, neither of them inspires us with confidence from the circumstances

under which their announcements are made. In the first place, what is it that they both declare? There is one nation in the world, and one only, which, in consequence of its political system, has hitherto submitted the management of its military and naval affairs to such as they are—to politicians bidding for place. In every other nation of the world the administration of naval and military affairs has been left to experts. The motive assigned has been a simple one. No one supposed that soldiers or sailors could not, better than politicians, determine what would be most effective for war by land or sea. But—so we have been always taught—the control of the House of Commons over the *money* was necessary, to ensure that it was not misapplied or wasted. Here suddenly from the ranks of the bidders for place step out two men, who declare that the whole system has, as a matter of mere economy, absolutely broken down. They both declare that those reckless countries—Germany and France—which have left the disbursement of the money and almost the determination of its amount to soldiers, and to soldiers only, have been served by them so economically that, for less money than we spend, they have secured results with which ours cannot for one moment be compared. We shall examine this question more thoroughly in our next article; but we have here to remark that, apart altogether from the palpable absurdity of comparing two countries which take their men by compulsion, with a country which pays in the dearest market in the world at the market rate, these gentlemen have, as we hinted above, directly

miscalculated the expenditure of France and Germany by millions. Lord Randolph has certainly done it more recklessly and openly than Sir Charles Dilke. There is just the difference between them of a *suggestio falsi* as against a *suppressio veri*. Lord Randolph, though in another part of his speech he shows that he knows what huge sums France has borrowed of late years, yet tells the men of Wolverhampton that, in comparing the *ordinary* expenditure of France and England, the complete armament of the German and French fortresses is to be compared with the deficiencies of ours.¹ Does he or does he not know how much of that huge debt, which has rolled up since the war of 1870, has been expended on placing the fortifications and armament of France on a proper footing? Furthermore, we charge both of them with having absolutely ignored the extent and nature of the work which our fleet has to do; and we refuse to place confidence in financiers who begin by showing that they cannot make estimates of expenditure without errors in the millions, while they at the same time show that they do not understand in the least what the nature of the task they have to undertake is. As to the actual condition of our armament, we at all events have no reason to complain that Lord Randolph should begin shouting from the house-tops those truths which we ventured two years ago to speak in the ears of all our readers.² We *have* the gravest possible objection to the violence of his exaggerations—not because we think the attention of the country can be too forcibly directed to the evils which exist, but because dur-

¹ 'Times' report, June 4, 1887, of speech at Wolverhampton.

² 'Blackwood,' May 1885,—“Why have we no Proper Armament?”

ing the two years which have passed since our article appeared, we have seen with disgust how the real dangers of our position have been obscured from men's eyes by the silly personalities and the violence of the imputations of personal corruption which, breaking in the hands of their authors, have, as it seems to us, to no small extent misled Sir James Stephen's Commission. Admirable as the service which the report of that Commission has rendered us is, the natural reaction against slander has prevented it exposing all the evils we could have wished laid bare, and has, in at least one instance, given *quasi* judicial sanction to a mode of action which seems to us contrary to the first principles of human justice.

But why is it that both these gentlemen select the present moment to bring before the public these defects of our condition? From whom was it that Lord Randolph Churchill learnt all these weaknesses of our condition which need to be remedied? The answer is simple enough. It is because for the first time a Cabinet has courageously faced them. Because his colleagues laid before him these absolute necessities of our condition, and proposed to remedy them. Above all, because one quiet, business-like, silent man, the present leader of the House of Commons, has insisted in office and out of office upon the all-importance of actually and effectively placing our coaling-stations in a condition which will enable our fleet to rely upon them, instead of having to defend them. As General Brackenbury explained, in behalf of the Secretary of State, to the United Service Institution, more effective

steps have been taken within the time of Mr Smith's tenure of the War Office than during any preceding period, to arrange, as far as can be done on our present expenditure, for carrying out those reforms which we have laid down as essential for developing to the full our real power. They are steps only: but steps have been taken towards providing that we shall have garrisons available for our home fortresses, and for our coaling-stations, and above all, for making it possible for us to strike for the defence of the empire, by having ready *as an army* two corps and an effective cavalry division available to go anywhere and do anything.¹ That scheme has not been fully carried out, and cannot be fully carried out till all parties in the state are agreed as to what is necessary. Why has it not gone further as yet? Sir Charles Dilke has supplied the answer—"The recent fit of economy promoted by Lord Randolph Churchill." That has not, indeed, acted in the way he has assumed. It has not induced the Cabinet to make *reductions* of their estimates. We must confess that a Cabinet placed in so critical a position as the present one was at the moment of Lord Randolph's escapade, seems to us to have displayed a patriotic courage rare in our times, and to deserve from a Radical who is specially anxious to appeal to those who cast aside personal and partisan feeling, somewhat better treatment than Sir Charles Dilke gives them in his mode of dealing with Lord Randolph's boasted economy. Otherwise we have nothing to object to in the following argument: "With a still weaker Government, a Chan-

¹ See General Brackenbury's speech at United Service Institution, separately issued.

cellor of the Exchequer of equal boldness might on this principle claim credit for saving the whole amount of the army and navy expenditure of the country. He would indeed possibly be borne in triumph for it, although also possibly afterwards hanged when the country found that he had been wrong in his calculations."—(P. 796, June 'Fortnightly.') Neither have we any objection to the statement, that some of the revelations recently made would "justify the hanging of a few ex-Secretaries of State for War" (p. 806).

But, in fact, the unfortunate effect of Lord Randolph's action has been this: instead of boldly asking for all that was required to make our two corps and our cavalry division actually available for fighting in England, or for transfer abroad, and for furnishing the garrison artillerymen, who are sorely needed to make our fortresses of any use, the order has gone forth that, at present at all events, only so much should be done as could be managed by robbing Peter to pay Paul. The absolute necessity, if our troops are to be able to fight at all, of having ammunition columns for such artillery and infantry as we do send into the field, has unfortunately, owing to the fact that the estimates could not be increased, led to a reduction in the artillery. The particular necessities which it is now proposed to provide are precisely those, many of them named by Sir Charles Dilke, which are required to enable us to take advantage of our volunteers and militia in making secure our fortresses, in providing generally for their co-operation with an effective army in the field, and for enabling such an army as we could at once trans-

port from England to act immediately on being landed.

Much undoubtedly remains to be done, but, for our own part, we heartily echo the words in which the Earl of Wemyss, for years the most energetic protestant against the neglect of those very measures which are at least now officially proposed, declared General Brackenbury's speech to be the most important, and, on the whole, *comforting* statement that has been made in our time. Money has undoubtedly been wasted in the past. Sir James Fitz-James Stephen's Commission has shown how and why it has been wasted. Unfortunately, a perusal of that report does not tend to confirm Lord Randolph's allegation that the condition of the House of Commons, the strife of parties, and the supremacy of talkers, or of men who are political partisans first and administrators afterwards, has not been the chief cause of the evil.

But the moment when, in a quiet business-like way and for the first time, the real difficulties have at least been fairly acknowledged, is not the one for throwing in the face of the present men the crimes of their predecessors. We heartily wish to see the whole question referred to that authoritative body, independent of party, for which Sir Charles Dilke and Lord Wolseley alike ask. Such a body must first determine the true meaning of the preamble of the Army Act—that is, how "the possessions of her Majesty's crown" are to be defended. We believe that they would find that the very small reduction in the total force of our field-guns, horse-artillery, and field-artillery together is not, as Sir Charles Dilke has averred, dangerous as a symptom, but that it is a part, however unfortunate a

part, of a response to the earnest instances of those who have been for years pressing for genuine efficiency. But we are bound to admit that when we talk of genuine efficiency, we cannot accept Sir Charles Dilke's mode of determining what efficiency is.

It happens that the particular occasion on which General Brackenbury's speech was delivered will enable us to show one instance—we shall take another as conclusive before we have done—of the degree to which Sir Charles Dilke is to be depended on as a military authority, or rather as capable by his *ipse dixit* of erecting into decisive military authorities certain people carefully kept behind the veil, to whom he constantly refers as *the* exponents of true military wisdom.

"The volunteers," says Sir Charles, "however useful they may be as garrison artillery, will never be able in large numbers to manage field-artillery."—(P. 807.)

And again :—

"Sir Edward Hamley, indeed, has suggested that it is a positive advantage to this country, that while the force which will attack us will, by the nature of things, be provided only with field-artillery, our defending force will be supplied with guns of position—that is, with guns of heavier weight; as though a small trained army, making a dash on London, would be likely to advance directly upon intrenched positions, armed with heavy guns, when it could so easily march into London by twenty other different routes."—(P. 807.)

We should have thought that a soldier who has devoted his life to the subject of strategy, the author of the greatest book on that matter in the English language, speaking about his own arm of the service, might have been treated with a little more respect than this. Sir Charles Dilke evidently does not

know his man. He is himself a clever writer and a clever politician. But cleverer writers, some of the greatest whom our times have seen, have before now cowered before the lash he has provoked. Abler politicians than he have winced when Sir Edward's pen has been employed to expose sentences not quite so silly as this.

Sir Charles talks about Jomini, but he evidently has never heard that, though big guns are ugly customers, there are such things as what are known to soldiers as "attractive positions," in which big guns call a hostile army towards them with more subtly winning voice than any siren singing from her rocks. The Russian army found that out when, willy-nilly, Plevna had to be tackled.

Most assuredly, "guns of position" will not supply the place of highly mobile field-artillery, but yet there are few armies that would not rejoice in their aid if they could procure them in such numbers as we can obtain for English service by the aid of the volunteers. Not rarely their effect would be absolutely decisive.

As we have hinted, the discussion at the United Service Institution, at which General Brackenbury was authorised to explain the scheme which Mr W. H. Smith had approved and Mr Stanhope has accepted from him, was devoted to the discussion of this very subject of volunteer field-artillery.

General Brackenbury, himself one of the most distinguished of living English artillery officers, pointed out the absence of any artillery to support our militia and volunteer infantry. Sir Charles Dilke has mentioned it in these words: "This country, in the event of invasion, would put some 300,000 militia and volunteer infantry in line; and in order

to feel secure with such a force, we ought, according to the ordinary rules of war, to have 900 properly worked guns at home.”¹

General Brackenbury, it is true, did not talk about “the ordinary rules of war.” It is an expression which trained soldiers are rather apt to avoid, because war knows few “rules,” though many principles; and further, both alike are apt to vary in their application, according to circumstances and the nature of the country in which war is carried on. Again, few soldiers who have ever carefully and practically considered the question of the defence of England can fail to be aware that the nature of the country restricts and modifies the ordinary use of artillery in a very marked degree. Further, as large numbers of the volunteers would be required for garrison work, he puts our active field-army for home defence at 130,000 infantry, besides the two corps and cavalry division, so that the deficiency in field-guns would be 390—not 900. But he asked whether any possible augmentation of so expensive an arm as the royal artillery or royal horse-artillery, that the country could be expected to grant, would supply this deficiency. We confess to some curiosity for a sight of that most economical budget of Sir Charles Dilke’s, which, in addition to supplying all that we at present have and an army of Continental size ready to be transported by sea at a moment’s notice, is to furnish us with an augmentation of 900 royal artillery field-guns. These will, of course, consist chiefly of horse-artillery on Sir Charles’s principles.

But meantime, till we are furnished either by Sir Charles Dilke

or Lord Randolph with the rival philosophers’ stones which are thus to coin gold for us, we are content to accept the authority of Sir E. Hamley and General Brackenbury. At this meeting other very able artillery officers confessed that, having had to overcome great prejudices in that matter, they had, from actual trial and experience of the working of volunteer field-artillery, come to the absolute conviction that it could be made most efficient. We believe, then, that the decision of the Government is a sound one, that they will reverse the policy of their predecessors and do their utmost to encourage the development of volunteer heavy field-artillery. We should have thought that a man so anxious as Sir Charles Dilke to appeal to those who cast aside “personal”—we presume, therefore, professional—prejudice, might have guessed who are likely to be giving at this moment the best advice,—three such artillery officers as Sir Edward Hamley, General Brackenbury, and Colonel Shakespeare, or those who think that there is nothing like leather, and that volunteers must be warned off the sacred field of the royal artillery.

We do believe that the one danger lies in that terrible Ordnance Department which has a tendency to gather into its bosom every form of artillery prejudice, chiefly because it lavishes its honours on those who have never seen war. It will need close watching to prevent its wrecking the volunteer artillery by supplying them with obsolete weapons, just as it has wrecked the in all other respects excellent scheme for the defence of King George’s Sound, which has excited the wrath of both the vendors of patent medi-

¹ Fortnightly Review, June, p. 806.

cines alike, by proposing to supply the colonists, as Lord Randolph truly says, "with a number of obsolete, old iron muzzle-loading guns."

Before leaving this question of the artillery, we may as well note the absolute recklessness with which, so far as English officers are concerned, Sir Charles Dilke goes out of his way to enlist against him those whom most Englishmen look upon as of some weight, as English soldiers go, in matters of practical war. Again and again he alleges that Lord Wolseley was positively in favour of the reduction of the horse-artillery *per se*, speaking of it as the "theatrical" element in war. Now, a reference to Lord Wolseley's speech shows that in it the horse-artillery were not mentioned. It was a purely gratuitous assumption that in speaking of the "theatrical" element he referred to the recent reduction of that arm. We have reason to know that, in Sir Charles Dilke's behalf, Lord Wolseley's attention was called to Sir Charles's statement, and that he replied, not only that he had not said anything whatever of the kind, but that he was thinking of altogether other matters; and that he added,—“No one regrets more than I do the reduction of the horse-artillery; but as we had to choose between keeping guns we could not use, and supplying, by their disestablishment, what was indispensable to make the army we can use as a whole effective, we had very reluctantly to dispense with them.”

Sir Charles's attention was drawn to the substance of these statements prior to the publication of the recent article; yet he retained the words in inverted commas, as though Lord Wolseley had actually

spoken of the "theatrical horse-artillery."

Strangely enough, Sir Charles Dilke, though without quoting it, refers to that very speech made casually at the United Service Institution which was the cause, as Lord Randolph tells us, of his great attack at Wolverhampton. We should have thought that the following passage, which excited the wrath of Lord Randolph, though we may remark that it is almost exactly corroborated by Sir James Fitz-James Stephen's Commission, would have shown Sir Charles both that his statement that the two corps are only designed for home service, and that Lord Wolseley rejoiced, *per se*, in the reduction of the horse-artillery, were scarcely accurate:—

“The necessity of guns could be shown, and advice might be given on all hands that proper organisation would need corps of cyclists, and other things; but he should like those who suggested these things to have to go before the Secretary of State for War with their views; then they would get the answers as to why these things were not adopted. Why, even the state of our forts at home and abroad, owing to neglect, was most discreditable to the nation, and to every one responsible. When the facts were laid before the authorities, it did not matter whether it was a question of guns, of repairs to forts, or the provision of new facilities of communication or anything else, the same process went on. First, there was a large expenditure of pens and ink on the part of some, and of patience on the part of others. One gentleman would write a minute upon any subject to a gentleman, his friend, in the next room, and after the repetition of this process, the matter would at last get to the hands of the Secretary of State for War, who, advised by his financial friends, at once told the army advisers that there were no funds. If the army authorities asked for requisites for the army, they were told

that they must 'economise' in some way to get them. If machine guns were asked for, then the reply came that the fighting men must be reduced, or, under the same conditions, carts and horses, which were necessary for any army, would be supplied. *If the country went on longer in this way—knocking off cavalry and artillery*¹ whenever increased expenditure was required—the army would soon be reduced to two men and a boy. There had been an earnest endeavour made on the part of the army authorities, as all connected with the army knew, to organise a force which might, from necessity, have to be sent abroad—two army corps and one cavalry division. So far as the men were concerned, he was justified in saying that the men could be got ready to be put on board the ships before the ships could be got ready, and the nation could thus be defended from an enemy by striking that enemy elsewhere. But it was of no use talking of the necessity of providing novelties like telegraphs when the army had not even stores or transports."

Sir Charles has endeavoured to pour cold water on the efforts at present being made to produce an effective force of two army corps and a cavalry division, by referring constantly to what, quoting Mr Stanhope, he calls the "abortive scheme of eight army corps." We confess that we regret the phrase. The author of that scheme, now dead many years, was a soldier of first-rate ability, who did very great service to the English army, and we have a dislike to the process of kicking dead lions. But the scheme, such as it was, was never intended to do more than expose the weaknesses of our condition. When Sir Charles says that "the defence made for the reduction of the horse-artillery has revealed that, for all practical purposes, we may be said to have

no artillery for the volunteer and militia infantry," it is clear that he has never looked at that scheme. Each "army corps" was shown as it would be for peace service, with blanks at every point where deficiencies existed. If members of Parliament like Sir Charles Dilke neglected to look at it, and therefore did not take the hint or ask any questions about it, what becomes of Lord Randolph's contention, that the House of Commons is nowise to blame for our present condition?

The work, of which Mr Hardy spoke, on railways and the like, was actually done; and though changes in the units of the army involve some corrections in it now, the substance of it remains available, and is habitually used by all staff officers trained during the last ten years in the consideration of railway schemes and such matters. The work that is now being done is of an altogether different kind, and no one would more rejoice to see it worked out than the author of that old scheme, though he would be perhaps amused to find that shafts aimed at his "abortive" effort have tended to rebound against the very different and most important scheme of to-day, to which he would have looked forward as to a promised land he was not permitted to see.

So far, then, as our own immediate offensive strength against Russia is concerned, we hold that it depends first on our navy; and secondly, upon our being able to prepare for instant action as large a force as we can promptly ship from our ports. We ought at least, in the first instance, to work up to the standard at which the Government is now aiming: that

¹ The italics are ours. It will be seen that they directly refer to and deplore the conditions which have caused the reductions of the artillery.

of putting two army corps and a cavalry division into a condition for effective action abroad, the only true and proper defence of our empire. We believe firmly that no German military authority would look upon the power we should so possess as the equivalent only of the force of Roumania, as Sir Charles Dilke declares. The Roumanian army in the field may be considerably larger than two *corps d'armée* and a cavalry division. It is one thing to have such a force on land; it is another thing to be able to deliver with it a blow in any direction we choose, while we also possess the command of the sea. It is almost certain that we shall never have to enter into any quarrel in which we cannot obtain allies, to whom the command of the sea, such a force so capable of movement, and the financial support of England, would be of priceless value. If Germany, as Sir Charles Dilke alleges, recently advised Austria to reject our alliance, we think we can tell him the reason. In 1882 Germany took the greatest pains to ascertain precisely what power we had shown in Egypt. A very short inquiry enabled Major von Hagenau, the Commissioner with our army, to ascertain that the force which captured Cairo was not, in the European sense, a mobile army at all, and that, but for the seizure of the railway and canal, transport would for it have been an insuperable difficulty. If Major von Hagenau had been able to record the fact that, apart from the force which we brought from India, which was in all respects fit to take the field, we had had a really mobile army of two *corps d'armée* and a cavalry division capable of being transported at a moment's notice anywhere, his view of the ques-

tion would have been a very different one.

But in order that such a force, able to serve as a nucleus for allies, may also be able to strike effectively, it is essential to us that entry should be possible for us into the Black Sea, as well as into the Baltic. We shall endeavour in our third article to show that the nature of the alliances which it is to our advantage to form is of such a kind that if we do not restrict ourselves to the defence of India, but meet Russian aggression where other Powers have an interest in resisting it, we place ourselves on a footing of vantage which we almost absolutely lose if we restrict ourselves to the defence of India. In India itself our whole advantage lies in forcing Russia to act as far from her base as possible, and in striking her line of communications through Persia, as has been admirably pointed out in these columns by Colonel Malleon. To announce beforehand that we restrict aggression to an attack upon Vladivostock, is to abandon the most effective part of our special strength—the uncertainty of the direction of our blow.

It is rather remarkable that in speaking of Vladivostock Sir Charles Dilke has not drawn attention to the essentially *offensive* purpose with which Russia is strengthening her fleet at that point. Yet it is no secret that had war with Russia broken out a few years ago, it was her purpose to have struck thence directly upon our Australian colonies, and that the knowledge of that fact has been the great motive which has led our colonists to set seriously to work to arm and prepare themselves. It may, no doubt, on that account, be necessary that one of our earliest blows should be struck at Vladivostock.

We by no means desire to under-rate the danger of Russian power, and of the steady purpose with which she pursues her aims against us. The danger with which Russia menaces us is her steady progress towards our Indian frontier, extending her dominion over tribes at such a distance from us that we cannot with advantage to ourselves reach her during her progress; while yet she is continually more and more able to employ those tribes in harassing us. She can so, almost without effort, entail costly expenditure upon us. Therefore it appears to be our true policy to forbid her advance, and to enforce that prohibition by attacking her where we can get at her. We can only do this by European action, to which we contribute our legitimate share. Hence it becomes of the greatest importance to judge what the real character of the Russian army is, and whether it is, as Sir Charles Dilke has alleged, so overwhelmingly powerful in Europe that, even with such allies as will be glad to join us in the task of opposing it, we have reason to fear the issue.

The Russian infantry undoubtedly has those characteristics of which Sir Charles Dilke has spoken. The men are ready to die silently and without troublesome inquiries as to what they are ordered to do. As long as it was possible to form masses of them into great columns, and to push them forward, regardless of loss of life, into the field of battle, the power of their obstinate heroism and of their numbers was enormous. But the effects of the breech-loader on the character of modern fighting had been felt by all Europe eleven long years before the Turkish war. Russian officers had realised them as fully as others; and it was only the absolute impossibility of hand-

ling the men under the fixed conditions of modern war, that obliged them to sacrifice life with such melancholy results as attended the attempt of 1877-78 upon Constantinople. The national characteristics of the Russian peasantry have not changed. The conditions of Russian life, and the absence of the men who could intelligently lead them in the subordinate ranks, is a fact as marked as ever. All military observers who look below the surface note it now as much as then. These factors in the estimate are absolutely ignored by Sir Charles Dilke.

Strangely enough, he seems, in relation to the cavalry, to have awakened to the fact that we are in a period of war when the breech-loader counts for something. He is so affected by it, that he propounds a theory that cavalry can now only act in war, without being destroyed, by adopting the method which the Tzar has chosen for his Cossacks. The Russian cavalry of all classes have recently been converted into a sort of imitation of the mounted rifles who constituted the cavalry of the American war. The Cossacks are not trained infantry soldiers, in any sense of the term. They are not men accustomed from childhood to the use of rifles, as were the American marksmen. They are as unlike highly effective mounted infantry as it is possible for men to be. Yet Sir Charles would impress on his readers the belief that there is no kind of doubt as to their superiority to all cavalry which trusts chiefly to the proper weapon of the true cavalry soldier—the *arme blanche*. There is no country in Europe from which decisive authority may not be quoted against him on the other side.

In the year 1882, Von Moltke's

opinion, and that of the German military leaders generally, was decisively expressed on the subject, in consequence of the publication of a book declaring that the day of cavalry was over, and that the sooner armies got rid of "this lumber" the better. Von Moltke in that year, in a letter which may be read in the 'Revue Militaire de l'Étranger,' pronounced a strong opinion that only the want of more perfect handling prevented the German cavalry, during the 1870 campaign, from producing even greater results on the field of battle than they actually did, great as those results were. The Germans continually, at their manœuvres, practise their cavalry in surprise charges with the *arme blanche*.

As to Austrian opinion, no military reader in any nation of Europe shares that profound contempt for the Archduke Albrecht which is expressed by Sir Charles Dilke, when he says that the Austrians have now no great leaders. Most soldiers look upon Albrecht as a very skilful leader indeed, and would trust his opinion on a point of this kind rather than that of almost any man in Europe. Now it happens that quite recently the Archduke has expressed his conviction that the change which has been made in the Russian cavalry has almost absolutely ruined its efficiency. The Austrian cavalry leaders—and they are among the best in Europe—all take that view, and would like few things so well as to lead their men against those motley riding footmen, who are neither, in any shape, fish, flesh, nor good red-herring.

French opinion, whether as expressed in the masterly papers which have appeared in their

"conferences," in the 'Revue Militaire,' and in the 'Journal des Sciences Militaires,' or as shown by their actual cavalry training, is absolutely on the same side.

But the most effective exposure of all of the weaknesses of the present Russian cavalry has come from a Russian pen. Few sounder or more able papers on the modern service of cavalry have ever been written than that by Colonel Baikov, which has been rendered available for general reading by an excellent translation in a recent number of the 'Revue Militaire de l'Étranger.'¹

Colonel Baikov shows that not only is the present system absolutely contrary to all sound principle, but that it is hopelessly unsuited to the habits and traditions of the Russian cavalry itself. Further, he takes the history of the use of the Russian cavalry during the 1877-1878 campaign, and declares that they were then employed chiefly in service on foot; so used, he declares, that *they were not able even to stop convoys*. He declares that they expended, without producing an effect, a million and a quarter of cartridges.

On one notable occasion a picked body of them, selected expressly because of their supposed shooting quality, were despatched with orders to stop a particular convoy in the neighbourhood of Plevna. Having reached a point as near as it was thought desirable for them to move as a mounted corps, they left their horses behind them and advanced to attack, only to be driven off by a small party of Turkish soldiery, without doing the latter any damage whatever. Colonel Baikov shows further that all the recent changes have tended to aggravate these defects.

¹ Revue Militaire de l'Étranger, vol. xxx. pp. 139-149 (issue of 15th Aug. 1886).

Yet this is the cavalry of which Sir Charles Dilke tells us that it is the only mounted force in Europe adapted to the modern conditions of war!

It is on data like these that he determines the power in Europe of the Russian army and its relative condition as compared with the armies of Austria and Germany.

So sure is he of his facts, that he is convinced that this cavalry force alone will sweep away the feeble resistance of the Austrians, and render their mobilisation impossible. So overwhelming is the force of Russia, that it is useless for us to attempt to rely upon such feeble reeds as any of the other Continental armies; and therefore, such is the logical conclusion, we had better fight this gigantic Power alone on our own resources, and, having warned her where we intend to attack her, prepare at home our future expedition against Vladivostock by a system almost entirely dependent on a developed militia.

We certainly do not deny the numerical force of the Russian artillery. But artillery is an arm exceptionally difficult to send in vast masses great distances from home, over difficult country, and to keep supplied with the forage and the ammunition it needs. If our points of attack are well chosen, however great may be the numbers of the Russian artillery at home, on the field of battle we ought not to meet with them in overwhelming force. They certainly in 1877 did not do much to prepare the way for the assaults of their infantry.

We do not propose to follow Sir Charles Dilke into a numerical comparison between the depot forces of Russia and our own. For the reasons we have alleged,

the comparison appears to us to be absolutely futile. It is, as Bismarck long since said, a question, when the comparison is so made, of a contest between an elephant and a whale. There is, however, one element in our strength which neither we nor Russia can safely ignore. Sir Lepel Griffin has lately spoken, with an authority almost beyond dispute, of the zeal with which the feudatory princes of India would aid us to resist a transfer of authority in the East from us to Russia. That is a point on which we cannot now dwell at length, but it is an element in the question not to be ignored.

To sum up, then, the conclusions towards which we desire to lead. We shall find, when we come to examine the conditions under which foreign nations maintain their huge armies, that, though our own army in proportion to numbers costs sums which *appear* to be fabulously large in proportion to theirs, yet that in mere monetary resources the drain of their system is incalculably greater than ours. Our own army is, as we believe, the cheapest in the world for the work it has to do. Though much money has been wasted in the past, and though many reforms are needed, we are now, in the main, upon the right track, provided the public will so far interest itself in the matter as to see that abuses, which have crept in, mainly because of that very parliamentary system which Lord Randolph acquits, are remedied. The navy is now in hands which earnestly intend to sift its weaknesses and redress what is wrong; but it has a gigantic task in defending a commerce, the extent and the weakness of which, before attack, is never realised by Englishmen. On the other hand, that commerce

supplies to us a special power for striking effective blows at a distance from home, which of its kind is unrivalled.

We are beyond question in the main, as both Sir Charles Dilke and Colonel Malleson are agreed, within India itself restricted to an essentially defensive position. Any contest with Russia in which Russia should be able to strike, and we only to defend, would be a disastrous one. Therefore we need to develop our power for striking rapidly as far as we reasonably may. The inexorable conditions of sea transport impose a limit which cannot be passed to the force that can so be used for striking rapidly.

If we believed—which we do not—that Vladivostock was the one vulnerable point in the Russian dominions at which we could strike, we should hold Sir Charles Dilke to be a traitor for disclosing our purpose of going there, seeing that all effective strokes depend on their being delivered after the fashion of our movement in 1882 from Alexandria to Ismailia, of which Arabi never heard till he

was a prisoner in Ceylon. Therefore we do not propose to discuss the exact direction in which our blow should be delivered, but in our third article we shall show cause why the power of entering the Black Sea is vitally important to us.

Finally, the efforts which are being made at the present moment by the Government to put matters on a right footing, and to face facts, deserve the support of every patriotic Englishman. They only need to be supported against the purveyors of nostrums on the right hand and on the left, and to be encouraged to ask for what they ought to have, concealing nothing.

We shall in future articles show that if our forces were on such a footing as we have described, there would be very little fear of our alliance being rejected if we choose to prefer it. Lastly, the present condition of the Continent offers the opportunity, on the *do ut des* principle, of alliance, which is vital to us if we are to defend our empire without ruinous strain on our people.

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JOYCE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THERE was no one who could detain her, for the agitated group in Mrs Bellendean's room were too much taken by surprise, in this curious development of affairs, to do anything but gaze astonished at Joyce's unlooked-for passion. She went out of the room and out of the house, with old Janet, in her big shawl, following humbly, like a tall ship carrying out a humble little lugger in her train. Joyce seemed to have added to her stature in the intensity of her excitement. The nervous swiftness with which she moved, the air of passion in all her sails, to continue the metaphor, the unity of impassioned movement with which she swept forth—not looking back nor suffering any distracting influence to touch her—made the utmost impression upon the spectators who had been, to their own thinking, themselves chief actors in the scene, until this young creature's

surpassing emotion put them all into the position of audience while she herself filled the stage. Joyce would not see her father's face, though it appealed to her with a keen touch of unaccustomed feeling which was like a stab—nor would she suffer herself to look at Mrs Bellendean, whose faintest indication of a wish had hitherto been almost law to the enthusiast. The girl was possessed by a tempest of personal excitement which carried her far beyond all the habitual restraints and inducements of her life. Nothing weighed with her, nothing moved her, but that overwhelming tide which carried her forth, wounded, humiliated, indignant, angry, she could not tell why, in the desperation of that most bitter and entirely unreasonable disappointment which swept her soul. To think that it had come, the long-looked-for discovery—the revelation so often dreamt

of—and that it should be this! Only a visionary, entirely abandoned to the devices of fancy by the bareness of all the facts that surrounded actual life in her experience, could have entertained such a vague grandeur of expectation, or could have fallen into such an abyss of disenchantment. It thrilled through and through her, giving a pride and loftiness indescribable to the carriage of her head, to the attitude of her person, to the swift and nervous splendour of her movements. Joyce, stung to the heart with her disappointment—with the *bourdonnement* in her ears and the jar in her nerves of a great downfall—was like a creature inspired. She swept out of the house, and crossed the open space of the drive, and disappeared in the shadows of the avenue, without a word, with scarcely a breath—carried along by that wind of passion, unconscious what she did.

Old Janet Matheson followed her child with feelings of almost equal intensity but of a contradictoriness and mingled character which defies description. Her despair in the anticipation of losing Joyce was mingled with elation in the thought that Joyce was proved a lady beyond all possibility of doubt, fit to be received as an equal in the grand society at the House—which, however, in no way modified her profound and passionate sense of loss and anger against the fate which she declared to herself bitterly she had always foreseen. That she should not have felt a momentary joy in her child's apparent rejection of the new life opening before her was impossible; but that too was mingled still more seriously by regret and alarm lest the girl should do anything to forfeit these advantages, and also by the dictates of honest judgment which showed her that resistance

was impossible, and that it was foolish, and Joyce's revolt a mere blaze of temporary impulse which could not, and must not, stand against the necessities of life. All these mixed and contradictory sentiments were in Janet's mind as she hurried along, trying vainly to keep up with the swift, impassioned figure in front of her; trying, too, to reason with the unreasonable, and bring Joyce—strange travesty of all the usual circumstances of her life—to bring Joyce, the quick-witted, the all-understanding, to see what was right and wrong, what was practicable and impracticable. Her efforts in this respect were confined at present to a breathless interjection now and then—"Oh, Joyce!" "Oh, my dear!" "Oh, my bonnie woman!" in various tones of remonstrance and deprecation. But Joyce's impulse of swift passion lasted long and carried her far, straight down the long avenue, and out into the village road beyond; and her mind was so preoccupied that she did not take into consideration the fatigue and trouble of her companion, as, under any other circumstances, Joyce would have been sure to do. It was only when the sight of the village houses, and the contact once more with other human creatures, and the necessary reticences of life, suddenly checked Joyce in her career, that she slackened her pace, and, turning round to keep her face from the keen investigation of some neighbours grouped around a door, suddenly perceived a little behind her the flushed cheeks and labouring breath of Janet, who would not be separated from her side, and yet had found the effort of keeping up with her so difficult. Joyce turned back to her faithful old friend with a cry of self-reproach.

"Oh, granny! and I've tired you struggling after me, and had not the sense to mind."

"Oh ay, you have the sense to mind. You have sense for most things in this world—but no' the day, Joyce, no' the day; you havena shown your sense the day."

"Granny," said Joyce, with trembling lips, "there has been nothing in my life till now that you have not had all authority in: but you must say nothing about this. I must be the judge in this. It is my business, and only mine."

"There is nothing," said Janet, "that can be your business and no' mine: until the time comes when you yoursel' are none of my business—when you're in your father's hands."

"Oh no, no," said Joyce under her breath, clasping her hands,—"oh no, no, no!"

"What are you murmurin' and saying ower as if it was a charm? No, you havena shown your sense. You think the like of that can be at your pleasure to tak' it or to leave it. Na, na, my bonnie woman. I'm the one that will have the most to bear. Ye needna answer me, though I can see the words in your mouth. I'm the one, whatever happens, that will have the maist to put up with. But I say, na, na. It's no' at your pleasure. What's richt is richt, and what's nature is nature, whatever ye may say. I tell ye, Joyce Matheson—but you're no' Joyce Matheson: eh! to think me, that never used it, that I should gie ye that name noo! Ye're Joyce Matheson nae mair."

"Granny, granny, don't throw me off—don't cast me away, for I've nobody but you," cried Joyce, with a voice full of tears.

"Me cast ye off! but it's true ye've nae richt to the name, and Peter and me we've nae richt to

you; and the moment's come which I've aye foreseen: oh, I have foreseen it! I never deceivit mysel' like him, or made up dreams and visions like you. And it's no' at your command to tak' it or to leave it—na, na. I'm no' one that can deceive mysel'," said Janet, mournfully shaking her head, and in the depth of her trouble finding a little sad satisfaction in her own clear-sightedness. "The rest o' ye may think that heaven and earth will yield to ye, and that what ye want is the thing ye will get if ye stand to it; but no' me—oh, no' me! It's little comfort to the flesh to see sae clear, but I canna help it, for it's my nature. Na, na. We canna just go back to what we were before, as if nothing had happened: It's no' permitted. Ye may do a heap o' things in this world, but ye canna go back. Na, na. Yesterday's no' dead, nor ye canna kill it, whatever ye may do. It's mair certain than the day or the morn, and it binds ye whether ye like it or no,—oh, it binds ye, it binds ye! We canna go back."

These little sentences came from her at intervals, with breaks and pauses between, as they went along towards the cottage, sometimes interrupted by an exclamation from Joyce, sometimes by the greeting of a neighbour, sometimes by Janet's own breathlessness as she laboured along in the warm evening under the weight of her big shawl. Such monologues were not unusual to her, and Joyce had accompanied them by a commentary of half-regarded questions and exclamations, in all the mutual calm of family understanding on many a previous occasion. The girl had not lent a very steady ear to the grandmother's wisdom, nor had the grandmother paused to answer the girl's questions or

remonstrances. Half heard, half noted, they had gone on serenely, the notes of age and experience mingling with the dreams and impulses of youth. But that soft concert and harmony in which the two voices had differed without any jar, supplementing and completing each other, was not like this. The old woman was flushed and tearful, and Joyce was pale, with excited eyes that looked twice as large as usual, and a trembling in the lips which were so apt to move with impatient intelligence, answering before the question was made. It was apparent even to the neighbours that something must have happened, and still more apparent to Peter, who stood at the open door of the cottage looking out for them with a look which varied from the broad smile of pleasure with which he had perceived their two familiar figures approaching, to a troubled perception of something amiss which he could not fathom. Peter's mind was slow in operating; and as all previous information had been kept from him, he was without any clue to the origin of the trouble which he began to feel about him. To return and find the cottage closed, and neither wife nor child waiting for him, was in itself a prodigy; and though his astonishment had been partly calmed by the explanation of the neighbours who gave him the key of the door, and informed him that Joyce and her granny had been sent for to "the Hoose," it was roused into a kind of dull anxiety by the agitated air which he slowly recognised as he watched them approaching, convinced, against his will, that something ailed them,—that some new event had happened. Nevertheless, Peter, in the voiceless delicacy of his peasant soul, assumed the smile, trembling on

the edge of a laugh, which was his usual aspect when addressing his womenfolk.

"Weel," he said, "ye're bonnie hoosekeepers for a man to come hame to, wanting his tea! 'Deed, I might just whistle for my tea, and the twa of you stravaigin' naebody kens where. Joyce, my bonnie lass, ye should just think shame of yoursel', leading your auld granny into ill ways." He ended with the long, low laugh, which was his expression of content and emotion and pleasure, and which turned the reproach into the tenderest family jest—and made way for them, but not till he had said out his say. "Come awa', noo ye're here; come awa' ben, and mask the tea: for I'm wanting something to sloken me," he said.

"Oh, my poor man—oh, my poor auld man!" said Janet. She had not ceased to shake her head at intervals while he was speaking, and she uttered a suppressed groan as she went into the cottage. So long as all was uncertain, Janet had carefully kept every intimation of possible calamity from Peter; but now that the truth must be known, she had a kind of tragic pleasure in exciting his alarm.

"What ails the woman?" he said, "girnin' and groanin' as if we were a' under sentence. What ails your granny, Joyce?"

"And so we are," said Janet, "a' under sentence, as ye say, and our days numbered, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. But, eh, that's no' what we do—far, far from it. And when misfortin comes, that comes to a', it's rare, rare that it doesn't come unexpected. We're eatin' and drinkin' and makin' merry—or else we're fechtin', beatin' our fellow-servants, and a' in a word that the Lord delayeth His comin'. And in a moment," said the old wo-

man, with a sob, "our house is left unto us desolate. That's just the common way."

"What is she meaning with the house left desolate?" said Peter, the smile slowly disappearing from his face." The woman's daft! Joyce, what is she meanin'? I'm no' very gleg at the uptake,—no' like you, my bonnie woman, that are just as keen as a needle. What's she meanin'? Janet, woman, as lang as the lassie is weel and spared——"

"The lassie, says he—naething but the lassie. And have I no' foreseen it a' the time? How often have I cried out to ye, Peter, to keep a loose grip! oh, to keep a loose grip! But ye never would listen to me. And now it's just come to pass, and neither you nor me prepared."

Peter's face, gazing at her while she went on, was like a landscape in the uncertain shining of a Scotch summer. It lightened all over with a smile of good-humoured derision which brought out the shaggy eyebrows, the grizzled whiskers, the cavernous hollows round the eyes, like the inequalities of the mountainous land. And then the light fled instantaneously, and a pale blank of shadow succeeded, leaving all that surface grey, while finer lines of anxiety and chill alarm developed about the large mouth and in the puckers of those manyfolded eyelids, like movements of the wind among the herbage and trees. He stood and gazed at her with his eyes widely opened, his lips apart. But Janet did not meet that look. She went to the fire, which burned dully, "gathered," as she had left it in her careful way, to smoulder frugally in her absence, and poked it with violence, with sharp thrusts of the poker, standing with the back of her great shawl turned towards her

companions, and her big bonnet still on her head. There was nothing said till with those sudden strokes and blows she had roused the dormant fire to flame, when she put on the kettle, and swept the hearth with vigorous, nervous movements, though always encumbered by the weight of the shawl. Then Janet made a sudden turn upon herself, and setting open the doors of the aunry, which made a sort of screen between her and the others, proceeded to take off and fold away that shawl of state. "I'll maybe never put it on again," she said to herself, almost under her breath, "for whatfor should I deck mysel' and fash my heid about my claes or what I put on? It was a' to be respectable for her: wha's heeding when there's 'nane but me?"

"There's something happened," said Peter, in his low tremulous bass, like the rolling of distant thunder. "Am I the maister of this hoose, and left to find oot by her parables and her metaphors, and no' a word of sense that a man can understand? What is't, woman? Speak plain out, or as sure's the death I'll——" He clenched his large fist with a sudden silent rage, which could find no other expression than this seeming threat—though Peter would have died sooner than touch with a finger to harm her the old companion of his life.

"Grandfather," said Joyce, "I will tell you what has happened. Granny takes a thing into her head, and then you know, whatever we say, you or me, she never heeds, but follows her own fancy." The girl spoke quickly, her words hurrying, her breath panting,—then came to a sudden pause, flushed crimson, her paleness changing to the red of passionate feeling, and added, as slow-

ly as she had been hurried before, "Somebody has been here—that knows who my mother was: somebody that says—that says—he is my father. And she thinks I am to rise up and follow him," cried Joyce, in another burst of sudden, swift, vehement words,—“to rise up and follow him, like the woman in the Old Testament, away from my home and my own people, and all that I care for in the world! But I'll not do it—I'll not do it. I'll call no strange man my father. I'll bide in my own place where I've been all my days. What are their letters, and their old stories, and their secrets that they've found out, and their injuries that they're sorry for—sorry for after costing a woman's life! What's all that to me? I'll bide in my own place with them that have nourished me and cherished me, and made me happy all my days.”

“Eh, lassie! eh, lassie!” was all Peter could say. His large old limbs had got a trembling in them. He sat down in the big wooden arm-chair which stood against the wall, where it had been put away after dinner, and from that unac-

customed place, as if he too had been put away out of the common strain of life, gazed at the two alternately,—at his wife still folding, folding that shawl that would not lie straight, and at Joyce, in her flush of impassioned determination, standing up drawn to her full height, her head thrown back, her slim young figure inspired by the rush and torrent of emotion which she herself scarcely understood in its vehemence and force. The little quiet, humble cottage was in a moment filled as with rushing wings and flashing weapons, the dust and jar of spiritual conflict: but not one of the three visible actors in this little tragic drama had for the moment a word to say. When this silence of fate was broken, it was by Janet, who had at last shut up her shawl in the aumry, and, coming and going from the fire to the table, filling the intense blank of that pause with a curious interlude of hasty sound and movement, said at last, almost fiercely, “Come to your tea. You'll do little good standing glowering at ane anither. Sit down and tak your tea.”

CHAPTER XIV.

The first day of the holidays had been a delight to Mr Andrew Halliday's virtuous soul. More systematic in all he did than Joyce's irregular impulses permitted her to be, he had taken advantage of the leisure of the morning to enjoy to the utmost the quietness and freedom of a man who has no rule but his own pleasure for the government of his time. He got up a little later than usual, lingered over his breakfast, exhausted the newspaper over which, on ordinary occasions, he could cast only a hurried glance,

and tasted the sweetness of that pause of occupation as no habitually unoccupied man could ever do. Then he sallied forth, not, as Joyce did, to dream and muse, but to enjoy the conscious pleasure of a walk, during which, indeed, he turned over many things in his mind which were not unallied to happy dreams. For Andrew had come to a determination which filled him at once with sweet and tender fancies, and with the careful calculations of a prudent man in face of a great change in life. He had made up his mind to in-

sist upon a decision from Joyce, to have the time of their marriage settled. Of this she had never permitted him to speak. Their engagement had been altogether of a highly refined and visionary kind, a sort of bond of intellectual sympathy which pleased and flattered the consciousness of superiority in Halliday's mind, but in other respects was sometimes a little chilly, and so wanting in all warmer demonstration as to carry with it a perpetual subdued disappointment and tremor of uncertainty. Had not the schoolmaster possessed a great deal of self-approval and conscious worth, he might have sometimes lost confidence altogether in Joyce's affection; but though he was often uncomfortable with a sensation of having much kept from him which was his due, he had not as yet come so far as to be able to imagine that Joyce was indifferent to him. He could not have done her that wrong. She had met nobody, could have met nobody, who was his equal, and how was it possible then that she could be unfaithful? It seemed to Halliday a wrong to Joyce to suppose her capable of such a lamentable want of judgment.

But he was heartily in love with her at the same time, as well as so much with himself, and the *régime* under which she held him was cold. He had become impatient of it, and very anxious to bring it to an end: and there was no reason except her fantastic unreadiness for delay. He said to himself that he must put a stop to this,—that he must step forward in all the decision of his manhood, and impress this determination upon the weaker feminine nature which was made to yield to his superior force and impulse. There was no reason in the world for delay. He had at-

tained all the promotion which was likely for a long time to be his; and the position of schoolmistress in his parish was likely to be soon vacant, which would afford to Joyce the possibility of carrying on her professional work, and adding to their joint means, as no doubt she would insist upon doing. This was not a thing which Halliday himself would have insisted upon. He felt profoundly that to be able to keep his wife at home, and retain her altogether like a garden enclosed for his private enjoyment, was a supreme luxury, and one which it was the privilege of the superior classes alone to prize at its proper value. He had been a prudent young man all his life, and had laid by a little money, and he felt with a proud and not ungenerous expansion of his bosom that he was able to afford himself that luxury; but he doubted greatly whether it would be possible to bring Joyce to perceive that this was the more excellent way, and that it would be meet for her to give up her work and devote herself entirely to her husband. He comprehended something of her pride, her high independence, and even indulgently allowed for the presence in her of a great deal of that ambition which is more appropriate to a man than a woman; therefore he was prepared to yield the question in respect to the work, and to find a new element of satisfaction in the thought of placing her by his own side in the little rostrum of the school as well as in the seclusion of the home. The Board would be too glad to secure the services of Miss Matheson, so well known for her admirable management at Bellendean, as the mistress at Comely Green. And thus every exigency would be satisfied.

He went over his little house

carefully, room by room, when he came in from his walk, and considered what it would be necessary to add, and what to repair and refresh, for Joyce's reception. His mind was a thoroughly frugal and prudent one, tempted by no vain desires, spoiled by no habits of extravagance. Amid all the fond visions which filled him, as he realised the new necessities of a double life, he yet calculated very closely what would be necessary, what they could do without, how many things were strictly needful, and how and at what price these additions could be procured. The calculations were full of enchantment, but they were not reckoned up less carefully. He returned to them after he had eaten his dinner, and they occupied the greater part of the afternoon, with many an excursion into the realms of fancy to sweeten them, although of themselves they were sweet. And it was with the result of his calculations carefully jotted down upon a piece of paper in his pocket-book, that he set out before tea-time for Bellendean, to make known to Joyce his desires and determination, and to sway her mind as the female mind ought to be swayed, half by sweet persuasion, half by the magnetism of his superior force of impulse, to adopt it as her own. The idea that she might insist, and decline to be influenced, was one which he would not allow himself to take into consideration, though it lay in the background in one of the chambers of his mind with a sort of chill sense of unpleasant possibility, which, so far as possible, he put out of sight. It was a lovely afternoon, and the road from Comely Green to Bellendean lay partly by the highroad within sight of the Firth, and partly through the woods and park of

Bellendean House. Everything was cheerful round him, the birds singing, the water reflecting the sunshine in jewelled lines of sparkle and light. Andrew could not think of any such black thing as refusal, or even reluctance, amid all the sweet harmony and consent to be happy, which was in the lovely summer day.

When he reached the cottage it gave him a little thrill of surprise to find the door shut which usually stood so frankly open, admitting the genial summer atmosphere and something of the sights and sounds outside. It was strange to find the door closed on a summer evening; and an idea that somebody must be ill, or that something must have happened, sprang into instant life in Andrew's mind. His knock was not even answered by the invitation to come in, which would have been natural in other circumstances. He heard a little movement inside but no cheerful sound of voices, and presently the door was opened by Janet in her best gown, who, looking out upon him with a jealous glance through a very small opening, breathed forth an "Oh! it's you, Andrew;" and, letting the door swing fully open, bade him come in. Within he was bewildered to see old Peter and Joyce seated at the table upon which the tea-things still stood. There they were all three, nobody ill, no visible cause for this extraordinary seclusion. Peter gave him a grim little nod without speaking, and Joyce put forth—it almost seemed unwillingly—her hand, but without moving otherwise. He took the chair from which Janet had risen, and gazed at them bewildered. "What is the matter? Has anything happened?" he said.

There was a pause. Peter drum-

med upon the table with his fingers, with something almost derisive in the measured sound; and Joyce half turned to him as if about to speak, but said nothing. It was Janet who answered his question. There was a hot flush upon her cheeks—the flush of excitement and emotion. She answered him shaking her head.

“Ay, Andrew, there’s something happened. We’re no’ like oursel’s, as ye can see. Ye wouldna have gotten in this nicht to this afflicted house if ye had not been airt and pairt in it as weel as Peter and me.”

“What is the matter?” he repeated, with increased alarm.

“Ye better tell him, Joyce. Puir lad, he has a richt to hear. He’s maybe thought like me of sic a thing happening, without fear, as if it might be a kind of diversion. The Lord help us short-sighted folk.”

“What is it?” he said; “you are driving me distracted. What has happened?”

Upon this Peter gave a short, dry laugh, which it was alarming to hear. “He’ll never find out,” said the old man, “if ye give him years to do it. It’s against reason—it’s against sense—a man to step in and take another man’s bairn away.”

Joyce was very pale. He observed this for the first time in the confusion and the trouble of this incomprehensible scene. She sat with her hands clasped, looking at no one—not even at himself, though she had given him her hand. It was rare, indeed, that Joyce should be the last to explain. Halliday drew his chair a little nearer, and put his hand timidly upon hers, which made her start. She made a quick movement, as if to draw them away, then visibly controlled herself and

permitted that mute interrogation and caress.

“It is just what I aye kent would happen,” said Janet, unconscious or indifferent to her self-contradictions; “and many a time have I implored my man no’ to build upon her, though I wasna so wise as to tak my ain advice. And as for you, Andrew, though I took good care you should hear a’ the circumstances, maybe I should have warned you mair clearly that you should not lippen to her, and ware a’ your heart upon her, when at ainy moment—at ainy moment——” Here the old woman’s voice failed her, and broke off in a momentary, much-resisted sob. Halliday’s astonishment and anxiety grew at every word. His hand pressed Joyce’s hands with the increasing fervour of an eager demand.

“Joyce! Joyce! what do they mean? Have you nothing to say?”

Joyce turned upon him, with a sudden flush taking the place of her paleness. “Granny would make you think that I was not worthy to be trusted,” she said; “that to ware your heart upon me, as she says, was to be cheated and betrayed.”

“No, no,—I never could believe that!” he cried, not unwilling to prove the superiority of his own trust to that of the old people, who, Halliday felt, it would not be a bad thing to be clear of, or as nearly clear of as circumstances might permit.

Joyce scarcely paused to hear his response, but, having found her voice, went on hurriedly. “People have come that say—that say—— They are just strangers—we never saw them before. They say that I—I—belong to them. Oh, I am not going to pretend,” cried Joyce, “that I have

not thought of that happening, many a day! It was like a poem all to myself. It went round and round in my head. It was a kind of dream. But I never thought—I never, never thought what would become of me if it came true. And how do I know that it is true? Grandfather, you and granny are my father and my mother. I never knew any other. You have brought me up and cared for me, and I am your child to the end of my life. I will never, never——”

“Hold your peace!” cried Janet. She put up her hard hand against Joyce’s soft young mouth. The little old woman grew majestic in her sense of justice and right. “Hold your peace!” she cried. “Make no vows, lest you should be tempted to break them and sin against the Lord. Ye’ll do what it’s your duty to do. You’ll no’ tell me this and that—that you’ll take the law in your ain hands. Haud your tongue, Peter Mathe-son! You’re an auld fool, putting nonsense into the bairn’s head. What!” cried Janet, “a bairn of MINE to say that she’ll act as she likes and please hersel’, and take her choice what she’ll do! and a’ the time her duty straight forenenst her, and nae mainner o’ doubt what it is. Dinna speak such stuff to me.”

In the pause of this conflict Andrew Halliday’s voice came in, astonished yet composed, with curiosity in it and strong expectation—sentiments entirely different from those which swayed the others, and which silenced them and aroused their attention from the very force of contrast. “People who say—that you belong to them? Your own people—your own friends—Joyce! Tell me who they are,—tell me—— You take away my breath. To think

that they should have found her after all!”

They all paused in the impassioned strain of their thoughts to look at him. This new note struck in the midst of them was startling and incomprehensible, yet checked the excitement and vehemence of their own feelings. “Ah, Andro,” said old Peter, “ye’re a wise man. Ye would like to hear a’ about it, and wha they are, and if the new freends—the new freends”—the old man coughed over the words to get his voice—“if they’re maybe grander folk and mair to your credit”—he broke off into his usual laugh, but a laugh harsh and broken. “Ye’re a wise lad, Andro, my man—ye’re a wise lad.”

“It is very natural, I think,” said Andrew, reddening, “that I should wish to know. We have spoken many a time of Joyce’s—friends. I wish to know about them, and what they are, naturally, as any one in my position would do.”

“Joyce’s freends!—I thoct I kent weel what that meant,” said Janet. “Eh! to hear him speak of Joyce’s freends. I thoct I kent weel what that meant,” she repeated, with a smile of bitterness. Halliday had taken her seat at the table, and she went and seated herself by the wall at as great a distance from the group as the limits of space would permit. The old woman’s eyes were keen with grief and bitter pain, and that sense of being superseded which is so hard to bear. She thought that Joyce had put her chair a little closer to that of the schoolmaster, detaching herself from Peter, and that the young people already formed a little party by themselves. This was the form her jealous consciousness of Joyce’s superiority had always taken, even when everything went

well. She burst forth again in indignant prophetic strains, taking a little comfort in this thought.

"But dinna you think you'll get her," she cried, "no more than Peter or me!—dinna you believe that they'll think you good enough for her, Andrew Halliday. If it's ended for us, it's mair than ended for you. Do you think a grand sodger-officer, that was the Captain's commander, and high, high up, nigh to the Queen herself,—do you think a man like that will give his dauchter—and such a dauchter, fit for the Queen's Court if ever lady was—to a bit poor little parish schoolmaister like you?"

The comfort which Janet took from this prognostication was bitter, but it was great. A curious pride in the grandeur of the officer who was "the Captain's" commander made her bosom swell. At least there was satisfaction in that, and in the sudden downfall, the unmitigated and prompt destruction of all hopes that might be entertained by that whippersnapper, who dared to demand explanations on the subject of Joyce's "friends"—friends in Scotch peasant parlance meaning what "parents" means in French, the family and nearest relatives. Janet had rightly divined that Halliday received the news not with sympathetic pain or alarm, but with suppressed delight, looking forward to the acquisition to himself, through his promised wife, of "friends" who would at once elevate him to the rank of gentleman, after which he longed with a consciousness of having no internal right to it, which old Janet's keen instincts had always comprehended—far, far different from Joyce, who wanted no elevation,—who was a lady born.

"Granny," said Joyce, with a trembling voice, "you think very

little, very, very little—I see it now for the first time—of me."

"Me think little of ye! that's a bonnie story; but weel, weel I ken what will happen. We will pairt with sore hearts, but a firm meaning to be just the same to ane anither. I've seen a heap of things in my lifetime," said Janet, with mournful pride. "Sae has my man; but they havena time to think—they're no' aye turning things ower and ower like a woman at the fireside. I've seen mony changes and pairtings, and how it was aye said it should make no difference. Eh! I've seen that in the maist natural way. It's no' that you'll mean any unfaithfulness, my bonnie woman. Na, na. I ken ye to the bottom o' your heart, and there's nae unfaithfulness in you—no' even to him," said Janet, indicating Halliday half contemptuously by a pointing finger, "much less to your grandfather and me. I'm whiles in an ill key, and I've been sae, I dinna deny it, since ever I heard this awfu' news: but now I'm coming to mysel'. Ye'll do your duty, Joyce. Ye'll accept what canna be refused, and ye'll gang away from us with a sair heart, and it will be a' settled that you're to come back, maybe twice a-year, maybe ance a-year, to Peter and me, and be our ain bairn again. They're no' ill folk," she went on, the tears dropping upon her apron on which she was folding hem after hem—"they're good folk; they're kind, awfu' kind—they'll never wish ye to be ungrateful,—that's what they'll say. They'll no' oppose it, they'll settle it a'—maybe a week, maybe a month, maybe mair; they'll be real weel-meaning, real kind. And Peter and me, we'll live a' the year thinking o' that time; and ye'll come back, my bonnie dear

—oh, ye'll come back! with your heart licht to think of the pleasure of the auld folk. But, eh Joyce! ye'll no' be in the house a moment till ye'll see the difference; ye'll no' have graspit my hand or looked me in the face till ye see the difference. Ye'll see the glaur on your grandfather's shoon when he comes in, and the sweat on his brow. No' with ony unkind meaning. Oh, far frae that—far frae that! Do I no' ken your heart? But ye'll be used to other things—it'll a' have turned strange to ye then—and ye'll see where

we're wanting. Oh, ye'll see it! It will just be mair plain to ye than all the rest. The wee bit place, the common things, the neebors a' keen to ken, but chief of us, Peter and me our ainsels, twa common pair folk."

"Granny!" cried Joyce, flinging herself upon her, unable to bear this gradual working up.

Peter came in with a chorus with his big broken laugh—"Ay, ay, just that, just that! an auld broken-down ploughman and his pair auld body of a wife. It's just that, it's just that!"

CHAPTER XV.

Great was the consternation in Bellendean over the unsatisfactory interview which it was so soon known had taken place between Joyce and her father. Colonel Hayward's public intimation of the facts at luncheon had created, as might have been expected, the greatest commotion; and the ladies of the party assembled round Mrs Bellendean with warm curiosity when the whisper ran through the house that Joyce had come—and had gone away again. Gone away! To explain it was very difficult, to understand it impossible. The schoolmistress, the village girl, to discover that she was Colonel Hayward's daughter, and not to be elated, transported by the discovery! Why, it was a romance, it was like a fairy tale. Mrs Bellendean's suggestion that there was a second side to everything, though the fact was not generally recognised in fairy tales, contented no one; and a little mob of excited critics, all touched and interested by Colonel Hayward's speech, turned upon the rustic heroine and denounced her pretensions. What did she ex-

pect, what had she looked for—to turn out a king's daughter, or a duke's? But it was generally agreed that few dukes were so delightful as Colonel Hayward, and that Joyce showed the worst of taste as well as the utmost ingratitude. Mrs Bellendean was disappointed too; but she was partly comforted by the fact that Captain Bellendean, who was indignant beyond measure at the girl's caprice and folly, had fallen into a long and apparently interesting argument on the subject with Greta, her own special favourite and *protégée*. It is almost impossible for any natural woman to find a man in Norman's position, well-looking, young, and rich, within her range, without forming matrimonial schemes for him of one kind or another; and Mrs Bellendean had already made up her mind that the pang of leaving Bellendean would be much softened could she see her successor in Greta, the favourite of the house, a girl full of her own partialities and ways of thinking, and whom she had influenced all her life. She forgot Joyce in seeing the

animated discussion that rose between these two. Greta's charming ingenuous face lit up by the fervour of her plea for Joyce, and eager explanation of everything that could excuse and justify her, seemed to her maternal friend irresistible: and Norman seemed to feel the fascination. He melted, he smiled, he appeared to take pains to draw out that generous plea; there was so much admiration and pleasure in his looks that the lady felt her heart rise in spite of the complications of the other question. She was much interested in Joyce, but more in Greta. The rest of the party gradually melted away, having exhausted the subject, and Mrs Bellendean took the opportunity to follow. They did not seem tired of it, and she was abundantly satisfied to let them follow it—as far as it might go.

Nor was Greta disinclined. Norman was not only her relative but her old friend. She believed that he had been very kind to her when she was a child. She was very willing to believe that she had always thought of him, and that in India and over all the world he had kept a corner in his heart for little Greta. Other people thought so, and though he had never said it, there seemed no reason in the world why it should not be true. It was pleasant to her to linger and talk to him, and defend Joyce against his strictures, with indeed the truest enthusiasm for Joyce, but a half pleasure in hearing him attack, in order that she might defend her. Perhaps Greta believed that Norman Bellendean was moved in the same way, and that it was in order that she might defend that he made his attack. And perhaps there was a grain of truth in the supposition: but only a grain of truth; for when Captain

Bellendean saw from the window at which he was standing, carrying on this half-serious, half-laughing debate, his old Colonel walking to and fro on the terrace with heavy steps and bowed head, his point of interest changed at once. He looked no more at Greta, though she was a much prettier sight: evidently all his sympathy was for Colonel Hayward; and after the talk had gone on languishing for a few moments, he excused himself for leaving her. "Poor old chap! I must go and try if I can do anything to console him," he said. He stepped out from the open window, waving his hand to her in his friendly brotherly way. He was entirely at his ease with Greta, and liked her very much; but she felt disconcerted and cast down far more than the position required—as if she had been thrown over, almost rejected, a sensation which ran hotly through her for a moment before she had convinced herself how false it was. How entirely false, and how unworthy of her to entertain such a feeling, when he was only following the dictates of his kind heart—to try and comfort those who were in trouble! Nevertheless Greta felt a certain sense of humiliation when Norman left her. He could not surely have kept that corner for her so warmly after all.

Norman found Colonel Hayward very much cast down and melancholy. He was pacing up and down, up and down—sometimes pausing to throw a blank look over the landscape, sometimes mechanically gathering a faded leaf from one of the creepers on the wall. He endeavoured to pull himself up when Captain Bellendean joined him; but the old soldier had no skill in concealing his feelings, and he was too anxious to get support

and sympathy to remain long silent. He announced, with all the solemnity becoming a strange event, that Mrs Hayward was lying down a little. "She travelled all night, you know; and though she can sleep on the railway, it never does one much good that sort of sleep; and there has been a great deal going on all day—a great deal that has been very agitating for us both. I persuaded her to lie down," Colonel Hayward said, looking at his companion furtively, as if afraid that Norman might think Elizabeth was to blame.

"It was the best thing she could do," said Captain Bellendean.

"That is exactly what I told her—the very best thing she could do. It is seldom she leaves me when I have so much need of her; but I insisted upon it. And then I am in full possession of her sentiments," said the Colonel. "She told me exactly what she thought; and she advised me to take a walk by myself, and think it all out."

"Perhaps, then, I ought to leave you alone, Colonel? but I saw you from the window, and thought you looked out of spirits."

"My dear boy, I am glad—too glad—to have you. Thinking a thing out is easy to say, but not so easy to do. And you had always a great deal of sense, Bellendean. When we had difficulties in the regiment, I well remember—But that was easy in comparison with this. You know what has happened. We've found my daughter, it appears. For I was married long before I met with my wife. It was only for a little time; and then she disappeared, poor girl, and I never could find out what became of her. It gave me a very great deal of trouble and distress—more than I could tell you; and now it appears she left a child. I told you all to-day

at luncheon. Joyce, the girl they all talk about, turns out to be my daughter. Can you believe such a story?"

"I had heard about it before; and then what you said to-day—it is very wonderful."

"Yes; but it's quite true. And we told her—in Mrs Bellendean's room. And if you will believe it, she— She as good as rejected me, Norman—refused to have me for her father. It has thrown me into a dreadful state of confusion. And Elizabeth can't help me, it appears. She says I must work it out for myself. But it seems unnatural to work out a thing by myself; and especially a thing like this. Yes, the girl would have nothing to say to me, Bellendean. She says I must have ill-treated her mother—poor Joyce! the girl I told you that I had married. And I never did—indeed I never did!"

"I am sure of that, sir. You never injured any one."

"Ah, my dear fellow! you don't know how things happen. It seems to be nobody's fault, and yet there's injury done. It's very bewildering to me, at my age, to think of having a child living. I never—thought of anything of the kind. I may have wished that my wife—and then again it would seem almost better that it shouldn't be so."

Colonel Hayward put his arm within that of Norman; he quickened his pace as they went up and down the terrace, and then would stop suddenly to deliver an emphatic sentence. "She looked me in the face, as if she defied me," he said, "and then went away and left me—with that old woman. Did you ever hear of such a position, Bellendean? My daughter, you know, my own daughter—and she looks me in the face, and tells me I must have harmed her mother, and why did I leave her? and goes

away! What am I to do? When you have made such a discovery, there it is; you can't put it out of your mind, or go upon your way, as if you had never found it out. I can't be as I was before. I have got a daughter. You may smile, Bellendean, and think it's just the old fellow's confused way."

"I don't, indeed, sir. I can quite understand the embarrassment——"

"That's it—the embarrassment. She belongs to me, and her future should be my dearest care—my dearest care—a daughter, you know, more even than a boy. Just what I have often thought would make life perfect—just a sort of a glory to us, Elizabeth and me; but when you think of it, quite a stranger, brought up so different! And Elizabeth opposed, a little opposed. I can't help seeing it, though she tries to hide it, telling me that it's my affair—that I must think it out myself. How can I think it out myself? and then my daughter herself turning upon me! What can I do? I don't know what to do!"

"Everybody," said Captain Bellendean—though a little against the grain, for he was himself very indignant with Joyce—"speaks highly of her; there is but one voice—every one likes and admires her."

The Colonel gave a little pressure to the young man's arm, as if in thanks, and said with a sigh, "She is very like her mother. You would say, if you had known her, the very same—more than a likeness. Elizabeth has had a good deal to put up with on that account. You can't wonder if she is a little—opposed. And everything is at a standstill. I have to take the next step; they will neither of them help me—and what am I to do? Children—seem to bring love

with them when they are born in a house. But when a grown-up young woman appears that you never saw before, and you are told she is your daughter! It is a dreadful position to be in, Bellendean. I don't know, no more than a baby, what to do."

"That is rather a dreadful view to take," said Norman. "But when you know her better, most likely everything will come right. You have a very kind heart, sir, and the young lady is very pretty, and nice, and clever, and nature will speak."

The Colonel shook his head. "I believed this morning in nature speaking—but I am sadly shaken, sadly shaken, Bellendean. Why did she turn against me? You would have thought that merely to say, I am your father—but she turned upon me as if I had been her enemy. And what can I do? We can't go away to-morrow and leave her here. We must have her to live with us, and perhaps she won't come, and most likely she'll not like it if she does. I am dreadfully down about it all. Joyce's girl whom I don't know, and Elizabeth, who gives me up and goes to lie down because she's tired—just when I need her most!"

"But, Colonel, it is true that Mrs Hayward must be very tired: and no doubt she feels that you and Miss Joyce will understand each other better if you meet by yourselves, when she is not there."

"Eh? Do you think that's what she means, Bellendean? and do you think so too? But even then I am no further advanced than I was before: for my daughter, you know, she's not here, and how do I know where to find her, even if I were prepared to meet her? and heaven knows I am less prepared than ever—and very nervous and anxious: and if she were

standing before me at this moment I don't know what I should say."

"I can show you where to find her," said Captain Bellendean. "Come and see her, sir; you don't want to be prepared—you have only to show her that she may trust to your kind heart, and settle everything before Mrs Hayward wakes up."

"My kind heart!" said Colonel Hayward. "I'm not so sure that my heart is kind—not, it appears, to my own flesh and blood. I feel almost as if I should be glad never to hear of her again."

"That is only because you are out of sorts, and got no sleep last night."

"How do you know I got no sleep? It's quite true. Elizabeth thinks I only fancy it, but the truth is that when my mind is disturbed I cannot sleep. I am dreadfully down about it all, Bellendean. No, I haven't the courage, I haven't the courage. If she were to tell me again that her mother had much to complain of, I couldn't answer a word. And yet it's not so. I declare to you, Bellendean, upon my honour, it was no fault of mine."

"I am sure of it, sir," said Bellendean. "Don't think any more of that, but come with me and see Miss Joyce, and settle it all."

It was with eyes full of mild disappointment that Greta saw the two gentlemen leave the terrace and disappear among the trees of the avenue. She had lingered a little observing them, hoping that Norman would come back. Her disappointment was not profound, yet she felt it. Did he really prefer a walk with the old Colonel to her company? or was it only out of kindness, by an effort of that self-sacrifice which women believe to be the finest of mortal impulses?

But it is not quite so satisfactory, perhaps, when the thing sacrificed is one's self.

The Colonel said little as he walked down to the village leaning on young Bellendean's arm. He was alarmed and nervous; his throat was dry, his mind was confused. Norman's society, the touch of his arm, the moral force of his companionship, kept Colonel Hayward up to the mark, or it is possible that he might have turned back and fled from those difficulties which he did not feel himself able to cope with, and the new relationship that had already produced such confusion in his life. But he was firmly held by Norman's arm, and did not resist the impulse, though it was not his own. He did not know what he was going to say to Joyce, or how to meet this proud young creature, filled with a fanciful indignation for her mother's wrongs. He had never wronged her mother. Piti-ful as the story was, and tenderly as he had always regarded her memory, the Joyce of his youth had been the instrument of her own misery and of much trouble and anguish to him, though the gentle-hearted soldier had accepted it always as a sort of natural calamity for which nobody was responsible, and never blamed her. But even the gentlest-hearted will be moved when the judgment which they have refrained from making is turned against themselves. It was not his fault, and yet how could he say so? How could he explain it to this second hot-headed Joyce without blaming the first who had so suffered, and over whom death had laid a shadowy veil of tenderness, an oblivion of all mistakes and errors? Colonel Hayward did not articulately discuss this question with himself, but it was at the bottom

of all the confusion in his troubled mind. He was afraid of her, shy of her presence, not knowing how to address or approach this stranger, who was his own child. He had looked with a tender envy at other people's daughters before now, thinking if only Elizabeth — But a daughter who was not Elizabeth's, and to whom his wife was even, as he said to himself, a little—opposed, was something that had never entered into his thoughts. How easy it was in the story-books!—how parents and children long separated sprang into each other's arms and hearts by instinct. But it was very different in real life, when the problem how to receive into the intimacy of so small a household a third person who was so near in blood, so absolutely unknown in all that constitutes human sympathy, had to be solved at a moment's notice! He had been very much excited and disturbed the day before, but he had not doubted the power of Elizabeth to put everything right. Now, however, Elizabeth had not only for the first time failed, but was—opposed. She had not said it, but he had felt it. She had declared herself tired, and lain down, and told him to work it out himself. Such a state of affairs was one which Colonel Hayward had never contemplated, and everything accordingly was much worse than yesterday, when he had still been able to feel that if Elizabeth were only here all would go well.

The party in the cottage were in a very subdued and depressed condition when Captain Bellen-dean knocked at the door. The heat of resistance in Joyce's mind had died down. Whether it was the strain of argument which Janet still carried on, though Joyce had not consciously listened

to it, or whether the mere effect of the short lapse of time which quenches excitement had operated unawares upon her mind, it is certain that her vehemence of feeling and rebellion of heart had sunk into that despondent suspension of thought which exhaustion brings. Resistance dies out, and the chill compulsion of circumstance comes in, making itself felt above all flashes of indignation, all revolts of sentiment. Joyce knew now, though she had not acknowledged it in words, that her power over her own life was gone,—that there was no strength in her to resist the new laws and subordination under which she felt herself to have fallen. She had not even the consciousness which a girl in a higher class might have been supported by, that her father's rights over her were not supreme. She believed that she had no power to resist his decrees as to what was to become of her; and accordingly, after the first outburst of contradictory feeling, the girl's heart and courage had altogether succumbed. She had fallen upon the neck of her old guardian—the true mother of her life—with tears, which quenched out every spark of the passion which had inspired her. Joyce felt herself to be within the grasp of fate. She was like one of the heroines of the poets in a different aspect from that in which she had identified herself with Rosalind or Miranda. What she was like now was Iphigenia or Antigone caught in the remorseless bonds of destiny. She did not even feel that forlorn satisfaction in it which she might have done had there been more time, or had she been less unhappy. The only feeling she was conscious of was misery, life running low in her, all the elements and powers against

her, and the possibility even of resistance gone out of her. Old Janet had pressed her close, and then had repulsed her with the impatience of highly excited feeling; and Joyce stood before the window, with the light upon her pale face, quite subdued, unresistant, dejected to the bottom of her heart. The only one of the group who showed any energy or satisfaction was Andrew Halliday, who could not refrain a rising and exhilaration of heart at the thought of being son-in-law to a man who was the "Captain's" commanding officer, and consequently occupied a position among the great ones of the earth. Andrew's imagination had already leaped at all the good things that might follow for himself. He thought of possible elevations in the way of head-masterships, scholastic dignities, and honours. "They" would never leave Joyce's husband a parish schoolmaster! He had not time to follow it out, but his thoughts had swayed swiftly upwards to promotions and honours undefined.

"Wha's that at the door?" said Janet, among her tears.

"It's the Captain," said Joyce, in a voice so low that she was almost inaudible. Then she added, "it's—it's—my father."

"Her father!" Peter rose up with a lowering brow. "My hoose is no' a place for every fremd person to come oot and in at their pleasure. Let them be. I forbid ainy person to open that door."

"Oh, haud your tongue, man!" cried Janet; "can ye keep them oot with a steekit door—them that has the law on their side, and nature too?"

The old man took his blue bonnet, which hung on the back of his chair. "Stand back, sir," he

said sternly to Andrew, who had risen to open the door; "if my hoose is mine nae mair, nor my bairn mine nae mair, it's me, at least, that has the richt to open, and nae ither man." He put his bonnet on his head, pulling it down upon his brows. "My heed's white and my heart's sair: if the laird thinks I've nae mainners, he maun jist put up wi't. I'm no' lang for this life that I should care." He threw the door wide open as he spoke, meeting the look of the new-comers with his head down, and his shaggy eyebrows half covering his eyes. "Gang in, gang in, if ye've business," he said, and flung heavily past them, without further greeting. The sound of his heavy footstep, hastening away, filled all the silence which, for a moment, no one broke.

Norman made way, and almost pushed the Colonel in before him. "They expect you," he said. And Colonel Hayward stepped in. A more embarrassed man, or one more incapable of filling so difficult a position, could not be. How willingly would he have followed Peter! But duty and necessity and Norman Bellendean all kept him up to the mark. Joyce stood straight up before him in front of the window. She turned to him her pale face, her eyes heavy with tears. The good man was accustomed to be received with pleasure, to dispense kindness wherever he went: to appear thus, in the aspect of a destroyer of domestic happiness, was more painful and confusing than words can say.

"Young-lady," he began, and stopped, growing more confused than ever. Then, desperation giving him courage, "Joyce— It cannot be stranger to you than it is to me, to see you standing here before me, my daughter, when I

never knew I had a daughter. My dear, we ought to love one another,—but how can we, being such strangers? I have never been used to—anything of the kind. It's a great shock to us both, finding this out. But if you'll trust yourself to me, I'll—I'll do my best. A man cannot say more."

"Sir," said Joyce; her voice faltered and died away in her throat. She made an effort and began again, "Sir," then broke down altogether, and, making a step backwards, clutched at old Janet's dress. "Oh, granny, he's very kind—his face is very kind," she cried.

"Ay," said the old woman, "ye say true; he has a real kind face. Sir, what she wants to tell ye is, that though a's strange, and it's hard, hard to ken what to say, she'll be a good daughter to ye, and do her duty, though maybe there's mony things that may gang wrang at first. Ye see she's had naebody but Peter and me: and she's real fond of the twa auld folk, and has been the best bairn"—Janet's voice shook a little, but she controlled it. "Never, never in this world was there a better bairn—though she's aye had the nature o' a lady and the manners o' ane, and might have thought shame of us puir country bodies. Na, my bonnie woman, na,—I ken ye never did. But, sir, ye need never fear to haud up your head when ye've HER by your side. She's fit to stand before kings—ay, that she is,—before kings, and no' before meaner men."

The Colonel gazed curiously at the little old woman, who stood so firm in her self-abnegation that he, at least, never realised how sadly it went against the grain. "Madam," he said, in his old-fashioned way, "I believe you fully; but it must be all to your credit and the

way you have brought her up, that I find her what she is." He took Janet's hand and held it in his own,—a hard little hand, scored and bony with work, worn with age—not lovely in any way. The Colonel recovered himself and regained his composure, now that he had come to the point at which he could pay compliments and give pleasure. "I thank you, madam, from the bottom of my heart, for what you have done for her, and for what you are giving up to me," he said, bowing low. Janet had no understanding of what he meant; and when he bent his grizzled moustache to kiss her hand, she gave a little shriek of mingled consternation and pleasure. "Eh, Colonel!" she exclaimed, her old cheeks tingling with a blush that would not have shamed a girl's. Never in her life had lips of man touched Janet's hand before. She drew it from him and fell back upon her chair and sobbed, looking at the knotted fingers and prominent veins in an ecstasy of wonder and admiration. "Did you see that, Joyce? he's kissed my hand; did ever mortal see the like? Eh, Colonel! I just havena a word—no' a word—to say."

Joyce put out both her hands to her father, her eyes swimming in tears, her face lighted up with that sudden gleam of instantaneous perception which was one of the charms of her face. "Oh, sir!" she said: the other word, father, fluttered on her lips. It was a gentleman who did that, one of the species which Joyce knew so little, but only that she belonged to it. In her quick imagination rehearsing every incident before it happened, that was what she would have had him do. The little act of personal homage was more than words, more than deeds, and

changed the current of her feelings as by magic. And the Colonel now was in his element too. The tender flattery and sincere extravagance of all those delicate ways of giving pleasure were easy and natural to him, and he was restored to himself. He took Joyce's hands in one of his, and drew her within his arm.

"My dear," he said, with moisture in his eyes, "you are very like your mother. God forgive me if I ever frightened her or neglected her! I could not look you in the face if I had ever done her conscious wrong. Will you kiss me, my child, and forgive your father? She would bid you do so if she were here."

It was very strange to Joyce. She grew crimson, as old Janet had done, under her father's kiss. He was her father; her heart no longer made any objections; it beat high with a strange mixture of elation and pain. Her father—who had done her mother no conscious wrong, who had proved himself, in that high fantastical way which alone is satisfactory to the visionary soul, to be such a gentleman as she had always longed to meet with: yet one whom she would have to follow, far from all she knew, and, what was far worse, leaving desolate the old parents who depended upon her for all the brightness in their life. Her other sensations of pain fled away like clouds before the dawn, but this tragic strain remained. How would they do without her?—how could they bear the separation? The causeless resentment, the fanciful resistance which Joyce had felt against her father, vanished in a moment, having no cause; but the other burden remained.

Meanwhile there was another burden of which she had not thought. Andrew Halliday had

discreetly withdrawn himself while the main action of the scene was going on. He stepped aside, and began to talk to Captain Bellendean. It was not undesirable in any circumstances to make friends with Captain Bellendean; and the schoolmaster had all his wits about him. He took up a position aside, where he could still command a perfect view of what was going on, and then he said, "We are having very good weather for this time of the year."

"Yes," Norman said, a little surprised, "I think so. It is not very warm, but it is always fine."

"Not warm! That will be your Indian experiences, Captain; for we all think here it is a very fine season—the best we have had for years. The corn is looking well, and the farmers are content, which is a thing that does not happen every year."

"No, indeed," said Norman. He was not very much interested in the farmers, who had not yet begun to be the troublesome members of society they now are; but he did not wish to have his attention distracted from the scene going on so near; and but for innate civility, he would willingly have snubbed the schoolmaster. Andrew, however, was not a person to be suppressed so.

"You are more interested," he said confidentially, "in what's going on here; and so am I, Captain Bellendean. I have reason to be very deeply interested. Everything that concerns my dear Joyce——"

"Your dear—what?" cried the Captain abruptly, turning quickly upon him with an indignant air. Then, however, Captain Bellendean recollected himself. "I beg your pardon," he said quickly; "I believe I have heard—something."

"You will have heard," said

Halliday, "that we've been engaged for some time back. We should have been married before now but for some difficulties about—about her parents and mine. Not that there was not perfect satisfaction with the connection," he added, with his air of importance, "on both sides of the house."

"Oh," said Norman. He felt himself grow red with annoyance at this intrusive fellow, whose affairs were nothing to him. He added with conscious sarcasm, "Let us hope it will always continue to be equally satisfactory."

"I hope so," said Halliday. "It could scarcely, indeed, be otherwise, seeing that Joyce was my choice in very humble circumstances, when I might well have found a partner in a different sphere. My mother's first word was, 'Andrew, you might have done better;' but Joyce's own merits turned the scale. She is an excellent creature, Captain Bellendean, admirable in tuition. She raises an enthusiasm in the children, especially the bigger girls, which really requires quite a gift. I looked forward to the day when she should be transferred to my own parish, and work under me. Judicious guidance was all she required—just a hint here, a suggestion there—and there would not be a head-mistress in Scotland to equal her."

"I fear," said Norman, smoothing his annoyance into a laugh, "that Colonel Hayward will put a stop to schoolmistressing."

"Why, sir, why? it's a noble office. There could not be a finer occupation, nor one in which you can serve your country better. Ladies, indeed, after marriage, when they get the cares of a family, sometimes begin to flag a little," said Halliday, giving a complacent look at Joyce. "Of

course," he added, after a pause—and, though he did not know it, he had never been so near being kicked out of a house in his life—"if Colonel Hayward should wish her to settle near him, there are many fine appointments to be had in England. I would not say that I should insist upon remaining here."

"That would be kind," said Captain Bellendean, with a sarcasm which was scarcely intentional. He was confounded by the composure and by the assurance of this fellow, who was so calmly persuaded of his own property in Joyce.

"I would think it only duty," said Halliday; "but you'll excuse me, Captain,—I think I am wanted." He turned with a smile towards Joyce, still awed and astonished by the sudden change in her own sentiments, who continued to stand shy and tremulous within her father's encircling arm.

"Joyce," said Andrew, "I am glad to see this happy conclusion; but you have not yet introduced me to the Colonel—and we can have no secrets from him now."

The Colonel turned with astonishment, and something as like *huteur* as was possible to his gentle and courteous temper, to the new speaker. He looked him over from head to foot, with a dim recollection of having seen him before, and of having somehow resented his appearance even then. He resented it much more now, when this half-bred person, whose outside was not that of a gentleman, yet was not that of a labouring man, came forward claiming a place between his daughter and himself. He turned upon Andrew that mild lightning of indignant eyes which had proved so efficacious in the regiment. But Halliday was not to be intimidated by any man's eyes. He drew still nearer with an ingratiating smile,

and said again, "Introduce me to the Cornel, Joyce."

Joyce had accepted Andrew Halliday's love—as little of it as possible: because he had forced it upon her, because his talk and acquaintance with books had dazzled her, because she had found a certain protection in him from other rustic suitors. She had allowed it to be understood that some time or other she would marry him. He was the nearest to herself in position, in ambition, of any in the country-side. But she lifted her eyes to him now with a shrinking and horror which she herself could not understand. He stood between her and Captain Bellendean, contrasting himself without the smallest reluctance or sense of danger with the man whose outward semblance was more like that of a hero than any man Joyce had seen. She made in a moment the comparison which it had never occurred to Halliday to make. His under-size, his imperfect development, the absence of natural grace and refinement in him, made themselves apparent to her sharply, as if by the sting of a sudden blow. She gazed at him, the colour again flushing over her face, with a slight start of surprise and something like repugnance. He had got her promise that she would marry him, but she had never promised to present him to her unknown dream-father as his future son.

"Who is it?" said Colonel Hayward. He curved his eyebrows over his eyes to assist his vision, which gave him a look of displeasure; and he was displeased to see this man, a man with whom he had some previous unpleasant association he could not tell what, thrusting himself in at such an inappropriate moment between his daughter and himself.

"It is—Andrew Halliday," said

Joyce, very low, turning her head away. Halliday held his ground very sturdily, and acknowledged this abrupt description with an ingratiating smile.

"How do you do, Cornel?" he said. "After all, she's shy, she leaves me to introduce myself; which is not perhaps to be wondered at. We have been engaged for nearly a year. I came here to-day, knowing nothing, to try and persuade her to name the day, and put an end to a wretched bachelor's life. But when I arrived I found everything turned upside down, and Joyce quite past giving any heed to me. I hope I may leave my cause in your hand, Cornel," said the schoolmaster, with the utmost absence of perception. He thought he had made a very agreeable impression, and that his affairs were, as he said, safe in the Colonel's hands.

"You are engaged to this—gentleman?" Colonel Hayward said.

Joyce felt herself quail as she looked into her father's face. She read all that was in his at a glance. Colonel Hayward was quite ignorant of Halliday, quite unaccustomed to the kind of man, unprepared for this new claim; and yet his eyes expressed the same thoughts which were in hers. A little shiver of keen sympathetic feeling ran through her. She felt herself unable to say anything. She assented with a look in which, with horror at herself, she felt the shrinking, the reluctance to acknowledge the truth, the disinclination which she had never allowed even to herself up to this time. The Colonel looked from Joyce, standing with downcast eyes and that half-visible shrinking in every line of her figure and attitude, to the commonplace man with the smirk on his countenance: and breathed once more the habitual aspiration of his life,

"Oh that Elizabeth were here!" But then he remembered that Elizabeth had sent him away to work it out for himself.

"We always knew," said Halliday, "that this day would come some time, and that her real origin would be known. I have looked forward to it, Cornel. I have always done my best to help her to prepare—for any position. I am not rich," he added, with demonstrative frankness; "but among people of high tone that's but a secondary matter, and I know you'll find we are true partners and mates, Joyce and myself, in every other way."

"Sir, I am very much confused with one discovery," said the Colonel, hesitating and tremulous. "I—I—can scarcely realise yet about my daughter. Let the other stand over a little—let it wait a little—till I have got accustomed—till I know how things are—till I——"

He looked at Joyce anxiously to help him out. But for the first time in her life Joyce failed in this emergency. She stood with her eyes cast down, slightly drawn back, keeping herself isolated by

an instinctive movement. She had never been in such a strait before.

"Oh," said Halliday, "I understand. I can enter into your feelings, Cornel; and I am not afraid to wait." He took Joyce's hand, which hung by her side, and clasped it close. "Joyce," he said, "will speak for me; Joyce will see that I am not put off too long."

A sudden heat like a flame seemed to envelop Joyce. She withdrew her hand quickly, yet almost stealthily, and turned upon her father—her father whom she had known only for a few hours, whose claims she had at first rejected—an appealing look. Then Joyce, too, remembered herself. Truth and honour stood by Halliday's side, though he was not of their noble strain. The flame grew hotter and hotter, enveloping her, scorching her, turning from red to the white flames of devouring fire. She turned back to her betrothed lover, scarcely seeing through eyes dazzled by that glare, and put out her hand to him as if forced by some invisible power.

CHAPTER XVI.

The little family party left Bellendean two days after. It was not expedient, they all felt, to linger long over the inevitable separation. Even old Janet was of this mind. "If it were done when 'tis done, then it were well it were done quickly." The sentiment of these words was in the old woman's mind, though possibly she did not know them. Joyce was taken from her foster-parents when she left them for Bellendean on the evening before, half heart-broken, yet half ecsta-

tic, not knowing how to subdue the extraordinary emotion and excitement that tingled to her very finger-points. She was going to dine at the table which represented everything that was splendid and refined to the village schoolmistress, to be waited on by the servants who thought themselves much superior to old Peter and Janet, to hear the talk, to make acquaintance with the habits of those whom she had looked up to all her life. The Bellendean carriage came for her, to bring her

away not only from the cottage, but from all her past existence—from everything she had known. By Janet's advice, or rather commands, Joyce had put on her one white dress, the soft muslin gown which she had sometimes worn on a summer Sunday, and in which the old people had always thought she looked like a princess. Peter sat by the open door of the cottage while these last preparations were being made. The anger of great wretchedness was blazing in the old man's eyes. "What are you doing with that white dud?" he said, giving her a glance askance out of his red eyes. "I aye said it was not fit for a decent lass out of my hoose. Mak her pit on a goon that's like her place, no like thae light-headed limmers." He waved his hand towards the east end of the village, where there lived an ambitious family with fine daughters. "Dod! I would tear it off her back!"

"Haud your tongue," said his wife; "what good will it do you to fecht and warstle with Providence? The time's come when we maun just submit. Na, na, never heed him, Joyce. The white's far the best. And just you step into your carriage, my bonnie lady: it's the way I've aye seen you going aff in my dreams. Peter, dinna sit there like a sulky bear. Give her a kiss and your blessing, and let her go."

A laugh of hoarse derision burst from Peter's lips. "I'm a bonnie man to kiss a grand lady! I never was ane for thae showings-off. If she maun go, she will hae to go, and there is an end o't. Farewell to ye, Joyce!"

He got up hastily from his seat at the door. The footman outside and the coachman on the box,

keenly observant both, looked on—and Peter knew their fathers and mothers, and was aware that any word he said would be public property next day. He gave himself a shake, and pulled his bonnet over his eyes, but did not stride away as he had done before. He stood leaning his back against the wall, his face half buried in the old coat-collared which rose to his ears when he bent his head, and in the shadow of his bonnet and the forest of his beard. It was Janet, in her quavering voice, who gave the blessing, putting up two hard hands, and drawing them over Joyce's brown satin hair and soft cheeks: "'The Lord bless thee and keep thee: the Lord lift up the light o' His countenance upon thee.' Gang away, gang away! It will maybe no' be sae hard when you're out o' our sight."

The horses seemed to make but one bound, the air to fill with the sound of hoofs and wheels, and Joyce found herself beginning again to perceive the daylight through her blinding tears. And her heart, too, gave a bound, involuntary, unwilling. It was not so hard when they were out of sight, and the new world so full of expectation, of curiosity, of the unknown opened before her in a minute. Joyce in her white dress in the Bellendean carriage driving up the avenue to dinner, with her father waiting at the other end to receive her, was and could be Joyce Matheson no more. All that she knew and was familiar with departed from her like the rolling up of a map, like the visions of a dream.

There was, however, so much consciousness, so much curiosity, so many comments made upon Joyce and her story, that the

strange witching scene of the dinner-table—a thing of enchantment to the girl, with its wonderful flowers and fine company—was for the other guests somewhat embarrassing and uncomfortable. Strangely enough Joyce was almost the only one at table who was unaffected by this feeling. To her there was something symbolical in the novelty which fitted in with all her dreams and hopes. The flowers, the pretty dresses, the glitter and show of the white table with its silver and porcelain, the conversation, a dozen different threads going on at once, the aspect of the smiling faces as they turned to each other,—all carried out her expectations. It seemed to Joyce sitting almost silent, full of the keenest observation, that the meal, the vulgar eating and drinking, was so small a part of it. She could not hear what everybody was saying, nor was she, in the excitement and confusion of her mind, very capable of understanding the rapid interchange of words, so many people talking together; but it represented to her the feast of reason and the flow of soul better than the most brilliant company in the world, more distinctly heard and understood, could have done. She was not disappointed. Joyce knew by the novels she had read that in such circumstances as hers the new-comer full of expectation generally was disappointed, and found that, seen close, the finest company was no better than the humblest. Her imagination had rebelled against that discomfiting discovery even when she read of it; and now it was with great elation that she felt she had been right all through and the novels wrong. She was not disappointed. The food and the eating were

quite secondary, as they ought to be. When she looked along the table, it was to see smiling faces raised in pleasure at something that had been said, or saying something with the little triumphant air of successful argument or happy wit, or listening with grave attention, asserting, objecting, as the case might be. She did not know what they were saying, but she was convinced that it was all beautiful, clever, witty, true conversation, the food for which her spirit had hungered. She had no desire for the moment to enter into it herself. She was dazzled by all the prettiness and brightness, moved to the heart by that sensation of having found what she longed for, and at last obtained entrance into the world to which she belonged. She smiled when she met Mrs Bellendean's eye, and answered slightly at random when she was spoken to. She was by her father's side, and he did not speak to her much. She was kindly left with her impressions, to accustom herself gradually to the new scene. And she was entirely satisfied, elated, afloat in an ethereal atmosphere of contentment and pleasure. Her dreams, she thought, were all realised.

But next morning the old life came back with more force than ever. Joyce went over and over the scene of the evening. "Gang away, gang away! It will maybe no' be so hard when you're out of our sight." Her foster-parents had thrust her from them, not meaning to see her again; and though her heart was all aching and bleeding, she did not know what to do, whether to attempt a second parting, whether to be content that the worst was over. She made the compromise which ten-

der-hearted people are so apt to do. She got up very early, following her old habit with a curious sense of its unusualness and unnecessariness—to use two awkward words—and ran down all the way to the village through the dewy grass. But early as she was, she was not early enough for Peter, whom she saw in the distance striding along with his long heavy tread, his head bowed, his bonnet drawn over his brows, a something of dreary *abandon* about him which went to Joyce's heart. He was going through a field of corn which was already high, and left his head and shoulders alone visible as he trudged away to his work—the sun beating upon the rugged head under its broad blue bonnet, the heavy old shoulders slouched, the long step undulating, making his figure fall and rise almost like a ship at sea. The corn was “in the flower,” still green, and rustled in the morning air; a few red poppies blazed like a fringe among the sparse stalks near the pathway; the sky was very clear in the grey blue of northern skies under summer heat; but the old man, she was sure, saw nothing as he jogged onward heavy-hearted. Joyce dared not call to him, dared not follow him. With a natural pang she stood and watched the old father bereaved going out to his work. Perhaps it would console him a little: she for whom he sorrowed could do so no more.

But Joyce had not the same awe of Janet. Is it perhaps that there is even in the anguish of the affections a certain luxury for a woman which is not for the man? She ran along the vacant sunny village street, and pushed open the half-closed door, and flung herself upon the old woman's neck,

who received her with a shriek of joy. Perhaps it crossed Janet's mind for a moment that her child had come back, that she had discovered already that all these fine folk were not to be lippened to; but the feeling, though ecstatic, was but momentary, and would indeed have been sternly opposed by her own better sense had it been true.

“Eh, and it's you!” she cried, seizing Joyce by the shoulders, gazing into her face.

“It is me, granny. For all you said last night that I was better out of your sight, I could not, I could not go—without seeing you again.”

“Did I say that?—the Lord forgive me! But it's just true. I'll be better when you're clean gane; but eh! I'm glad, glad. Joyce—my bonnie woman, did ye see him?”

“Oh, granny, I saw him going across the big corn-field. Tell him I stood and watched him with his head down on his breast—but I daredna lift my voice. Tell him Joyce will never forget—the green corn and the hot sun, and him—alone.”

“What would hinder him to be his lane at six o'clock in the morning?” said Janet, with a tearful smile. “You never gaed wi' him to his work, ye foolish bairn. If he had left ye sleeping sound in your wee garret, would he have been less his lane? Ay, ay, I ken weel what you mean; I ken what you mean. Well, it just had to be; we maunna complain. Run away, my dawtie: run away, my bonnie lady—ye'll write when ye get there; but though it's a hard thing to say, it'll be the best thing for us a' when you're just clean gane.”

Two or three hours afterwards, Joyce found herself, all the little confusion of the start over, seated

in the seclusion of the railway carriage, with the father and mother who were henceforward to dispose of her life.

She had seen very little of them up to this moment. Colonel Hayward, indeed, had kept by her during the evening, patting her softly on her arm from time to time, taking her hand, looking at her with very tender eyes, listening, when she opened her mouth at rare intervals, with the kind of pleased, half-alarmed look with which an anxious parent listens to the utterances of a child. He was very, very kind—more than kind. Joyce had become aware, she could scarcely tell how, that the other people sometimes smiled a little at the Colonel—a discovery which awoke the profoundest indignation in her mind; but she already began half to perceive his little uncertainties, his difficulty in forming his own opinion, the curious helplessness which made it apparent that this distinguished soldier required to be taken care of, and more or less guided in the way he had to go. But she had done nothing towards making acquaintance with Mrs Hayward, whose relation to her was so much less distinct, and upon whom so much of her comfort must depend. This lady sat in the corner of the carriage next the window, with her back to the engine, very square and firm—a far more difficult study for her new companion than her husband was. She had not shown by look or word any hostility towards Joyce; but still a sentiment of antagonism had, in some subtle way, risen between them. With the exclusiveness common to English travellers, they had secured the compartment in which they sat for themselves alone; so that the three were here shut up

for the day in the very closest contact, to shake together as they might. Joyce sat exactly opposite to her step-mother, whilst the Colonel, who had brought in with him a sheaf of newspapers, changed about from side to side as the view, or the locomotion, or his own restlessness required. He distributed his papers to all the party, thrusting a 'Graphic' into Joyce's hands, and heaping the remainder upon the seat. Mrs Hayward took up the 'Scotsman' which he had given her, and looked at it contemptuously. "What is it?" she said, holding it between her finger and her thumb. "You know I don't care for anything, Henry, but the 'Times' or the 'Morning Post.'

"You can have yesterday's 'Times,' my dear," said the Colonel; "but you know we are four hundred miles from London. We must be content with the papers of the place. There are all the telegrams just the same—and very clever articles, I hear."

"Oh, I don't want to read Scotch articles," said Mrs Hayward. She meant no harm. She was a little out of temper, out of heart. To say something sharp was a kind of relief to her; she did not think it would hurt any one, nor did she mean to do so. But Joyce grew red behind her 'Graphic.' She looked at the pictures with eyes which were hot and dry with the great desire she had to shed the tears which seemed to be gathering in them. Now that Bellendean was left behind like a dream, now that the familiar fields were all out of sight, the village roofs disappeared for ever, and she, Joyce, not Joyce any longer, nor anything she knew, shut up here as in a strait little house with the people—the people to whom she belonged,—a wild and secret anguish took possession of

her. She sat quite still with the paper held before her face, trying to restrain and subdue herself. She felt that if the train would but stop, she would dart out and fly and lose herself in the crowd; and then she thought, with what seemed to her a new comprehension, of her mother who had done so—who had fled and been lost. Her poor young mother, a girl like herself! This thought, however, calmed Joyce; for if her mother had but been patient, the misery she was at present enduring need never have been. Had the first Joyce but subdued herself and restrained her hasty impulses, the second Joyce might have been a happy daughter, knowing her father and loving him, instead of the unhappy, uneasy creature she was, with her heart and her life torn in two. She paused with a kind of awe when that thought came into her mind. Her mother had entailed upon her the penalty of her hastiness, of her impatience and passion. She had paid the cost herself, but not all the cost—she had left the rest to be borne by her child. The costs of every foolish thing have to be borne, Joyce said to herself. Some one must drink out that cup to the dregs; it cannot pass away until it has been emptied by one or another. No; however tempting the crowd might be in which she could disappear, however many the stations at which she could escape, she would not take that step. She would not postpone the pang. She would bear it now, however it hurt her; for one time or another it would have to be borne.

The conversation went on all the same, as if none of these thoughts were passing through the troubled brain of Joyce,—and she was conscious of it, acutely yet dully, as

if it had been written upon the paper which she held before her face.

“You must not speak in that tone, my dear, of Scotch articles—before Joyce,” the Colonel said. “I have never found that they liked it, however philosophical they might be——”

“Does Joyce count herself Scotch?” Mrs Hayward asked, as if speaking from a distance.

“Do you hear your mother, my dear, asking if you call yourself Scotch?” he said.

Both Joyce and Mrs Hayward winced at the name. There was nothing to call for its use, and neither of them intended to pick it up out of the oblivion of the past, or the still more effectual mystery of the might have been, to force it into their lives. But Joyce could not take notice of it, she could only reply to his question with a little exaggerated warmth—“I have never been out of Scotland, and all I care for has been always there. How could I call myself anything else?”

It was not very long since Peter had accused her of “standing up for the English.” That had been partially true, and so was this. She thought of it with almost a laugh of ridicule at herself. Now she felt Scotch to the tips of her fingers, resenting everything that was said or hinted against her foster-country.

“I see I must mind my p’s and q’s,” said Mrs Hayward; “but, fortunately, there will be no means of getting the ‘Scotsman’ in Richmond, so we shall be exempt from that.”

There was something in Mrs Hayward’s tone which seemed to imply that other subjects of quarrel would not be wanting, and there was a little smile on her lips which

gave further meaning to what she said, or seemed to do so ; though, as a matter of fact, poor Mrs Hayward had no meaning at all, but could not, though she tried, get rid of that little bit of temper which had sprung up all lively and keen at sight of the Colonel's solicitude about his daughter and her "things"—a solicitude which was quite new and unaccustomed, for he was not in the habit of thinking of any one's "things," but rather, whenever he could, of losing his own. Among Joyce's small baggage there was one little shabby old-fashioned box—a box which Mrs Hayward divined at the first glance must contain the little relics of the mother, of itself a pitiful little object enough. There had not been a word said on the subject, but the Colonel had been startled by the sight of it. He had recognised it, or imagined that he recognised it, she said to herself severely, and had himself

seen it put in the van, with a care which he had never taken for anything of hers. It was only a trifle, but it touched one of those chords that are ready to jar in the wayward human instrument of which the best of men and women have so little control. She could not get that jarring chord to be still ; it vibrated all through her, giving an acrid tone to her voice, and something disagreeable to the smile that came, she could not tell how, to her lip. All these vibrations were hateful to her, as well as to the hapless antagonist who noted and divined them with quick responding indignation. But Mrs Hayward could not help it, any more than she could help Joyce perceiving it. The close vicinity into which this little prison of a railway carriage brought them, so that not a tone or a look could be missed, was intolerable to the elder woman too. But she knew very well that she could not run away.

THE ISLAND OF SERK : A SERMON IN STONES.

" O flower of all wind flowers and sea flowers,
 Made lovelier by love of the sea
 Than thy golden own field flowers, or tree flowers
 Like foam of the sea-facing tree.
 No foot but the sea-mews there settles
 On the spikes of thine anthers like horns,
 With snow-coloured spray for thy petals,
 Black rocks for thy thorns."

—A. C. SWINBURNE: *The Garden of Cymodoce.*

" Sweet as when
 Hung between sky and sea, new land appears
 With break of day to eyes of wandering men,
 Whose hearts thrill deep with thoughts undreamt before,
 And visions of new life, new hopes and fears,
 As voices greet them from that unknown shore."

—H. W. NEVINSON.

" Methought that of these visionary flowers
 I made a nosegay,
 And then elate and gay,
 I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
 That I might there present it—O, to whom?"

—SHELLEY.

" Now there is a rocky Isle in the mid-sea, midway between Ithaca and rugged Samos,
 Asteris a little Isle; and there is a harbour therein with a double entrance, where ships may ride."
 —*Odyssey*, Book IV.

" Voyez-vous ci-devant à orche ce hault rocher à deux croupes, bien ressemblant au Mont Parnasse en Phocide? . . . Aultres fois j'ai veu les isles de Cerq et Herin." —RABELAIS: *Pantagruel*, chap. 66.

" This dog is my dog."—*A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

A PROPER sermon, like Cerberus, and the Hydra, and other fabulous monsters, may, we all know, have at least three heads. Yet there is usually only one text. If in this sermon in stones the proportion is otherwise—since it is prefixed, as it were, by a whole sheaf of texts—it is because here one text can never suffice. "Music vibrates in the memory," as the spirit opens to the influences near, and verse after verse of poets new and old rushes to the mind; we seem to hear the rhythmic beat of English song, the surge and thunder of the *Odyssey*. And, moreover, Serk has especial poems of its own.

For the spell of ardent airs and immeasurable seas, of hollow shores round which the waters lie more divinely radiant than floors of beryl, of golden sunshine, and the sweet, bright-blossomed earth in spring-time—the spell of all that is free and fair—is about us here. But above all is that strange irre-

sistible fascination which islands have upon the spirit—sweet new land hung afar between sky and sea, filling us with a painful joy, causing our hearts to burn with a mighty longing—the yearning to be there, and to know, and be at rest.

But the dog, that is, *my dog*, is of an entirely different mind in these matters. Corrie is like the Frenchman who asked, with a praiseworthy repudiation of cant, "Aimez-vous les beautés de la nature? Pour moi, je les abhorre!" Or at least, like the poet Gray, she is much distressed and alarmed at beholding hundreds of feet of precipice above her, or a yawning chasm or huge hole going straight down two or three hundred feet below her nose into fathomless depths of murmuring surge. These things suggest nothing either pleasurable or poetical to her. She tries to sit down on the securest spot, uttering gentle moans and deprecating whistles

of distress; and however loyally she follows, no matter how great the dangers she sees so clearly before her, her appreciation of such "beauties of nature" is always greatly enhanced when she beholds as few of them as possible, and when, marching on the secure earth, she has a satisfactory sense that neither she nor her mistress will fall down over some cliff that "looks fearfully in the confined deep," or else be crushed by tons of rock from overhead. She is not, I fear, even purged by pity and terror. Her taste in the matter of the picturesque is still the "taste" of a hundred and fifty years ago,—the age of grottoes and the clipping of yew-trees, of artificial cascades that flowed to the magic sound of flutes, and of cows that yielded syllabub in at Horace Walpole's drawing-room window.

The shifting fashion of art or taste, the change in the eye for certain aspects in landscape, or in the ear for certain modes, is a matter on which I need not enter here; though it is a curious if not an important psychological phenomenon. It is enough that these things too are subject to change. I once met a degenerate Scotchman who admired the flatness of the flat country, in comparison with those troublesome mountains; for the prospect, if not of fishes, then of loaves, we must imagine. But Scots with souls so dead are rare in this latter end of the nineteenth century, and it is only fair when we mention Gray's affright at finding himself standing under big rocks in the Lake country, to remember that with all his town-bred attitude towards it, he was one of the first English poets of the eighteenth century, if not the first, who discovered the "romantic" in nature, who saw beauty in that of

which he was more than half afraid. As late as 1773 Dr Johnson made his famous tour to the Hebrides. To those who know and love Loch Coruisk and the Cuchullins his description of Skye may well be a marvel, while his idea of the islands in Loch Lomond was to "employ upon them all the arts of embellishment"! "But as it is," he cries, "the islets which court the gazer at a distance disgust him at his approach, when he finds, instead of soft lawns and shady thickets, nothing more than uncultivated ruggedness." No doubt Dr Johnson sat in darkness. "Men bred in the universities of Scotland cannot be expected to be often decorated with the splendours of ornamental erudition," is the appalling view he takes in Glasgow, at the moment when Burns, a boy of fourteen, was following the plough-tail, as it were within speaking distance; a student in that larger universe which has become our school too as it never was the old Doctor's. Beethoven was three years old, so was Wordsworth. Coleridge was a year old, Sir Walter Scott was two. Turner was not born at all till two years later. We can hardly imagine a journey to Scotland before the 'Lady of the Lake,' or the sight of Mont Blanc before the Hymn before Sunrise in the 'Vale of Chamouni': and what has not been given us to see and know since then? But let us beware of spiritual pride. The shores of Clyde are vulgarised every year; a tram-car rattles down the streets of one of the most beautiful things in nature, the city of Oxford; and in more important matters far than these we still sin against the best teaching of nature, and of nature's priests.

And Corrie is as yet only a dog—a small and exceedingly emo-

tional collie dog. It is but natural that a dog of the nineteenth century should still be filled, if not with disgust, yet with consternation and abhorrence, by these same rocks and cliffs to which men and women have only lately learnt that they may seek as to the very fountains of beauty and strength. Who knows? There may be a time of culture coming for dogs too, in the centuries before us. This is, we are told, an age of transition.

And even for Corrie life has its compensations here and now. She, poor thing, has lately passed through deep waters. Is it not hard for a dog of spotless pedigree to be branded in an English court of justice as a "mongrel," to be dubbed "dangerous" and "ferocious" by a terror-stricken policeman, when you are conscious of the most tender philanthropy—at least towards those who are well attired; all because you express by a few barks some possibly æsthetic disapproval of the uniform worn by the police force? Yet so it was, and the nervous strain consequent on these severe afflictions is only just beginning to yield to the usual remedies, quiet and sea air, and "cheerful surroundings." As for these latter, surely there is no more potent encouragement under the sun than a distinguished social position; and this she enjoys in Serk, where truly a dog that is a dog indeed is a cynosure to every eye. For nowhere upon this globe is there to be found a more fantastic group of mongrels than the community of dogs in this island. There is, in the first place, a most disproportionate number of dogs. There are only a hundred men; there are apparently numberless dogs. And then the varieties, the vagaries of mongrelhood! Small curs not twelve inches high, fashioned

otherwise like St Bernards; gigantic hounds with a ludicrous resemblance to toy terriers or King Charles spaniels; tiny, shrivelled, wistful-looking creatures resembling collies—save the mark! There are animals with long rat's tails that are not dogs at all, but apparently a mixture of a snake and a bird and a four-legged stool! In spite of strange and ancient and most stringent dog-laws, it is a very paradise of mongrels; and in such society it is, if no great honour, at least some soothing consolation for a dog of birth to sojourn and to shine for a time. They say that every dog has his day.

And now, what of the cliffs and the seas, "the rocky isle in the mid-sea"? The first question which forces itself upon the wayfarer who has passed a hundred miles and more south-westerly of what is a very respectable island, the Isle of Wight, is to distinguish between an island and a rock in the sea; even if a philosophic turn does not lead to further speculations as to the distinction between islands and continents. A Scotch schoolboy of considerable common-sense, though possibly imperfect training, once defined an island as "a bit of the sea with no water in it"; but every well-regulated schoolboy knows, and is able confidently to declare, that an island is a piece of land surrounded by water, and that it is figured on maps as a space varying from a threepenny-bit or less, to about the size of a crown-piece.

Now it would seem that, pushed to where nothing should surely ever be pushed in this practical, not to say compromising world—pushed to its logical conclusion, this definition may be made to include all lands whatsoever; and that, as in many other matters, the

exactness of a definition is merely a question of degree. Where, however, the unsteered course of the wanderer takes him into seas from which arise, bewilderingly, numberless pinnacles and teeth-like ridges of rock, sometimes in groups, sometimes quite isolated—not to mention not a few unmistakable islands; where there are then no end of bits of the sea with no water in them; from a sharp stone a foot or two across, scarce uncovered by a low ebb-tide, showing for an instant as the quiet waters open about it and then close again, to an expanse of land raised up near four hundred feet high above the level sea, and as Swinburne says, “laughing against the sun” five or six miles broad,—where there is all this diversity with only the common property of being surrounded by water, to know how to distinguish, even by rule of thumb, between a rock and an island, becomes necessary for mere peace of mind. Here in the Channel it is perhaps best to call every bit of land an island that without the aid of maps is obviously seen to be surrounded by water, and—and this is the special distinction—that has soil upon it in which the merry worm can pursue, as Darwin tells us, the most absorbing and fruitful of all industries,—on which at least grass can grow, and which the hungry sea can never wholly overwhelm though it heave never so high beneath a wintry moon. An island, on the other hand, on which that attenuated and insignificant landlubber the earthworm cannot, even in less hard times than these, meet with employment, on which no Bismarck among the annulata in sore want of colonies for his earthworms has ever cast an envious eye, is not an island, but a rock.

And though this great rock rises shoreless from the waters as if they loved it too well to leave a foot uncovered where perchance the blue clear flood might lie; though it has steep and jagged sides, fretted spires and buttresses all of naked stone, it well deserves, nevertheless, to be called a gem of islands. The Garden of Cymodoce is Swinburne’s name for it—the garden of the Nereid, the wave-receiver:—

“I knew not, mother of mine,
That one birth more divine,
Than all births else of thine
That hang like flowers or jewels on
thy deep soft breast,
Was left for me to shine
Above thy girdling line
Of bright and breathing brine,
To take mine eyes with rapture and
my sense with rest.”

There is no exaggeration here. This garden of the Nereid has such rich and delicate soil, yielding fruit in abundance obedient to the will of man. On every tor and headland gorse blazes golden against the azure of the sky, the indescribable brightness of the sea. Ivy, in tint like the green sea-water where the shadows lie, clings closely knit down the steep sides of every rocky seaward hollow; dainty fringes of fern hang in the caves and crannies; clusters of sea-campion, fragile and white like the spray, nestle in every ledge. Every dell and deep-banked lane, the sloping sunny hillsides, the very banks of the bare ploughed fields, are delicious with turf and moss and brown ivy, from among which the little curls of hart’s-tongue show their tender green, and from which, in March and April, primrose and celandine spring golden, countless as sparks of fire. The wealth of primroses is incredible; the ground is flooded

with a pale golden light—large blossoms two inches across, on stalks often nine inches long, filling all the air with their gentle sweetness. And there are no such daisies anywhere, so large and crimson—no dog-violets so large and dark, as they grow here in solid masses along the banks and dikes, a blue flush under the clear green of the young hawthorn-hedges, and the soft grey and purple of the honeysuckle shoots above; while the wild hyacinths grow by millions among the brownish green of the young bracken springing everywhere. And yet they say in Serk, "Wait till May and the roses come."

"For in no deeps of midmost inland
 May
 More flower-bright flowers the haw-
 thorn, or more sweet
 Swells the wild gold of the earth for
 wandering feet;
 For on no northland way
 Crowds the close whin-bloom closer,
 set like thee
 With thorns about for fangs of sea-
 rock shown
 Through blithe lips of the bitter brine
 to lee;"

and all the things opening and thriving under the sunshine day after day, and under a sky twice as high as is the sky even in Devon. The very song of the larks seems fuller and more sweetly shrill, as if they had farther to go into the blue, and so needs must sing a louder song to reach the fields that lie so far below.

But again, what is the right proportion of rocky coast-line for an island that has proper self-respect, and yet would not wish to appear inhospitable to the stranger drawn to it from afar? There would be on an ideal island ready to welcome all comers, cliffs and rocks

perhaps, but also surely sheltered sweeps of sandy beach where the wave gently carries the ships to land, and where the big boats lie in rows. Now it must be owned that, if a quite enormous extent of vertical or all but vertical edge, if a body-guard of small and smaller attendant isles and islets, of cruel rocks out to sea all round, can betoken pride—there is none prouder in all the seas than this little island of Serk. Encircled by hurrying currents against which strong rowers strive in vain, inviting sands, shelving bays and approaches, there are none; but rather stern and apparently inaccessible ramparts of rugged rock of every shape and hue, as our very first adventure plainly showed.

On a brilliantly sunny morning early in April, an hour and a quarter's sail in a small cutter carried us south-eastward from Guernsey to Serk; during the night we had come south in the mail-packet from Southampton to Guernsey. To come, as we had come, Corrie and I, for that was all the party, straight from an evening spent, however pleasantly, in the unclean exhausted atmosphere of White-chapel, and to awaken in this region of warm brightness, breathing the strong breath of the sea, seemed little short of miraculous—a miracle happily not difficult of performance; and the white gulls wheeling overhead under the high blue arch of the morning sky as the Packet drew up to the White Rock at St Peter Port, seemed like messengers from another sphere. There were palm-trees in Guernsey, and blooming camellias and roses in the gardens; there were all manner of delights of Paradise. There was also most excellent breakfast; and Corrie blissfully pursued the minutest researches in osteology over the largest and

most interesting collection of bones she ever saw in her life, humbly offered her by a German waiter.

Characteristically the utmost vagueness as to any means or time of leaving Guernsey prevailed, and our getting to Serk that day at all is a matter for some gratitude—a debt I would gladly pay to the kind hosts who sailed us across—me and Corrie and the luggage.

Seven miles of water lie between St Peter Port and the little isle in the mid-sea; about double that distance beyond it is the northern coast of Jersey. As we sailed with a fair wind we passed rock after rock—cruel hungry-looking heads, such as Les Têtes d'Aval, rising only a boat's-length off out of the blue expanse, with gulls sitting on them watching us in the pauses of their business in great waters, perfectly tame, for they are rigidly protected. In these channels—the Little Russel, between Guernsey and the two smaller islands of Herm and Jethou, and the Great Russel, between these and Serk—the rocks to a very considerable extent appear and disappear according to the tide, so that when it is low it seems almost as if you could cross on stepping-stones, where at other times there are miles of unbroken water—and it is curious how much greater the distance looks when the rocks are hid. Round Serk the tide rises and falls nearly forty feet, round Jersey nearly fifty, and in many places it runs six to eight miles an hour—boiling and slipping past the rocks like a mill-race. It is the true measure of time in these parts—the only constraining force. "*La marée presse,*" they say; and all is said. I kept wondering, as the boat moved on noiselessly, how much tide there might be in the Ægean, or what were the dangers of Scylla and Charybdis com-

pared to these reefs and eddies. Numbers of cormorants flew past, black in the shadow—a rusty brown where the sunlight touched them—their large heads and strong necks outstretched, and the steady short beat of their wings, on their straight-forward flight, so unlike a sea-gull's; and they seemed to me to add in some strange way to the sense of what the dangers must be on days less halcyon-like than these. I quote another passage from "The Garden of Cymodoce:"—

"For here of all thy waters, here of all Thy windy ways the wildest, and beset As some beleaguered city's war-breached wall

With deaths enmeshed all round it in deep net,

Thick sown with rocks deadlier than steel, and fierce

With loud cross-countering currents, where the ship

Flags, flickering like a wind-bewildered leaf,

The densest weft of waves that prow may pierce

Coils round the sharpest warp of shoals that dip

Suddenly, scarce well under for one brief

Keen breathing-space between the streams adverse,

Scarce showing the fanged edge of one hungering lip

Or one tooth lipless of the ravening reef;

And midmost of the murderous water's web

All round it stretched and spun

Laughs, reckless of rough tide and raging ebb,

The loveliest thing that shines against the sun."

This is rather breathless reading, but it is penetratingly just. Indeed, the accuracy alone of a poem, which, for the comfort of the reader be it said, is perfectly incomprehensible in many parts without a precise knowledge of the isle which fills the poet with a "rapture of rage" (or is it "a rage

of rapture" ?), commands every respect as soon as a knowledge of the geography of Serk brings comprehension ; and some of the passages are exquisitely beautiful. The rest ?—well, Victor Hugo once paid a visit to Serk, and, stopping to take breath, is said to have exclaimed, "*Mais, c'est magnifique !*"—a not unusual French expression of admiration. That, however, the isle thrilled to its base on that occasion, or shone with a "subtler glory and rarer" than sunshine, seems very doubtful. The island understands French, but it is solidly British in disposition.

As we draw nearer, the great north-western wall towers up—a shallow crescent perhaps two miles long, and pretty uniformly 300 feet or more in the perpendicular, running out at its northern end in a fine point of wave-worn granite, the *Bec du Nez*, on the south-west, towards which we were steering, in a larger lumpy mass of rock. About the middle are some beautiful detached rocks, curiously square-looking—"Les Autelets," the people call them—Swinburne's "black, bright, sheer twin flameless Altarlets." But there are four of them, and one glorious mass, like the great high altar, named *Tintageux*—the *Tintagel* of Serk, the largest of all. There can be no more beautiful bit of cliff scenery than this, as one stands above *Les Autelets* watching the water, brightest green, washing round them, and in and out of the caves, *Les Boutiques*, that lie towards the *Bec du Nez*. But no ; where was there the sign of an inlet or harbour even when we came close up, and the vivid colours of the rocks, red and tawny, and black and grey, showed clearly above the perfectly still bright sea. Suddenly turning to the right, the boat seemed to pierce noiselessly through

this rampart ; what had seemed a large headland, turned out to be an island, and we were in a narrow passage not eighty yards across, the transparent tide running fast between walls of grey rock in shadow. And out of this we passed silently, almost holding our breath, into the most lovely little rock-bound bay opening to the west. But a moment ago we were in the shadow of the narrow strait, the water below of the intensest steely blue ; and now, as it were in an instant, we had passed with no other sound than the faint lap of the water as the boat softly put it aside, into this radiant shining haven, this peace-pool, where it seemed no care or sorrow could ever come, or the high sun of noonday cease to light up its waters and the inaccessible walls of rock that guard it all around. We passed an empty boat, painted a bright grass-green, and it would be impossible to find a better artistic foil than this shrill green for the loveliness of the water touching it. It is the clearest water I have ever seen ; fifty or sixty feet of it are absolutely transparent, and it seems a mingling of blue and green and silver light in one indescribable liquid hue. The little bay is hardly more than a quarter of a mile across, and there is nowhere any sign of man or his dwelling-places. At the farther side the sail was dropped ; we were looking upwards at hundreds of feet of cliff, perpendicular to all appearance as the wall of a house ; but evidently we were going no farther, and evidently we were going ashore, if shore it could be called where shore was none. After some moments of blank astonishment, it became evident that nevertheless here were the ways of men, for some natives in blue weather-worn jerseys, with

long yellow beards and ruddy faces, and carrying immense lobster-creels, appeared winding down from above; figures so in harmony of colour with their surroundings, that it seemed as if they had really suffered a sea change. There was a black, loose, amorphous object also bundling down behind, which attracted Corrie's attention—the first of those multitudinous monogrels; even then and there I know we both thought it odd enough. Corrie, by the way, had entirely disregarded everything I have spoken of between Guernsey and Serk. I think she felt death would be the only happiness, as she lay motionless under the half deck. It is not many people who like to own to sea-sickness on a fair day. Presently we became aware of a ladder fastened to the rock some feet above and below the water's edge in a more than vertical position; moreover, of possible niches and coigns of vantage in the rock above where to place our feet; and finally, of a long rope stretching down to the ladder, as we afterwards saw, from an iron ring far above. Sixty or eighty feet of this at least. Though at low water it is possible to scramble over some outlying rocks, La Longe Pointe (I delight in these French names for integral parts of the British empire), to the zig-zag path cut in the cliff, the ascent has almost always to be made thus, as it were, "at the tail of a tow"—a romantic method of approach which is very characteristic of this enchanted isle. The "adjacent island" to the west which we had passed is Brechou or Ile ès Marchands—Brechou signifying apparently Isle of the Breach. And this breach, the narrow strait between it and Serk—I had almost said the mainland, such is the effect on the mind of rela-

tivity—bears the significant name of the Gouillot. Through the Gouillot the tide rushes with the speed of a man swiftly running—three times as fast as the Thames at Windsor. Now in this passage is yet another island, the size perhaps of a gigantic plum-pudding; and though the Seigneur of Serk—that king in Ithaca—is lord not only of Serk, but of all its dependencies within three miles of its coast, as witness Brechou, yet this little isle, this Moie du Gouillot, was the independent kingdom, or is even now, of one of the De Carterets—a descendant of that Hélier or Hilary on whom Queen Elizabeth bestowed Serk. Last summer I was fired with the desire to buy for two pounds sterling a castle on the Rhine. Now, like Sancho Panza, I desire nothing so much as to own an island; and if only I could imagine that there would be room, or flat space enough, on the Moie du Gouillot for an arm-chair and an umbrella, and a mat for Corrie, I should feel greatly tempted to offer a good many shillings to King de Carteret for his ancient heritage.

Many tales are told of malefactors and pirates and shipwreck on Brechou. There is the story of the East Indiaman, the Valentine, which, after making tack after tack in the terrible narrow waters of the Great Russel, with as much obstinate dignity as if she had been quietly crossing the wide Indian Ocean, was cast away on Brechou. The sea was strewn with bales of spices and gold-dust and dyewood and rich brocade; and they say that in some of the little granite-built dwellings on Serk you can still find pieces of the gorgeous stuffs that formed part of her freight. A thousand years before that, we are told by one Warnefried of Aquila, three

ships of Charlemagne's were wrecked on the Island of Evodia—to this day this old name for Brechou lingers in the name of "La Giv-aude," borne by its westernmost cone of detached rock. Brechou is about half a mile long and 250 yards wide. There is one family on it—two, they say, have been experimentally proved an impossibility, because, like the two families on Ireland's Eye, just off the Great Head of Howth, they quarrelled to a degree incompatible with life; for seven years these two Irish families were the only inhabitants, and never exchanged a word. There is a delightful story of a maiden from Brechou who went with her father on a visit to Alderney—a far quieter and less advanced region, say the Sercquois, than their island. After six weeks she implored her father: "O, mon père, revenons chez nous, le monde est si mauvais!" Poor little maiden, unlike her prototype, that other Miranda, she did not exclaim, "How beautiful mankind is! O brave new world that has such people in it!" Alas, no: "O, mon père, le monde est si mauvais!" On the whole one is inclined to think the maiden from Brechou the queen of prigs.

Now hear what the Sercquois say of Alderney. "Aurigny? Aurigny, Mam'zelle; c'est ledernier pays du monde!" But the friend who said this to me is a cobbler, and cobblers are always men of advanced views. However, I have heard a similarly low opinion of the Lewis expressed by the natives of Skye, and it is more probably just insular pride.

Under the Moie du Gouillot is one of the great wonders of Serk. The "mighty twin hollows where never the sunlight shall be" which inspire one of the most striking passages in Swinburne's poem—a

passage too long to quote, beautiful and exact though it is in parts, in spite of its exaggeration and its amazing apotheosis of Victor Hugo. These are a series of caves, or rather vast fissures, very deep, and opening out of each other far into the hillside, constantly washed by the sea, and accessible to human beings only at low-water of a high spring-tide.

"And the seal on the seventh day breaks but a little, that man may behold
What the sun hath not looked on, the stars of the night have not seen as of old."

I will not stop to describe these in detail, but will only shortly relate how one day, the last of our stay, we descended into the bowels of the earth, Corrie and I, reinforced and comforted by the presence of my brother, newly escaped from a term's pedagogy, and guided by a delightful youth of the Sercquois, one De Carteret, cunning in the caves. First there is a very awkward descent by an almost nominal path, "for passage of sea-mews," down to the boulders and sea-weed left uncovered by the tide. Corrie, not being a sea-mew, soon began to see that it was going to be very picturesque indeed. She followed us downward ever with increasing signs of terror, growing more and more Cassandra-like in her whines of warning, and in the anxious appeal of her brown eyes and erect ears, as we drew nearer to the portals of Hades. When, however, greatly amazed at our own prowess, my brother and I proceeded to follow Johnnie de Carteret through a narrow crevice of rock, and plunged into over two feet of restless sea-water—in the month of April, be it said—she gave up all hope of a returning, and stood on the brink of this Styx rending the air, and all but

cleaving the rocks, with her appalling shrieks. She submitted, however, to being dragged through by the scruff of the neck, and afterwards returned the same way, alacritous, to the upper air.

These caves — Les Creux du Gouillot—are the most wonderful natural aquaria in Britain. The zoologists who, up to the waist in water, have danced for joy in them at sight of the rare and wondrous things with sesquipedalian names which they contain, are many and famous. Even to our unlearned eyes it was evident that here were sponges, and corallines, and anemones by millions and millions, in every colour, rich and strange; and it was impossible to move away, even though it involved standing ankle-deep in icy water, from a wall of rock thirty feet high, covered with what looked a forest of amber-coloured moss, from each of whose myriad stalks hung, it seemed, a living pearl. That Victor Hugo “grossly overrated” the size of the octopus who generally lives here I am able to state confidently, from researches on the spot.

But the most lovely sight to weary eyes is the view right through the Moie du Gouillot. One cave is open at both ends, and out of the dimness of the kingdom of the sea is seen, framed by the deep claret-coloured tunnel of rock, as Eurydice may have beheld the fair earth on that tragic journey which found no end—the little bay. Boats rocking below, the ladder and the rope, the gold and green of the cliff-edges against the sky above, white gulls crossing and passing out of sight, and the innumerable laughter of its blue waters in the sunshine which never touches these secret places of the earth where the sea has worn a home for its children.

This little haven, by which we landed on Serk, is called Havre Gosselin—as pretty a name almost as it deserves.

We, Corrie and I, mounted up somehow that first day, but how the luggage came up I never knew. It consisted of a few papers, a volume of Shakespeare, a couple of volumes of Carlyle, a pamphlet or two on Church and State, that fittest of lovely story-books, Butcher and Lang’s translation of the *Odyssey*—especially, Mr Swinburne’s poems on Serk. These, and a few changes of raiment. But when I think of that cliff, half-a-crown entered in my accounts seems to me poorly to symbolise the mystery of the upbringing of this little library and the adjacent garments.

Once on Serk, you find how many times more charming it is when you are on it than when you are off it. I am not sure that among the many islands I have known intimately it at all specially “courts the gazer at a distance.” To court the gazer, it should have a sky-line, should run up, as even mean little islands do in Scotland, into lovely shapes of mountain-peak or dome-shaped hill. Serk, on the other hand, as Corrie discovered to her immense delight, is practically level a-top. She found that the only abruptness was the extreme edge all round, and that if she could succeed in keeping from rolling over this, the rest was a beautiful plain, where, by merely sitting down in the middle, you could agreeably prove yourself the centre of the earth, and take note of every object thereon calculated to please or excite. For though she is a dog of feeling, suffering more especially from prolonged fits of *Weltschmerz*, she delights, as does every dog, in excitement of any kind at all.

To the human eye, however, this wide look-out, the untrammelled vision—

“ From thine high place of thy garden-steep,
Where one sheer terrace oversees thy deep ”—

across the most beautiful surface on earth, the sea, brings a satisfaction, a delight, which nothing else can. Ruskin somewhere speaks of this, “ the joy that the mind has in contemplating the flatness and sweep of great plains and broad seas ; ” and I remember a beautiful description of the view from the Carlyles’ house at Craigenputtock, whence you look down upon the upland plains of Galloway, “ the marching place of the sun from morning until night. ” This is one of the secrets of the beauty of high islands. To be on a mountain-side is something, is much ; but to look down from a mountain on the sea all round, to behold the earth divided into land and water, to see as you do from Arran the Mull of Cantyre spread below you like a ribbon dividing the nearer sea from a golden sea beyond, or as I have heard described, from Parnassus to behold Eubœa lying a gently swelling island in the Ægean, and to look beyond, past island after island, to where white Athos and the Ionian shore show like a dream on the horizon, is to behold the fairest aspect of the earth. And of this delight the soul can drink day after day in this little island in the Channel. You see that there is the wide surface of the sea all round. To the west lie Guernsey and Herm and Jethou, to the east and north lies Alderney, and Jersey, its rocky edge so like that of Serk, lit up by the western sun. The long yellow sweep of sand gleam-

ing against the blue is the Cotentin and France itself ; and to the north stretches the ocean farther than the eye can see.

The only mountain-peak on this island is the Vauroque windmill ; the church is a mere hillock. The mill and the island together are just the height of St Paul’s. A mile or two off, Serk presents an almost level sky-line with the conical top of the mill rising from it, and it has always been a point from which to observe and make signals. Over the door, carved in stone, and pierced out of the vane of the weathercock, is the date 1571 — the year before the Massacre of St Bartholomew, when Elizabeth, having forbidden her Commons to discuss any marriage projects for her royal self, was busy helping the Huguenots ; and with such matters as the colonisation of Serk by her faithful liege the Seigneur Hélier de Carteret of St Ouen in Jersey, and his forty good men and true. The mill, by the way, is an especial object of terror to Corrie, who used to sit in horrified fascination watching its circle of sails fifty feet across sweeping through the air with their heavy rush of sound.

As for size, throw the London parks into one and surround them with water, and you have an island almost exactly the size of Serk and its dependencies ; and how charming is this little space of earth ! It seemed but a level plain, but there is a wonderful beauty and diversity in these two square miles or so, in the rise and fall of the land as it runs out on to some headland, or sinks into the hollows between ; in the interchange of pasture and of ploughed field, and of gorse-covered common, even in the beautiful country roads, some of them overarched with trees, and with flowery banks like

the lanes in Devon, leading from farm-steading to farm-steading, across a little territory where there seems no disorder nor waste, nor a speck of dirt. And constantly within reach is the magnificence of its edge of cliffs and the delightful irregularity of an outline of which the birds as they fly can never tire.

Owing to this wonderful irregularity, one of the dependencies of Serk is more dependent than is, I imagine, at all usual. Somewhere in one of the "guide books" it is stated that part of Serk is "separated" from the rest "by a precipice." Now it would be idle to discuss this definition; it only shows how difficult it is to define anything at all. Let us rather hear Swinburne again:—

"Through that steep strait of rock
whose twin-cliffed height
Links crag with crag reiterate, land
with land,
By one sheer thread of narrowing precipice
Bifront, that binds and sunders
Abyss from hollower imminent abyss
And wilder isle with island, blind for bliss
Of sea that lightens and of wind that
thunders."

There is in fact another Serk, Little Serk, joined to Great Serk by a very notable precipice indeed, which is one of the great sights of the Channel Islands. It is named *La Coupée*, and is simply a place where the two edges of the outline meet, back to back! The sea has washed away all but a ridge of harder rock, perhaps 300 yards long or more, a very small number of yards across the base from sea to sea, and no yards at all, only five feet, wide on the top—while it falls down to the water full 300 feet on either side. On one side it is a vertical unscalable precipice; on the other, though it

is, as the old Scotch gardener said of the garden wall, "*perpen-eneuch-deecular*, Maister Alexander," still it is just possible at one place to scramble down to the largest and one of the most beautiful bays, *La Grande Grève*. The bay on the other side is *La Baleine*; and as the harder vein of rock was fairly in the middle of the island, the two bays are much of a size east and west. The *Coupée* runs north and south. It is a striking and terrifying place; the wild beauty of the cliffs encircling the two bays, which all but meet below, the flying western light on the moor of Little Serk, and on the dark-grey crested sea on either hand. Imagine the *Coupée* pierced and the waters meeting, and you have another *Gouillot*, with another *Evodia* beyond. On the top is the only road leading to and from Little Serk. There is neither wall nor handrail, and yet carts pass even in the dusk, and the children daily cross to school. Formerly the ridge was higher and the path narrower; and one man, returning from his nightly carouses on the greater, to his home on the lesser island, was wont to try his steadiness by walking along an old cannon which lies near the end of the *Coupée*, prudently, if he failed to keep his balance, sleeping off the fumes of the poteen before venturing farther. There was a man, too, not very long ago, who was carrying his feudal tithe of corn across on his back, and was seized by a gust of wind and blown over, and so perished.

Contrary to one's expectations and convictions Little Serk is south of Great Serk; but the island is puzzling to a stranger unless he has, as some people have, the instincts of a carrier-pigeon. *Vau-roque* mill and the church and the schools, all at some few yards' dis-

tance from each other, are fairly in the centre. Village, properly so called, there is none. "Sur la chaussée" is vaguely indicated as the locality where strangers are talked over or gossip circulated—by the men; women never gossip. Rather towards the east and south are the two small hotels. The one, Dixcart Hotel, is at the head of a beautiful wooded combe, leading down to the lovely little Dixcart Bay, past Little Dixcart, which consists of a group of the most delightful granite-built farm-houses, in front of which grow great bushes of camellias covered with rosy flowers. The other, the Victoria Hotel, the smallest hotel in the world but one, is at the corner where four roads meet—one of which leads up from the sea and Le Creux, the "harbour with the double entrance, where ships may ride," surely a unique harbour. It opens, due east from the Havre Gosselin, on the Jersey side of Serk; and though the only deep valley of any sort runs down here, the road and the valley are blocked close to the sea by a mass of cliff which appears from the water as impenetrable and inaccessible as any part of the coast-line. A strong granite breakwater runs out into the sea from the foot of this in what seems the most irrelevant way, and it is an almost theatrical surprise to find that the way into the island is through two long tunnels pierced right through the cliff—the only means of access to the valley and the road; a very pretty surprise if it does seem like a theatre.

"The dark deep sea-gate that makes
way
Through channelled darkness for the
darkling day,
Hardly to let men's faltering footfall
win
The sunless passage in,

Where breaks a world aflower against
the sun,
A small sweet world of wave-encom-
passed wonder."

To this beautiful little harbour there comes in early spring only a fitful steam-tug from Guernsey—once a-week fairly certainly; twice a-week not certainly at all. In the meanwhile no letters, no papers, an utter absence of excitement of an altruistic kind. They are Home-Rulers—rulers of their own home, that is—the Sercquois, and can dispense with many things in consequence; and if the affairs of the empire should demand immediate attention, the two gallant Serk cutters, the Nelson and the Rescue, would certainly put out to sea ready for any emergency.

There is a delightful sense of leisure on islands, of conquest over time and hurry. The hungry have their meals fairly punctually, the children are let out of school when the bell rings at noon; there is church on Sundays; but beyond that, a few hours, a day, or more days, what do they really matter? You expect to go on a certain day by the steam-tug. "Le vapeur n'est pas arrivé aujourd'hui"—and without a murmur, with a sigh of relief, you leave your things unpacked, and stay till it seems you can really go. Some one on the mill perhaps perceives the *vapeur* or the Serk cutter approaching miles out to sea. It will take her so-and-so long to come round the point or to tack round the south end. And then in a leisurely fashion the carts and the sledges—they use sledges on the roads all the year round—go down to the Creux. And presently Jean Philippe de Carteret or some other man comes up with the mail; and you perceive how unnecessary it is, after all, to read through four or five numbers of the

'Daily News'; you doubt the very existence of Russia or even of Ireland; while the letters of your friends—what if they are a week old? they are fresh as if written an hour before.

I heard the most vague and divergent views expressed as to the population I should find on Serk. Some believed that there were twelve human beings, others were sure that there were six horses. I trust, therefore, I shall not be suspected of over-fondness for statistics if I briefly state that there are on the island over 500 human souls—two to every acre of its area; horses and cows we will say in proportion; but I never met an ass. These 500 people live in the most charmingly clean and trim-looking little dwellings of grey granite—some thatched, some slate-roofed—scattered all over the island singly or in small groups. Nothing prettier could be imagined than Philippe de Carteret's cottage close by the church, with its garden full of every flower sweet to look at or to smell—or than the schoolmaster's, thick with rosebuds up to the very roof. There are a good many trees in various parts—in the valleys towards the sea, a beautiful grove of ilex round the church, and especially along the roads. The roads are one of the great beauties of the island, and may fitly lead to a few words about the people who made them. They are very wide—mostly twenty-four feet—and beautifully kept, and are the property of the Seigneur,—literally royal roads, the king's highway; and the *corvée* by which they have been maintained ever since they were made, is an institution far older than the history of the present race of Sercquois.

This history, small as it is, is ex-

ceedingly interesting as an almost perfect specimen of feudal institutions and of complete local government. In the early centuries of our era it presents features in common with almost any part of Norman, or indeed northern European history. While in the sixth century Columba was making the little island of Iona a centre of learning and of missionary enterprise, Serk also had its island saint—as usual, also an Irishman—a certain St Magloire. As is almost invariable, besides theology he practised the art of healing, and found a patron in a grateful patient—a certain lord in the Cotentin named L'Oiseau. With sixty-two companions Magloire took possession—not without miraculous tokens—of the island granted to him, built an oratory and cells, and became the founder of a missionary college. Part of his monastery still stands; his fish-pond is Le Réservoir, his sluice L'Écluse; the little stream running down from these, which turned his water-mill, flows into the sea at the Port du Moulin; and the whole territory is still La Moinerie. He himself, and his dead body after him—for saints, unlike Oliver Cromwell with his head, had never quite done with their bodies—performed many miracles. One of these old stories is still full of human interest. It refers, however, to a time when St Magloire still animated his very efficacious tenement of clay. Attached to the monastery was a school for boys of noble birth. One day these children, playing on the beach, got into an old rotten vessel lying above high-water mark. In a few minutes a hurricane—so says the legend, at least—launched them on the waters of the Great Russel, where they drifted without oars, sails, or rudder, at the mercy of wind and

tide. When real terror succeeded to their first fearful joy, St Magloire appeared to them bodily (*quasi corporaliter*), and steered the vessel with his staff to the coast of France. The king of that country, moved to admiration of the saint by the children's story, filled their vessel with all manner of stores and rich gifts, and, animated by faith, sent it off to sea again with no more provision in the way of pilot than before, and in safety it returned to the Port du Moulin. St Magloire forgave the boys who thus for three days had shirked school and "absence," perhaps because he was not insensible, as we are told, to the gifts they brought. Up to the sixteenth century Serk was in the diocese of Coutances. It is curious that, in the old cemetery belonging to this priory, the dead lay with their heads towards the east.

Then follow centuries of pirate occupation, from the Danes in the ninth century to Eustace le Moine in the thirteenth. Serk and the rest of the isles of the Cotentin held to John and passed to England when he lost Normandy. They are the last remnant of the Norman dukedom, and the islanders say, and print even now, "we took England,"—a consciousness which would seem to be the only peaceful basis for imperial federation. In the first half of the fourteenth century, David Bruce, with his Scots, "slayed and burned" in the islands; and by the end of it Serk was so intolerable on account of its population of pirates and wreckers, that some seamen of the Cinque Ports, feigning to ask permission to bury one of their number, landed, instead of their dead captain, a coffin full of arms, with which they destroyed their pirate hosts. But when Panurge, in

Rabelais's wonderful *Odyssey*, describes "Cercq et Herm" as "isles des forfants, des larrons, des brigands, des meurtriers et assassineurs; tout extraicts du propre original des basses fosses de la conciergerie. Ils sont . . . pires que les Canibales. Ils nous mangeroient tous vifs. N'y descendez pas, de grâce. Mieux vous seroit en Auerne descendre. Escouter. Je y oi, par Dieu, le tocquesing horrifique," imploring Frère Jean, "ce diable de moine ici, ce moine de diable," and all his companions, not to land, and becoming more and more hysterical in the most ludicrous access of terror to be found in all fiction,—in the first place, Panurge is always the same lying, cowardly scamp; and secondly, the inhabitants of Serk, when Rabelais wrote, were a garrison of Frenchmen holding the island against Henry VIII.

In 1555 a party of Flemings, subjects of Philip II., surprised and carried off this disreputable French garrison, and offered the island to Mary; but Mary was, it may be imagined, too full of her recent marriage to take any notice of the offer, and the island remained without inhabitants. Elizabeth's conduct in regard to it is characteristic in the highest degree of her and of the difference between the two Queens. Restlessly active and bent on tidying all her affairs in Church and State, in 1563, while the Thirty-nine Articles were being drawn up to regulate her spiritual dominions, she had also a commission sitting to sell all waste lands under her sway. Sir Walter Raleigh was then Governor of Jersey, and the Seigneur of St Ouen in Jersey, as brave a man as lived in that brave time, seeing the danger which the deserted island of Serk ran of being captured by the French, and seeing

also an admirable opportunity for planting a model colony therein, applied to this commission, and together they prayed the captain of Guernsey to permit the Seigneur of St Ouen to take possession of Serk. To this the captain of Guernsey gave his free and hearty consent—£50 down to be paid into the Crown Court.

This Seigneur, Hélier or Hilary de Carteret, had a wife worthy of her husband. Together they passed over into Serk, lodging in Magloire's old ruined bit of chapel, and immediately tried a piece of land with wheat. Next year De Carteret went to live in Serk altogether, along with "Madame," and a number of his vassals from St Ouen. All the provisions, fuel, building material, and so on, had to be brought over by water from Jersey. The new colonists were at first occupied in killing the rabbits and reclaiming the warrens, and the little grey Serk rabbits of to-day have an utterly amazing faculty, developed, no doubt, as the result of these persecutions, of running headlong down absolute precipices, apparently into the sea. Hélier's next step was to bring over a minister of the Gospel, one Cosmé Brevint, a native of Angoulême, in Normandy, and the church on Serk soon became known as the most vigorous and pious of the Huguenot churches in the Islands, and its synods were attended by many ministers, and by the captains of Jersey and Guernsey.

Having now well-ordered the island, Hélier went to Queen Elizabeth, in London, and to her and to her Privy Council he, in 1565, presented the map of Serk, in which, unlike poor Mary, she "did take singular delight." She created it a fief Haubert, on yearly payment of fifty sols, the one-

twentieth part of a knight's fee. She gave him also, as a mark of her pleasure, six pieces of artillery, two demi-culverins, two sakers, two falcons, all new, from the Tower of London. One beautiful old gun still lies in the Seigneurie grounds, bearing the words "Don de la Royné, 1565."

Elizabeth, in her letters patent to Hélier de Carteret, talks in a beautifully comprehensive way of "the island of Sercq, situate within our Dutchy of Normandy," and indeed Calais had been lost only six years. The one condition on which Hélier de Carteret held his fief was that he should cause the island to be inhabited by forty good men, faithful and loyal lieges to the English Crown. If after three repeated fines he should fail to make up the requisite number of men, able and armed, and well drilled for the guard and defence of the island, "it shall be lawful for the queen or her heirs to re-enter the island of Serk." An ideal scheme of Home Rule is implied in these terms. In all other respects the Seigneur was and is king of the island. He had a sort of rude harbour made on the side nearest Jersey, tunnelling the cliff to reach it; and the roads—on which every one having "feu et lieu" is still obliged to work for a certain number of days yearly, or else, failing a substitute, to pay a fine of 1s. 5½d. a-day—were laid out at once in their fine breadth.

The colonising was a matter of some difficulty. The bulk of the colonists were from St Ouen in Jersey, but there were a few Guernsey men headed by De Carteret's friend Nicolas Gosselin, after whom the little eastward Havre is named, and even occasional waifs and strays had to be welcomed—of whom some were English, Baker and

Slowly, and the like. But the majority are old Norman names that would do honour to the peerage. De Carteret and Hamond, Le Mesurier, Vaudin, Le Feuvre, are the family names in the island to this day.

According to the terms of the patent, the Seigneur divided the island into forty parcels, to each of which was attached a bit of cliff down. These were leased in perpetuity to the *tenants*, who are what might be termed customary freeholders. Each *tenant* was obliged to build a good house on his land. No money was paid for the lease, but the Seigneur has tithes—the tenth sheaf of wheat, barley, oats, beans, peas, flax, and hemp, a tithe of apples, lambs, wool, and a certain number of capons. Though the coins in use are francs and the Guernsey “double,” the value of everything in Serk is computed in quarters of wheat, so that wheat is the actual money of the island, as barley was in Greece in Solon’s time. The rent of a piece of ground, for instance, is computed at so many *cabots* the *vergée* or half-acre. The land reverts to the Seigneur absolutely if there are no heirs within the seventh canonical degree, or if the tithe is unpaid for three successive years, and it cannot be seized for any other debt than the seigneurial dues. Later on, when it acquired a further value, resulting from occupation, sale, or rather a transference of the lease, became possible; but according to a statute of James I. reinforced after the Restoration, it is incapable of division, and the sale can be effected only with the sanction of the Seigneur. The essential condition, however, is the obligation of military service. Theoretically every Sercquois is a soldier, and the Seigneur, no matter though he be in orders, or a woman, is colonel of

the Serk militia. Like everything else, however, at the present moment the forces of the island are “in a state of transition,” and for the last seven years have been changing from infantry to artillery—wisely doing nothing the while, and having as their sole military possessions one hundred and twenty pairs of boots!

The jurisdiction on the island was at first in all respects similar to that of Jersey. The Chefs Plaids were and are the assembly of every *tenant* on the island, and are the fountain of law and justice. The first laws, dated Serk 1579, are quaint enough. At the “Premier Chefs Plaids de Serk, tenu le 5^e Novembre, A.D. 1579,” we find in the Norman French, which is still the official language of the island, the most solemn law made, enjoining on every owner of pigs—“bestes porchines”—to have them properly “annellées”—that is, provided with rings through their noses. Another law deals with the marking of cattle and sheep, the marks to be entered in a book on St John Baptist’s Day. Again, another is an instance of local option, and finally decides that the tavern-keepers shall send every one to their homes at sunset, imposing very severe fines for allowing anything, or any one, to be drunk on the premises after sundown.

Another of these laws, surviving in full force as it does to the present day, is romantically interesting. At the Chefs Plaids in February 1579, we find first of all five men fined because they did not go to sermon on a certain Sunday evening; and then one Jacques Vaudin is fined “*pour avoir crié HARO et à l’aide de la Royne*,” without cause shown, or any wound or blood on his body. This means of redress is still open to every Sercquois. He has but to

repeat the Lord's Prayer in French, to cry "Haro, Haro! Rollo mon prince à mon aide, on me fait tort!" and a court has to be called, and the matter adjudged. The Cri de Haro was certainly used in Serk within this generation, and might be used at any time even now as a means of obtaining redress. It is strangely thrilling to hear the old Norse cry echoing through thousands of years.

The Guernsey folk soon became jealous of the independent way in which the Sercquois managed their own affairs, and succeeded in 1582 in securing a sort of overlordship in the matter of jurisdiction. The settlement they made practically continues to this day, but the five jurats appointed by them were abolished in the reign of Charles II., owing to the difficulty of finding five men in Serk who would take the oaths or receive the sacrament as directed by law. And one conformist being easier to find than five, one man was appointed seneschal, combining the offices of judge in the court, and speaker in the legislative assembly.

The Legislature at present consists of the Seigneur and the forty holders of land, who, under the presidency of the Seneschal, constitute the Chefs Plaids. There is also a Prévôt, acting in the threefold capacity of Procureur de la Reine, Sergeant, and Prévôt, and the Greffier or Registrar. The Seigneur or his deputy must be present. The laws of Serk are those of the ancient Coutumier de Normandie, so that the work of the Chefs Plaids consists in passing ordinances for such matters as the *corvée* on the roads and fortifications, the construction and regulation of harbours, and the Budget. The public revenue is at present about £140! The

first poor-rate is no older than 1802. The first property-tax was levied to supply oil and fuel for the guard-houses on Serk when England declared war against France in 1793. The breakwater at Le Creux was built by *corvée*, and then, in a very public-spirited manner, further expense was defrayed by a self-imposed tax on spirituous liquors,—a very self-denying ordinance for the Sercquois, if the truth must be told.

The Chefs Plaids of Serk also, to their honour be it said, made education compulsory a good many years before Mr Dixon's bill in favour of compulsory education was rejected in England. The intelligence and refinement, the absence of vulgarity which is really striking in the islanders, is doubtless largely due to this wise measure, even allowing a great deal for other causes, such as the purity of race and the influence of beautiful scenery. The schools are excellently managed, chiefly because the authorities have pursued the wise plan of selecting a good master for the boys and a good mistress for the girls, and then letting them alone as much as may be. No doubt a bilingual education such as these children enjoy—a real possession of two languages—always does a great deal towards developing the intelligence. There is something quaintly delightful to the mind of a "schoolmarm" to come in upon a matter of seventy boys or so of all ages, in the most admirable order under the rule of one single master, and then to be courteously invited to take a class, the "sixth"—the lesson to be in the natural tongue of these sturdy little Britons, in French. Unfortunately there is little or no French poetry available; and after a most satisfactory reading lesson in French on physical geography, to

hear "The boy stood on the burning deck" repeated line by line in short explosions of very foreign English, was trying to the gravity of even a very "old hand." The girls were charming, beautifully clean and neat, and with the manners of little ladies as they pattered away in *sabots* after school, and paid compliments to Corrie, who, used to superintending the education of the young, had been doing her school-inspecting with great care and evident approval. They frequently stay at school till the age of fifteen. All the children are remarkably good arithmeticians. The revenue for the schools is derived from various sources, but the original contribution was one *cabot* of wheat from every tenant. The singing is beautiful, the schoolmaster is excellently musical, and the islanders as a whole no less, as is evident from the singing in church, where French versions of hymns, ancient and modern, are sung to old Norman tunes which rise and fall like the swell and surge of the sea, and break in beautiful little turns and grace-notes. The whole church service is in French, translated by the orders of Queen Elizabeth for her "Dutchy of Normandy," and the English ritual, in its French garb, remains extremely dignified and beautiful. In spite of the liturgy, however, there is an unmistakable flavour of Puritanism which recalls the time when, James I. being on the throne, Serk alone of the Channel Islands had not conformed, and its then pastor, Elie Brevint, educated at the strictly Calvinistic University of Saumur, could write: "For thou alone art found—the youngest amongst four sisters—who hast kept the commandments of thy God. The other three have broken loose. Have thou, therefore, no-

thing to do with their adulteries, that thou be not partaker of their plagues. Acknowledge thou no other Bishop and Head of the Church but the Eternal Son."

The Seigneur appoints and maintains the clergyman; and it is only since the latter half of the last century that the ministers of Serk, who have all been French or Swiss Presbyterians, and educated at foreign universities, such as Saumur and Rennes, have received episcopal ordination. The islands are in the diocese of Winchester.

And here of all places Dr Pusey, just fifty years ago, when he was suspended from his duties at Oxford, preached the first sermon in English, and wore the first surplice, which he expressly left for the use of the church. The then Vicar of Serk, an extremely learned and devoted man, who never left the island during more than forty years, used, by the way, to preach vigorously about "la longue éternité"—a qualification for which we should surely be grateful, though it has an oddly Irish sound.

As is usual in England, the strongest force is, however, Dissent, and there is a large attendance at the Methodist chapel.

The court consists of the Senechal as judge, of the *Prévôt* and *Greffier*. In one case which happened during our stay, the *Greffier*, who was also our landlord, was sued by the Seigneur, who has among other royal rights "*le droit de tavernage*," for not renewing his licence; and I do not know, though I tried to find out from him, if he registered his own sentence. These officers are appointed by the Seigneur, and sworn in before the royal court at Guernsey. The police consists of a constable and *vingtenier*, appointed by the Chefs Plaidis. The Senechal

has complete jurisdiction in all offences involving a fine of not more than three livres, or imprisonment for not more than three times twenty-four hours. The prison is the most grotesque little building. The thing looks like a tea-caddy, with architectural embellishments at the corners like the ears on a fool's cap. A little English maid-servant imprisoned there for theft utterly refused to be locked up, and the door was accordingly left wide open, relays of Serçoises coming with their knitting to sit by the little culprit till her time of durance was over.

We witnessed a *cour*—a case of libel of the most cruel kind. Jean Pierre le Feuvre sued Thomas Godfray, in so far as he, Thomas Godfray, had on the quay at Guernsey alleged that "le dit" Jean Pierre le Feuvre had put butterine in his butter—that he was "a man of butterine"!

At noon on the appointed day the men of Serk met at the school—a crowd no island king in Hellas need have been ashamed to call his subjects. Tall men, with finely cut, intelligent faces and long ruddy beards, often hanging in locks like those of a Greek statue; clad in blue jerseys, and some even in scarlet Phrygian caps, they looked a far more picturesque crowd than the chorus of fishermen in the 'Ajax,' as it was done at Cambridge some years ago. They hung about discussing the matter in their strange Norman speech, the "youths" standing respectfully listening to their elders, till all crowded into the school—the *tenants* at one end, the officers of justice, with the Seigneur and the plaintiff and defendant, at the other. The Greffier repeated the Lord's Prayer in French, and then in *patois* began accusation and defence, pleading and counter-plead-

ing, face to face, in the old Roman fashion. Jean Pierre le Feuvre was indignant and impressive, while the defence was shifty though ingenious. "Peut-être que je l'ai dit qu'on a mis de la butterine dans le beurre, mais je n'ai pas dit que c'était Jean Pierre le Feuvre, je n'ai pas nommé personne, ni Jean le Feuvre, ni Pierre le Feuvre; il ne peut pas dire que je l'ai nommé." The Seneschal listened with quiet dignity as the disputants warmed to their work, and after a time decided "qu'il y avait cause," and that both parties should call witnesses and appear on a given day. Godfray's libel was proved, we afterwards heard, and he was fined.

The Seigneur, who occupies this important and romantic position, lives in a beautiful house with grounds leading to the Port du Moulin. The grounds and gardens are most lovely—glowing in April with camellias and roses and all manner of sweet-smelling flowers. Among the English trees and the flood of primroses everywhere, there are palms and blue-gum trees and New Zealand flax, and in the pond clumps of arums and wild-rhubarb, whose leaf-buds are as big as a baby's head. And the Seigneur of Serk may sit in peace under his own fig-tree, for he has a gigantic one trained on a horizontal trellis as large as a ball-room, and over five feet high, covered with thousands of figs. The enemies of the figs are the black rats, which are peculiar to Serk, and too dainty to eat anything but fruit. There was also an aloe, unfortunately done blooming, a gigantic flower-spike fifteen feet high, or more. We found the Seigneur and his Lady the kindest possible hosts on more than one occasion. Everything is quaint and pretty: the

old draw-wells, very deep, with a huge clump of mesembryanthemum on the roof, which in a few weeks will be a mass of scarlet blossom; the soft-coloured cows passing through gates which turn on hinges made of a large flat stone with a hole drilled through it; the women dressed still in Puritan black, with picturesque black sun-bonnets; the grain dancing in the dusty sunlight as the threshers beat the sheaves down upon a wooden block; men with their great lobster-creels passing down to the Creux; and little Priscilla in her short black frock standing outside our windows in the sun—three years old and motherless, with eyes like the blue of heaven peeping from under a vast black hat.

And so the last day has come. We pay a visit to Captain Guille to arrange about the cutter, the *vapeur* having by no means *arrivé* to take us off as was expected. The tryst is for four o'clock next morning at the Eperquerie, the scene of Swinburne's woful "ballad of Sark." "La marée ne servira plus tard," says Captain Guille, if we want to catch the Packet. And Mdme. Vaudin, most excellent of landladies, asks, "Shall I unlight the lights?" after she has promised us breakfast, no matter when. And at three in the morning we find breakfast, almost as

good as the Scotch breakfasts even Dr Johnson extolled, and we pass down across the sleeping island, Corrie barking all the way in a manner calculated to wake the dead, to where the cutter lies rocking far below by the north point. The rocks stand out in the grey dawn like black diamonds from the grey sea, as we wind down over the short sweet-scented turf towards them. The light is burning steady at Guernsey to the left; behind us, on the French coast, another light marks La Pointe de Carteret, and the great revolving light of the Caskets is flaming out to sea. The level red lines of a different splendour where sky and water meet are the fore-runners of the sun.

"La marée presse!" they call to us from below; we get on board, and slowly pass away across the calm morning sea. The rocks, La Chapelle des Mauves, Les Burons, the Bec du Nez, sink lower and seem to crowd back towards their parent island as we leave it behind. We look across the water, and we feel that what we are leaving is a season of calm weather—the sight of that immortal sea which is revealed to us in scenes like these, where we can hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

SOPHIE WEISSE.

E B E R H A R D T.

"She says
'I will' unto she knows not what."

THE sun had set, the short winter twilight was rapidly closing in: outside the prospect was so dreary, that it was a relief to turn from the unshuttered window and look within to where a stout German girl was lighting lamps and putting fresh wood on the stove, even though the room in which she performed her task was of an uncomfortable, sparsely furnished order.

The occupant of the room did not, however, seem to feel the need of brightness or companionship; for as the sudden glow streamed through the half darkness, she moved from the window where she had been standing, and, passing out, entered an adjoining room, carefully closing the door after her. Here a candle burnt on the table, and, almost as if unconsciously, she looked by its faint light at her own reflection in the small mirror—looked, as if scarcely heeding or recognising the face that looked back at her.

The eyes that met her own were of a grey so dark that, set as they were in a face from which every shade of colour was banished, it was difficult to distinguish their hue. Under the straight pencilled eyebrows, shadowed by black lashes, they too might have passed for black. The face itself was too thin, too colourless; it needed the soft lines and curves of youth—such youth as the tall, slight figure spoke of—but it was the whiteness and thinness of trouble: of this there was evidence, also, in the lack of care with which the heavy masses of hair were twisted into a dark untidy knot at the back of the head.

A knock the next moment startled her straying thoughts, and the servant's voice announced in German "that a carriage had come for Madame—and this," handing as she spoke a small note.

At the words the girl had begun nervously, with a slender, trembling hand, to smooth back her hair—a hand on which the only ornament was a narrow gold ring; it was, indeed, the only gleam of colour about her anywhere. Her dress, long and plain, was black, unrelieved even by a touch of white, and served to accentuate the delicacy of her face, the slenderness of her hands.

When she had taken the note she paused a moment in her preparations, and, opening it, read the few words it contained by the light of the solitary candle.

There was no conventional beginning,—just a few words in a man's hand, written with careless decision across the page:—

"It is better you should come to me. I do not go, but send for you. It is what I fancy you would prefer. Come."

It was a commanding little note, and yet through it ran a subtle hidden note of tenderness which the girl seemed to feel and acknowledge; for her eyes softened a little, something of the despair vanished. She smoothed the letter once or twice with her hand, then replacing it in its envelope, slipped it into her pocket. As she did so, a tear fell and sparkled a moment on her black gown. She looked at it almost as if in surprise; but at the sight she lingered no longer. With another ineffectual effort at

smoothing her roughened hair, she drew over it a hood, and wrapping a heavy fur-lined cloak about her, stepped out into the small, brightly lit passage.

Here she did not hesitate, but went with quick steps down to the little entrance-hall, where the stout German girl stood awaiting her by the door. She opened it as the slender, black-robed figure appeared, and a cold wintry wind blew in.

"Madame is going home?" the girl hazarded, as, with a nod and a "Good evening," she would have passed in silence.

"To the castle?—yes," the other replied, nervously. "Good night, Emilie." And so went out into the dark gloomy night, to where a carriage awaited her. A moment later she was driving away, her eyes turned to the gleam of light which still streamed forth from where Emilie stood and watched her departure from the door of Madame Hartmann's *pension*.

And in these last few days Madame Hartmann's *pension* had changed in character. From a very ordinary boarding-house, where the chief advantage had been that it was cheap, it had assumed tragic proportions. Inside those commonplace walls, in those dreary, uncarpeted, meagrely furnished rooms, was buried Leigh Curwen's youth.

Thence, but yesterday, she had followed to his grave the father who was her chief link with life,—the father whose companion she had been ever since she could remember; and there, not a week ago, she had knelt by his side, and become a wife. Such a dream it appeared, that as yet she had not realised it was not Leigh Curwen thinking thus, but Leigh Eberhardt.

The name itself was familiar

enough. Ever since the Curwens had taken up their abode in this out-of-the-way German village, whose one hold on their wandering steps was the little money needed for daily food and lodging, the name had been one which she had learned to know.

He who owned it lived a secluded life in the more modern part of the ruined castle overhead; and about him was woven a web of doubts and fears which left him an undesirable person to meet except in broad daylight.

Not that he was often met. Sometimes he was seen, on his big black horse, riding homewards as the countrymen went forth to their day's labour; but for the most part he lived a solitary life in the deserted castle, or amid its surrounding grounds.

A light was visible long after the villagers had retired to rest, burning in his turret-window, and that alone would have sufficed to render his repute questionable; but as the years passed, and he remained on alone, leading the same solitary life, the answer to the enigma was to be had from all around, varying according to the speaker, but having a common root in evil accomplished. Little Leigh, coming with her father, heard all the tales before she was old enough to associate them with the man who found her one day straying tearfully in the wood, where she had lost her way, and, picking her up, took her back on his horse to where the path led straight to the village street.

It was years before she discovered that the friend of her childhood and Eberhardt, whose name she heard spoken with bated breath, were the same.

It was six years afterwards, when she had grown into a tall slip of a girl of sixteen—yes, she was sure of

the date, because it was her birthday, and the day also on which her brother had to join his regiment in England. She remembered even now his eager, enthusiastic talk on that day, which had been all about what he was going to do and see, and seemed to give so little thought to the sister he was leaving behind. And after he had gone, she had realised so distinctly that year by year it would be so; that the old days, when they had been all in all to each other, were over; that wider separation was all she had to look forward to. Heavy with the thought, which was yet only a vague shadow cast from the future, she had strayed farther than was her wont, wandering on with heedless steps amidst the gloom of the forest, till, wearied, she seated herself under a great tree, to follow out the thoughts that were troubling her.

All the great problems which make life such a hopeless question were crowding round her in the forest stillness; the answer to everything sounded alike.

Separation — Death. Up till this moment she had never realised it. Life had meant hitherto the close companionship of those who loved, in contradistinction to the silence and separation of death.

But now it was no longer so. The tragedy of life that we cannot retain our hold on those we love, was unfolding itself before her,—that sooner or later Death or Life withdraws them from us.

So thinking, the slow tears had gathered in her eyes, brought by the sense of the futility of a struggle with a world governed by such laws. If she had had a sister, she fancied, with her it would have been different; that, traversing the same road, they might have been companions on

the way. It was but a passing dream, a vain one, had she but known that the universal law admits of no exceptions; but for the moment it seemed unbearable that one by one her home-treasures should be taken from her.

Distinctly, child as she had been at the time, she could recall that other departure into the world of him who had been, in all but name, the elder brother of the little trio—the son of her mother's sister, the orphan who had shared with these little cousins home, and father and mother's love, till it had been hard to realise they were not in truth brothers and sisters.

A young man when little Leigh Curwen was a child, she could recall even now the pride she had felt in him, when he stood before her in the uniform he had chosen—a German uniform of the regiment to which his dead father had belonged. Then after that, a sad enveloping darkness; and when it had cleared away, it meant somehow a terrible tragedy—Rudolf had been killed in a duel. It did not convey much meaning to forlorn little Leigh, who was creeping about the desolate house in a black frock because she was motherless: that fatal quarrel out yonder had not terminated with a bullet through poor young Rudolf's heart, but had also carried ailing, weakly Mrs Curwen to her grave.

Under such a shadow the child had grown to girlhood, recalling the one great grief dimly, but never speaking of it, saving at rare intervals to her brother, because her father shrank from all mention of the tragedy that had spoilt his life. But with Leonard it was different.

“When I am older, Leigh,” he would promise, “I will find out

all about it. Others will know and tell me. It was not Rudolf's fault, I am sure."

And Leigh would sigh in eager response,—“No, I am sure it was not. You are like him in some things, Leo, but not quite the same.”

“There was no one like him,” Leonard positively asserted. “I am old enough to remember. Why, I was twelve when he went away! Of course I have not forgotten him—so handsome, so strong. Do you remember, Leigh?” And seated in the twilight, the children would recall memories of those vanished days—memories which would bring sometimes a tear, sometimes a laugh, a hushed laugh, because of the solemn seal set upon the past.

“When I am a man, Leigh, trust me I will find it all out—find his murderer and avenge his death.”

And the boy's dark eyes would flash, and some responsive gleam shine in the girl's; for the passing years had woven a light web of glory about the young dead, and he stood to these children who mourned his loss as the youngest of the heroes. Life was divided for them into the dim past when he had gone from among them, and the no less dim future when his death should be avenged.

“How will you find him, Leo?” Leigh had asked. “When you are grown up it will all have happened such a long time ago.”

“Oh, I shall find him,” the boy confidently replied. “There will be some one to tell me.”

“And when you have found him,” questioned the girl, “what will you do?”

“Do? I shall go to him when he has forgotten all about it.”

“Forgotten,” sighed Leigh; “oh, he cannot forget!”

“Cannot he?” Leonard retorted, contemptuously. “I daresay he has never thought of it. Somewhere, I daresay, he is quite happy and enjoying himself, whilst Rudolf is dead. That is what I shall say to myself.”

“Yes,” put in the other, “say that, Leo; that will make you brave.”

“Yes; and then I shall go up to him and say, ‘When you killed Rudolf no one came to you, because he had only a little cousin, and he had to wait till he was grown up; but now he has come to avenge his murder.’”

Sometimes, planning in the forest stillness, they would carry on the story to the climax,—there was no doubt on which side the victory would rest now. Sir Walter Scott was the referee in all matters of chivalry, and there the just quarrel terminated as a just quarrel should. The champion of right did not find his strength or cunning fail him when he stood opposite the evil-doer. Sometimes Leigh would cry “Spare him!” when the conquered lay at the mercy of the conqueror; but, flushed with triumph, the boy would defend the justice that demanded a life for a life.

And thus it was that Leigh Curwen sat under the trees and thought of the demands that the world had made upon her,—of all that Life and Death had called upon her to contribute. The tears rose, and with her eyes closed, her head resting against the tree, she scarce heeded that they fell one by one.

“You are in trouble”—a strange voice, breaking the silence, disturbed her thoughts, and looking up she was aware of a stranger standing before her, looking down upon her. A black-haired, black-browed man, with a stern unsmil-

ing mouth, stern unsmiling eyes, which yet looked at her as if they would, had their possessor known how, have banished trouble for her.

"Can I help you?" he went on, a second later, as she strove to brush the tears away.

"No, no; no one can help me."

"You look too young to say that."

And as she only shook her head sadly, half rising the while,—
"Have you lost some one?" he questioned. "Perhaps some one you care for is dead?"

"No, it is not that," she replied eagerly, stopping to look up at him from where she had half risen and was kneeling on the soft moss at his feet,—
"it is not that. I was thinking that life is just as cruel—more so, perhaps. It steals away those you love—you lose them. Death is different; it steals them too, but it keeps them for you. I do not understand it. I never thought of it before, but it seems as if every one goes away from you."

She finished vaguely, looking into the strange eyes above her, not expecting a response, only striving to put into words the new terrible truths that were assailing her.

"You are only partly right," the man answered. "What death takes, it never gives back; in time you may win back from life."

"But life changes them," she urged; "when you get them back, they are not the same,—they are no longer those you parted from."

"But life is the better of the two," the man said. He scarcely answered her; he was as much speaking aloud his thought as she was hers.

"Life holds so much,—it is so strong and powerful; one day it may hold what we desire, while

death——" His voice drifted into silence.

"But you," he went on a minute later, looking down at the white, tear-stained face,—
"you are over young to be finding this out. Leave such questions to older heads, and go back to your mother."

"Alas, sir,"—the tears rose again at the words,—
"I have no mother!"

"Poor child! no one to solve the problem for her—or help her to forget it, so much the better plan! Only a mother can do that." He spoke of her, and yet though he looked at her, it was with eyes that took more note of his own words than of the kneeling girlish figure.

"No one can help you," he added, as she rose and stood beside him. "I least of all,—I cannot even help myself."

He half turned away, but made a step back, and said abruptly, "Who has gone out of your life?—tell me that."

"It is my brother," she faltered. "We have been separated so little, and since my mother died—and another brother, we have been always together, and now——"

"Where has he gone?"

"He is a soldier." Even through her tears there was a ring of innocent pride in the words. "He has gone to England."

"And so you feel you have lost him? Perhaps you are not so far wrong. A woman's hold on a man is so slight."

And then noting the wistful eyes that never left his face, he changed the end of his sentence—
"But if it cannot hold him at first, in the end it often brings him back. Though sometimes it is too late."

"It could not be too late, if she

were alive." She was no longer crying. This strange, rough man, with his quick decided voice and gloomy eyes, had diverted the current of her thoughts. It was of his words she was thinking now.

"No," he answered, and she could not tell if he were mocking her or not; "but there so often steps in death, and it *is* too late."

He seemed about to go, leaving those as his last words, but stopped again, and, "You are the daughter of the Englishman who lives in Breitstein," he said.

"Yes; I am Leigh Curwen."

"I am Eberhardt," he said.

The effect of the words on the girl was electric. Up till that moment it had scarcely struck her to think of the stranger as more than a voice that had answered her doubting, grieved words; but now he took at once a strange and almost terrifying personality.

The colour flew up into her cheeks, she was aware of her quickened pulses. And yet why should she fear him, unless, as some whispered, he was mad? But mingled with the fear was a thrill of excitement, which for the moment made her forget her previous trouble.

"What are you afraid of?" he asked, noting the change of expression.

"I am not afraid," she asserted boldly, but saying so, she was not quite sure if there were not a shadow of truth in his words.

"Confess,"—there was a note of passion in his voice,—“confess you would not have spoken to me had you known who I was. Where were your instincts? If I were likely to harm you, why did they not warn you? But no; you could talk to me as if I were your brother—until you learn who I am. Come now,” and as he spoke he

laid his hand on her shoulder, “tell me what it is you have heard about me. What is it?” he repeated; and as she still remained silent, “That I am one who have broken the law—done something which makes it better to keep out of sight? Well, you do not say ‘no’ or ‘yes,’ so I may suppose it is so. And if it were true, if I had been as guilty as possible—in the past—if I had committed any crime you choose to imagine, why should you argue from that, that I should hurt you now? Have faith, child. Do not judge by hearsay, but by your own experience; you are young enough for that.”

The sudden, passionate outbreak died away; the speaker stood watching the girl, who had now risen,—stood watching her with some shadowy expectation of awaiting a reply. At any rate, so Leigh Curwen interpreted the look.

“You have been kind to me,” she said, lifting her eyes to his; “I am not afraid of you,—why should I be? You do not look to me,” she added, as he still stood silent, “as if you would hurt any one, unless,”—remembering the passion that had shaken his voice a minute ago,—“unless you were angry.” No smile lightened the gravity of his eyes at the concluding words.

“A wide reservation,” he said; “the devil makes the most of those reservations, and grants opportunities.”

“But you are stronger than the devil,” she said gently.

Once again he looked at her, as if weighing her words, but “Good night” was what he said when he spoke next, and added—“Don’t trouble your young soul any more about problems that the wisdom of the world can’t answer. Be happy while you can; men are not worth the tears women give them.”

"Oh yes," she replied, "some men are," remembering that young dead hero; "though after all——"

"After all,—what?"—as she paused.

"It does not much matter," she concluded,—*"I mean, if they are worth it. They are worth it to us,"* she ended softly.

"Which proves," he said gravely, "what an advantage it is to a man not to put himself outside the pale of a woman's love."

"I think that is impossible." What could Leonard do in the uncertain future which would make her stand aloof from him! "*We cannot alter,"* she concluded vaguely, "because they do."

He had left her then, and she had made her way home slowly, under the solemn trees, the current of her thought changed from the bright-faced eager boy from whom she had parted, to this man, with the sad, grave eyes, and the stern unsmiling mouth.

She had no one to speak to of her little adventure, for her father took but little interest in the village and its doings, and gradually the episode faded, until its sharp outlines were lost, but not before one day, in a quick flash of memory, she had recognised in the stranger of the wood the man who had been kind to her as a little child, lifting her on to his horse, drying her tears, and comforting her with the promise of showing her the way home.

Nothing else of any importance, it seemed, on looking back, had happened in her whole life, except one brief visit from Leonard, until that dreary evening, this past week, when her father had been brought home, ill, dying, the strange, black-browed man by his side.

"Eberhardt!" the servants had cried, shrinking back from the

open door, even in that moment giving more thought to the dweller on the heights, who had thus appeared amongst them, than to poor, insensible Wilfred Curwen.

It was to Leigh he addressed his few words, to her he explained how and where he had found her father, fainting and ill, and had got assistance, and brought him home; to her he looked as to what her wishes might be.

She did not shrink from him, perhaps partly from association, which had taught her not to fear him, perhaps because in that supreme moment any strong human help was valuable.

Amongst all the varied inmates of the house, all offering advice or grieving aloud, all more or less excited, he stood unmoved and calm, as if the terror and agitation had left him alone untouched. When a moment later Madame Hartmann herself announced that the room was ready, and, accompanied by the excited maids, the men who had brought Mr Curwen home prepared to carry him upstairs, Leigh, who was following them, turned back, as if with a sudden impulse, to where the dark, silent figure still stood, and "Wait," she said, laying a slim, trembling hand on his.

Though such had evidently not been his intention, yet at the words, the touch,—*"Yes,"* he answered, "I will wait."

Two hours later,—the request she had made forgotten in the anguish of her heart at the doctor's verdict,—when she re-entered the little room, she was reminded of it, by the sight of him standing—so it seemed to her—in the same attitude in which she had left him, looking out through the falling winter twilight on to the dull village street.

She faltered some words of

apology, which he checked by a question.

"Your brother, where is he? You must send for him."

"It is too late," she cried. "Every day we are expecting a letter saying he has gone to India. He hoped to come to us, but only in his last letter said he feared it would be impossible."

She was not crying—only looking at him, as if praying of him to hold out some shadow of hope. "I will send a telegram at any rate," he answered; "there is always a chance."

"It has been a great trouble," she went on,—“hearing of this sudden order to India,” she explained. "I fear that is what has made my father ill."

There was no hope he could hold out; it was in silence he left her, and went out into the darkening night.

The message brought no reply. Day after day passed; the old man lay dying,—not calmly, as Leigh would have wished, but torn with anxiety for what was to become of her.

And then one day he told her of the way of peace that had opened,—that Eberhardt had offered to marry her, and stand between her and the cold desolate world, in which he was about to leave her.

"Do not refuse," the old man urged. "Dear Leigh, it is breaking my heart to leave you like this. He is trustworthy, I feel certain of it. All these years, except that he has lived alone, there has been no word against him. The childish gossip of ignorant villagers is not to be listened to. Promise me this, and let me die in peace."

And she had promised. Why should she not? The lonely world in which she was to be left she

dreaded. This man, to her at least, was kind in his stern, quiet way. He asked nothing from her; he only took her hand in his as they stood by the old man's side and said, "You consent?"

"Yes," she faltered; but a minute later turned towards him, lifting her eyes to his. "I do not know you," she said,—her voice was steady, though low. "You have been kind to me, and my father wishes it; but you are a stranger to us. Tell me, is there any reason why I should not marry you?"

Her eyes never left his face; under their steady gaze, his, for a second, wavered. It seemed as if his face, so stern and cold, for a second grew sterner, colder, but his voice did not falter as he answered, "No."

"I trust you," Leigh said.

And only a couple of days later she was kneeling by his side, listening to the words which made her his wife. Then so few hours of separation between that moment and the one in which she knew herself to be fatherless,—so few the hours, and now, with the past all cut away from behind her, she was setting forth alone to face the future which was so dim and uncertain. She did not analyse enough to know exactly what she felt. The thought of the strange dark-eyed man she was going to meet quickened her heart-beats; it was impossible to realise that he was her husband,—that it was to that building on the heights, from whose turret-window the light had so often shone through the darkness, that she was going, to share his life. No, that was unrealisable, and what she could realise was frightening; and yet underneath it all was a sensation that, the terror once calmed, there would be peace and protection for

her there, and shelter from the cold, desolate world she feared. In this faith, which was that of a child, for some one who had been "kind," she drove through the

dark winter night in the shabby fly from the "Red Lion," up the steep hill path to where Castle Breitstein loomed above.

CHAPTER II.

"Paradise is under the shadow of swords."

There was no light visible when the carriage drew up before the gloomy mass of building which showed dimly through the darkness. Leigh felt her courage failing, her dreams vanishing, as the man, after some vain attempts, informed her he could not find a bell, and that there seemed to be no one about; but even as he spoke, there was a slow, shuffling footstep, and a dim lantern showed vaguely an old man in the doorway. He said something which the girl interpreted to mean that he was sorry not to have seen her arrival, and then dismissing the carriage, told her to follow him.

He led the way, his lantern casting uncertain lights and shadows, through various dark passages, until he paused before a heavy curtain, and lifting it disclosed a door hidden behind its folds.

Almost involuntarily Leigh stretched out her hand as if to stop him; but it was too late, if such had been her intention. He had turned the handle, and she was standing on the threshold of a room, which, by comparison with the gloomy passages that had led to it, was dazzling to her eyes.

At the sound of the opening door, Eberhardt, the only occupant, looked up with an exclamation. "It is you," he said, rising and moving towards her. "I hoped I should have heard you arrive." He took her cold hands in his and drew her nearer to the

fire. "Hans will get you some coffee," he said.

Left alone, she drew her hand from his half nervously. He did not attempt to retain it, but pulled a low chair up to the great open hearth, and placed a fresh log on the fire; and as it blazed up in a bright flame, he turned where he knelt beside her and pushed the hood back from her hair. With something akin to curiosity, then, she looked at him—this man who stood so near to her, and who yet was so entirely a stranger. The old remembrance of him crept back as she looked, eradicating later impressions; the remembrance that he was kind—meant to be kind, at least; and to-night there was a softer look in the dark gloomy eyes and about the stern mouth—a look more in accord with the gentleness with which he unclasped her cloak and put it aside.

"You are warmer now," he said; and once more he took her hand in his, holding it for a moment in his firm clasp. Then, before releasing it, he kissed the narrow ring that gleamed in the firelight. This time she did not shrink from his touch, only reddened a little at the unaccustomed caress, and a little later was speaking of her troubles and anxieties with almost the same freedom as when she had appealed to him in the wood against the perplexities of the world.

No doubt or thought as to the

future had yet troubled her mind, It seemed, as she rested in the firelight, that on to the broad shoulders of this man kneeling beside her she had thrown her share of the burden. The immediate present, with its sense of rest and comfort after the weary trouble and terror of the last days, was all that affected her.

By-and-by, when he went back to the unfinished letter that her entrance had interrupted, she let her eyes wander round the room, taking in all the outward life of the man: a bare, scantily furnished room, with some tattered tapestry on the walls; the arm-chair in which she was seated; the table drawn up to the window, to which his back was turned; the window from which the light had so often streamed down into the valley. The curtain was drawn now, shutting out the winter light, and against its dark crimson background stood out in strong relief the bent head of the writer. From all their journeyings round the room, it was to that quiet figure her eyes returned,—the dark head greyer than she remembered it, the eyes which she had never seen lighten into smiles, the hard lines about the mouth, and the strong, nervous hand that held the pen. Once as she looked his eyes met hers, and on an impulse, it seemed, he leant forward and spoke.

"After a little while, when things can be arranged, I should like to take you away from here. This is not my home, you know."

She nodded. How often in the old days had she been told the story of how Eberhardt had taken the deserted castle—the castle that was haunted! which all went to prove the truth of the villagers' suspicions, that it was not for nothing the devil let him live unharmed in his own domain. She

smiled a little now at the thought, and her mind shifted from his words; and when a few moments later they returned to her memory, the question that they prompted was checked on her lips by a sudden sound which broke the stillness. Then the door was hastily opened, and Leonard Curwen stood on the threshold. Yes, it was doubtless Leonard—though in this worn, travel-stained man, it was difficult to recognise the young proud brother whom she had last seen.

But her first thought was joy he had come: once again she was to see him before these years of separation should come between them, and it was with a sudden passionate happiness she moved towards him. The heavy mantle slipped to the floor, revealing the slender black-clad figure; but it was on the hand that clasped his that Leonard Curwen's looks were turned—to the gold band she wore.

"What is that, Leigh?" he cried. And then changing his words, and looking to where Eberhardt still sat watching them, "Who is that?"

"It is my husband," she faltered.

"Too late!" For a moment the slight boyish figure seemed to tremble, but his clasp of his sister did not loosen.

"Do not blame," she began.

"Not you," he answered, taking her hand in his, his arm tightening its hold about her; and standing thus, there was something touching in the resemblance they bore to each other. "No; I have come to save you. What is his name?" he questioned.

"Eberhardt. Oh, Leo! you remember him?"

"Is that your name?" The flashing angry eyes of the younger man sought and met those resolute dark ones.

“No.”

The answer came sharp and stern; the girl trembled as she heard it, and crept closer to her brother, her hold on his hand tightened.

“You hear, Leigh?” he said. “You are not ashamed,” his young passionate voice ringing through the silent room, “to take advantage of a poverty-stricken, helpless old man, and a young defenceless girl. You have hidden yourself successfully all these years, but I have found you at last. You are Sigismund Westenholz.”

“Sigismund Westenholz,” the man replied, and still his resolute eyes faced boldly his young accuser, “is dead.”

“Not dead,” the other retorted hotly, “but dishonoured — disgraced!”

“Leo,” pleaded Leigh, as at the words Eberhardt rose. He did not, however, move a step nearer, did not even drop the pen that he still held. But Leigh’s soft voice was drowned in Leonard’s fiery tones.

“Do you know him now, Leigh? See him, recognise him, for whom he is, Rudolf’s murderer — and your husband! All these years to have sought him, and to find him thus! — now, when it is you who have tied my hands.”

With a low cry, Leigh shrank away from his side. Her eyes turned to Eberhardt; it was to him she spoke — to him who still stood silent.

“You deceived me!” she cried. It was all she said, but her words brought a fierce, quick answer.

“You cannot feel it more than I do.”

It was no repudiation, it was acceptance.

To Leigh, it felt as if the palace of life were falling about her. No

words were possible; indeed there was nothing to say in face of such direful disaster.

From both these men she seemed now equally separated. Was this passionate man, flaming out in righteous indignation, the dear brother whose life she had shared so long? Was this other he who had first blighted their home life, and whose image had been the shadow on their home? “Rudolf’s murderer!” — the words were ringing in her ears.

“Say something in answer,” Leonard cried; “with your own mouth condemn yourself. Let the girl you have deceived understand it. Own that you lied to her — married her on false pretences.”

“Silence” — a despairing voice followed the other’s rapid speech — “is as condemning as words.” The quiet tones broke the other’s quick torrent.

“You have hidden yourself all these years,” ignoring his words; “you married under a false name; you were anxious the world should forget Sigismund Westenholz.”

“A useless wish, even if possible. It needed no one outside one’s self to remind one that Sigismund Westenholz was still alive, all these years.”

“Ten years,” interrupted Leonard, passionately. “Do you think we have forgotten? He who was brother to us, in all but name; and now — it is too hard. You have taken them both from me — first the brother, and now the sister.”

“I deny nothing — say, do what you will. The right is on your side.”

“So easy to say when you are safely sheltered behind ten years of silence, which have given you in addition the means of working us this further evil.”

“I do not accept the shelter. Your sister married me, as you

say, to please her father, who feared to leave her alone in the world; but she married me in ignorance, under a false name. Such a marriage, one would think, could be easily set aside. I do not press my claims. She is free,—as free as if you had come in time to save her. Take her away with you, and I swear that she shall never hear of me again.”

It was faint reparation Leonard in his hot passion felt, but it was all he had to offer. He took a few steps nearer to him, until only the narrow width of the writing-table divided them, and the lamp showed the two faces clearly and distinctly to the watching woman.

“It was not,” he cried, “to leave you in peace, that I have sought you all these years,—it was to avenge the death of the man who was my dearest friend. It was a cruel death—you know it. You knew that the chances were all in your favour.”

“I did not know it at the time,” the other answered.

“Others thought differently,” Leonard said, significantly. “But I would have risked the same fate that he found; I should not have feared it any more than he did, only—I cannot fight Leigh’s husband, even though he is her husband only in name.”

Leigh was standing beside him now, a white, terrified woman between these two men,—the one so strange and terrifying in his passion, the other so still and calm, and yet with something in the stillness more alarming than the other’s wrath.

“No,” he went on, “I accept what I feel to be the failure of my life, foiled through some luck which has once again stood you in good stead. Ten years thrown away.”

“I was *your* age.” There was

something pathetic in the words, emphasised as they were by the strong-lined face, the dark gloomy eyes, that looked at the young passionate boy opposite; but it may be doubted if in either of the two young hearts the pathos found any reflection.

“I accept the inevitable,” Leonard went on, unheeding the interruption. “Leigh and I will go away, and strive to forget you, and the cruel harm you have done us.”

He took the girl’s hand in his, and drew her nearer to him, and it seemed as if she clung closer to him, seeking protection from all this new fierce trouble. She rested her cheek against his arm, touching his hand with a little caressing gesture,—almost, it was, as if she were about to go away with him, out into the wide world, all unknowing and unquestioning as to what lay on the other side of this room, when of a sudden Eberhardt’s voice was heard again.

“She is free to do as she wills,—the choice lies with her,—to go with you, or to stay with me.”

Something in the voice recalled to her memory the new life that so short a time back had opened before her, something in its tones made her turn her head, and look at him who had spoken. Her hand dropped from Leonard’s arm, and she stood irresolutely between them.

“Choose,” Leonard said. “I can do but little for you,—anyway it seems to me your life is spoilt. But with me, you know my love,—it is tried and proved. I will do what I can to make you happy.”

The tears fell down her cheeks at the words; she faltered out something of which the only clear words were; “Ah, Leo, with you, whatever happened, I should be happy,—you know it,” and at the

words Eberhardt turned his head, and, drawing aside the curtain, looked out into the night.

A second later a light hand was laid on his shoulder. If he felt the touch, he gave but small sign that it was so. He did not turn his head, took no part in the passionate tender talk between the brother and sister. It was his silence and abandonment that had set the seal on Leigh's decision. Almost unconsciously she had decided, letting her hand rest on his shoulder with a momentary desire to comfort one who was so terribly in the wrong. And to her he had been kind; through the tumult and pain of her brother's words, that thought would again find its way.

All alone he stood against the world; for the moment desire to stand by his side obliterated the realisation of what such a position would cost her. But now she knew, with Leonard's arms round her, Leonard's kisses on her cheeks, bidding her farewell, striving to speak gently and fairly.

"I do not blame you, little one. You were helpless, and alone, and deceived, and I cannot decide for you now; but if you wish for me at any moment, if you are unhappy, do not hide it from me,—send for me. Oh, it has been a cruel fate! But I was away. I have travelled night and day since I got your telegram, but too late—too late! Well, I am going; I do not choose to stay here. Good-bye, Leigh. Nothing—no one—shall come between us." He kissed her again, and turned with quick, uneven footsteps away; but at the door he paused once more to look back and cry—"Leigh, do you hesitate? Come to me."

But she only shook her head—her tears would not let her speak; and with those last words, that

last look of love and sorrow, the door closed between them.

Left alone in the silence that succeeded the young, denouncing voice, it seemed as if in a moment the passionate spirit had passed into her own heart—as if only now, when her choice was made, and she stood facing what she had done, did she realise the impossibility of her position.

The momentary pity had passed; it was as if Leonard's spirit had passed into Leigh's soft dark eyes, when at length Eberhardt turned and faced her.

"Why did you stay?" he asked. His voice was unsteady, the hand resting on the table trembled a little; but by Leigh both signs passed unobserved.

"Why," she cried, "what was I to do? You knew my position. Do you think it would be an easy matter for my brother to provide a home for me? I do not wish to spoil his life as well as my own."

There were no tears in the eyes that met his now—it was as if a flame of fire had dried them; no tremble in the clear voice. Almost it seemed as if, after that parting, the curtain had fallen behind the soft-eyed girl, and that it was passionate young Leonard Curwen who had remained.

"Deceived and broken-hearted," every other thought or memory was summed up for her in those words, and the powerlessness she felt but served to augment the bitterness of her soul. She had not expected much; she had striven to please her father—had done what he had wished, trusting only, in her foolish, confiding youth, to the honour of this man—and he was unworthy of her trust; had with his own lips acknowledged that it was so. She was helpless and alone; there was no one to whom to appeal, and it was as

if the knowledge of the weakness of her position roused a despairing, feverish strength which sought relief in words. But for a moment after she had spoken, they were both silent, both standing nearly the width of the room between them, and how much besides of separation that no space could define: she with head half turned towards the door, as if there were yet a shadowy dream of escape, her face whiter than before, her eyes dark-circled and tragic in their despair; he, haggard and worn, with some faint, unaccustomed pleading in the gloomy eyes.

To him she appeared like some beautiful wild animal realising the sense of capture; and, if it were so, in him she only saw a cruel captor, who, not trusting to his strength alone, had used unfair strategy.

It was the woman who at length broke the silence. Her taunting words brought no response; and she had now passed beyond the stage wherein to recognise that words are futile, is cause sufficient for withholding them.

"You say nothing — can say nothing! Well," with sudden attempt at calmness, clasping her hands together and facing him once more, "tell me the story. Let me hear it from your point of view. What did you fight about?"

"You do not know?"

"I know nothing," with swift passion. "I have been kept in ignorance all my life; but my eyes," with bitter emphasis, "have been opened at last."

"We fought about a certain Eleanor von Cortlandt," with stern brevity. "She——"

"It was about a woman," Leigh's voice broke in, with curious breathlessness. "You loved her?"

"I loved her," he acquiesced.

She laughed a little, harsh, discordant laugh.

"And she?"

"We both flattered ourselves that her smiles were ours alone. It appeared afterwards we were both mistaken."

"Why?" Despite herself, there was eagerness in the question.

"It was a sort of proof that she refused my love when I offered it to her."

"You were *his* murderer!"

The words came swiftly, as if unpremeditatedly; but she lifted her eyes defiantly, as if to stand by them—even if they had escaped her unawares.

"You only see me in that terrible light?"

"Only."

"You are a hard judge," he said slowly. "Do you not believe in expiation?"

"Expiation with you," she retorted quickly, "meant refuge from the world's blame — bitterness at the loss of the woman you loved."

Viewed from her point of view, it was such a natural summing up.

"Is she alive?" pursuing her questions in quick, hard tones.

"Yes."

It seemed as if with each word he was putting himself further in the wrong, and yet the facts might have been twisted into another direction, he felt, if only—— But under the circumstances such was not likely to be the case.

Burning as she was with a sense of her wrongs, her heart still aching over the sorrow that had left her desolate in the world, it was little wonder that Leigh saw everything in harsh outline, with no softening, intervening veil.

She waited a second after that brief answer to her question, and then, half turning away——

"I have nothing more to say,"

she said. "Whether you have told me the truth or not, how am I to know? There may be more, which I shall learn some day. When it comes, I shall at least be better prepared than I was this evening."

He said something,—some quick words passed his lips. Of that she was assured; and she half essayed, through the gathering numbness that was creeping over her, to hear what they were. But though he spoke, he did not move—only wavered a little, as if he were growing a shadowy outline, instead of the distinct reality he had been for so long against the dull, crimson background. Or was it she herself that was unsteadily striving to push aside the heavy curtain that hung over the door? But it must be done, though she was not very strong; she could not remain here. Escape, that was what she must do; and this was the way. In here it was a prison—a suffocating prison; and she pressed her hand to her throat, leaning for a moment against the door to recover breath. Here was no place for her. In here she had listened to all that story which necessitated her departure. What was the story? Something about Eleanor—what was the name? He loved her. Yes, that was it. Recalling all her energies, which seemed slipping away from her, she grasped the curtain more firmly with one hand, but it was a faint grasp. She felt it slipping away from her, a darkness growing between her and the firelight, then a momentary terror, which found utterance in one sharp cry—"Eberhardt!" But before he could answer it, or reach her side, she was lying white and still on the threshold.

When next realities and dreams stood out sharply dis severed from

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one another, she was lying in bed, the cold wintry sun streaming into the room. For a moment all this previous horror was part of the shifting feverish visions that had haunted her during the night, and she was opening glad girlish eyes in the small room at Madame Hartmann's boarding-house, where so much of her life had been passed.

But a minute later, when she lifted herself on her elbow, the sight of the strange room brought memory back; and, as she moved, the curtain was pushed aside, and a woman appeared by her bed, at the sight of whom all that had been momentarily indistinct came back.

This calm, quiet woman had leant over her, her face moved with anxiety, when she had first opened her eyes after that vain effort to escape; this woman's gentle hands had helped her later into bed, and had brought her some refreshing drink, after taking which she had sunk into that troubled sleep which had yet brought half forgetfulness; and it seemed as if, while she was tossing feverishly about during the past hours, now and again the same kind hands had smoothed her pillow, the same gentle eyes looked at her.

"Were you here all the time?" she asked, realising this fact.

"Madame is awake," the woman said. "I will get you some coffee; it will refresh you."

"No." Leigh turned quickly, catching at the woman's hands. "No, don't leave me."

"I will ring for it," she answered, soothingly, and as she spoke, she pushed back the thick dark hair. "No, I will not leave you; I am here to take care of you."

The frightened look faded out of the girl's eyes. Perhaps the elder woman understood what she

feared: she said nothing, but she sighed as she walked across the room, and opened the door to give the order. When it had been attended to, and Leigh had drunk the coffee, she rose once more from her seat by the bed, and putting an envelope down by her, "There is a letter for Madame," she said; "I will wait while she reads it—there may be an answer."

There was no doubt who it was from, though she had only seen the writing once on that previous scrap of paper which she had received. Was it only last night? She knew it at once: her breath came quickly at the sight, her cheeks grew whiter still, but she opened it and read it.

It was not very long, and so clear that, weak and bewildered as she was, its meaning reached her at once. There was no formal beginning,—in that it resembled its predecessor, but there the resemblance ceased.

"Margaret tells me you have had a bad night, so perhaps you will not feel well enough for a journey to-day. But if you are inclined to start, I have made arrangements for you to go to my sister, where I think and hope you will be happier. You are too young to let a sorrow, however crushing, spoil your life. Put it aside, and forget as much as possible; or, if that is denied you, do not at least refuse yourself the chance of so doing. Rest assured of this, at least, that everything that can be done to make your future easy, will be done. Margaret will remain with you, and arrange your journey just how and when you feel inclined. She comes from Arnheim, and can tell you anything you wish to know." And then, abruptly, as in that other letter, his signature; and as

in that, only the name by which she had learnt to know him—

"**EBERHARDT.**"

Under it a few more words, written as if something had prompted them,—some personal feeling which had been carefully suppressed in the letter itself.

"If you should ever wish me to do anything for you, or even to see me, I shall be here; or if I should leave, my sister will always know where I am to be found."

When she had read it, she folded it absently, unheeding of the anxious eyes that followed her movements. But at length she spoke, turning her head to ask gently, "You are Margaret?"

"Yes."

"I am glad," the girl said softly, touching the elder woman's hand. "You look so kind and good, I am glad you will be with me."

"And you wish to go?" she questioned, tentatively.

"Yes,—oh yes! *When?* That is what we must think of. I cannot breathe here—it suffocates me. But you are tired; you shall," grudgingly, "have one night's rest, and then——"

"There is no reason why we should not start to-day, if that is the only reason;" but there was a little disappointed sigh as she added, "There is no answer?"

"No, no;" said the girl, quickly; "you sit down and tell me how we are to go, and when—when?"

"You are so impatient."

"Yes; I will tell you why."

She drew the elder woman nearer, and lowered her voice. "I thought—all night it haunted me—that he would keep me here."

"And you are so anxious to go?"

The girl only nodded, and turned impatiently to the consideration of the journey, and what it involved.

It mattered little to her where she was going, or into what dim, unknown future. To escape from the neighbourhood of him who had wrought the wrong, to go away, was her only thought, into some new future which should contain some as yet unknown water of forgetfulness, in the drinking of which she would become Leigh Curwen once more, and that was

what this journey seemed to offer. She was too young to have learnt that there are no spaces so wide that, hastening across them, we can congratulate ourselves that we have outstripped what we are flying from : small wonder was it, then, that her only wish and hope was to begin the journey which was to obliterate the past.

CHAPTER III.

“ Since, if you stood by my side to-day,
Only our hands could meet,
What matter if half the weary world
Lies out between our feet ? ”

Time, after all, if it does not change us, does not convert us into something absolutely different, or even offer an asylum from the past, still always effects something. To weak human nature it suffices to move out of the immediate shadow to find that the point of view has altered. It is almost impossible to look at anything in exactly the same light to-day and six months hence ; and though the facts may not have changed in any perceptible degree, the burden, from merely being viewed from another point, has shifted, and the sufferer is eased.

Nothing had altered. Eberhardt was Sigismund Westenholz, whose personality had been the pain of her youth ; the gold circlet on her finger spoke always of the bond, that at least nominally linked her to him, making his name hers. There was still all that bitter memory of deceit and cruelty that had placed her in his power, separating her by mere force of circumstances from the brother she loved ; and yet, as she went over it to-night, under the starlight, the story did not read itself exactly the same as when she had first heard it. Perhaps the soft balmy

night air had something to do with it ; perhaps, all unconsciously, healing had been stealing over her in these many months in which so little had arisen to remind her of the wound. At first it had seemed as if she could never forget, but little by little the cloud had lifted, until sometimes now the more difficult thing was to remember that she was living in its shadow.

To-night, however, it was creeping over her, faint, ill-defined, but yet she was aware of something that precluded the calm in which she essayed to live, and made her restless and ill at ease.

These past weeks had been so quiet and peaceful ; she had grown to feel at home under this roof which had received her, in the gentle companionship of the kind woman with whom she lived, whom she had learnt to know as Madame Esler, and whom she had never learnt to associate with that closed page of her story.

When she had left yonder, as she vaguely denominated the valley over which the ruins of Castle Breitstein gloomed, she had had no plans, no intentions for the future.

To get away from the castle and

its influences was the immediate longing; and, that accomplished, she had accepted the new life that seemed to have opened out to receive her, in the spirit that it was a home which was to be hers for ever. And nothing had happened different to-day from any other day, or such a slight thing that it was scarcely worth making an addition of to the ordinary day's ordinary events.

All this long, hot summer day had passed without a disturbing thought to ruffle its serene surface.

The young gladness, which at one time had apparently been banished for ever, had seemed beckoning her back into youth, reminding her that she was but a girl after all, and a girl whose whole life had been overshadowed.

But the sunshine had stolen about her to-day, and a reflection of it had warmed her heart also, and she had sung little snatches of half-forgotten songs as she wandered about the lovely garden in the early morning gathering roses; and the sound had gladdened the ears of the elder woman, and she had risen and pushed aside the curtains to catch a glimpse of Leigh in the morning sunshine, and tears had stolen into her kind eyes—tears of thankfulness at the soft outlines that were bringing back youth to the face, to the delicate colour that was finding its unaccustomed way under the dark eyes. Madame Esler uttered a word of thankfulness as she noted this, and remembered the girl who had appealed to all the undemanded motherliness with which her heart overflowed, on that past winter night; but when, a minute later, she returned to her unfinished letter, she sighed as she took up her pen.

"You ask me," she wrote, "if she has spoken of the past? No;

no word of reference to it has crossed her lips. And I obey you. I have said nothing to her, though sometimes it would ease my heart to do so."

Here Leigh had entered—still singing her little song, still with the soft colour on her cheeks—to arrange her flowers, and Madame had turned from her letter to listen to the girl's talk.

They lived a quiet life, these two women, in the old-fashioned house, with its lovely gardens and quaint clipped hedges, amongst which Leigh loved to wander. A quiet life, with few neighbours—for they were many miles from the little town—but yet not lonely. And to all alike—to every one who broke the monotony of their daily life—Madame Esler introduced the girl who had come to live with her as "Madame Westenholz," otherwise it would have been hard sometimes to realise the past was not a dream. Sometimes a question would follow, and Madame Esler would further add, "She is a young relation;" but Leigh herself heeded little the questions or explanations. She was content to drift and to forget—if it were possible. But this afternoon, when, the long hot day over, she had been going up-stairs to dress for dinner, a little thing had disturbed her. Lying on the table, she had seen, as she passed through the hall, a letter, and, almost unconsciously, she had read the address—"Eberhardt, Post-office, Breitstein."

The once familiar name, so long unheard, stirred a quick tide of emotion which brought a wave of colour to her cheeks; and she paused, leaning against the banister for a moment, unable to take her eyes from the words.

But only for a moment,—then she pursued her way upwards;

but the memories that had rushed back at that unexpected lifting of the curtain which kept them out of sight, would not be banished all at once. "Eberhardt!" The name stood out before her—not the new name which was associated with such bitterness, but the old familiar name at which she had shuddered as a child, and which later on— With a movement in which there was a little impatience, she hastened her steps and pushed open the door of her room.

It was a room that had charmed her from the first. It was not large or imposing—indeed, in comparison with the other unused apartments in the house it was small; but there was something peculiarly pleasing about the somewhat sombre style of the furniture, which was dark and faded, as if it had worn out under the influence of human presence,—not stood apart and covered up, as was the case with most of the other rooms into which she had strayed. Here everything was homely and comfortable, as if for use; and if the style were sober, that was counteracted by the lovely view across the gardens and the park, to the distant shining river. Opening out of the bedroom, and divided from it only by a curtain, was another room that served as boudoir. It contained little but a heavy writing-table and two or three pictures—pictures of faces or figures, of a type that suited the serious character of its arrangements, but which yet were oddly at variance with the usual character of boudoir decoration. One especially attracted Leigh's attention every time she entered the room. It was called "The Vow," and there was little in the picture except the one man's figure—tall, upright, alert, standing in a silent,

empty street, on which the moonlight shone grey and ghostly. Facing her, he stood, an unsheathed sword in his hand, his dark eyes, under their straight black brows, looking into hers. Something in their expression would now and then reach her heart as she paused in the doorway before entering in; or as she sat reading or working at the table, she would lift her eyes to those above her, and wonder what it meant. What was he vowing there alone in the moonlight? What had prompted that sudden movement? Love, hate, good, evil—what was it? What had the painter meant by it? Once she had asked Madame Esler, but she had only told her that it had been bought out of the Salon years ago by one of the house; that the story, if there were a story, she had never heard—"though it tells one of itself," she added, "and that should suffice, even if it be a different one from the one the painter had in view."

But to Leigh the vagueness dissatisfied: she would have preferred it rounded off into something definite, and often she would speculate and make out a story for herself.

She had banished as soon as possible the momentary glimpse of the letter that had disturbed her, though, passing down to dinner, almost involuntarily her eyes had strayed to where it had been, but it had disappeared. Of course the post went out at this time, but now and again she found her thoughts following it on its outward journey. And now, now that the evening was over, and she stood alone in her room, the memory of it came back. She had dismissed old Margaret, but she had not got into bed. No; it

was such a lovely warm night. She was not sleepy,—she would sit up a little longer. But when Margaret had brushed out the soft dark hair, and wished her good night, she did not continue the book she had been reading, but, pushing wider open the window, leaning her elbows on the sill, she looked forth into the night. Such glorious starlight, with a slender crescent moon,—its quiet and beauty seemed to belong to another world. And, as she leant thus, there stole once more into her thoughts the memory of that letter. She did not wish to think of it, but there seemed no possibility of escape.

“What had it contained? She had been mentioned, of course,—and how?”

The past, which she had so nearly escaped, was clutching at her again, and showing how much a part of the present it still was. For the first time for long weeks that desolate room in Breitstein stood out before her, a vague, dim background for the one erect figure standing so strong and distinct. The silence with which those passionate reproaches had been met seemed closing round her again; the eyes, so stern and gloomy, were looking into hers. She made a little impatient movement, but thought was not to be banished by that; something still held her enchained there, whilst that terrible scene re-enacted itself, and, as if held by something stronger than her own will, she remained on, albeit half unwillingly.

But at length past and present grew entangled, some thought suddenly flying across the vague darkness seeming to serve as a revelation. She lifted her head, which had drooped on to her folded arms, and said, “I am sleepy—dream-

ing,” and yet all the time was aware that the dream was truth. With a few hasty steps she crossed to where the open door revealed the light still burning in the inner room, but on the threshold paused,—it was an almost unconscious habit,—and met the eyes of the picture looking down upon her: the familiar picture—the tall figure in its rich dark dress, the moonlight shining weirdly down on the silent street and on the uplifted sword.

Was she dreaming still?

Clasping her hands, shrinking back as if the pictured figure had come to life, she stood in the doorway, recognising in a moment's flash that these were the same eyes of which she had been thinking—the eyes that had looked into hers in the dreary room at Breitstein. And with that flash, in a moment, yet more seemed to be revealed. This had been *his* room; all these surroundings had been his. Here he had worked, and read, and lived; from here he had gone forth to that life that she had known. All at once the place seemed alive with his presence; influences were all about her, voices which spoke of what he had dreamed and done between these four narrow walls. The curtain that hid the past was torn down, and in the quiet and stillness it was as if he were there, a shadow amidst these shadows. She felt her heart-beats quicken, and she was trembling so that she could scarcely stand; but with hands clasped she stood still, under a spell, in which to move or speak were alike impossible.

She would have shaken it off if she could, but that seemed as impossible as when she had striven to escape his actual presence before. He had helped her then, she found herself acknowledging, but

now he was avenged ; this strange influence which held her here—this influence which spoke to her from the pictures on the walls, and the books whose titles had sufficed, and which she had left undisturbed and unread—was stronger than she was capable of resisting, and she shrank from it, as if in terror. She still stood facing the picture, whose strange resemblance seemed to increase with every moment, feeling imprisoned by the knowledge that had thus suddenly come to her, when swiftly, as it had come, the terror died away. It was as if a soft touch stilled the quickened pulses ; the loud beating of her heart grew quieter ; the dark eyes into which she looked seemed to express their meaning.

“ Why should you fear ? Why are you afraid of me ? Have I not promised,”—and the uplifted sword, on which the ghostly light gleamed, seemed recording the vow in the sight of heaven.

The spell was loosed, the terror that had possessed her vanished away. With a sigh that might have been relief she turned away, taking up the candle which burned on the table, and recrossed the curtained threshold into the other room. Here there were fewer ghosts, surely nothing to alarm her here, —only the one fact that his presence had once been the life of these rooms, that it was in his footsteps she was following, that

she was living amid the surroundings from which he had so long been exiled.

Standing for a moment with the thought—it was almost a sad one—flooding her, she lifted the light and looked around.

So little here but the dull, old-fashioned furniture, and the one dark, eager boy's face over the chimney-piece. Just the head of a dark-haired lad, with the eager light of youth in his eyes,—she had often looked at it with pleasure, it was so full of life and hope ; but to-night, when her eyes were turning to the accustomed spot, she blew out the candle before they reached it. It told another story now,—she did not wish to see it. It bore no glad prophetic promise of a full life into which that had blossomed, but instead spoke of failure and disappointment, bitterness and solitude. To any one who had cared for the boy, how terrible the knowledge of what the future held, into which those eager eyes had looked ! To any one who cared for the man, how terrible the knowledge of the possibilities of his boyhood !

Something so like a sob escaped her, that it startled and aroused her to the consciousness of the fact that she was still standing in the dark, the soft summer wind blowing in through the open window, through which were visible the distant shining stars.

CHAPTER IV.

“ It is a law that resistance must be equal to force.”

Perhaps her unusual vigils made her over-sleep herself, but it was late when Leigh made her appearance next morning, and there was something about her manner, some languid look, to which Madame Esler had grown un-

accustomed, which made her ask if she had slept badly.

“ Not very well,” the girl allowed ; and, not giving time for any comment,—“ Madame,” she said, more as if making a statement than asking a question,

"that room was your brother's, was it not?"

She lifted her eyes steadily as she spoke, but the lashes fell before the answer came.

"Yes, it was Sigismund's," Madame said, quietly. "In many ways it is one of the pleasantest rooms in the house, though it is not large; but if you take a fancy to another, you know you have only to tell me."

For half a second the girl hesitated, and then, "No, no," she said, quickly, "I do not want to change—I have been there so long." She paused, and then beginning a fresh sentence: "The face in the picture is rather like him."

"He sat for it," Madame replied, "when he was a young man; it was painted by a friend of his."

She waited also, having spoken, as if hoping or expecting something further; but when the girl next spoke she had drifted into another subject, and the former one was not referred to again.

And there was something else impending, which in their quiet lives was important, at least to Madame,—a visit. And it was so seldom that she left home that the very idea was slightly agitating; and in addition, to leave Leigh alone, though it was only for a couple of days, was an extra source of disturbance.

But Leigh, learning it was an old friend to whom this annual pilgrimage was to be made, would not hear of its being postponed: she declared herself quite able to amuse herself during the two days' solitude.

"Shall I ask some one to stay with you?" Madame had suggested. "There is Emilie Sybel would gladly come, I have no doubt—or would you rather go to her?"

Leigh, however, refused either alternative.

"I shall be very happy alone, dear Madame—do not think of me: I shall garden till you return." She was an indefatigable gardener. "I should be really unhappy," as Madame still hesitated, "if you let my presence interfere with your plans."

Thus it was decided: but though the journey, which was only a long drive, was often spoken of, and all the particulars discussed, it was only on this very day, when the departure was so imminent, that Leigh recognised her ignorance of Madame's destination. And thus thinking, "What is the name of the lady with whom you are going to stay?" she asked.

There was scarcely any perceptible hesitation before Madame Esler answered in her quiet tones, "Von Cortlandt."

"Cortlandt?" Leigh repeated, with a quick catching of her breath, a sudden step nearer to Madame.

"Madame von Cortlandt," Madame repeated. "She is an old friend of mine."

"Her daughter——" began Leigh, impetuously.

"Her daughter," Madame Esler interposed, "was once engaged to my brother."

There was a pause, the two women looking at one another—the one who had faced and borne sorrow until it was conquered, only the dark hair so early whitened telling what the battle had cost; the other, striving in her ignorant rebellious youth to escape from it, to deny its power. There was a moment whilst Leigh fought with the flood of recollection that overwhelmed her, a moment whilst some passionate outbreak seemed imminent, but under those eyes that met hers it seemed to die

away; her voice, though it trembled, was struggling to be calm, as "engaged," she repeated, as if catching at the word.

"Emilie von Cortlandt was engaged to my brother for nearly a year, until——"

"I know," the girl interrupted quickly, and the words checked anything further that Madame might have said.

But afterwards, after she had driven away, with many tender injunctions to Leigh how to amuse herself and what to do, those words came back; and though she strove not to dwell upon them, they haunted her, as if they felt they ought to make themselves heard.

But she paid little heed to them, at any rate during the hours of that hot summer's day. Under the shelter of the trees, reading, idling with a little work, and, as it grew cooler, gardening, the day was after all not so long; but when, the solitary dinner over, and it grew too dark to read and was yet too light for candles, they came back to her.

And with the wish to banish thought, and that a new occupation would be means to that end, she decided this would be a good opportunity to write to her brother. And with this idea she went to her room. In the boudoir she had her own writing materials about her; and besides, within its narrow limits she would be less conscious of the solitude of which she was beginning to weary.

But that haven safely reached, she did not, after all, hurry to set to work.

She put on a soft white muslin dressing-gown; but having made this preparatory change, something attracted her attention to the window—the same window of the bedroom by which she had leaned and

dreamt the previous night; and to-night again the lovely soft summer evening had an attraction for her, and she lingered there whilst the dusk deepened and the trees below grew shadowy. She was roused at length by the sound of an opening door—roused sufficiently at least to recognise that she was wasting time; that if she intended writing, it would be as well to begin.

With soft, slow steps she turned away and lifted the curtain that hung between the two rooms; but having done so, for a moment everything reeled before her, whilst she stood instinctively clasping the curtain: then it fell heavily behind her as her hand lost its power, and she realised it was no creation of her brain that stood before her, but the man from whom she had parted on that long-past winter night.

Under the picture he was standing, looking up at it, a motionless figure; but at the slight movement of the curtain, at the low startled cry that escaped her, he turned his head.

If the expression of *his* face were hard to read, hers was not so; for "Do not be afraid," were his first words—"Why are you afraid?" correcting them. "I did not know you were here. I came to see my sister, and almost unconsciously made my way up here, to look at a room that has an interest for me."

Comment seemed impossible. She strove to say something in answer, but the sudden, unexpected sight of him had paralysed her. Clasping her hands tightly, she struggled to regain calmness, but it was useless. The laces of her gown were stirred by the pulsations of her heart; her very lips were white as she stood shrinking closer to the curtain, as if meditating escape.

"Believe me," he said, "if I had known, I would not have run the risk of frightening you like

this,"—his quick glance taking in all the signs of occupation about—the flowers, and work, and open book. "I thought this wing was safe to be unoccupied, and fancied I would like to look at it before I left. It was a mistake, of course."

He paused again, but still she did not speak. But she was no longer looking at him with wide, open, terrified eyes; they had fallen, the lashes resting a black shadow on her cheeks, and, so standing, a few low words escaped her.

"You have broken your promise."

He heard them, low as they were; and—

"Yes," he said, leaning one hand on the small table between them, and there was a bitter ring in his voice, "I have. It was the only thing I could do for you—and I have not done it; but you need not fear. Though I have broken the letter, I shall not break the spirit. You are as safe, standing here, from a touch of mine, as if a world divided us."

He looked at her a moment longer. There was nothing to-day of that feverish passion that had given her such unwonted power when he had last seen her. That had died away, and she seemed helpless, merely with the instinct to shrink away from him without the power. It touched him, and yet at the same time seemed to show more clearly than ever how far apart they stood.

She herself at his words was conscious of an abatement of fear—of some influence of calm stealing over her, which even served to deprive him of the terror he had possessed for her. There was reliance still to be placed on his words, though he had proved false; and yet—

"Leigh!" His voice saying her name, which she had never heard

him do yet, roused her, and she lifted her eyes to become aware how dark it was growing—that, in the unlit room, his figure stood dark and indistinct amid the surrounding shadows.

"I think I must have wished to see you once more, though I was scarcely aware it was so; at any rate, I had something to say to you which I have never said yet."

"What is it?" she faltered.

"That I love you."

The words, spoken so low, seemed yet to vibrate through the little room with the force of repressed energy.

"If I took advantage of your helplessness and loneliness, that was my excuse. You, poor child, you had no chance; but,"—his voice falling, his passionate, gloomy eyes turned to hers,—“but, notwithstanding, I would have *made* you love me—if I had had a chance! But there was none,—fate was too strong for me.” He turned away to leave the room, but, as if with rapid change of intention, took two or three hasty steps till he stood by her side. “You shall never see me again. It was unfair of me to come to-day, —another crime,” more bitterly, “to be laid hereafter to my charge. But as I have spoken, answer me. Tell me you believe me.”

“Believe you?” she cried, with sudden passionate energy. “No! a thousand times, No! I do not pretend to understand you. I trusted you, and you deceived me. There is no place for me in your life.”

The words, a cry of despair, thrilled through the small room,—words, to the one who spoke them and to the one who heard them, capable of such different interpretation.

To the man they were the death-knell of his hopes—if he

had had any. The momentary unusual passion died out of voice and look; he turned away, taking a few steps before he spoke again.

"You are right," he said, slowly. "I have forfeited my chance. I will see my sister and tell her my plans. If you should ever want me," lingering still, "you can speak to her. Where shall I find her?"

"She is away," Leigh faltered.

"Away!" he repeated, as if surprised. "Are you alone here? Do not fear," as he saw the answer in her eyes,— "I am not going to stay. But tell me this,—I should like to hear it from yourself,—are you happy—content—here?"

"Yes, quite happy," she answered, decidedly. "I have been perfectly happy."

Her eyes met his almost as if she expected him to challenge her words, but he met them in silence, and it was after a pause he said, "Well, there is nothing more to say: I will go." As he spoke he took down a book from the little shelves she had never touched, and opened it. "I came, I suppose, to say 'good-bye' to Arnheim," he said. "I shall take this book, a favourite of my boyhood, away with me. Well," rousing himself, "that is all." He slipped the book into his pocket as he spoke, and laid his hand on the lock.

"If I die," he looked back and said abruptly, "before I return to Europe, Arnheim is yours. I have arranged everything: it was about that I wished to speak to Marie, but your knowing it is the same thing."

"Does Arnheim belong to you?"

The surprise in her voice brought the colour into her cheeks.

"To me," he said, wonderingly; "did you not know? Why, to whom did you think it belonged?"

"I did not think," she faltered;

"I fancied it was Madame's home."

"And so you were happy? Well, do not let the knowledge disturb you. I shall not haunt it, either in fact or fancy. Did you know that these were my rooms,—that here, even I was once young and happy? Did you know it?"—as she did not answer.

"Yes, but I only learnt it yesterday."

"And who was unkind enough to disturb your ignorance?"

"No one," she faltered. But her voice was so low that it did not reach him, and he recrossed the small dim room, and stood once more by her side.

"Who told you?" he repeated.

"No one; I found it out."

"There was no necessity to give them to you," he said; "they might have given you those with pleasanter associations. Well, choose others. There are plenty to choose from."

His bitter words brought no reply: the tears were in her eyes, but they did not fall. He perhaps noted it, for "There is no use paining you," he said. "Forget what you have heard. This has been my sister's home for years; share it with her, and, for heaven's sake, be as happy as you can."

It was so dark now that, standing close as he was, his figure was indistinct in the twilight; but his eyes, meeting hers, seemed to compel her to look at him,—the eyes that had failed to meet hers in the great dreary room at Breitstein—the eyes that had haunted her, through the picture that it had grown too dark to see. But though such was the case, almost unconsciously she looked beyond him to that other shadowy resemblance of himself, as if seeking comfort from it.

"Good-bye," he said,— "this is good-bye. You need never fear to

find me here again,—unless,” he paused,—“ unless you send for me. I think we may therefore look on this as final.”

All about her, rising slowly, was a cold sea of untranslatable trouble. If she could have understood it, and put it into words, there might have been some amelioration, but it was impossible. She did not even understand what was the pain that was making these moments so unbearable; but there was nothing to be done,—least of all, nothing he could do. For it was in a low cry of terror she found a voice at last after he had spoken.

“Do not come near me! Do not touch me!”

Her face looked white against the dark curtain by which she still stood.

He took a step farther back, and “Have I not promised?” he said, quietly. “Though, after all,”—with a thrill of passion in his voice,—“it is not surprising you distrust me. You cannot even understand that a promise would be sacred. You doubt even the chance that brought me here tonight, and argue from that, the use I might make of my opportunity. When I have gone, look back and think of all the times we have been together—not so often after all—and one day you will understand that I have loved you.”

He said nothing more. Through the silence and darkness of the little room his tall figure passed; he had reached the door when her voice arrested him. It was cold and quiet, unlike the sharp tones in which she had spoken before.

“Tell me this: why did you not tell us, that other night,”—hesitating a little,—“that you were engaged to her?”

“Was it worth telling?” he answered. “I do not think so.

I have learnt in all these years to hold my tongue. When words can do no good, silence is best.”

As if to emphasise his words, he opened the door by which he stood, and passed out into the dark passage, from which, by a steep narrow staircase, there was communication with the rest of the house. But on the stairs he paused a moment, perhaps connecting some faint hope with the swift soft footsteps he heard crossing the room he had just left; but the sound of a key turned with some difficulty in an unused lock, gave token a moment later of the futility of his hope.

When she had accomplished that one act which stood out clear, and had secured herself from possible interruption, it seemed to Leigh that all the little strength that had kept her standing through the interview deserted her; and, worn and wearied, as if in truth it was hours instead of minutes since she had entered the room, she sank down on to a chair by the window, her face hidden in her hands, as if to shut out some actual vision that haunted her.

The cold waters of fear and trouble that had threatened her so lately had risen higher now, and seemed likely to carry her away. And yet, what did she want? She was safe. He had gone, the door was locked, there was nothing more to fear. But his last words haunted her: they held a reproach, although she did not think such had been meant. Her accusations and Leonard’s, he had not answered them: it would have done no good; he had learnt to hold his tongue. It seemed like a reproach levelled at the torrent of wild words with which they had assailed him. She too! “Ah, but I was right: he owns it, too.

He deceived me, when I trusted him; it would be impossible to trust again. He has spoilt my life, and in exchange he gives me a home. Yes, that is all I have."

She rose impatiently, pushing back the heavy hair from her forehead. "To him it is nothing, nothing; while to me, what is there?"

Something made her lift her eyes to the picture, so dimly seen now that it must have been fancy that made her see so distinctly the expression of the dark eyes. Once more she felt the calm stealing over her, heard once more the words quieting her troubled soul, "You may trust me." Other words now in addition, "You will understand one day that I loved you."

"No," she said, low and vehemently, standing before the silent figure, with slender hands raised to push back her hair,— "No, it is not so. There is no place in his life for me. He allows it himself. Margaret, how you startled me!"

With an apology, Margaret lit the candles and walked about, putting the room tidy.

"Are you going to bed yet?" she asked when she had done. "You look tired, Madame; it would be as well."

"No, no. But stay with me," she went on,— "do not leave me alone. Sit down here and knit." And as the other obeyed her, "Margaret," she said, a minute later, coming closer to her, and laying a cold hand on the knitter's busy fingers—"where is he? Has he gone?" The elder woman's eyes did not meet hers as, "He is writing," she replied. "There is nothing to fear—he will not stay long; it is a letter to his sister."

"Where?" Her voice was low and earnest, and Margaret stopped working, and took the slender hand in hers.

"In the library." She added no comment to her words, and the girl did not seem to expect it. She turned away, and for a long time paced back and forth the length of the two rooms in silence: but at last she stopped and said abruptly, "Margaret, is she at Ehrenfelt?"

"No, Madame, she lives in Vienna; she never comes home."

"Why,"—her voice fell a little, and she stooped to allow of its being heard,— "why did she not marry him?"

For a minute there was no reply, fully a minute, whilst the knitting fell unnoticed into Margaret's lap, and the girl stood waiting breathlessly. Then, "Oh, I know," she cried, turning away; "you need not say it,"—with a despairing gesture. "It was because of all that stood between them!"

"Dear Madame,"—Margaret's voice trembled, but her words reached the younger woman, and she half paused to hear them,— "wrong hurts so many people; and—he has been punished!"

But it did not seem as if rebellious youth read in the words aught to pity. Justice! youth is so eager for justice, not recognising that the sword of justice must be wielded by a passionless hand,—not by one that trembles to avenge, and then so often lives to regret the vengeance.

In silence after that a long time passed, but at length Leigh paused in her restless pacing to and fro, and once more spoke.

"You can go to bed now, Margaret," she said, gently; "it was kind of you to stay. Yes, I am tired now. I will try and sleep, and to-morrow—to-morrow I shall feel happier."

At the words Margaret rose obediently.

"It is late," she said; "you will

do well to rest. Shall I wait till you are in bed?"

"No, no, thank you." She held the candle at the door to light the other on her way; but, hidden by a turn in the staircase, Margaret paused and sighed as she heard the unaccustomed sound of the key being turned in the door of the room she had left.

Left to herself, Leigh blew out the light and strove to sleep, and for a time a sort of mist spread itself between reality and fancy, and it was only after a time that she realised that the wearing round of thought which was perplexing her brain had intervened again between her and sleep. Presently it grew unbearable, and she got up, and, putting on a dressing-gown, leant out into the fresh summer night. Such a soft, warm, starlit night, with a gentle little wind now and again making itself felt,—it was soothing, calming. She lingered on, feeling relief. By-and-by, however, she returned to her old occupation of pacing about the room.

"It will tire me," she thought, "and then I shall sleep."

She did not lift the curtain and pass into the other room, though each time she turned in her slow even walk it seemed almost as if it were with an effort she did not do so.

Each time she knew that the moment would come when it would be impossible to resist.

At last—how she had found her way there she was uncertain—she was standing in front of the picture, studying by the light of the lamp she held, the well-known features.

The soft voice which had called her hither seemed now to be her own heart speaking, and yet its language was strange and unknown. She could not interpret it,

—was only conscious of pain. She put down the light, and sought to read the comfort she had so often won from those stern features, but to-night they did not offer comfort. There was reproach in the uplifted eyes, the flashing sword.

"You—young, undisciplined—have refused to learn the lesson of life. I, through my vow, have reached greater heights than you. Renunciation aims at higher things than you have ever guessed at. To fall and rise again lifts to heights which you have never known."

She was no longer standing, but had sunk down in her white draperies under the picture which had so stirred her. If it had spoken aloud, its voice would not have reached her any more surely. All the room was alive with the presence that had filled it, as if inanimate things were speaking of the proud eager boy who had once lived here, and comparing that memory with him who had been here to-night.

"I understand your vow," she said softly at length, half kneeling as she spoke. "It was renunciation. That is why it has always comforted me. I understand it now."

Her voice, low as it was, startled her, and served to bring back her thoughts to the consciousness of her surroundings, and in a half-awakened manner she rose slowly to her feet, and, with the candle in her hand, once more passed beyond the whispers and echoes of the room. But in the further room, where the soft night air still blew, she did not stop. Quietly and steadily as a sleep-walker, she went on to the other door, turning the unaccustomed key as she had done earlier in the evening, and stepped out into the dark passage.

There was scarcely a plan in her mind. Her immediate thought was

to seek Margaret and to speak to her. She would ask more: she would learn where he was, what he purposed doing; and then to-morrow — yes, to-morrow — she would decide *what* to do. To let him know something even now, she was not very sure what—but she would know to-morrow.

In the meantime Margaret would speak to her, and this oppressive dreariness would be lightened in her presence. She had known him all his life; she was fond of him. Yes, it was to Margaret she would go.

But first—first, as her silent foot-falls trod the floors, and she found herself near the sitting-rooms—almost unconsciously she paused at the library door, and laid her hand on the lock. Here was where he had been earlier; perhaps the letter of which he had spoken might have been, after all, for her.

Silently as a shadow she pushed open the door and entered the room; and at first, so unreal were her movements and thoughts, that it scarcely surprised her to find a light burning. It seemed almost, as she crossed the floor, that she had known it all along,—that his voice had called her, and that she had known she would find him here.

But a minute later the sense of unreality had vanished, and her heart was beating so fast, her hand trembling so, that she had to put down the lamp she still held, and stop and strive to steady herself before she could take another step.

It was a reflection of a far-off day—the quiet figure seated at the writing-table, before him; but he was writing. It had been pushed aside, and his face was hidden in his arms, outstretched on the table. There was abandonment, desolation in the attitude; and the stillness after a moment restored her strength, and

she stole nearer, nearer, till she could have touched him—till she could note how thickly sown with grey was the dark hair.

For a moment she remained watching him, and then the silence and stillness frightened her, and she laid her hand tremblingly on his arm. He started then, lifting his head; and when he saw her, her name escaped him in a loud, startled cry—"Leigh!"

But recovering himself directly, he spoke. "What is it? Do you want anything, or—do you only want to make sure of my movements?"

"No, no."

She did not note, scarcely heard, the bitterness of his words, so intent was she on her own thoughts.

"I thought you had gone," she went on. "I was coming to look for Margaret."

"Do not be troubled. I am going directly it is light. This was a final vigil," he said, slowly, "but I did not wish or intend you to know of it. But why are you awake? and what do you want with Margaret?"

"I thought you had gone," she repeated. "I wanted to know where you were."

"Why?" His voice was quick and stern, but his eyes were haggard with anxiety, as he leaned towards her and put his question. "What did you want with me?"

"I wanted to ask you a question."

"Ask it now."

He was leaning forward in his chair, his hands clasping the arms, and there was something about them that told of the strain he was putting on himself; and as he spoke he looked at her until she felt compelled to draw a step nearer, felt she must speak. But she struggled against it.

"Oh, I cannot!" she cried despairingly; and, noting the efforts she made to retain control over herself, he was silent, as if waiting till she had regained composure.

She turned away then and stood, her head drooped, her hands clasped, striving to steady them.

"I did not wish to ask you," she began, vaguely. "I thought you had gone. If I had known _____"

After her irresolute broken tones, his voice sounded distinct and clear, though low.

"You will not believe me. I do not blame you for that, heaven knows, but I should like you to hear me say that nothing I have suffered all these years equals what the knowledge of your spoilt life is to me. If there were any way by which I could make you the trusting girl I first knew, I would buy it at any cost; but I cannot. I can only go, and trust that as you are so young, one day you will forget me and be happy. It was coming," he went on, as she made no comment, "do not despair. You yourself told me that even here you have been happy. It will come."

"Never again," she sighed.

"You despair too soon," he answered. "You are tired now, and excited, and in no state to judge. Go back to bed,—sleep; and in the morning, when you wake and realise I have gone, all this will seem a dream, and you will forget it."

"Not in those rooms!" The words escaped her almost as if unconsciously, and when he answered her it surprised her, as if it were a thought to which he had replied.

"Leave them. You have only to tell my sister or Margaret your wish, and they will settle the matter for you."

She turned away with troubled

looks, but yet with decision as if to act upon his words, and he made no attempt to stop her,—did not even let his eyes follow her slow steps as she crossed the room. But at the door she paused so long, that he, awaiting its opening, turned his head to ascertain the reason of her delay. She was standing in irresolution watching him, the expression of her face a strange mixture of doubt and longing.

But as he turned his head and his eyes met hers—

"I am helpless," she cried. "I do not wish to stay, and yet you said——"

"What is it you want to ask me? You say you cannot trust me,—that because of my past you cannot. Be just, and tell me if it indeed is so. You know it is not: then come here. I swear I will not take advantage of your helplessness, as you seem to fear; and tell me what it is you want to ask me."

"I cannot, I cannot!" she cried; but even so saying, came slowly back to his side.

Standing thus, however, she did not speak, though there was something in her drooped head and attitude, as if she were striving to find words in which to clothe her thoughts.

So still she stood that, with her downcast eyes, the black lashes resting on her cheeks, any one looking at her might have thought she slept.

"You said——" she began, slowly, but she did not lift her eyes.

"I have said so many things that have hurt you," he went on as she paused, "it would be better to forget them all."

"No, no; this was different." She took a step nearer, and stood behind his chair, laying a slight hand on it, as if to steady herself.

"Different," she repeated ; and he was aware of a touch on his shoulder—a touch which reminded him of that far-off dark day when she had elected to stay with him. "You said that if you had had the chance, you would have made me love you."

There was no hesitation now : the words came so low and quick that, having spoken, she gave a little breathless sigh and tightened her clasp of the chair, as if to prevent herself falling. Then, as he did not speak or even look up, in a moment she had thrown herself on her knees beside him. "You remember saying it——?"

"What do you mean?" he interrupted. "It is too late now."

"No, no," she cried ; "do not say that. Oh, do not you understand that it is my only hope?"

"Poor child," he said, gently, "what can I do? You will repent, and then I shall see it, and know that it is my fault. Better say good-bye, and begin life afresh as well as you can, without me to sadden it. You will live to reproach me. At another time you will remember all that lies between us."

"I have remembered it all these months, but it has not made me happy," she urged. "Now teach me."

"What shall I teach you?" he

answered low ; and as he spoke he leant down and took her hands in his.

"To love you," she faltered.

He bent his head and kissed the hands he held. The colour flushed into her cheeks at the memory of the same caress he had offered once before, when she had stood in the bare dreary room at Breitstein, so young and confiding. Looking on that other presentment of herself, in the light of these past months, what a blank, dreary time it seemed ! what a lifetime between then and now ! The slight curtain that hung between past and present was being torn down. Her head drooped till it rested against his arm.

The vow. Yes, that was what had stood between her and life, —that was the reason why the dark eyes had haunted her in that tragic picture, whose story she had so often failed to read. But now she had released him, and given him back life and hope. She could not give him back his youth ; those glad eager boy's eyes would never again look forth even upon her : but the man's had gained something which the boy's had not foretold.

"Ah, I understand," she said, softly, as his hand tenderly touched her hair. "It has been all a mistake, but I understand it now."

THE PROTECTED BARBETTE, OR MONCRIEFF SYSTEM.

On going into army estimates this session, Colonel Duncan, C.B., R.A., in the House of Commons called attention to the heavy expenditure caused by neglecting to employ the protected barbette system in coast fortifications, and moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the best way of utilising it in coast defences and coal-ing-stations.

We regret that the gallant member did not press for his committee; for there is as little doubt of the importance of the subject at the present time, as there is of the extraordinary misapplication of the protected barbette system, and of the injury caused by the delay in its application. Colonel Duncan concluded his speech by stating that the loss sustained by the country by this delay had been estimated at three millions sterling.

In 1868 a Committee was appointed, under the presidency of Admiral the Hon. Sir F. W. Grey, G.C.B., to inquire into the construction, condition, and cost of the fortifications and works erected, or then in course of erection. That Committee had what was then called the Moncrieff system before them; and although it was not at that time so completely developed as now, it took a prominent place in their report, and was strongly recommended. Referring to the fortifications and works, they state "*it is no part of our duty to express any opinion on the original plans.*" The Moncrieff system was therefore only considered by them as an adaptation to existing works. From the date of their report, however, and of the favourable reports of the Committee on Moncrieff carriages, there

was no excuse for treating the new system, as applied to unexecuted works, merely as an adjunct of secondary importance, or for neglecting it, and delaying its application. All this has been done; and we think that had Colonel Duncan's motion been accepted, it would have had a most salutary effect on our future expenditure on works of fortification, and in obtaining efficiency at the smallest cost to the taxpayer, if in no other way, by drawing attention to the subject.

Colonel Duncan's Committee would, at any rate, have demonstrated to the Government and the nation the importance of a subject which affects one of the largest items of public expenditure, as well as their dearest interests,— would have obtained explanation of the delay that has already cost so much, and probably made it impossible to revert to obsolete methods of fortification, which, up till quite recently, have swallowed nearly all the votes of money granted for harbour or coast works.

The increasing weight and penetrative power of projectiles, combined with the development of machine and quick-firing guns, has taken away any feeling of confidence that may have existed in the efficiency of the existing expensive works constructed on the old system, and has brought home to most minds the fact that some of them are worse than useless.

It may be well to remind our readers of the character of the two systems, which have been in competition with one another for nearly twenty years — in which struggle common-sense has not yet

quite prevailed — a struggle not yet ended.

It is satisfactory to note that the most able, and indeed nearly all the younger generation of British officers accept, and now advocate, more or less, the new system. For two years, at any rate, its application has been seriously taken in hand. The many years' waste of time has caused a serious loss or waste of money, one which cannot be recovered, but that waste can be, and probably will now be arrested, unless some unexpected incident forces on the sudden armament of coal-ing-stations and other vital positions, in which case whatever is ready must, of course, be used, and very little of the material for the new system is ready.

The two systems in competition, which we shall for brevity call the *old* and *new*, may thus shortly be described.

The old system is that which has existed from the time when artillery was first employed in medieval castles, only modified in recent years to meet the increasing power of rifled cannon; this modification took the form of a mere strengthening of the parapets, first with granite, then with iron, to prevent them from being breached. In spite of all the great advance of science, the old system limited itself to a simple piling on of more material. In short, it was the system on which Lord Palmerston's loan was expended, and which we now see in all our fortresses. In other words, the system of large, conspicuous, and expensive forts, containing elaborate barracks, &c., so placed in some cases as to be a standing source of artificially provided danger during an attack, and entailing considerable concentration of guns, outraging all natural surrounding

features by their self-proclaiming architectural forms. The rectilinear contours, well-dressed slopes, embrasures apparently formed with the object of guiding the enemy's shell into the works; stately casements, each port placed equidistant to the fraction of an inch, and generally painted black—so as to realise to the full the target ideal—are familiar to us.

Like the stiff-drilled battalions of Frederick the Great, such works have had their day; only, in our case, it is open to question whether our coast fortifications were not built when their day was past. Such works as Picklecombe, or Garrison Point, illustrate the old system.

The new system was described by its author, and the description published in 1869. Up to now that description or definition requires no amendment, and is nearly in his own words as follows:—

Instead of making large regular forts, and forcing surrounding conditions into harmony with them, the new method, as applied to coast works, consists in placing the heaviest and most powerful artillery to the greatest advantage; separating the guns, so as not to embarrass them with each other's smoke—making that the first consideration; afterwards protecting the batteries from assault by separate and distinct arrangements, easily devised by officers on the spot; dispensing with any exterior slope, such as those which are necessarily exposed to view in embrasure parapets constructed on the old system.

The superior slope is formed *en glacis* at an angle to cause ricochet, and so as to mask the position of the guns, thus making it difficult for a moving ship to lay her guns on one, and still more difficult on several batteries,

judiciously placed, for the purpose of deceiving the eye.

The batteries are placed so as to support each other in case of attack, with independent strongholds for infantry and light artillery (now machine guns), protecting the guns from a *coup de main*: all connected by concealed and sheltered roads; complete and efficient means for internal communication, not only by roads but by telegraph. With a clearly laid down and simple method of working it—not liable to go wrong or lead to mistakes—these telegraphs would not require great skill. Means to give the range and position of any indicated ship at every gun, and, if desired, to enable the guns to deliver a converging salvo from all sides on any vessel steaming past, and to enable the officer directing the defence to apply a definite system of tactics, instead of a mere general and promiscuous fire. The batteries are armed with guns mounted on disappearing carriages, which utilise the force of recoil to lower the whole gun below the level of the parapet, so that it can be loaded out of sight, and without exposure. This last condition, which requires special appliances, is one of the means towards an end—which is the great characteristic of the system; that end is Invisibility—combined with dispersion of guns, and the power of converging fire. The guns which recoil out of sight, and can be trained in the unseen position to fire in any required direction, make this possible—in no other way can it be made so. They are not like the guns mounted on the old system, which, with their detachments, are always more or less exposed to sight, and to direct fire, or if concealed behind embrasures or ports, have their positions gratuitously

defined, and therefore are easily attacked by ships. Protection is got in the new system without firing through a pierced parapet, which of course reduces the lateral range of the gun—and also is got by Invisibility; for whatever makes an object obscure and difficult to hit, protects it as much as rendering that object strong enough to resist the hit when made.

Once Moncrieff, *i.e.*, disappearing carriages, can be applied, the old conditions of fortification, which depended on the maximum angle through which a gun can be trained in a port or embrasure, are entirely changed. If a powerful gun be properly placed, the greater the lateral angle on which it can fire the more it can do; therefore fewer guns are required to do the same work with the new system than with the old. The chief economy is obtained by reducing the number of guns required for equal work done. That economy must be calculated on the cost of the guns, works, and the number of men required for each gun that can be dispensed with, the last—*viz.*, reduction of artillery garrison, being the most important and considerable item.

Other branches of the subject for supplementing coast defences, such as travelling Moncrieff carriages, masked roads, &c., need not at present be considered.

Having shortly described these two rival systems—which, it will be observed, differ radically from one another in principle, as well as in detail, and which cannot be properly applied in the same class of works—it will be obvious that the claims of their respective supporters were necessarily conflicting at all points. It cannot, perhaps, be expected that the seasoned supporters of the old system should

admit that it is obsolete—has long been obsolete—and that the money which has been so lavishly expended on it has been wasted. They doubtless still view with complacency the elaborate and expensive methods employed on their works, the skill with which the iron and steel manufacturers have met their requirements, and the imposing concentration of artillery piled up in tiers of guns. They naturally fail to see that the system which they have been engaged in developing since early manhood is, after all, but a lingering survival of ancient methods elaborated by the engineers of the middle ages to meet different conditions, or at best a too literal copy of the old wooden sailing three-decker, which brought victory in its day, when the heaviest gun was a 68-pounder firing spherical shot.

The quantity of smoke produced by one modern charge of powder would itself be a sufficient objection to massing of artillery as of old. But there are other and stronger arguments for Dispersion and Invisibility than this.

Any attempt to perpetuate the old system, even partially, and to fondly linger over its architectural beauties, or its deceptive grandeur, can only end in throwing good money after bad, and, which is worse, incurring unjustifiable risks.

Enough, and more than enough, has already been done in this reactionary direction, ever since the Government were informed by their Special Committees on the subject sixteen years ago, that the new system was both more efficient and less expensive than the old one. It is now full time to recognise this openly and without reserve, and to act accordingly.

In a paper read at the Royal United Service Institution by an officer of the Works Department,

in March 1873, the writer states: "I certainly fail to see that, in fortifying a position such as that described (the Thames), or *any other which I can conceive*, there is anything in Major Moncrieff's invention which is likely to overturn the recognised principles of fortification." This, no doubt, expressed the official view at that time, the so-called "recognised principles of fortification" being those of the Crimean era. The general character of much of the work since carried out, proves that this view has been consistently adhered to in influential quarters till quite recently.

The gross misapplication of the Moncrieff system in certain cases, and the delay in developing it, are thus fully explained.

Specially referring to the Thames works—*i.e.*, Cliffe, Shornmeade, and Coalhouse—the official view of the system is in marked contrast to that held by the engineer intrusted with the construction of these works,—*viz.*, the late lamented General Gordon, of Chinese and Khartoum celebrity, who even submitted to the War Office a plan and estimate for altering them from the old to the new system, strongly recommending that course, by which he reported he could increase their efficiency, and at the same time largely reduce their cost. That estimate, however, included the expense of taking down as much of the structures as had then been built, and removing the conspicuous targets they now offer to an enemy's fire; and the plan was naturally unacceptable to those whose opinions it condemned. General Gordon believed in, and was a strong supporter of, the Moncrieff system, because his great experience in actual war enabled him to appreciate fully the special

advantages which it conferred on the defence. Many other eminent engineer and artillery officers supported that system from the first; but Sir Andrew Clarke, late Inspector-General of Fortifications, has done more to break with the evil traditions of the past than any officer in the service.

Sailors, who of course conduct the attack against shore batteries, were, as might be expected, from the first impressed with the advantages of the new system, but were overruled by the theorists who evolved from their inner consciousness empirical methods of attack to suit their preconceived ideal of defence.

We now come to the misapplications of the new system: these probably afford the strongest arguments in favour of the motion in the House by Colonel Duncan. Incredible as it may seem, there is not yet one instance, at home or abroad, of a proper application of that system by the War Office. The Moncrieff batteries that have been built, for instance, at Popston, Hubberston, Milford Haven, Newhaven, and elsewhere, violate every principle laid down by the author of the system. This misapplication has even gone the length of placing Moncrieff emplacements on the top of casemates. Those at Flatholme, on the Severn, are the best examples, but are far from being in perfect accordance with these principles. It is no wonder that the authorities "fail to see that the system is likely to overturn the recognised principles of fortification," or inversely, that failing to see this, they have wastefully misapplied it.

Even the enormous waste of money which resulted from the action of a handful of individuals who opposed breech-loading ordnance at a time when every great

Power had accepted it, is small compared to that which has been lavished on an obsolete system of coast fortification.

The complete adoption and proper application of the Moncrieff system by the Australian colonies, the stimulating effect of machine and quick-firing guns, as well as the results from the recent experiments at Inchkeith, at Portland, and at Eastbourne, rightly interpreted, may prevent such mistakes.

The Inchkeith experiments demonstrated the exposure of the men in an open barbette battery, and its great *visibility*; the Portland ones, the security of a Moncrieff emplacement, and its *invisibility*; those at Eastbourne, the dangerous exposure of the men, even in a perfectly constructed iron cupola, and consequently the still greater exposure in ordinary casemate and shield batteries. But, considering how slow the War Office has always proved itself in grasping new conditions, it is to be regretted, in the interests of military science as well as those of the public, that a Parliamentary Committee was refused.

Nor should it be forgotten that the objection raised with some force to Moncrieff's original disappearing carriage has ceased to exist. His first counterweight carriages became unwieldy in a rapidly increasing ratio with the weight of the guns to which they were applied. But his hydro-pneumatic carriages are free from this drawback—are simple and beautiful in their mechanism—and by the steadiness of their movements render night-firing comparatively a simple operation. The one great advantage of Colonel Duncan's motion was a practical admission by the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance that even in official circles the merits of the Moncrieff system are now recognised.

THE OLD SALOON.

THERE are some books which, without any of the personal revelations of an autobiography, and without anything of that apparent egotism which is the weakness of all individual narratives, have much of that which is best in autobiographical writing—the unconscious and involuntary exhibition of character, and that kind of opening up of disposition and nature which makes the reader feel himself for the moment the friend and companion of the writer. The modest self-disclosure which tears away no natural veil, and which has no factitious object, neither self-defence nor self-exposition, but merely the courteous and friendly impulse of a good man among his fellows, has a charm in the very absence of intention. It is like an accidental meeting, all the pleasanter that we had no reason to look for it. The volume, just published, which bears the honoured name of the Earl of Iddesleigh,¹ is an admirable example of this delightful kind of unexpected acquaintanceship. It is scarcely biographical, and the author has scarcely yet quite disappeared as one of the best-known and most important actors on the stage of public life. The most careless has not yet forgotten that melancholy scene when the gentle-hearted statesman suddenly broke down in the fulness of his days, and died without a complaint on the threshold of a retirement which was not quite his own choice, yet which he was at once too proud and too self-denying to resist. That poignant memory will not

easily die out of our hearts; and there is something in the very statement of his name upon the title-page which appeals to our feelings with a mixture of tenderness and regret. Sir Stafford Northcote, first Earl of Iddesleigh. Her Majesty has made no peer more worthy of the honour; yet the old familiar title, perhaps not quite willingly parted with, has the warmer claim. Few, if any, of his contemporaries have left such a stainless record. His name is pleasant to multitudes who never saw him nor could be personally affected by the natural benignity of the man, which is one of the greatest tributes which can be paid to the most excellent of the earth.

The present book is not biographical, yet it affords a faint indication of his appearances among his neighbours in the country-side, to use a kindly Scotch word, in which his family had long been popular and well known. To show us how he fulfilled the modern idea of a great country magnate, not by throwing a big shadow upon the district, but by doing his best to enlighten and enliven, to partake his experiences and his knowledge with his neighbours, to “allure to higher worlds, and lead the way,” in every sense of the words, is its office. There is nothing in it of solemn or weighty import, no veiled revelations of public matters, no expositions of policy or intention to be filtered to the general public through the literary society of Exeter. The subjects are generally light—one of them being no more than the fertile and

¹ Lectures and Essays. By Sir Stafford Henry Northcote, First Earl of Iddesleigh. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

inexhaustible theme of "Nothing"—and the treatment easy and familiar. He does not pretend to teach new or great truths: a suggestion—a new idea, thrown into the midst of the company to lead to further gentle thoughts—a new pursuit pointed out—a discredited science justified: perhaps only, and that is worth thinking of—the entertainment of a pleasant evening pleasantly occupied—are what he sought to give. It is not as a professor full of information to convey, any more than as a politician conscious that a hundred hidden meanings will be suspected in his lightest talk, that he speaks. His object is almost invariably to give pleasure, to meet the attentive looks and interest of his audience with an unaffected and friendly effort to cheer, to encourage, to communicate a generous sentiment or add a brightness to the common atmosphere. This high aim is carried out without pretension, with unflinching sympathy. We can form no better conception of the attitude of a man distinguished by his position and gifts among those who look up to him from more limited surroundings and knowledge, and experience less than his. His Devonshire neighbours, his young men at Edinburgh, appear to us pleasantly through the friendly light in his genial and kind eyes. He has nothing to do with their instruction: the education to which he helps them is that of the true humanities, the softening of heightened feeling, and the courtesies of the heart.

The Lectures and Essays, animated by this fine spirit, afford indications of the author's pursuits and pleasures during the greater part of his life; and are not without instructiveness of a wider description, as showing tokens of

the general state of feeling of the period. Thus it is amusing to find, in the lecture upon Taste, which is the second in the book, traces of that terrible moment before the great Exhibition of '51 when that faculty scarcely existed in England, and every kind of monstrosity in the shape of ornament was permitted and tolerated. Sir Stafford's simple and elementary, but thoroughly sound, definition of what is and is not permissible, recalls the works of the time to us like a hideous dream. These were the days when our carpets were strewn with gigantic bouquets, and a lady's hand, in white *biscuit*, cut off by the wrist, held the vase in which we placed our flowers.

"The introduction of natural forms into a work of art, so far from securing its perfection, only render it the more difficult to make it truly natural, and very often lead to its being made truly monstrous. The forms of flowers may be very suggestive to an artist who is designing a candlestick, and the man who can compose one with half the grace which Nature bestows upon a flower may well be proud of his performance. But there is not much originality, and there is very little beauty, in copying one of her lilies or her roses, and grafting upon it the apparatus necessary for holding the candle. A rose was never intended for such an office, and cannot be made to perform it without exciting a sensation of pain in every true admirer of its native loveliness. If the cup which holds the candle is visibly stuck into the flower, with which it manifestly has nothing to do, the result is a monster, as indefensible, though not so startling, as a sphinx or a centaur. If, on the other hand, the cup be so artfully concealed as to make the flower itself appear to perform its office, then we are tormented with the feeling that it is not strong enough, or is in some other way unsuitable."

These principles are very ele-

mentary to our present advanced ideas; but they were enlightened and highly progressive before the Prince Consort's once much ridiculed World's Fair brought the wares of all the nations together to be inspected and studied. There stands at this moment upon our very table a little silver taper-stand made of a flower-bell set upon a broad leaf—a genuine specimen of the art of fifty years ago: and a very nice little monster, too, or else the partiality of ownership misleads us, is this little relic of that recent yet far remote antiquity, which is in reality farther off than the fifteenth century. What is still more strange, however, is the appearance of this crude and primitive naturalism in regions where all the finest precedents of ornamental art have existed for centuries. At this day every door in Madrid which boasts the convenience of a knocker, bears one in the shape of that same lady's hand gracefully carved, with the delicate fingers of which you perform the necessary tattoo: and this almost within sight of Toledo, with all its delicate Moorish traditions! No doubt the same popular pattern of door-knocker is used in Toledo too. In the beautiful old city of Saragossa, the long table at which, in the chief hotel of the place, the guests dine is ornamented with artificial (very artificial) plants in pots, out of the flowers of which issues the flame of the gas! So, after all, the Britisher of the early days of Victoria was not so far behind as we all suppose.

It is interesting at the present moment to meet unawares with a few dates which occur without intention in the lecture on "Distant Correspondents," into which Sir Stafford introduced some re-

collections of his own sentiments and opinions after his visit to Canada and the United States. "The first railway in England," he says, "was opened in 1830; the first real ocean communication by steam was about the time of the accession of her Majesty to the throne, when the Sirius and the Great Western crossed the ocean; and the first patent for the electric telegraph was signed in the same year that her Majesty came to the throne; then we had the shortening and improving of the routes by which our correspondence is carried, and the greatest and most important of those improvements, the making use of the overland route to India, dated from about the same period." What a revolution since then! Charles Lamb's letter to his distant correspondent, with which the lecture is prefaced, treats of a state of things as different from, and more amazing to, the generations born in Queen Victoria's reign than the pilgrimages of the middle ages. It is characteristic that when on this subject the lecturer does not allow himself to be beguiled into any personal views of America or descriptions of his experiences there, but keeps to his subject, that of postal and other communications, and, when he expands at all, does so on the great imperial question of the colonies, and how best to retain and develop them. "Certain I am," he says, "that if you convert this British Empire into a republic, it could only be an insular republic. Certain I am, that whatever knits your Canadian, Australian, African, and Indian fellow-subjects in your empire, is the tie—the personal tie—of the monarchy. . . . For the maintenance of the British Empire as it is, the monarchy is indispensable." These are wise words

and true, and highly appropriate to the present moment, in which the Queen herself leads the way in a wise and generous recognition of Colonial claims, and of their large importance to the commonwealth. It is almost a pity that the picturesque addition of the actual names of these great dependencies should not be made to her Majesty's titles. Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the rest, would sound well in a herald's proclamation.

In another essay there occurs a passage which will come home to the business and bosoms of many anxious parents under the present *régime*, when every avenue to employment is barred by an examination. Sir Stafford does not entirely commit himself to the principle of examinations as a test of fitness for public service; yet he finds the advantages more, and the risks less, than have been generally conceived.

"I am not disposed to be quite so severe upon cramming as some persons are. To have the power of getting up a subject, even superficially, in a short time, is very useful. It shows no small power of mind, and it may be taken as a proof of a kind of readiness which is likely to be often called into play. I remember some years ago examining an officer in charge of a large Government department on the subject of the new system of appointment by competitive examination. He told me that a young man had recently gained an appointment in his office by an excellent paper on political economy; that he had been so struck with it that he had asked him where he had studied the subject, and was rather startled to find that all the knowledge he possessed had been crammed up in the course of about a month for that particular examination. He added, however, that though the young man probably soon forgot what he had thus hastily got together, he proved a remarkably good and able clerk. The

power of cramming showed power of mind, which, when directed to other tasks, was able to accomplish them."

The reader, however, will probably turn with still greater interest to those lighter productions which are still more like the pleasant talk of a refined and cultivated man in easy intercourse with his neighbours and disciples. The lectures on "Desultory Reading," on "Nothing," on "Names and Nicknames," will be, we do not doubt, the favourites of those who read, as this gentle but potent master would have them do, with a special regard for the lights and shadows of human life in books. The ease of the man who has read much, and has acquired that training which comes only by continuous study, in after incursions at his will into the boundless fields of literature, is in every word of his pleasant address on the former subject to the students of Edinburgh. The last thing in the world which he suggests is mental idleness, or that kind of reading which stifles rather than encourages thought. We are not to confound desultory reading with idleness. He says—

"It is useful to look to the origin of words. The word 'desultory' is of Latin parentage, and it was applied by the Romans to describe the equestrian jumping actively from one steed to another in the circus, or even (as was the case with the Numidians) in the midst of battle. That, certainly, was no idle loitering; it was energetic activity, calculated to keep the mind and the body very much alive indeed. That should be the spirit of the desultory reader. His must be no mere fingering of books without thought how they are to be turned to account. He may be wise in not allowing himself to become a book-worm; but he must take care not to become what is much worse, a book-butterfly. Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, and it is possible so to regulate and pursue a

seemingly desultory course of reading as to render it more truly beneficial than an apparently deeper and severer method of study. This world of ours is an old world, full of the works and records of many generations. We are in daily contact with the fragments of the past, with traces here and remains there which attract our attention either for their intrinsic beauty or utility, or as indications of the manners and habits of mankind in former ages. Among these records assuredly there are none which are of greater interest, or of higher value, than the records, mere fragments though they may often be, of human history and human thought which are to be found in books. The poet tells us how we may so read the great book of nature that we may find in the trees, the stones, the running brooks, lessons which may profit as much as sermons. But while cordially accepting this teaching, we may observe that the trees and the brooks would hardly convey all these useful lessons to us if we had not a considerable knowledge of books to begin with. The lover of nature will find much revealed to him which the mere book-worm will wholly fail to notice; but, on the other hand, the well-read man who can apply the teaching of his books to the objects which he sees around him will profit far more than his illiterate companion."

The Life of Lord Iddesleigh has been promised us at no distant date, and we are glad to hear that there is abundant material of the most interesting and characteristic kind. In the meantime these finely felt and clearly reasoned addresses confirm everything that is known of the blameless statesman whose loss all classes and all parties alike deplore.

The little book which Sir John Lubbock¹ has made of his recent lectures and essays is the most curious contrast imaginable to that of Sir Stafford Northcote. Sir John Lubbock is a man of science,

famed for patient and anxious investigations into the economy of insect life. He is a statesman, too, after a sort—a man of considerable reputation and popularity, and one of the excellent of the earth. One of the lectures which he has reprinted gave occasion not long ago to much shedding of ink, and one of those social discussions which please the drawing-rooms, and are so good for the evening papers. He it was who started the controversy about the "hundred best books," and called forth so many opinions on the subject from all sorts of persons, whether worthy or not of having an opinion, with about as little profit to the anxious reader in search of guidance, or to any one except the newspapers, whose columns were thus supplied with gratuitous "copy," as could well be imagined. Sir John's book, however, is not merely an author's collection of addresses to Mechanics' Institutes and other societies, as on its face it purports to be. It is in reality one of many arguments, valid and otherwise, which have been put forth of late years, since a clever literary man struck out a certain success for himself by his question as to whether life was worth living, in answer affirmatively to that problem. That life is indeed quite worth the trouble, and that without reference to any chimerical hopes of something better at the end, or of any after redding-up of its confusions and difficulties, has been the assertion to which several excellent writers have committed themselves; and this is Sir John Lubbock's theme.

The "duty of happiness" is the first which is pointed out in this little book; and its leading doc-

¹ *The Pleasures of Life.* By Sir John Lubbock. Macmillan & Co.

trine that, "if a man is unhappy, this must be his own fault, for God made all men to be happy," is the faith which it is intended to embody. The text is from Epictetus—and the doctrine, no doubt, is one very suitable for persons afflicted by no real troubles, well endowed both by nature and fortune, but "rather prone to suffer from low spirits," which, the author informs us, is his own case. The original speaker was not, indeed, in these happy circumstances; but, on the other hand, he was precisely one of those men to whom such a philosophy is most possible—a man, as he himself says, without a home or possessions, without wife or children, altogether detached from the ordinary ties of humanity, and proudly conscious of a mind which was to him a kingdom, the monarchy of which was absolute, undisturbed by the interference of the affections or the complication of other people's interests and desires. Sir John Lubbock is too able and sympathetic a man not to perceive how fallacious is the philosophy built upon the experiences either of the rich and dominant or of the solitary. To say that God intended all men to be happy, and that it is their own fault if they are not so, would be cold comfort to human beings in the more ordinary positions of life. With all the modifications of the Christian faith, which teaches us not that God made all men to be happy, but to do good and resist evil, it is hard enough to keep on our way through the extraordinary inequalities and miseries of human nature. Most of us are so woven in with other lives that the power of severe empire over ourselves, which keeps the philosophic slave cheerful, is a thing impossible. Is it to be supposed a man's fault that his wife

dies, or his child? that his sons or daughters, more terrible still, "go wrong"? or how is he likely to perceive in these circumstances, save by the depths of his unhappiness, that God made him to be happy? This is the subterfuge of those who flee from life's problems, not any explanation of its real facts.

For who will venture to assert, taking human life as summed up in this world, that there is even justice in it? There are many to whom it is no particular problem at all—with whom everything goes well; whose enterprises are successful, or who have no particular occasion for enterprise; whose families are healthy and respectable; who have no evil tendencies to struggle against, or failing battles to fight. And there are others with whom these conditions are altogether reversed: whose life is full of toil, poverty, bereavement, failure; whose minds are distracted by anxieties impossible to an Epictetus, perhaps equally impossible to a wealthy English banker and Member of Parliament; whose troubles are not those of constitutional melancholy, but of real misfortune. Will the doctrine that God made all men to be happy convey any consolation to them? "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward," is a statement that suits their case better. You cannot push off the consciousness that you are sick or poor, that your son is dead or your daughter fled from her home, that your children are crying for bread and you have none to give them. In such cases it is an insult to tell a poor man or poor woman that God made all to be happy, and that if he is not, it is his own fault. The Gospel, with another meaning, says, "Rejoice in the Lord always," which, perhaps, a poor

sufferer might make shift to do, but not for Epictetus's reason, that his solitary serenity makes him king of men. Epictetus spoke at his ease, and so does Sir John Lubbock. To be prone to low spirits, and to indulge them, is a fine, superior kind of luxury. To be crushed under the burdens of humanity is a very different thing.

Sir John Lubbock's philosophy, however, can scarcely be called his own, and therefore its doubtful statements and large assumptions cannot be laid to his charge. One of the great charms of a well-cultivated mind is its readiness to comprehend every allusion, and the wealth which it has at its command in the way of appropriate quotation; but this is a charm which has to be used with reserve, so that such small edges of your own thought as you permit to appear as a framework to the others may not altogether disappear under the exuberance of the borrowed. If we had belonged to the Harris Institute, Preston, and had come out in the evening to hear what Sir John Lubbock had to say about life, we should have been disappointed to be told only what Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius and St Bernard and Mr Ruskin thought of it. They are all great authorities, greater than the modest baronet, but yet we should have come to hear him, not them. Sometimes, also, if we may say so, his quotations, or rather the opinions expressed in his quotations, are so far-fetched as almost to attain to absurdity. In his illustrations of such a very usual doctrine as that "even events which look like misfortunes, if boldly faced, may often be turned to good," he suggests—but not on his own authority: on that of Señor Castelar, a mere contemporary, and no better than Sir John Lubbock—

that "Savonarola would undoubtedly have been a good husband and tender father," &c., had not "misfortune come to visit him, to crush his heart and to impart that marked melancholy which characterises a soul in grief." "His hopes," continues the writer, "were centred upon the woman he loved, and when the family finally rejected him, he believed that it was death that had come upon him, when in truth it was immortality." Savonarola! we said to ourselves, with an idea that we knew something about that prophet; but, of course, it must be another Savonarola, whom, to our shame, we were not acquainted with. On diligent inquiry, however, it turned out that Fra Girolamo himself was really the hero whose heart-breaking disappointment had turned him to the man we know. On turning to Signor Villari's life of the great preacher of San Marco, we find that the conscientious historian gives half a page to the incident, telling how as a boy of twenty Savonarola loved and was not loved again—as a great many boys of twenty have done before and since, without much effect upon their career. Let us suppose that Sir John Lubbock had taken his own experience instead of the prelections of Señor Castelar for his guide, does not the reader think it might have been possible to cull a better and stronger example of evil turned into good from the records of history? Here his reading has betrayed him, as throughout those lectures it betrays us at every turn, giving us the opinions of other people when we expected to find some ideas of his own.

Now we are strongly of opinion that without books that question whether life is worth living (as if we had any choice in the mat-

ter!) would be yet more difficult than it is. Frankly, we should prefer ourselves to lose our legs, or our arms, or our ears, rather than the power of reading; but, at the same time, that wonderful help to existence may be carried too far. We confess at the same time that an intelligent but ignorant person is the companion we prefer—a being who possesses thoughts of his own, and has turned over in his individual mind the great matters of life and death. Cowper's old woman at her cottage door, "who knew, and knew no more, her Bible true"—a truth our philosophers rarely acknowledge—would to us, in all probability, be more interesting than Marcus Aurelius, who wisely tells us to "remember on every occasion which leads thee to vexation to apply this principle, that this is not a misfortune, but that to bear it nobly is good fortune." Our old woman, very like, would say very much the same thing. She would say, "Now, don't ye fret; have a bit of patience. We don't never know how things will turn out. Maybe this, as seems so bad, will be just the best thing as ever happened; and if not, why, deary me, we can't have everything our own way. We have just got to trust in the Lord, and that He'll do for us for the best." For ourselves, we prefer this version to that of Marcus Aurelius. If we must confess it, neither of them is very convincing to our minds. Misfortune is misfortune, by whatever name we call it, and it does not always do us good. Perhaps the mere effort of standing fast and not being carried away by it is the utmost stretch of nobleness to which the larger number of us can attain; and all the heathen philosophers in the world will not teach us any better. We wonder

if, in the depths of his heart, Sir John Lubbock, when freed from Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, does not think so too? We should have preferred to hear while he was about it what his own ideas were.

We will not return to the question about the hundred books, which gave almost as much and as innocent occupation to a large and virtuous portion of the population for a long time, as do the acrostics in the weekly papers. To that gentle audience the question, diversified as it was by a hundred ways of putting it, and by the letters of the favoured persons who were invited to give their views on the subject, probably did neither good nor ill—perhaps, indeed, it stimulated some worthy youth or maiden in the way these young persons should go; and to more critical minds it was a harmless delight to see how the crowd of advisers followed each other, and how pat the ladies too were with their Marcus Aurelius—the "dear old Markis," as that famous typical old lady, whom we recognise in all the anecdotes, said in Rome. None of these authorities seem to have taken note of the fact that to every well-bred English child brought up in a house which possesses a library, great or small, there are a certain number of books of which its knowledge is almost innate,—which it knew, so to speak, before it was born. The present writer for one could not tell where he read almost any of Shakespeare's dramas for the first time. There was no first time; they were part of life, like breath and speech. And so with Scott, and many more. If the list is made for the entirely uneducated, that is another thing; but to these it would be perhaps foolish to begin with Aristotle and Confu-

cius. Sir John Lubbock remarks, in reference to Mr John Bright's recommendation of "the less known American poets," that "he probably assumed that every one would have read Shakespeare, Milton ('Paradise Lost,' 'Lycidas,' and minor poems), Chaucer, Dante, Spenser, Dryden, Scott, Wordsworth, Pope, Southey, Byron, and others, before embarking on more doubtful adventures," which is a very kind peradventure. Probably Mr Bright, we think, did nothing of the kind. He recommended 'Bancroft's History of the United States,' if we remember rightly, no doubt with a practical mind, thinking the lads in the Mechanics' Institutes might be led towards emigration, and not pretending to be a literary authority. But Sir John Lubbock himself assumes no such preliminary knowledge. And we wonder, by the way, why he should put in Southey and leave out Coleridge? and why he should pointedly excommunicate "Comus," and "Samson Agonistes" from his Milton? and whether he means to protest against the great deal too much that we have lately been hearing of Shelley, by leaving him out altogether? But these are questions to which we are very unlikely to hear any answer.

Mrs Ross's¹ little book is one of a kind with which the English reader is very familiar. The perennial and apparently inexhaustible interest which Italy possesses, and which justifies the wandering semi-artistic traveller in compiling another and another volume about her scenery, her peasantry, her old castles and customs, is a very curious phenomenon in the midst of our always more and more cosmopolitan life.

It was more rational that these things should be when our knowledge of her was much more limited,—when she was the "woman-country" of the poets, the helpless and beautiful, with nothing particular to do but to look lovely, and now and then sell scraps of her adornments to the eager or compassionate tourist. But now that Italy has ceased to pose or to have any occasion for posing, when indeed her former reputation as the old curiosity-shop of the world offends her, and with good reason—and she is no longer the woman-country, admired with an admixture of contempt, but the very robust and enterprising fatherland of an active, energetic, hard-working, and hard-headed race, fully awake to their own interests, and determined to make their identity felt in the world—it is more astonishing that this semi-tender romantic feeling in her favour should continue to exist. Mrs Ross, however, is very differently qualified for the task from the many who undertake it. These peasants have become her own people. The vintages and olive-gatherings, which she describes with so much grace, are in some measure the business of her own life. We believe it is no secret that she has served her adopted country by introducing many improvements into the agricultural methods of her Tuscan valley, and that the oil and wine of Signa have materially increased in value under the enlightened care of the English lady who has found there a congenial home. This of course gives her such a right to speak as no chance temporary resident, however enamoured of the rustic graces of the peasantry whom he sees from the windows of his villa,

¹ *Italian Sketches.* By Janet Ross. Macmillan & Co.

can possess ; and there is consequently a reality in these sketches which will recommend them to the reader who may be a little tired of the conventional Antonios and Mariettas, but yet will be glad to understand, for instance, that old and long-enduring mode of industrial co-operation which exists in Tuscany, and which all the Italian interest in new methods, and desire to take advantage of every improvement generally adopted in the world, has not been able to displace. It is a thoroughly practicable and well-established system, which is a thing that cannot be said for most new schemes of the kind. Mrs Ross does not give an entire approval to it ; but when it fails, it is evidently not the peasant but the proprietor who suffers, which is a result that will commend itself to those legislators at their ease who are not landowners, and consequently can recommend with a light heart what could do them no harm. The conditions of this co-operative partnership are as follows :—

“The *mezzeria* or *métayer* system, generally prevailing in Tuscany, induces a patriarchal feeling between landlord and peasant which is very pleasant to see, but is not conducive to agricultural progress or a good thing for the landlord. He pays all the taxes to the Government, which are enormous ; he provides the house rent-free, and keeps it in repair ; he buys the oxen, cows, and horses, bearing half the loss if they die, and of course getting half the profit when they are sold. The peasant gives his labour, the landlord gives the land and the capital, and the proceeds are divided between them. In bad years the landlord advances corn to his peasants, which they repay when they can in wine, oil, beans, &c. When there is a large family of young children, the peasant sometimes accumulates a load of debt that cripples him for years : in rare instances the landlord turns him out

at six months' notice, and puts another family on the farm ; but, as a rule, the peasants remain for generations on the same property, and always talk of themselves as the *gente* (people) of their landlord. The English farmer does not exist in Tuscany ; none of the peasants have enough capital to lease land, and if they had they would not do it, being so much better off under the *mezzeria*. If a peasant leased his farm, he would probably starve in a bad season, instead of tiding it over as he now does by the *padrone's* help.”

There are drawbacks in all human *régimes* ; but the advantages of this primitive system are very apparent, both in the mutual help which underlies the mutual profit, and by the welding together of the different classes of rustic society which must be the result. It would scarcely be compatible, however, we fear, with that desire for “rising in the world,”—“bettering himself,”—which it is the aim of all our educational efforts to put into the mind of every English boy. When peasants are content to remain peasants from generation to generation, without perhaps any temptation to desert their own class for another, the situation is different. Even an English labourer, much more an English farmer, would find the house of a Tuscan peasant, or even of a French petty proprietor, owning that bare and unlovely place, an undesirable dwelling. But there is something in the primitive wealth of oil and wine, and in the independence, so long as things go well and he can thoroughly work his farm, of the Italian, which throws a glamour over his homely farinaceous fare and bare habitation. There is a curious illustration of the domestic difficulties which sometimes accompany this tenure in the story of ‘*La Gioconda*,’ which is Mrs Ross's

only effort at romance. Gioconda's brothers have been killed in the war, she is the only survivor of the family, and her lover, alas! belongs to an adjoining property, where there is a hard master who will not give Giulio leave to go. In these circumstances, Gioconda's father is thus interviewed by the proprietor of his little farm:—

“Your fields are badly tilled, the pruning of the vines is always behind-hand, and you are running into debt with me for corn. You spend your own small savings in paying hired labourers who scamp their work, and it cannot go on. Gioconda must marry and bring a husband into the house to help you. I will give you six months, for your family has been on the land for two hundred years, and I don't want to be hard on you. But I must pay my taxes, and if my land is not properly cultivated I cannot. This cursed Government does nothing but raise the taxes: soon we landowners shall be beggars.”

“But, *Illustrissimo*——”

“No, Nando, I can listen to no objections. You are going to tell me again about Giulio. It is of no use. I cannot force Count Selvi to let Giulio leave his own family. You must find another husband for Gioconda. In my time girls never fell in love. Nonsense! You can tell her to be a dutiful daughter and marry some young fellow who can help you, and has an eye for oxen.”

The possibility of interference of this kind is probably rare; but Mrs Ross does not fail to note the inconveniences of the system, notwithstanding her general liking for it. It may be “condemned as the most backward, or defended as the most patriarchal and wholesome of systems,” she says:—

“When the landlord is intelligent, active, and judicious, he may become a centre of enlightenment and improvement to his tenantry; but all

his attempts must be made with the most cautious discretion, or he will infallibly frighten and perhaps alienate his tenantry, who are thorough Conservatives, and love *stare super antiquas vias*.”

A passing intention had risen in our mind to compare this pretty picture of rural Tuscany with another nearer our own doors, that elucidation of English peasant-life with which Dr Jessop¹ has recently awakened our interest in the fortunes, the misfortunes, and the possibilities of our own rustic neighbours. But when we turn over again the pages of his book, we shrink from the encounter of those very plain facts with a record which, though doubtless in the main true, is pictorial, picturesque, and distant, and enter into little that is sordid or miserable in a life which is not all vintage even there, but has its troubles as in other places. Arcady, according to Dr Jessop, has very dark corners, and the atmosphere is not bright with that southern sunshine which throws a veil of light over everything. We have said that the bare dwelling-room of a *podere*, and the miserableness of a French *chaumière* would startle the cottage folks who understand the delights of a white hearthstone and a shining dresser. And so we still think; but we are silenced when we hear of the “rookeries” in which a poor ploughman's family has to huddle together, and which the mere necessity of warmth makes more squalid than anything can be where that need does not tell. There is a great deal, however, in Dr Jessop's sketches which is more interesting than any foreign picture. It loses, indeed, many possibilities of picturesqueness by

¹ Arcady: for Better or Worse. By A. Jessop, D.D. T. Fisher Unwin, London.

being so true and thoroughly known. In hands less familiar much might be made even in this way of those tumble-down buildings with high-peaked roofs, or thatch overgrown with lichen, which the country parson knows are often full of all abominations. Our American visitors, for instance, treat them with much more respect than Dr Jessop. They look with reverence upon these "rookeries." They make captivating sketches of them, with that pleasing mixture of adoration and contempt which is the present mood of these lively visitors towards their mother country. And artists, in general, like the look of these familiar places, be they ever so tumble-down, with their air of growing out of the soil rather than having been built upon it; so that we may believe if a kindly Italian resident had settled down in Norfolk, and in the genial time of haymaking, or when the harvesting was going on, had written a volume of English sketches in choice Italian, our poor country-folk might have fared as well in his hands as the Tuscans do in Mrs Ross's. And, on the whole, our Arcadian parson is not so discouraging as he appears at the first glance. If his pages show us a life which is sunless, without amusement or beauty, it is not a life destitute of opportunities nor incapable of amelioration. The necessity for amusement is perhaps a modern discovery. Our immediate fathers (not to speak of generations further off, who perhaps were better acquainted with the article) never took it into consideration. When it came, it came accidentally, and a desire for it was reckoned a very frivolous, not to say unlawful, thing. As a matter of fact, for a great part of the population, amusement—at all events of a concerted

kind—must always be impossible. The men, after their work, may have time for relaxation. But who is to invent any means of a public kind, which can be promoted by law or arranged by benevolence, for the recreation of the women—the mothers who have their children to put to bed, and who cannot be loosed from the sacred duties of custodians of home? They may amuse themselves in their fashion by an afternoon chat with their neighbours; but what can we or any public agency do for them? And it must be added that amusement is entirely a conditional matter; and that the lounge at a street corner, the gossip at the door, is probably to many a much more agreeable form of entertainment than those which we devise. To sit closely packed, like herrings in a barrel, under trees which intercept the air, amid clouds of tobacco-smoke, and listen to a band, is the German ideal. But for our own part there are few kinds of hard work which would not to us seem much more agreeable. We are glad, therefore, to think that perhaps the want of amusement does not affect the minds of the cottagers as it does their superiors. They have, no doubt, little relaxations in their own way, which other people do not take note of—as indeed we all have.

With all the darker shades, however, which his intimate knowledge of rural life reveals to us, there are also lights in Dr Jessop's book—not of the picturesque kind—which throw a most cheerful and encouraging illumination upon those breadths of silent country which tell their own story so little. The most important of all is his spirited and indignant denial of the popular delusion that the agricultural labourer "is peculiarly unhappy in having no career."

“If you mean that not every agricultural labourer has any reasonable prospect of rising to be a farmer and employer of labourers under him, and not every labourer is at all likely to rise in the social scale, and leave off a richer man than his father, then I should wish to be informed what class has a career? But if you mean that there is a dreadful law of universal prevalence which makes it impossible for *any* peasant to rise above the condition in which he was born, and which some express by saying, ‘Once a labourer, always a labourer,’ then I affirm unhesitatingly that for the county of Norfolk, the most purely agricultural county in England, such a statement is not only an exaggeration, but a glaring misstatement of facts. Why, Norfolk swarms with tenant-farmers small and great, who have risen from the plough. Some of the very richest men in the county are men who have worked at 9s. a week, and can scarcely write their names. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the cattle-trade of the eastern counties is mainly in the hands of men who are sons of the plough. No career! I protest it would be difficult to point to any industry in which the workmen of sterling character, physical energy, ambition, and only a little more than average sagacity, are more sure to rise above the rank and file. . . . I’ll find you fifty men ten miles from the chair on which I am sitting, every one of whom was born in a hovel, every one of whom was educated in a village school or never educated at all, every one of whom has lived by day-labour in his time, and every one of whom is himself more or less an employer of labour or occupier of land, by which he keeps himself and his family, owner of horse and cow, some of them of flocks and herds—nay, some who are the freeholders of their own broad acres, and who will hardly like to be classed among the little ones (*i.e.*, small proprietors).”

This is a result which would be much less likely under the *mezzeria* ;

indeed, as we have said, that famous English ideal of rising in the world does not belong to the ideal peasant state at all, and destroys one of its first conditions—one at least of its most picturesque and human circumstances—its long establishment and affection for the soil.

It is a common complaint, unluckily not without foundation, that in many of the most important departments of our national life we are being hustled aside by the persevering Germans. They take the *pas* of us on ‘Change, we grumble; they are jostling us out of the City; clerks of Teutonic race do our office-work better and more cheaply than our native-born quill-drivers either can or will do. Seated on the sacred heights of literature we have been as yet able to regard this invasion of England with a sort of *suave mari magno* feeling; but who knows how long this may last? When the most complete study that we possess of one of our greatest English poets comes to us from Germany, it is in its way as much a menace to our critics as one of Bismarck’s blood and iron “notes” would be to Downing Street. Karl Elze’s study of Byron showed how thoroughly German critics can do our business for us when they set about it; and on the dedication page of the volume now on the “Saloon” table is inscribed another name which recalls the fact that even in old English studies such authorities as Skeat and Earle must own an equal in Professor Schipper. If the translation of such a work as Professor Brandl’s ‘Coleridge’¹ is a gain to English literature, it is also a reproach to it; and if we must look this gift-horse in the mouth, it is some

¹ Samuel Taylor Coleridge. By Alois Brandl, Professor of English Language and Literature, University of Prague. Translated by Lady Eastlake. London: John Murray. 1887.

satisfaction to discover that there are unsound teeth in it.

Admirable as a penetrating and appreciative study of Coleridge, Professor Brandl's memoir is disfigured by not a few errors, pardonable enough when we consider the difficulties under which he must have approached his subject, and easily explicable in the case of a foreigner dealing with minute details. His mistakes are unfortunately too numerous to admit of all the blame being thrown upon the translator, but we can scarcely imagine a German professor even by a slip of the pen describing Porphyry as "a good bishop of the fourth century," or Berkeley as an "ultra-materialist," or Hartley as "a disbeliever in matter." There are also numerous mistakes in the *fasti* of Coleridge's biography, as in placing the date of his death in June, instead of July, 1834; some of them mere slips, others decidedly misapprehensions. There are some other misconceptions in the book which at times vitiate Professor Brandl's views; but the sources of these are so obvious that the English student of Coleridge runs little risk of being misled by them. But, as a rule, the Professor's slips do not affect the really valuable portion of his book, his attempt to trace the poetical and intellectual development of Coleridge, and to estimate his influence upon the poetry and thought of his day. To this side of Professor Brandl's efforts praise is justly due for the discriminative and thorough analysis to which he has subjected Coleridge's work and ideas, and to the knowledge of our classic poets which he has brought to bear upon the illustration of his subject.

The life of Coleridge, any more than the life of Pope, will never be ex-

plained to the complete satisfaction of all inquirers, and to the extinction of speculation by positive demonstration; and Professor Brandl must still lay his account with finding his facts subjected to interpretations different from that which he has seen fit to put upon them. The old saying that poets make untrustworthy biographers has much force in it, though we should scruple to imply the same moral imputation which generally accompanies the remark. The real and the ideal mingle so closely in the poetic temperament that it is difficult for it, doubtless, to determine accurately where fancy ends and where fact begins. To such a weakness the mind of Coleridge must have been more exposed than that of most men. As Professor Brandl remarks, *apropos* of one of his earliest poems, "Time, Real or Imaginary,"—"With philosophy alone Coleridge was never satisfied. He wanted living forms. He conceived the person of Reality as a boy like himself, and that of Imagination as a girl like his sister, and set them both racing at the top of a hill, as he and she had doubtless often done at Ottery. He revelled in metaphysical generalities, but only for the purpose of embodying them individually." In the Pantisocracy scheme we have exactly the same attempt to realise the ideal and the same imperfect comprehension of the dividing boundary-line. If we would read Coleridge's life rightly, we must keep this fact fully in view, nor forget that his intellectual existence was much more of a reality to him than his physical being.

Dr Brandl is at considerable pains to trace the successive stages of Coleridge's development, and he deserves credit for having put forward several suggestions of im-

portance which have been either wholly omitted or imperfectly stated by previous critics. We have no difficulty in finding the germs of his transcendentalism in his absent-minded father; but we have more hesitation in accepting the idea that he drew his "homely and unconventional habits," which were merely the natural reflections of his own mind, from his mother, who never seems to have had any influence over him. Plotinus and Neo-Platonism and Hellenic mysticism further developed his transcendental views, until we find him at a not particularly mature age "a freethinker from a positive excess of fancy." Next came the influence of the French Revolution, which thoroughly carried him away, as it did so many poetical geniuses of his generation, and set a firm impress upon the character of all his earlier work. Upon Coleridge the Revolution made a deeper and less easily eradicated mark than upon any of the poets of his age, Shelley alone excepted. His natural tendencies impelled him to the romantic school of poetry, and the influence of Bowles confirmed this bent—not so extraordinary an influence as it may seem to us who never open Bowles in the present day, when we remember Wordsworth reading Bowles's "Sonnets" on Westminster Bridge, and refusing to stir until he had finished the book. Dr Brandl makes a good deal of effort to trace the effects of Coleridge's study of Milton, Gray, and Thomson, on his poems of the pre-Bowles period, but his criticisms are rather too refined to be altogether convincing.

Dr Brandl for the first time publishes the letter which Coleridge, when tired of soldiering as "Silas Tomkyn Comberbach"—

we may accept this as the authority for the form of a *nom de guerre* which has been spelt in divers ways—wrote to his brother, Captain James Coleridge, begging that he might be bought off. There is little remarkable in this epistle, which is couched in the stereotyped penitential form of the period, and quite corroborates the understood disgust which Coleridge felt for the career on which he had so rashly embarked.

Dr Brandl makes a pretty idyl—too pretty a one as events subsequently turned out—of Coleridge's life at Clevedon and Nether Stowey, the latter place made memorable by a visit from Wordsworth, which, however, lasted a much shorter time than our author supposes. The account of the poet's residence at the Lakes is, from a critical point of view, the least satisfactory portion of Dr Brandl's work. His life at Keswick, from 1800 to 1804, was not productive of poetry, if we except the second part of "Christabel" and the fine ode to "Dejection"; and it marked a turning-point in Coleridge's career, where a mental twist to which his use of opium must have more or less contributed, began to draw him away from the paths of poesy into the regions of pure speculation. Dr Brandl, in discussing the influences which Coleridge encountered both at this time and during his briefer residence at Grasmere, does not seem to recognise that as regards Coleridge these were positive as well as negative. But the Professor is hardly so much at home among those who are called the "Lake poets" as he is with their predecessors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

As was to be expected, Dr

Brandl dwells with particular interest on Coleridge's German experiences, the influences to which he was more immediately subjected there, and his translations of the 'Piccolomini' and 'Wallenstein' of Schiller. To Coleridge's version, which it must be remembered is rendered from a MS. copy sent by Schiller, and differing from any of the published editions, a very high compliment is paid. "This," says Professor Brandl, "was the copy translated by Coleridge, and with such fidelity that, elastic as it is, it could, if lost, be reconstructed from the English text."

"One can understand the view taken by the English when they maintain that Coleridge's 'Wallenstein' is superior to Schiller's. The wonder is that they occupied twenty years before arriving at this opinion. At first the work fell dead from the press, the translator himself setting the example of indifference. When he undertook the translation, he promised the public in his glowing enthusiasm to write an essay on Schiller. But even in the preface to the first part, it is evident that he had much cooled; and in the second part he actually began to criticise the play, saying that Wallenstein with his long speeches could not be compared with Othello or Lear, but at most with Richard II. or Henry VI. In his letters of the time he regularly abuses the 'dragged, dull, heavy play.'"

Our space will not permit us to follow Dr Brandl through his account of the last two periods of Coleridge's life—his career as journalist and critic, and as a teacher of theology and philosophy; and it is the less necessary, as this portion of his book can scarcely be said to possess the same value as his studies of the more poetical side of Coleridge's work. To the accounts which we already possess of Coleridge's residence with the

Morgans and the Gillmans, Dr Brandl has been able to add nothing new, with the exception of an interesting letter to Judge Coleridge, written in 1825, and giving an account of the unfortunate result of his endeavours to turn his works to some pecuniary account. In the warm defence which his German critic offers against the charges of plagiarism which De Quincey, Sir William Hamilton, and even Professor Ferrier brought forward, students of Coleridge will generally agree, remembering that he was essentially an eclectic philosopher, as well as one of the most forgetful of mortals.

"His openly announced aims were not so much to find anything new as to give fresh life to the past, and forcibly bring home to his countrymen the views of foreigners of kindred spirit with himself. What indeed would become of the poet, of the expounder of scientific discoveries, of the journalist and the orator, if every opinion had to be labelled with a certificate of origin, like the specimens in a collection of mineralogy! . . . Coleridge was a great eclectic, but no one who conscientiously weighs his expressions will call him a plagiarist."

We may take leave of this book, which we hope to see purged of its inaccuracies and qualified to take the place which is justly its due in our Coleridge literature, by quoting, in condensed form, the critic's "concise and final judgment":—

"As a theorist in philosophy, or more, perhaps, æsthetics and theosophy, it was not his *forte* to deduce laws directly from facts, or even to bring them into scientific relation with facts. He had not the objectivity of an investigator. But all the more keen was his eye for every kind of subjective observation; the more freely did he bring what he observed into eloquent accord with his own in-

dividual being and with the tendencies of the time, and all the richer was the warp with which he interwove the alien woof. He was a mighty educator of his countrymen, and full of devotion to this object. Undiscouraged by ill-success, he traversed the narrow, commercial, half-sceptical, half-pietistic domestic prejudices of the English people of that time, with a many-sided inspiring Hellenic-Germanic method of thought, which to this day offers the remedy worth taking to heart for many a social abuse. As a poet also he began by servile [? the interrogation is ours] imitation; but so must all—for poetry is nowhere now a mere matter of invention. Directed both by foreign and home examples, he took Nature, after a fashion and later, for his model, but only to modulate her music with wonderful genius to his own key. In this reason he is truly a creative spirit and immortal.”

How is it that we can never open a book of South American travels without an assured certainty of finding it dull, and that we read it only to find our expectations confirmed? A vast half-continent, so varied by its character and its races, so rich in all the elements of the picturesque, so full of adventures for those who come to seek them, should be able to afford an interest not inferior to that which Africa has yielded in such lavishness. Even the sordid gold-hunting Spaniards kindled into a sort of poetic enthusiasm over its noble rivers, its lofty and inaccessible mountains, and its pathless forests, although these were to them little more than the veil which covered the object of their quest. But no English writer has as yet given us a work on any of the South American States which will tempt to a second reading, still less take rank among the

classics of travel. The latest essay on this subject is no great improvement upon its predecessors in point of literary interest, in spite of its picturesque title.¹ To compensate for this, Sir Horace Rumbold has collected much useful information about Buenos Ayres and the Argentine Republic, which possesses a distinct interest of its own. A country in the course of development has always special claims upon the attention of Englishmen, and never more than in the present day, when overcrowding is the complaint of every career. Those whose motto is “Westward Ho” will do well to read Sir Horace Rumbold’s book; while others of us whose dreams of El Dorado are among the visions of the past, will find some instruction, and not a little to marvel at, in its perusal.

Buenos Ayres has certainly undergone a wonderful evolution since we unluckily made its intimate acquaintance about the time when Canning “called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old.” But for White-lock’s disaster we might, by Anglo-Saxon energy and enterprise, have had “a second and fully as bounteously endowed Australia, within three weeks’ sail of the British shores.” It is not without many troubles that the Argentine Republic has achieved its present meed of prosperity. Since its liberation from the tyranny of Spain, it has suffered much from its dictators, and even more from internal dissensions, down to a very recent date. But the immigration of Europeans and the introduction of railways have wrought marvels of civilisation

¹ *The Great Silver River: Notes of a Residence in Buenos Ayres in 1880 and 1881.* By Sir Horace Rumbold, Bart., K.C.M.G. London: John Murray. 1887.

and development during the last quarter of a century. In Argentina, unlike other countries, civilisation follows the railway, not the railway civilisation. The iron road is pushed forward into the wilds whence the Redskins may scarcely as yet have departed, and the foreigner follows, his towns and settlements springing up as if by magic. Of the immigrants the Italians are the most numerous, forming nearly one-half; the French and Spaniards, mostly from the Biscayan provinces, come next; the British and Germans, with minor nationalities, make up the remainder. The Irishman is by far the most prosperous and successful settler from our own nation; and it is pleasant to extract the following testimony from Sir Horace Rumbold's pages as to what his enterprise and industry can accomplish when freed of the incubus of "agitation":—

"The Irish, besides being the most numerous, are unquestionably the most successful of all our settlers in the River Plate. In some respects, indeed, they are more prosperous than any of the other foreign bodies. There are among them men who, having originally come out with scarcely a shirt to their back, are now the owners of league upon league of well-stocked land, and rank with the largest proprietors in the country. The Irish were the first to take seriously to sheep-farming out here, and they have so successfully developed that branch of rural industry, that it is claimed that their flocks produce one-half of the wool which is imported from this province. Yet, barely forty years ago, the sheep was looked upon as relatively worthless; and to Irishmen is mainly due the credit of having reclaimed that valuable animal from the contempt and degradation into which it had fallen. . . . The Irish have, in short, proved as great a success on the River Plate as they have been, in so many ways, a failure

in North America. They own almost entire districts in the north and centre of the province of Buenos Ayres, where they have endowed chaplaincies and founded schools of their own, with libraries attached to them; and altogether they present an aspect so different from that of their brethren in 'the distressful country' at home, that one cannot but think that a providential outlet is offered to them in these regions."

The interested and determined enemies of Irish emigration, as well as their victims, would do well to ponder over the prosperity which their countrymen have achieved in the southern half of the New World. Sir Horace Rumbold assures us that there has been about enough of Italian and Basque immigration into the Argentine Republic, and that settlers seeking to improve their fortunes, and who can contribute some capital to the general store, are what the country now wants. His advice to Englishmen is, "Come out by all means, but do so with your eyes well open,"—a recommendation applicable not to the Argentine Republic alone. There are great natural resources to be conquered—the mines, the forests, the prairies; there is much wealth to be won in farming and stock-raising; but there are drawbacks in the destructive storms, droughts, locusts, and murrain, to say nothing of the lawless and savage elements of society which the settler in new regions may have to contend with. Probably he would be content to lay his account with these, but there is a political danger which he will be still more reluctant to face—the insecurity attendant upon the instability of Republican institutions, the constant recurrence of revolutions, the possibility of the reins of power falling into the hands of a Rosas, in whose

dictatorship the whole Republic was turned "into a huge slaughter-shed," or even into those of a still more capricious and bloodthirsty despot such as Lopes of Paraguay. This well-founded doubt is what repels English capital and enterprise from the Argentine pampas; and it will continue to do so until time has tried the more reassuring prospects which Sir Horace Rumbold holds out.

Of Buenos Ayres with its society, which it would seem is an *ollapodrida*, in which the flavours of Genoa, Seville, Paris, and Frankfurt are the most pronounced, Sir Horace draws a lively and agreeable picture. In spite of *pamperos* and storms, mosquitoes and the broiling heat of the southern summer, which, of course, is our winter, the city has amenities in sufficiency to justify its poetic appellation. No great maritime capital has a grander or healthier site, we are told; but then, on the other hand, the streets are of narrow old Spanish type, and prospects of drainage still depend upon a speculative public, while the water is unfit for anything except cooking. No wonder, then, though cholera and yellow fever should be too frequent visitors, and that the latter should, in 1867 and 1871, have "wrought such havoc as had hardly been known anywhere since the Great Plague of London." The different nationalities appear to keep pretty much by themselves, and endeavour as much as possible to transplant the institutions of their own land to the country of their adoption. The *Porteñas*, or ladies of the port—the designation of native Buenos Ayrean female society—present many features of special interest in addition to their remarkably good figures, pearly skins, and

naturally fine complexions, to which Sir Horace Rumbold bears gallant testimony. "In such communities as these," he says, "woman is as the salt of the earth; and whatever aristocratic sentiment has survived in these democracies has taken refuge with the fair sex, and there fortunately asserts itself with many of its refining influences." Alongside of the *culte* of womanhood in Buenos Ayres there are the old restrictions on married women, inherited from the Spaniards, or rather the Moors, which plays so important a part in Spanish romance and drama. A very curious fact, worthy of the attention of students of sociology, is to be met with among these *Porteñas*. So sudden an impetus has been given to education and refinement during recent years, that we find the elder and younger ladies of the same family, even sisters, standing upon widely different intellectual levels. The elder ladies had been brought up in the old creole fashion—trusted to half-caste if not negro care—and had participated in the disadvantages inseparable from such fosterage.

"The elder ladies seldom mix in society, or if they do, keep well in the background—treated by their belongings with invariable kindness and respect, but content to remain in timid self-effacement. In looks and dress many of them belong to an entirely different age, and unconsciously make admirable foils to the brilliant modernism of their progeny. To the observant stranger there is something pathetic in one of these poor old dames, huddled up with antiquated finery on a sofa in some corner of the room, where the talk and clatter and music around leave her all unheeded—dreaming she may be all the while of bright and simpler days, when she sat surrounded by doughty heroes of Oribe's or Urquiza's levies, proud to receive

the circling *mate* at her hands, or to listen to the thin tinkling of her guitar. It is, indeed, a far cry from those artless melodies to the latest difficulties by Prudent or Gottschalk: in the interval a brand-new world has sprung into life, and been civilised, as it were, by steam. The placid old head may well shake over it, and feel unable to take it all in."

The life of the *Porteñas* is not without picturesqueness: their drives in the park of Palermo—the "Bois" of Buenos Ayres; their "crack" at the church-doors with their admirers when they come out from Mass, whither their gallants do not follow them, consoling themselves outside with their *papelitos*; the free and easy *tertulias*, to which any one may drop in uninvited; the shopping, which is very sensibly accomplished in tram-cars—Buenos Ayres boasts itself the best-trammed city in the world; the chatter from balcony to balcony, or in little groups at the doors of the *patios*, which goes on in the twilight or under the soft southern moon; and above all the Carnival, which, now somewhat out of date in Europe, flourishes in all its wild pageantry in the South American cities,—all combine to make a full life for the *Porteñas*. If we add to this that they are credited with playing an active part in politics, and with being the source of not a little of the mischief that has distracted the Argentine Republic, we console ourselves with the reflection that woman's sphere in Buenos Ayres is about as broad as one as the female mind can legitimately desire.

Twenty years have elapsed since Count Vitzthum von Eckstaedt represented the King of Saxony in

this country with so much acceptance in London society, and so much weight in the troubled affairs of continental Europe, during the period extending from the outbreak of the Crimean war to the war which followed the Danish difficulty. Though the ambassador of only a minor Power, and though his colleagues of the *corps diplomatique* were men of ability and experience much above the average, Count Vitzthum exercised an influence which was readily appreciated by both British and Continental statesmen; and various incidents occurred during his mission which brought him somewhat prominently before the public, notably his newspaper controversy with the Marquis of Salisbury, then Lord Robert Cecil, on the German-Danish difficulty. The recollection of Count Vitzthum is still sufficiently fresh among us to secure an interest for the two volumes of his 'Reminiscences,'¹ chiefly made up from his despatches and private correspondence, an English translation of which has been issued under the editorship of Mr Henry Reeve. These 'Reminiscences' run for a period alongside of the two last volumes of the 'Greville Memoirs,' and deal with many of the topics which Mr Greville has treated in detail; but unlike the clerk of the British Privy Council, the Saxon Minister prefers facts to chit-chat, and calm judgments to social scandal or prejudices. As the view of a well-informed foreigner of British politics at a time when the diplomacy of the nation was conducted neither too wisely nor too well, these 'Reminiscences' are a

¹ St Petersburg and London, 1852-1864: Reminiscences of Count Charles Frederick Vitzthum von Eckstaedt. Edited, with a Preface, by Henry Reeve, C.B., D.C.L. Translated by E. F. Taylor. London: Longmans. 1887.

valuable contribution to political criticism; as an addition to our recent history, they are scarcely less important.

Among the most interesting of Count Vitzthum's recollections are those which relate to the Court of St Petersburg, where he served for some months as *chargé d'affaires* on the eve of the Crimean war. The estimate which he was then able to form of Nicholas and his principal advisers quite accounts for the persistent fatuity with which Russia was even then forcing on a war with the Allied Powers—an estimate which, had it been realised by British Ministers, might have led to considerable modifications of our own line of policy. The Emperor was already under the spell of that mental malady which had manifested itself in so many members of his family, and the delusion had seized upon him with the persistency of a fixed idea that the fate of all Europe lay at his arbitration. His influence in checking the revolutionary wave which had swept over the Continent in 1849 unfortunately confirmed this feeling, which was still further strengthened by the assurances of his advisers. Orloff and Menschikoff were the only men about him who dared to give the Emperor honest counsel. As for Count Nesselrode, "his pen was always at the monarch's command, whenever he was called upon to demonstrate the necessity of high-handed measures, possibly leading to a war of which he himself disapproved." Sir Hamilton Seymour—who, after the death of Count Schwartzberg a few months before Count Vitzthum's arrival, was the ablest of the foreign ambassadors at St Petersburg—was never able to make any save a hostile impression upon the Emperor, who, after the Aber-

deen Ministry came into office, could not believe that Seymour's counsels were backed up by his Cabinet at home. The idea of "Turkey" as the "sick man" of European diplomacy, was too deeply engrained into the Emperor's mind for any influence to sway his resolutions where the Porte was concerned. As a proof of this we quote the following lively anecdote, which Sir Hamilton Seymour heard from Metternich's own lips, but which, unless we are mistaken, has been told in print before Count Vitzthum's volumes:—

"Don't think you are the first one he has talked to about the 'sick man.' Good heavens! that fixed idea has been worrying him for years. Your duty was not to let him speak about the matter at all, or, if he did so, to cut him short at once. Would you like to know how I managed to do so when he spoke to me of the 'sick man'? It was at Münchengrätz, at dinner. I was sitting opposite his Majesty. Leaning over the table, the Czar asked me—'Prince Metternich, que pensez vous du Turc? C'est un homme malade, n'est-ce pas?' I missed hearing the question, and pretended to be deaf when he addressed it to me again. But on his repeating it a third time, I was forced to answer. I did so indirectly, by inquiring in turn, 'Est-ce au médecin ou à l'héritier que votre Majesté adresse cette question?' The Emperor did not reply, and never spoke to me again about the 'sick man.'"

Having seen the insanity on the one side, which was fast accumulating the elements of strife, Count Vitzthum soon had the opportunity of witnessing how speedily incapacity and vacillation, on the other, could call these into active operation. He arrived in London in June 1853, at the very time when Menschikoff's demands at Constantinople were beginning to open the eyes of the Coalition Cabinet to

the difficulties which lay before them. Lord Aberdeen's confidence in Nicholas extended itself to his colleagues ; and not even Sir Hamilton Seymour's correspondence, though it roused the nation a year afterwards, could convince the Government of the dangers into which they were drifting. Count Vitzthum does not add much to the knowledge which we already possess of the diplomatic side of the Crimean war ; but he distinctly shows us that our own, alone among European Cabinets, was from first to last groping its way blindly without prescience of what would be the next step which it would have to take, and without any definite aims to be attained except the termination of an unpopular struggle. It is not unnatural that, as a foreigner, he should participate in the dislike of Lord Palmerston and the distrust of his foreign policy ; but he is scarcely just when he re-echoes the contemporary cry that he sacrificed peace for the sake of retaining office. Since the publication of Mr Ashley's 'Life of Palmerston,' and so many of his letters, this charge must be relegated to the category of party prejudices, and the difficulties which Lord Palmerston had to encounter when he became Prime Minister in 1855 fully recognised.

Count Vitzthum was privileged to have many confidential audiences of the Prince Consort, who seems to have discussed European questions with the Saxon Minister with a degree of frankness which could not well have been ventured upon with a representative of one of the greater Powers. The reports of these conversations amply confirm the high estimate of the Prince's acumen and mastery of Continental politics which Sir Theodore Martin has already given us.

In pre-Bismarckian days the Prince had already foreseen that the unity and regeneration of Germany was to be achieved under Prussian auspices, although many of the objections which his Royal Highness took to the then attitude of Austria towards the minor Powers in his conversations with Count Vitzthum would be equally applicable to more recent Prussian policy.

Perhaps the most notable chapter in these volumes is the account which is given of Metternich's visit to Dresden in 1858, within a few months of the great statesman's death, and of the reminiscences which the aged diplomatist communicated to his younger *confrère*. Metternich had not been to Dresden since his famous interview with the First Napoleon, which settled Austria's adhesion to the Grand Alliance, and in the course of which "the wrathful Emperor threw his since historical hat upon the floor to see whether Prince Metternich was minded to pick it up." "I let the hat lie where it was," said the Prince, when relating the incident ; "but the glove which he flung down as a moral challenge to my Emperor I picked up ; he knew me too well to deceive himself on that point." Count Vitzthum records a striking coincidence of opinion between the late Prince Consort and Metternich regarding Napoleon III., which held good almost to identity of expression.

"The Emperor," said Metternich, "is a power that must be taken into account. But he forgets that a man cannot be Emperor *par la grâce de Dieu* and *par la volonté nationale* at one and the same time. That is a *contradictio in adjecto*. He must take his choice—to grasp the reins of government either as the heir of Napoleon I., or

as the elected candidate of universal suffrage. This contradiction will cause his downfall. I shall not live to see it; but remember my words, 'This Bonaparte has built nothing that will last.' A few weeks later I heard the same prophecy at Buckingham Palace from the lips of Prince Albert, and it struck me as remarkable that the two political antipodes, the Conservative Prince Metternich and the Liberal Prince Albert, should agree almost to the letter in their estimate of Napoleon III. 'He is no philosopher,' said Prince Albert, 'or he would have understood that no sovereign can owe his crown at once to hereditary succession and universal suffrage. This contradiction is bound to be the ruin, I don't say of himself personally—perhaps he is destined to die an Emperor in his bed—but of his system, his dynasty. He has built nothing lasting; he is only a meteor—no fixed star.'"

The British constitution Metternich characterised as a whist-party *à trois*—the House of Commons, with "public opinion" as "dummy," playing against the Crown and the House of Lords. "I at least," said Metternich, "have invariably preferred to play with the dummy." The Prince remarked upon the decay of English statesmanship in his time, and only made an exception in favour of Disraeli, when contrasting the British Ministers of the day with those of his youth.

The Schleswig-Holstein dispute afforded Count Vitzthum an opportunity of showing his diplomatic energy and ability; and there can be little question but that his counsels exercised very considerable influence upon both public and political opinion in this country. His representations to Lord Russell certainly did not a little to check the Liberal

Government from drifting into war; his interviews with Lord Derby prevented the Opposition from pressing upon the Government the doubtful justice of maintaining neutrality; and his combat with Lord Robert Cecil in the newspapers considerably counteracted the impression which the latter's fiery and chivalrous articles were calculated to produce. We shall not stir up again the feelings which were called forth during the discussion of this *questio vexata*, by going through the interesting account which Count Vitzthum gives of the progress of the German-Danish difficulty. To us at the present day, it will be sufficient to note that the practical question which Count Vitzthum put to Lord Derby in January 1864—"What can it matter to England whether Denmark keeps the Duchies or not?"—has already been responded to.

'Juvenilia'¹ forms an attractive object to the eye as it lies on our "Saloon" table, and the announcement on the cover that it is by Vernon Lee is a guarantee that its contents will at least in some respects correspond with its outward seeming. The title, which needs explanation, is duly made intelligible in the introduction, and refers, as we are there told, to those æsthetic delights which formed the all-absorbing pursuits of the younger days of Vernon Lee and Carlo, to whom the essays are addressed. An allegorical figure on the floor of Siena Cathedral, of a boy holding a hawk on his wrist, is accepted as the symbolical text of the work, and Carlo is warned that his hawk-flying days have passed away, and that the time has come

¹ *Juvenilia*: being a Second Series of Essays on Sundry Æsthetic Questions. By Vernon Lee. 2 vols. T. Fisher Unwin. 1887.

when he, like the authoress, must look the sterner duties of life in the face. Much that she has to say on this point is true, but the question suggests itself whether it was necessary to repeat what has so often been urged on this much-taught generation. No one will gainsay the truth of her remarks when she writes—

“Do what we will, devote ourselves exclusively to the pleasant and certain things of this life, shut our eyes and ears resolutely to the unpleasant and uncertain, we shall be made, none the less, to take part in the movement that alters the world. Help it to alter we must, in so far as each of us represents a class, a nationality, a tendency—nay, as each of us eats a certain amount of food, and occupies a certain amount of standing-room. For the whole of all things is ever moving, changing place and form; and we, its infinitesimal atoms, are determining its movements. The question therefore is, in which direction shall our grain of dust's weight be thrown.”

We have on so many occasions had this sort of thing dinned into our ears from the pulpits of popular divines that it begins to pall upon us, and we fear that we fail to receive it with the meek attention with which we hope, for Vernon Lee's sake, that Carlo listened to it.

But having administered this tonic to her pupil, the authoress removes all the bitter taste of her dose by a perfect deluge of the current-wine of æstheticism. In her opening essay she discusses the value of association in art; and in an “eruption of philosophical and historical Hegelian verbiage,” to use her own simple language, she first sets up a theory of straw, and then demolishes it in the most approved fashion. Her ideas, though neither new nor striking,

come fast and furious, and are mainly noticeable for their want of logical sequence and their lack of consistency. She appears to have approached her task without any fixed and definite views on the subjects of which she treats, but to have been led on as her fancy moved her at the moment, and, as we cannot help thinking, in accordance with the requirements for the production of certain cherished phrases and similes. Her account of the way in which “association” took possession of her soul on board a Rhine steamer is so thoroughly descriptive of the forces at work in moulding her views generally, that we cannot forbear to quote it:—

“But while such were my reasoned ideas, I gradually became aware of the presence within me of something different, diffusing itself and permeating my consciousness. Not exactly an idea, nor yet a set of impressions, something impossible to define, because definition is not made for vagueness; first within myself, warming me like a cordial into vague pleasure, then afterwards surrounding me from outside, an all-encompassing medium in which the soul floated in languid enjoyment—pleasurableness slowly produced (as heat is slowly given out by a few embers when we blow upon them) by the sense that this was the Rhineland.”

Most people would have expressed all that is essential in this lengthy sentence in a tithe of the words here employed, and, let us hope, with a more strict regard for the rules of grammar. But the association of which this vague something was the inward and spiritual sign, was, after all, only evoked by the recollection of the stories of family history told her when a child by her German

nursery-maid. And prosaic enough they seem to have been, but yet they were enough to make the authoress "excited, pleased, scarce knowing at what; and," she adds, "whenever the boats came alongside the steamer and the cry arose 'Boppard,' or 'Kaub,' or 'Lorch,' the effect was as if I caught distant notes of some once cherished tune, thrilling me faintly, but surely."

To attempt to follow Vernon Lee in her definition of association in art is beyond our powers, for it varies with almost every other page. We will only say that she assures us that but for it "we should care to see only the things we can eat," and that its action is like "that of the wave which brings to the nucleus of solid earth all the floating things that can make soil." Definition is not her strong point, and if we were asked to say what is, we should be inclined to give the palm to her wealth of words. Her power of heaping up adjectives is extraordinary. The setting sun she describes as "emerging, round, immense, rayless, golden,"—the moon as "big, round, white, bright;" and in the same way most of her substantives are buried beneath a pile of adjectives.

Association also is the subject of her second essay, "Botticelli at the villa Lemmi." It seems that some few years ago two frescoes by Botticelli were discovered beneath the plaster of the walls of this villa, and that the French Government, desiring to save them from destruction, bought them from the owner and transported them to the walls of the Louvre. This action has aroused Vernon Lee's wrath. She would, she says, rather see a work of art moulder into dust in the spot where it was originally placed, whether in farm-

house or cathedral, than have it preserved in a "kind of artificial stony Arabia of vacuity and ugliness," or in other words, a picture-gallery. We do not do Vernon Lee the injustice of believing that this is her real idea of picture-galleries, but for the moment it suited her purpose to draw a strong contrast between the pastoral beauty of the villa Lemmi and picture-galleries, and so she called them "artificial, stony Arabias," just as a little further on she finds it convenient to say that a work of art preserved in a collection becomes "a useless, utterly inorganic, unassimilated piece of grandeur." All this gives a sense of insincerity to Vernon Lee's essays. We do not mean that she has any deliberate intention to deceive, but only that she has, as regards art, the same mind that Mr Gladstone has towards politics. She can persuade herself for the moment into any belief, and she fondly hopes that her readers, like herself, have forgotten all that has gone before, and will, with equal ease, forget what she is then writing. Like Mr Gladstone also, she declaims most fiercely against those who in some way or other have, however slightly, interfered with her personal importance; and thus all this outburst of anger against the French Government, and this contempt for picture-galleries and museums, appear to have been aroused by annoyance at feeling that she can no longer talk in a superior way to the common herd of Italian tourists dependent only on their guide-books, of "the Botticellis at the villa Lemmi."

We regret all this the more because the authoress is so evidently capable of better, truer, and simpler work. Her description of

the villa Lemmi and its surroundings is excellent, and brings before our eyes with almost startling vividness the courtyards, drying-grounds, and cloisters of the old white house with its belvedere tower, and the olive-covered slopes of the valley beyond. We can almost forgive her outburst against picture-galleries for the necessity it has imposed upon her of giving us a carefully drawn sketch of an Italian landscape. In the same way her description of the town of Burano in the second volume is exceedingly graphic, and reproduces picturesquely and with much realistic power the life and bustle of a small Italian town *en fête*.

But unfortunately these artistic touches merely serve as interludes between the expression of her views on the many subjects on which she has chosen to instruct Carlo. We do not know whether Carlo is a student of Shakespeare. If he is not, we should strongly recommend him to receive his instructress's opinion of the poet with caution. If he is, he will probably have learnt for himself that, Vernon Lee notwithstanding, Shakespeare's plays were written for great actors, that they are masterly portrayals of life, and that they are full of careful and truthful delineations of character. The two hundred and seventy or eighty years which separate us from the days of Shakespeare, seem to represent to the authoress a gulf so wide as to cut us off completely from the poet and his works.

"I do not believe," she says, "that Hamlet, such as Shakespeare wrote him (as distinguished from Hamlet such as we read him), is as realistically conceived, as realistically carried out, as Schiller's Don Carlos, much less as Goethe's Tasso; nor are Romeo and Juliet realised like Faust and

Gretchen, Egmont and Clärchen, Max and Thekla."

All this shows an extraordinary ignorance, over which, if Vernon Lee had been wise, she would have drawn a veil. Hamlet, as Shakespeare wrote him and we read him, is a character for all time, and is as thoroughly realistic as anything that ever was penned. But on every subject connected with Shakespeare and his contemporaries, she shows so curious a want of knowledge that we are almost tempted to believe that she has never read a line written by them. Otherwise we should not expect her to say—

"All the literature of the past ages gives us, in some extraordinary blindness of the humanly possible, in some astonishing change of character or inconceivable obtuseness, the equivalent of that want of perception of what is and what is not, which makes the child try to sweep the moon out of the sky with a broom. Thus Oliver, in 'As You Like It,' could not have suddenly turned from an utter scoundrel into a fit husband for Celia; nor could Olivia, in 'Twelfth Night,' have instantly married off an unknown brother of the person she was in love with, on discovering that person to be a woman. Such things are impossible, due to absolute carelessness, want of habit of realising situations; they are as utterly silly and childish as to stick three rosebuds and a box sprig into the ground and call the arrangement a garden."

After this we need not be surprised to find that she can suggest no better definition of the Shakespeareian drama than "the exposition of some interesting action, spiced and garnished with every sort of extraneous thing, with high lyricism, buffoonery, wit, poetic fancy, obscenity, philosophy, and fashionable euphuism." What she means by this last expression we don't know, and it is unnecessary to

inquire. A lady who can describe Macbeth, Claudius, and the usurper in 'The Tempest' as "mere kings of clubs, not very much more individual than those on the playing cards," is beyond criticism.

It is plain that under the influence of certain writers Vernon Lee has clothed herself with an individuality which is not her own. When she writes naturally, she writes delightfully; but when she struts about in a foreign garb which ill becomes her, we feel inclined to shut up the book, as we now do.

It would be vain any longer to contest the supreme position of Mr Rider Haggard¹ as the novelist of the day. Saul has slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands. The lists of Messrs Mudie, and of the publishers, establish his supremacy beyond doubt; and we have nothing to do but allow that the place of Scott, of Dickens, of Thackeray, of Hugh Conway (oh, wonderful conjunction!) is now filled by the creator of 'She.' He is at least a more worthy monarch than his immediate predecessor, which is something: but how shall we attempt to whisper to such a potentate our humble opinion of productions which all the world has crowned? Our beloved coadjutor in these pursuits, Mr Andrew Lang—who, though he occasionally lifts his warlike and fine-pointed spear to give us a (let us hope) not unfriendly prick, we have always delighted to honour—has lately declared his confidence in the power of criticism: we can scarcely say that we are of his opinion. Some fine spirits indeed may take it to heart, especially if the common voice agrees with that of the critic,

and it is apparent that the composition remarked upon has not the success of its predecessors; but it must be a very fine and impartial spirit indeed which will accept the small voice of an anonymous personage seated in a mysterious chamber, as of more weight than the cheers of the crowd. We do not hope for any such success, and we have already let loose our opinion as to what Mr Rider Haggard can and cannot do. His present work shows this, we think, with unusual distinctness. He can write admirable descriptions of the wildest adventures of travel, most animated battle-scenes of a wild kind, and fine sketches of scenery of a similar description. His invention of savage difficulties and wonders in the way which leads to his goal is inexhaustible, and in most cases, with now and then a divergence into the grotesque, almost credible, and very exciting and entertaining. But we could wish that our guide *never got there*. He must, no doubt, in the exigencies of story-making, and to fulfil the requirements of the vulgar—by whom probably the introduction of a love-story may be supposed desirable—reach something like a conclusion, and construct something like a plot. But it is a great pity that a talent so admirably adapted for the conduct of adventure should be drawn away into illegitimate channels, and forced to invent impassioned beauties of the most stagey description, because of an imaginary necessity. And we must here be allowed to point out to Mr Rider Haggard that there was no love, nor any beautiful heroine, in 'King Solomon's Mines,'—where he got on admirably with-

¹ Allan Quatermain. By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans & Co.
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out such adjuncts, as nature has happily qualified him to do.

Mr Rider Haggard, however, takes higher ground in the present work than he has yet attempted, so far as we remember. He dedicates the book to his son, in the hope that he may "find something to help him to reach to what, with Sir Henry Curtis, I hold to be the highest rank whereto we can attain, the state and dignity of an English gentleman." This somewhat takes away one's breath: we have no desire to detract from the claims of Sir Henry Curtis and the rest to be considered gentlemen. They are fine fellows in their way. They will not accept the sacrifice, for example, of a little girl's life to save their own, though they consent to place both on the issue of a battle—and they are faithful to each other (which indeed was their only safety), and to the cause of the lady who selects one of them as her husband and king of the country they have invaded, and which they turn upside down. But there is nothing especially lofty or gentleman-like in these actions; most men would have done so without any claim to exalted motives. They are brave, daring, very reckless fellows, sticking at nothing: and if boys are to be taught that the love of adventure is justification enough for any unreasonable enterprise, and that killing savages is the leading duty of man, then nothing could be better adapted for their instruction than the adventures of Allan Quatermain and his companions. But these are not the first duties of an English gentleman, neither are the circumstances which are chosen for the exhibition of that character at all likely to be reproduced in the young student's

life. To be sure, Sir Henry Curtis might have married the two queens, who were both in love with him, and he didn't, but only accepted one—confining himself to the alternative of defeating the armies of the other, with immense slaughter of the party who adhered to her—and this no doubt in the circumstances, which we believe authorised him in marrying both, was gentlemanly conduct—to the one chosen—but not perhaps so remarkable as to justify his election as a model to his kind.

We are not ourselves very fond of battle-pieces; but for those who are attracted by them we commend the narrative of the extraordinary fight before the missionary's house on the Tana river as a most admirable piece of work. It is difficult for the most peaceful-minded reader to lay it down: and though there is little of the "great stour with here and there a sword or an arm flashing through" which was, we believe, Sir Walter's prescription for a great fight, and the smell of carnage is too strong for our unaccustomed faculties, the effect is too powerful to be undervalued. Indeed the episode altogether is, we conceive, much the best thing in the book—the hero of which is not, however, Mr Rider Haggard's English gentleman, but the splendid figure of the Zulu Umslopogaas, a typical savage of the very finest kind. Had the author dedicated the volume to young gentlemen of that nationality, in the hope that they might in time emulate the exploits of a conspicuous brave, he would have been entirely justified.

To take the taste of bloodshed out of the reader's mouth, we may indicate to him, before we conclude, a novel¹ of what we suppose must

¹ Sabina Zembra. By W. Black. Macmillan.

now be called the old style. Mr Black has not always been quite to our mind. He has lingered over his beloved salmon-fishing, and described more sunsets, and painted more Highland landscapes than we can feel to have been necessary; but, on the other hand, his Highland girls have always been delightful, and his humbler gillies and keepers excellent representatives of a class of which perhaps the world has heard only a little too much. In 'Sabina Zembra' (a perfectly foreign and exotic name, by the way, to belong to an English young woman, who seems to have no foreign blood in her veins) there is only one salmon, and that an Irish one—though a twenty-eight-pounder,—and the author has been very reticent in the matter of sunsets. Amid the shoals of distasteful fiction, to

come upon this story is a pleasure indeed, though it is perhaps not a very strong story, nor specially remarkable among its author's productions. The picture, however, which we have here of a young man in love—really in love, and full of all the chivalries and delicate follies of that state, its devotion and patience and unalterable faithfulness—is an agreeable novelty after the easy-minded wooers to whom we are getting accustomed. Should we go on a little further we should no doubt find much that was less pleasant to say. We prefer to end off with an agreeable image. How good for that lover to be able to do so much for the object of his affections in her need! Even that is not very frequently the way in which human events shape themselves or human devotion can be shown.

A FALL HUNT IN THE ROCKIES.

ABOUT the middle of September last two of us, after many wanderings, "struck" a certain ranch on the north fork of Snake River, in Idaho, U.S.A. Hither we had come for the purposes of a hunt, in consequence of what we had seen earlier in the year. In July we were on our way to the Yellowstone National Park, and were so struck by the aspect of affairs at this ranch in the matters of sport, that we stopped "right there," as Western "boys" would forcibly express it. Now for the reason of this stopping "right there." Our destination, as I have stated, was the far-famed Park, and we were now, after a tedious stage-drive across the prairies, yet fifty miles from the home of mammoth geysers, terraces, and springs sulphuric. Momentous events often hinge, however, on such a trifling circumstance as providing the animal man with his dinner; and out West that meal, generally associated as it is with visions of "bacon straight," is always a matter of some uncertainty and mis-giving.

The ranch itself was much the same to look at as most I had been to in Wyoming and Montana; so I was fairly staggered when I was asked "right away" whether we should prefer moose or elk steak, mountain-sheep chops, venison, or antelope cutlets, for supper! I knew, of course, that we were in the foot-hills of the Rockies, and that game was not unknown to those parts, but such an *embarras des richesses* as this I was wholly unprepared for. "Are things what they seem, or is visions about?" We discussed with infinite relish, however, most of

these delicacies, cooked, too, as only mountain-men can cook; and I was then all anxiety to investigate matters more particularly, for there was evidently more behind than at first met the eye.

The proprietors of this ranch I soon found were the Rea Brothers, of trapping, hunting, and prospecting fame in these mountains for over twenty years, who were responsible for the varied nature of our fare. Pegged out on the ground outside were several bear and wapiti hides.

Nor was this all; for while my curiosity and longings were being momentarily roused to the point of the prospective enjoyment of a bear-hunt, my "partner" was already, I saw, in all the ecstasy of an angler's delight. On the opposite bank of the river he was reeling in at a marvellous rate such beauties as I had rarely hoped to see in these parts. When he came in at a late hour he had thirty trout to his credit, every one of them over one pound, and most of them up to two and a half and three pounds. Surely we must at last have got to a very sportsman's paradise!

Long before his return I had "had it out" with the Reas, and decided forthwith to see what the mountains could yield me. I did not, of course, believe all their assurances about the abundance of game, for I had heard the same yarns before in many other parts of the world. However, there was something encouraging and tangible in the variety of meats I had lately discussed; the game must certainly be there somewhere; and the Reas undertook to let me see for myself "*for a consideration.*"

After ascertaining and "fixing" the amount of this consideration, I found that my partner was equally bent on beating all his previous records in the gentle art, so we decided to stay "right there." During this "lie over" we both amply satisfied ourselves of the reality of things. That was, of course, all I wanted to do, for July was no time of the year to be hunting wapiti. I only shot during our week's trip what we wanted for camp necessaries, but *saw* what made me resolved to do greater things in the fall. As for my partner, I found on getting back that he had made truly wonderful records: on his biggest day he bagged 185 trout, all over 1 lb., some even 4 lb. in weight. Quite satisfied with a grand prospect before us in September, we went on to the Park, and afterwards put in our time on Montana and Wyoming cattle and horse ranches, about which good times I need say nothing now.

Arrived once more in September at Snake River, I made all preparations for a two months' hunt, and I soon got under way for the Teeton range, which we selected as the main point of attack. Of our equipment and pack-outfit, &c., I need not say anything, beyond that I took as few horses as possible—viz., five for packing, and one apiece for myself, guide, and the camp "rustler," or cook.

The country through which we passed at first was fairly easy going, though we were now 6000 feet above sea-level: well-timbered ranges stretched out for miles before us, rising gradually to the foot of the Teeton peaks, those snow-clad giants that are such well-known landmarks for all that country. The second day found us camped on Warm River, along which

are swamps innumerable, with plenty of willows, belts of "bull-pine," and vast stretches of ground, strewn with the *débris* of ancient forest-fires. We were here "liable," as Tom Rea, my guide, said, to find moose anywhere. As yet, however, we had seen no sign. An early start on the third day saw us some hours later five miles from camp, stealthily working up a dry gulch, whose sides were covered with fine timber and belts of thick brush—in fact, it looked a likely spot.

Half a mile up, following in Tom's footsteps, I suddenly became aware of something away up the gulch-side, standing in a belt of bull-pine, which caused me to say in low accents, "Whoa, Tom!" and as quickly to drop on one knee. I could dimly make out the hind quarters of some big animal—wapiti or moose, I knew not. I selected in a good deal less time than it takes to write, the spot where I judged his shoulder ought to be, and fired. Out came, in a somewhat sickly condition, quite the biggest bull-moose I have ever seen. Before he could get out of sight again over the crest of the hill, I gave him another ball, which took effect, and then he was lost to sight. In an instant the dog, a cross between a Newfoundland and a setter, was up the gulch-side, and before we had struggled ten yards after him, his yelping assured us that the quarry was at bay. Arrived at the top, almost out of breath, we found the moose shaking his mighty head, and coming on the "dead" charge for us. Before he had moved ten yards, however, I had settled him with a shot in the breast, and he fell with a crash. Such luck as this I had hardly dared to hope for, and there he lay.

"Guess you've got to the joint

in good shape this time, pard," said Tom; to which characteristic compliment I could only say, "Bully, you bet!"

I had "got to the joint" the first shot, as we found on examining his shoulder, as the ball from my Marlin rifle .45 had gone right through both shoulders, though rather too far forward: with that shot alone he could never have got away, and the second had acted as a further deterrent to rapid flight.

He measured 6 feet 4 inches, or 19 hands from toe to shoulder, so he was "no chicken." His head was a grand one, and horns above the average, though not in proportion, by any means, to the enormous size of his frame. I have been credibly informed of a cow-moose in this section of the mountains being killed which stood 19 hands, so doubtless there are some old bulls which run even higher; but 18 hands is about the average of most bulls shot, I imagine, in other places. Skinning and hanging up the quarters took some time, and it was late before we got back to camp, bearing with us part of the tender loin, which we discussed with infinite satisfaction at supper. It were a matter of long labour and much consumption of inky fluid were I to attempt to relate each day's experience, so I will merely touch, as briefly as I can, on such incidents as may be of interest.

There was so much "sign" in the Warm River country, that we determined to hunt it out thoroughly. Whichever way we went we had likely ground, but difficult to hunt over. We always went on foot, for, though possibly much harder work, there is more satisfaction than in taking chances on horseback. Not only does that mode necessitate more noise, but

the moment lost in dismounting generally loses you the only chance you may get in the day. The Indians always hunt on horseback, which fact, among others, probably accounts for their being such indifferent hunters. The slaughter they effect late in the fall, when the wapiti are poor and moving in big bands, does not prejudice this statement, as the noble animals, driven and cornered in deep snow, must fall easy victims to the army of "braves" who are doing their best every year to make moose and wapiti extinct animals.

The Indians are *supposed* to be on their reservations; but as numbers of them are to be found all times of the year in every part of the country, the idea is not to be entertained for a moment. As it is their business to kill everything, in season and out of season, cows and calves alike, it is not wonderful that game is becoming rarer every year. Had the game a fair chance, and were there the slightest pretence of enforcing the existing laws against the Indians, there would always be plenty of game in the mountains. The enormous and wellnigh inaccessible range in the foot-hills of the Rockies would always ensure this; but as the game is driven down by the snow to the low country, and along the rivers in the spring, the Indians can and do make wholesale havoc among them. The handsome revenue derived by the Indian agents from this absence of Indians from the reservation will ever stand in the way of a satisfactory enforcement of the law.

But to return. After some very hard days in the surrounding ranges, where plenty of game sign was to be found, though without results, we determined to move on further towards the Teetons, and pick up *en route* as much of our

moose as we could carry. We accordingly reached the gulch above referred to, Tom and I leading on horseback, with our train of pack-horses followed by the camp rustler in the rear, who urged them on in that forcible language in vogue among Western "boys," not altogether unknown to the drover or coster of Great Britain.

We were nearing the spot where our late moose was first found, when suddenly Tom turned round to me excitedly, saying, "His name is Dennis with a big D, now, if he isn't our meat, sure!" The drift of this somewhat obscure statement was dimly discernible when I saw what he was pointing to at my horse's feet—the clear tracks of a big bear, evidently made that morning. Here was luck! Brer Bar had at last found out our moose, and was sure even now to be "around." Instantly dismounting and leaving the pack-horses with the other man, we advanced stealthily on foot with the magazines of our repeaters filled, ready for immediate use. Our surprise was not great when we could see nothing of our moose where we had last left him. Carefully scanning the opposite side of the gulch, we could make out a vast heap of dirt and leaves, and at once knew that this was Brer Bar's *cache*. It was quite a comical sight, this vast heap with everything carefully covered up, except a single hoof left sticking up in the middle, as though any one were welcome to take that, but leave the rest for his lordship's own repast. The tracks all round were quite fresh, and we at once followed them into the brush, only to find another smaller heap or *cache*, and at intervals of twenty to thirty yards two or three smaller ones still. At the last one, in a thicket of

impenetrable brush, we got a hurried glimpse of a shaggy form crashing through the underwood. There was no chance of a shot then, and no use to follow, for, as Tom said, "It's a dead-sure thing he won't get off this lay till we've given him the bust!"

With a presentiment of coming events, we proceed to remove all the smaller *caches* down to the main horde, so that our friend will have to come out into the open. This done, we ensconce ourselves behind a clump of convenient trees, about sixty yards from the *cache*, and calmly await the course of events. *Calmly* is a feeble index of my real feelings; in fact, I doubt if any one was ever calm under similar circumstances. I mean I was calm *at first*, because it was as yet early in the day, and one might be reasonably confident that our friend would not be "around" till nearer the more fashionable calling hours about sundown. A smoke, too, was out of the question, so that sedative was denied. It seemed a terribly long wait to me, though Tom seemed to take it so easily, squatting there with the ever-present chew in his mouth. Sundown came at last, and yet nothing had happened. Did he mean to come within this next half-hour?

"If he don't," Tom said, "we shall get left," as he would inevitably come in the night.

A feeling of reckless disappointment was beginning to assert itself, when, "Did you hear that?—something's coming," broke from my lips.

"Take plenty of time and sock it to him when you're well on," says Tom, and we wait a moment longer, rifles at full cock, tight to the shoulder. Then, with a surprised look about him of "Who has dared to move my plate?" our

swarthy friend comes into full view. In the somewhat waning light he loomed up immense, but I have now no time to look anywhere but where best to give him "the dead medicine." He walks scornfully all round the *cache*, then begins to dig away. He is broadside on now, though quartering a little towards me. I've been looking at him long enough down my sights, so here goes. Bang! he topples over at once, screaming with rage and pain, but gets up again, and begins to waddle off. I have jerked another cartridge into the chamber by this time, and am about to give him another when Tom says, "Wait a minute, mate,—he's a deader;" so I don't. He hadn't gone twenty feet before he had to stop, sat up on his hind quarters, gnashing his teeth and "raising Cain" generally, and then rolled over—dead! The dog, who has been as steady as a rock all this time, gets the word to go, and as he licks the wound for the fast-flowing blood, we know there's no more fear from him, and rush out with a wild whoop. He turned out to be a big "silver-tip" grizzly—*i.e.*, not the *bonâ fide* ball-faced grizzly of the Sierra Nevada, but as much like him "as they make 'em" in these mountains. He was in splendid condition, and the fur, as Tom said, would make an "elegant" robe. The ball had gone in at the shoulder, which, as he was quartering towards me, was the right spot: it passed through the heart and liver, and came out, lodging a good inch, in a tree just behind, as we afterwards discovered. So if any one could grumble at the penetration of a Marlin .45, he would be hard to satisfy. The bear's measurements were: length of snout, 15 inches; height from ground, 3 feet 6 inches; girth, 4 feet 8

inches; length from tail to nose, 7 feet 10 inches. The third man soon came up post-haste from camp, and we were hard at work skinning him "right away." A mighty supper we had that night off genuine bear-steak; and from this time onwards we were never without that most indispensable camping necessary, *grease*.

This was a very fair beginning indeed: only 15 miles from our starting-point, and two such prizes as a moose and a bear! We now determined to get on to the foot of the lofty peaks lying to the eastward. The country through which we had to pass differed considerably from the gradually undulating timber belts and park-like domains we had lately come through. Now we had rougher ground: precipitous gulches and rocky *cañons*, with rushing creeks at the bottom; vast wildernesses of burnt timber with fallen trees to get over or round, some of these tracts so impenetrable that we had to make detours of several miles. From this wilderness we would come to a succession of ranges, densely timbered, between all of which a creek, now rushing in a series of cascades and falls, now flowing in a sluggish stream, was always to be found, along whose cool banks would be the most likely spots for wapiti or black-tail. Here and there were beaver-dams with fair amount of fresh work, but we had no time to stop for them; and numerous "wallows," where the bulls find refuge from the flies in the heat of summer. For wapiti there was abundance of grass, and for the moose willows, and—

"With boughs that quaked at every
breath,
Grey birch and aspen."

One made sure that something ought to be about, but somehow

one seldom finds game where it *ought* to be. These beautiful and likely spots were to be found at the bottom of every gulch, and could well be described as Scott paints a Highland glen:—

“Higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks
glanced,
Where glist’ning streamers waved and
danced,
The wanderer’s eye could barely view
The summer heaven’s delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might
seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.”

From gulches like this one would suddenly come to a weird *cañon*, whose rugged and time-worn sides were littered with the *débris* of one of Nature’s titanic struggles:—

“Crag, knolls, and mounds confusedly
hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world.”

The negotiation of these *cañons* was generally a hard day’s work, and but that our pack-horses were well inured to mountain work, one might wonder how one ever got along at all. At last, after three days’ solid travelling, we reached a vast open park, called Bison Park, possibly because, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, there never were any bison there, but there *ought* to have been. However, there was plenty of feed for the horses, and the ranges had a good name as the haunts of wapiti.

About October 10th we had a heavy fall of snow, and from that day onwards till we got out of the mountains, we were in snow from one to three feet deep. Although it does not conduce to absolute comfort to be dragging one’s legs about in three feet of snow, with miniature avalanches

dropping off the trees down one’s neck, or to come into camp with everything wet about one, and possibly the very blankets in a like condition—still, for the purposes of tracking game it was just what we wanted. Up to this we had not seen a wapiti, and we feared that this snow might have sent them down to the lower country; but we had not traversed five miles on the first morning after the storm before we came on several fresh tracks. We determined on following the largest of these, and, after a few hours’ tramp, came suddenly on a grand bull quietly feeding not a hundred yards off. So silently had we come in the new snow, that he was in the happiest oblivion of our presence, until I gave him one behind the shoulder. Fatal as the shot was, he traversed a good half-mile, at the speed which only a wapiti can go, before we came up with him to find him breathing his last.

He was a grand specimen, and had magnificent horns. On our way back to camp I had the good luck to secure another moose, which, however, was much smaller than my first. He was going on “the dead-trot” across a clearing 200 yards from us, and we both put fatal shots into him, though at the moment we thought we had missed him; but a glance at his blood on the snow soon dispelled that notion, and we found him not 300 yards away, lying down to stanch the wounds, when a speedy shot finally disposed of him. Not a mile from that spot, we caught sight of another enormous bull-moose; but as it was getting dark, we only got a parting glance at him “making tracks” through the timber, but from what we did see of him he must have been a monster.

Altogether that day was a pretty successful one. Finding so much sign in this section of the country, we camped there about ten days, but the greater part of that time we could not go out owing to snowstorms, and so were kept in camp. Even thus we were not idle, as there was some beaver sign by the river we were camped on, and we trapped a couple of fine ones in consequence. The soup we made from their tails will be always something to realise only in dreams. Of fish, too, there was an incredible abundance; and as we fortunately found in our "war-bags" some odd flies, we soon got some rough tackle together, and by the aid of a pine pole and a primitive line I hauled out on one occasion, albeit no expert at the gentle art, ten splendid trout in a couple of hours, which must have turned the scales at thirty pounds. To give some idea of the ravenous craving these "uneducated" beauties had for a bit of colour, I may mention that before I had landed half-a-dozen I had lost my last fly; but as I had a plain hook left, I wrapped some of the tinfoil which erstwhile surrounded Tom's plug of 'baccy round the hook, and, *mirabile dictu*, they "went for it" in a most vigorous and confiding manner! After this second spell of stormy weather we had clear bright days, though of course the snow made travelling through the timber no easier or pleasanter work. However, we found plenty of game sign, and were following moose and wapiti tracks most days, so that before we were ready to move camp again I had another fine specimen of the latter to my credit. The main peaks of the Teetons loomed up in front of us some forty miles off, and as we had now as much stuff with us as we could conveniently pack with a

rough country in front, we determined to strike out thither to try for bear only, as Tom had seen many there last year when on a prospecting expedition. After three days' hard travel we got to an elevation of 9000 feet, and were in the heart of the best bear country, as it was now about the time of year that they should be working back into the mountains to lie up for the winter. We had no luck at first, for though we found tracks once or twice, they were too old to be of much use to follow. The only luck we did have was with two small timber cinnamon-bear, which the dog quickly put up a tree, and which we as quickly brought down in a manner quite satisfactory to ourselves. After several days spent in unsuccessful search for more bear, we resolved to begin our homeward journey, especially as by this time the game in the shape of wapiti, deer, and moose would be working down to the lower ranges. I had several chances on the way back of shooting more wapiti, but as I had by this time got three heads as fine as any I was ever likely to get, I was content to let the rest go.

It must not be surmised from my account that our ventures were always successful,—far from it. It was by no means an uncommon occurrence for us to catch sight of some black object, apparently moving, either high up a distant gulch-side or in a creek-bottom. On many occasions, after a most difficult stalk, we found we had approached a blackened stump, and once even were confronted by the harmless porcupine: from his waddling gait and erect bristles, he had assumed at a distance, in the bright sunshine, a more imposing and bear-like appearance. As we were working carefully another time through

some dense underwood, I suddenly saw a pair of splendid horns rise up, about 150 yards ahead: what they belonged to I could not know for certain, but I "took chances" by holding for where I imagined his head to be. As soon as I pulled I was delighted to see my mark drop where it stood. The brush was so thick, and the fallen timber so high, that it was some time before we got near enough to get a glimpse of the apparently lifeless body of an enormous black-tail buck; but before we had gone another step, to my intense mortification I realised all at once that our deer was suddenly on his feet, and off on the dead-run as though nothing had happened. The timber was so thick that I had no chance to put in another shot. Arrived at the spot where he had lain, we found no more of him than a pool of blood, and that only.

Tom sententiously remarked that it was only a "crease" shot; but I was in no mood to be put off with theories of that kind, and decided at once to have him at any cost. So we started on his trail, the dog long ere this in full chase. He took us down to the river, and then our troubles began, for we found the dog at fault, and no tracks on the opposite bank: however, we hit it off again, only to find that he had recrossed higher up. So it went on—first one side of the river, then the other. It was now snowing fast, and the water was icy cold; but we were wet through now, and reckless. I suppose we crossed that river twenty times that afternoon, slowly working out the trail. At last we could find no tracks at all, and so decide that he is keeping in mid-stream. Each of us take a bank, therefore, and work up. At last we are in sight of some big falls, some hundred

feet high, only approached upstream through a narrow *cañon* with precipitous side. Surely this mighty fall must bar the way, thought we!—

"And deemed the stag must turn to bay

Where that huge rampart barred the way:

Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes."

But, strange to relate, we reached the fall without a sign of our quarry. Tom tells yarns about deer in Michigan seeking shelter under a fall's cataract, and recites time and place, but I don't "catch on," as they say. There were certainly no tracks on my side of the bank, so I suggest that Tom may have missed it on his side. This turned out to be the case some 200 yards before reaching the falls, and we again get on the trail. Every moment we expect to come up with the prize, as by every known precedent he ought to have lain down long before this. Not a bit of it, though: his tracks show that he is going stronger at every stride, with no idea of slowing down. Appearances are decidedly bad for us: the snow is now much deeper, we must be quite ten miles from camp, and it is past sundown, and I have to own reluctantly we "no can catchee." Tom's theory of the "crease shot" must have been correct: at least we decided that it was over our supper, when we at last got back to camp, wet, hungry, and "dog-tired."

Tom explained that by a "crease" shot an animal may be "knocked silly," or stunned momentarily, and yet be none the worse for the operation. This "creasing" process one often hears of in dealing with wild *bronchos* by cowboys, and it may undoubtedly happen to a deer. That was my first ex-

perience of a "crease shot," and I had no ambition to renew it.

By the time we got back to the ranch it was late on in November, and the snow was deep—very deep; and in consequence we "had our work cut out" to get down to the railway at Beaver Cañon, especially as I had so much stuff to get away. The bag consisted altogether, besides the bear mentioned above, of three bull-moose, four wapiti bulls, two black-tail bucks, sundry antelope, lynxes, beaver, and wolverine. I have had a good deal of hunting in different parts of the world, but this was my first experience of the Rocky Mountains, and I can emphatically say that it seems to me the spot *par excellence* for sport. Not only is there still plenty of game to be found, but the country you hunt through is pre-eminently a healthy and invigorating one; the scenery in many cases is grand, always wild and fascinating to the lover of nature. Of course, no one can expect to run on to game everywhere; indeed there is such a vast wilderness of forest for game to range in, that no one can rely on getting anything unless he can spend at least a month in the mountains. Big game is a thing *varium et mutabile semper*,—here to-day and miles away to-morrow,

—so there is a good deal of hard work and travelling to be done to ensure success.

There are a great many men who undertake to act as hunters and guides who have no other qualification for the position than a fixed intent to make the biggest "squeeze" out of the first sportsman who comes along. If any of your readers are thinking of hunting in these parts next fall, they should make full inquiries beforehand as to the capabilities of those they engage as hunters. As to a rifle, I have "no use," as they put it in the West, for any other than a Marlin or Winchester repeater .45 or .50. You cannot get ammunition in Western America for English expresses, and for the rough work in the mountains I don't consider they are "a patch on" the American weapons. For accuracy and penetration they are everything one can desire.

The life of camping in that wild country is as healthy and untrammelled as it is fascinating, and I can promise any one who tries it a "way up" good time. The fare may be hard, but you have always a great appetite to help you out with it; and as you are bound to enjoy the most vigorous health, what more can you desire?—

"Give me freedom and my health,
And there's the sum of my desire."

SOCRATES.

[IN the case of a name of such wide significance as Socrates, it were superfluous to encumber the page with any display of learned notes. Suffice it to say that everything in the ballad is strictly historical, and taken directly from the original authorities. The indifference shown by Socrates to the *ἀνάγκας* or necessary laws of physical science, as contrasted with the freedom of practical reason in which moral science delights, is distinctly emphasised by Xenophon in the opening chapters of the 'Memorabilia'; and the argument with the atheist—a little perking, self-sufficing creature, as atheists are wont to be—will be found at full length in the same sensible and judicious writer. It is this argument, commonly called the argument from design, that, passing through the eloquent pages of Cicero in his book 'De Naturâ Deorum,' has formed the groundwork of all works on Natural Theology up to the present time; and it is an argument that, however misapplied here and there by shallow thinkers and presumptuous dogmatists, has its roots so deep in the instincts of all healthy humanity, and in the very essence of reason, that, though it may be illustrated indefinitely by example, it never can have anything either added to its certainty or abstracted from its significance. The early occupation of Socrates as a moulder of statues is mentioned by Pausanias; and the name of Critias is introduced to indicate the offence given by the free-mouthed talk of the great teacher to the leaders of the political parties of his time, which may have had as much to do with his martyrdom as the charge of irreligion that, according to Xenophon, was the main count of the indictment against him. His big round eye, and other features of his personal appearance, are minutely and humorously described by the same author in the 'Banquet.'—J. S. B.]

I WILL sing a Greek, the wisest
 Of the land where wisdom grew
 Native to the soil, and beauty
 Wisely wedded to the true.

SOCRATES, the general sire
 Of that best lore which teaches man
 In a reasoned world with reason
 Forth to shape his human plan.

Not of fire he spake, or water,
 Sun or moon, or any star,
 Wheeling their predestined courses,
 From all human purpose far.

Booted not to ask what fuel
 Feeds the sun, or how much he
 Than the lady moon is bigger
 When she sails up from the sea.

Fool is he whose lust of knowing
Plumbs the deep and metes the skies ;
Only one great truth concerns thee,
What is nearest to thine eyes.

Know thyself and thine ; cast from thee
Idle dream and barren guess ;
This the text of thy wise preaching,
Reason's prophet, Socrates.

Him in school of honest labour
Nature reared with pious pains,
With no blood from boasted fathers
Flowing in his sober veins.

As a workman works he stoutly,
Plied his task from day to day ;
For scant silver pennies moulding
Tiny statues from the clay.

But, when thought was ripe, obedient
To the God-sent voice within,
Forth he walked on lofty mission,
Truth to preach and souls to win.

Not the lonely wisdom pleased him,
Brooding o'er some nice conceit ;
But where the many-mingling strife
Of man with man made quick the street,

There was he both taught and teacher ;
In the market where for gain
Eager salesmen tempt the buyer ;
By Athena's pillared fane ;

In the Pnyx, where wrangling faction
Thunders from a brazen throat,
And the babbling Demos holds
The scales that tremble on a vote ;

In the pleasant Ceramicus,
Where the dead most honoured sleep,
In Piræus, where the merchant
Stores the plunder of the deep.

There was he with big round eye
Looking blithely round ; and ever
He was centre of the ring
Where the talk was swift and clever.

There, like bees around a hive
Buzzing in bright summer weather,
Flocked, to hear his glib discourse,
Sophist, sage, and fool together.

Statesmen came, and politicians,
Strong with suasive word to sway;
Alcibiades, bold and brilliant,
Dashing, confident, and gay.

Critias came with tearless daring,
Sharp to wield a despot's power;
Aristippus, wise to pluck
The blossom from the fleeting hour.

Came a little man, an atheist,
Said in gods he could believe
If with eyes he might behold them;
What we see we must believe.

Said the son of Sophroniscus,
Do you see yourself, or me?
You may see my hand, my fingers,
But myself you cannot see.

When I spread my guests a banquet,
Delicate with dainty fish,
Though unseen, unnamed, unnoted,
'Twas a cook that sauced the dish.

In the tragic scene, when mountain,
Rock, and river, well combined,
Hold the sense, the show delights thee,
But the showman lurks behind.

So in all the shifting wonder
Of the star-bespangled pole,
What we see is but the outward
Seeming of the unseen soul.

Let not shows of sense confound thee,
Nothing works from reason free—
All within, without, around thee,
Holds a god that speaks to thee.

So he talked and so he reasoned,
Casting seeds of truth abroad,
Seeds that grow with faithful tendance
Up to central truth in God.

But not all might thole his teaching,
Weak eyes shrink when light is nigh,
Many love the dear delusion
That lends glory to a lie.

'Mid the throng of gaping listeners,
Idle dangles in the street,
When from front of vain pretender
Deft he plucked the crude conceit,

Many laughed; but with a sting
Rankling sore in bitter breast,
One departed, and another,
Like a bird with battered crest.

And they brewed strong hate together,
And with many a factious wile
Drugged the people's ear with slander,
Stirred their hearts with sacred bile.

And they gagged his free-mouthed preaching;
At Religion's fretful call
He must answer for his teaching
In the solemn judgment-hall.

And they hired a host of pleaders,
Subtle-tongued like any thong,
To confound weak wits with phrases,
To convert most right to wrong.

And they mewed him in a prison,
And they doomed him there to die,
And he drank the deathful hemlock,
And he died, as wise men die,

With smooth brow, serene, unclouded,
With a bright, unweeping eye,
Marching with firm step to Hades,
When the word came from on high.

J. S. B.

ENGLAND'S STRENGTH IN CASE OF WAR.

THE war clouds which loomed so darkly over Europe at the commencement of 1887 have slightly lifted, but still the political horizon looks black and threatening. Egypt, Bulgaria, Afghanistan, all open questions of difficulty, of discord, and of trouble; whilst a change of Ministry in France has brought little alteration in those plans of military preparation which act as a constant menace towards Germany. Every Continental Power seems to feel that a storm is impending, and even England—"England the unready"—is at last awakening to the thought that there is a weak spot in her armour, and that she must put her house in order quickly, or risk the possibly fatal consequences. For once, her responsible Ministers, casting aside the past traditions of optimism, have warned her that things are not as they should be, and have taken the country into their confidence. The issue of *résumés* of the naval and military budgets by Lord George Hamilton and Mr Stanhope was a bold and practical departure from bureaucratic custom. These published official Ministerial statements have shown that our first and great line of defence, England's navy, was but a few short years ago in a state of decrepitude, and that much still remains to be done to make it thoroughly effective. They have proved that our army expenditure does not produce the force which the nation requires and has a right to expect, and that we are deficient in horses, in guns, and many other adjuncts without which an army is practically useless.

Lord Randolph Churchill has

very forcibly brought these admissions before the country. Never was there a better opportunity for remedying the defects that are now officially confirmed. We have, on the one side, Ministers who are in no way responsible for these deficiencies, and who are ready to do their utmost to correct them. On the other hand stands the country, forewarned of its position, and whose every interest lies in seeing that the errors of the past are corrected. It is sincerely to be hoped that this opportune chance will not be allowed to pass away, and that no party and no professional jealousies may interfere with a calm and impartial examination of the whole subject of our defences, both naval and military. We are far too apt in England to divide into two hostile and antagonistic camps in the discussion of great questions affecting the vital interests of the empire. This hostility often increases as the discussion progresses; first principles are obscured by arguments on details, until a cloud of prejudice is excited; and at last the country, weary of the conflict of opinion, loses its interest in the subject before any useful result has been attained.

Germany, on the contrary, ever brings to bear a judicial impartiality and firmness in all that relates to the safety of the nation, and treats such important questions with a calmness of judgment that England might wisely strive to imitate.

In the general consideration of this subject, it is important that we should first determine what are the necessary requirements of the nation in time of

peace and in time of war. It is clear that the navy must hold the first and most prominent position in this consideration; for the navy is the life of England, the warder of her freedom from foreign aggression, the guardian of her trade and commerce, the bulwark of her insular position with all the glorious privileges which it confers.

The army, important as it is, must always hold a secondary place. It has been a sort of political axiom in the past, that the English navy must and should ever be stronger than any probable combination that could be brought against it. We now know that this position has very recently been temporarily forfeited; and broad and sound as the axiom may be, it clearly must depend upon the general policy of the nation, and on the European alliances upon which we may safely depend. It is absurd to suppose that the people of this country would consent to such an annual expenditure on the navy as should constantly maintain it in a condition of superiority to all the navies of the world combined. Yet, if we once accept this as a fact, it follows naturally that England cannot maintain a policy of isolation, and that she must seek and retain alliances or *ententes* with some of the European Powers whose interests coincide with her own, and whose goodwill is therefore valuable and reliable. It is an open secret that even in very recent years such attempts at isolation have nearly plunged us into most serious political difficulties. When Lord Salisbury succeeded to office in 1885, all the great Powers of Europe were on the verge of a coalition against England. The danger was skilfully averted, and

Lord Rosebery, on his succession, wisely preserved the continuity of the foreign policy which had been inaugurated by his predecessor. It is clear that if England is to maintain useful alliances, we must be strong. No country would care to identify its interests with those of a weak Power that had lost its prestige. Why, for instance, should Germany shape her policy with that of England, unless she can foresee some reciprocal advantage derivable from England's strength in case of need?

Nor would it be difficult to prove that, for the greatest and richest empire in the world, weakness, proceeding from want of organisation, is a positive source of danger, and much more likely to involve this country in war than any consciousness of strength. Thus at the present moment if England, Germany, Austria, and Italy were united and allied, war in Europe would become impossible. Yet who can believe that if war were to break out England could help being eventually embroiled? If the immense resources which we undoubtedly possess were organised and available, other Powers would court our alliance, and we might exercise a far more decided influence than at present in the preservation of peace. How often have diplomatists realised this fact in latter years! Nor can we hope that any efforts that we may make, nor any expenditure that we may incur, can render those resources available in case of emergency, unless they have been previously organised. On this point, let us consider and ponder over the words of a Royal Commission:—

“Recent events, however, have taught us that we must not rely in future on having time for prepara-

tion. Wars will be sudden in their commencement and short in their duration; and woe to that country which is unprepared to defend itself against any contingency that may arise, or any combination that may be formed against it!

"The first duty of those who preside over the administration of the army is to look to its constitution."

This Commission sat in the year 1866. Have we benefited by this warning? and are we nearly ready now, even after the many years that have elapsed since the warning was given?

The other Powers of Europe are well aware of our state of unreadiness, and even possibly exaggerate it. We do not deceive them, but only lead ourselves astray by passive or ignorant over-confidence. Can we, then, wonder if our alliance is not always courted by even friendly Powers? Had we been really as strong as we ought to have been, would France have taken up so hostile an attitude towards this country on the question of Egypt?

Should we have had the same difficulty that we have experienced in settling the Afghan boundary with Russia? Would Turkey have shown an equal hesitation in accepting our overtures? And in the consideration of our necessary strength in case of war, it is an unfortunate fact that France and Russia must be treated as the two hostile factors with whom we might possibly have to contend. Why the former Power should have shown the extraordinary animus against England that she has undoubtedly displayed in latter years, is a mystery that it is difficult to unravel. When England went to Egypt in 1882, she made the most cordial offer of joint action to France. This offer was categorically refused, and the

French fleet steamed away from Alexandria at the very moment of action. We spent many millions in that and subsequent enterprises. We poured out the blood of our soldiers like water in an honest attempt to improve and maintain the interests of the country that we had occupied. Why should France, who had made no sacrifices, be jealous of the position we had attained? and why should she seek by every means in her power to hamper us in our endeavours to justly fulfil the onerous duty that had devolved upon us? What has England done to awaken this inimical action? For the last forty years we have striven to forget, and endeavoured to obliterate, the antagonisms of past centuries. We fought side by side in the Crimea. We sought by commercial treaties so to unite the interests of both countries that war might in the future prove impossible. We hoped that rapid and constant communication and intercourse would have united the two peoples in a close bond of friendship. England, at least, has behaved towards her Gallic neighbour in a generous spirit; and this is her reward!

As regards Russia, the causes of possible hostility are deeper seated and more clear. Russia is bent upon India, and sooner or later there must be a death-struggle between the two countries for the prize which we hold and which she covets. And with what marvellous rapidity and cleverness has she made her advances, until she is now almost at the gates of Herat! Fourteen years ago, when, accompanied by the late Lieutenant Gill, R.E., I first explored the North Persian frontier, which had then been unvisited by any Europeans, Russia was upon the Oxus and upon the

Attrek. And when, on our return, I urged the ease with which an advance might be made along the northern base of the Daman-ikuh range, and the certainty that ere long Russia would make the attempt, the idea was scouted as one that at least would not be carried out in our time. Yet in fourteen short years not only has Russia established herself in these regions, and subjugated the Turcoman tribes, but has actually completed railway communication to her most important advanced posts, and before many months have passed away, will be ready for a spring upon Herat should the moment prove opportune.

Nor can I forget long conversations and arguments with Skoboleff upon this subject in 1877, when the Russian advance was still barred by the Turcoman occupation of Geok Tepe. Skoboleff then pointed out to me everything that has since happened in Asia, as the certain line of action that would be taken by Russia. But his prophecies went forward to much that is still unfulfilled. I well remember his words one evening after a rather animated discussion. "We must have Herat; from there we can creep forward until we become conterminous with you in India; and then God help you! for remember that India is a conquered country and will ever be open to our intrigues." It is always painful and regrettable when we have to treat present friends as possible enemies. But nations cannot afford to be sentimental, and the events of the past few weeks have clearly proved that a combination between France and Russia against this country is within the range of practical politics. Are we prepared for such an emergency? Is our navy now so strong and so well supplied with

secure coaling-stations as to be able to ensure England against any reasonable possibility of a mishap? Is our army in such a state as to afford the navy due and proper support either offensively or defensively? Is India ready for the stress that might be thrown upon her? These are vital questions directly affecting the safety of the empire; and unless they can all be answered in the affirmative, the country would, I believe, be ready for any effort and for every sacrifice that may be necessary, in order to correct, whilst there is yet time, any existing deficiencies.

With regard to construction, the navy has no doubt made great strides during the last two years; but we are well aware, from the report of the First Lord, that we are lamentably deficient in fast cruisers to support our commerce, and that our coaling-stations are still unsecured. We know also that the construction of guns does not keep pace with the requirements of our ships and of the new fortified works that are completed, or that will be necessary, in many of our colonies, in order to secure our trade-routes. This is an important deficiency. Can it be rapidly remedied? Is the admirable principle inaugurated by Lord George Hamilton, of subsidising fast merchant steamers suitable for war cruisers, being extended? This arrangement is obviously equally beneficial both to the Government and to the ship-owner. We read every day of the launching or construction of steamers with extreme speed. Are they arranged and registered so that, if qualified, they may be utilised by this country in case of war? If the principle is carried out to its logical conclusion, it would seem that we must thus gain an advantage over all other

nations in proportion to the superiority of our trade. And there is one point of paramount importance to which I would call special attention, and for which provision should be made in time of peace, or it will be too late to obviate the danger. When hostilities broke out between the Northern and Southern States of America, insurance rates on American vessels naturally rose to war premiums. The result was that the greater portion of the carrying trade passed into English hands. But it did not revert to American bottoms at the conclusion of the war.

Trade once diverted does not return to its original source. It is perfectly clear that if England were at war with any great Continental Power, the same cause would produce the same effect, and that we should permanently lose that trade which is now so greatly enriching this country. Yet this result might easily be prevented if measures were taken in time. Let the Government come to an arrangement with Lloyds, by which all British vessels should be insured at ordinary premiums in case of war, the Government being responsible for the war premiums or for war losses. By this means we should retain our trade, and the cost to the country would be as nothing compared to the permanent loss of our commerce.¹ For we know by experience that in these days wars are of short duration, whereas trade once gone may never be regained. This is a question of such vital moment that it demands the most serious attention both of the Government and of the nation, and it is one that cannot be postponed until the emer-

gency arises. As regards our naval power in general, there can be no doubt that much remains to be desired; but the Admiralty has taken the principal reforms most vigorously in hand. It is useless to indulge in recriminations on past errors for which the present Government is not responsible, except in so far as may tend to prevent the repetition of those errors in the future.

In considering the annual expenditure necessary for England in order to maintain her naval superiority, we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that France is our only serious rival. Encouraged, perhaps, by our naval weakness in the past, France has of late years entered upon a most dangerous and costly competition with this country—a competition that must press most heavily upon the British taxpayer so long as it endures. Under these circumstances it might prove good economy to show by one great effort that England will suffer no naval equality, but that she intends in the future, as in the past, to maintain at all costs her position as paramount “Mistress of the Seas.”

When we turn from maritime to military expenditure we open out a question of far greater difficulty and complication. Army reformers in recent years have become convinced that at present we do not get our money's worth for our money, and this is a point upon which all practical soldiers are agreed. It is generally allowed that our military system is a very patchwork arrangement, built up at intervals by spasmodic attempts at improvement, but unsatisfactory as a whole. That the army is more ready for war than it was in the days of the Crimea no one can

¹ This proposal was first brought forward by Mr Baden Powell.

deny, but it does not meet the requirements of the nation, and does not yield the results which so large an expenditure should ensure. There are several reasons which have led to this unfortunate position. There can be no doubt that the military demands of this country differ materially from those of the great Continental Powers.

The possession of India, and of our vast and extended colonies, place us in a totally different category. This is most clearly proved by the difficulties which some of those Powers have recently encountered in carrying on little wars far away from their own shores. With us these difficulties are constant. It may safely be asserted that the strain put upon the British soldier by the arduous nature of our foreign service is far greater than that falling upon any military Power in the world. Possibly the knowledge of this fact, coupled with the supposed security afforded by our insular position, has induced the dislike, and confirmed the unwillingness, to accept conscriptive or compulsory service. It has been felt that it would be scarcely fair to enforce so severe a demand, and we have therefore fallen back upon a system of voluntary enlistment for our army. There can be no doubt that voluntary service is an expensive luxury; but we have been far too apt to put down all the defects of our military system to this cause, without examining to what extent it affects us, and what additional expenditure it does in reality demand. It is absurd to argue that, because we have voluntary enlistment, therefore we cannot expect that the army which we maintain should be as ready for war as the armies of other nations. It is a distinct reason why our offensive army should be smaller and dearer than those of the other

military Powers which adopt conscription; but it is clearly no answer to the unreadiness for war which at present exists as applied to the force which we are of necessity compelled to maintain. The most ordinary investigation will show that this is a perfectly futile and untenable reply to the charges of existing military deficiencies. Another common but equally false reason given for our military unpreparedness is the dislike which is supposed to prevail in this country to the idea of an offensive army. Nothing can be weaker than such a supposition. An army that is not ready for offensive action is a useless force. We do not require an army as a military toy in time of peace, but for the actual results which it will give in case of war. And it must always be remembered that it is a military axiom beyond question, that a purely defensive force must ever succumb to one capable of offence or defence. The common-sense of the country will, I feel convinced, never accept such weak explanations of our acknowledged military unreadiness. The real answer lies in the fact that we have never carefully examined the question of what are our military requirements in time of peace and in time of war. And as this has never been laid down and accepted, the army has annually fluctuated. Governments having no fixed data for the military necessities of the nation, have, perhaps naturally, treated the Estimates as a purely financial question, and subjected them to reductions and economies whenever it suited party or political purposes to curtail expenditure. Then when wars broke out or rumours of wars came upon us, there have been constant panics, followed by

enormous and profligate outlays of millions without any permanent results being attained. During the Russo-Turkish scare six millions were thus expended, and during the Egyptian campaigns a still larger sum. I do not for one moment mean to imply that wars will not always cost money; but panics should not and would not do so, if our army were always maintained in a state of readiness for emergencies—and this is purely a question of organisation. If the spasmodic expenditure during the last forty years, with its utterly inappreciable permanent results, could be carefully examined, the country would never rest until it had placed its army upon an efficient footing for war.

It will naturally be said that this state of things could not have existed and continued had our military system of administration been satisfactorily established. This is incontrovertible. The recent Commission of Sir Fitzjames Stephen on the question of Supply has alone shown the absolute necessity for a change. But the fact is, that during the long period of peace, which may be said to have terminated in 1848, our whole military administrative organisation had become incongruous. The general break-down of this confused arrangement during the Crimean war caused such excitement throughout the country, that we immediately rushed into the extreme of complete centralisation.

It is not my intention to suggest the changes that will be necessary. Such a serious and difficult subject is quite beyond the scope of a magazine article, and can only be decided by a competent Commission after the most careful and judicially impartial inquiry. But it is clear to me that both the military authority and the respon-

sibility for the exercise of that authority in all questions of efficiency and expenditure, should be largely augmented, and that a more decentralised system should be adopted. I shall rather turn to the consideration of those component parts of our military system which must be welded into an effective whole in order to give us the necessary strength for peace and for war, without any material increase in our military expenditure. It has already been pointed out that an offensive army is an imperative necessity, and that without such an army our large and costly estimates are wasted; but it will be seen that the provision of that army is quite as much a question of organisation as of expenditure. And in order to adopt such an organisation, we must not, and cannot, cling rigorously to old ideas and prejudices. We must accept the principle of progress in military as well as in other departments, and must not be frightened by that oft-repeated bugbear, "The country would never stand such a change." What the common-sense of the country "will never stand" is our present military expenditure without any commensurate result. The first question to decide is, What offensive and what defensive armies ought we to expect from our present outlay? Secondly, What will be the composition of these two respective forces? It is clear that the volunteers and the yeomanry must be looked upon as purely defensive. But the militia certainly should not be so considered. In recent wars we have constantly utilised the militia abroad on their volunteering by regiments. It is evident that no military calculations can be made beforehand upon a system based on such a principle. I have consulted many militia col-

onels, and they have invariably told me that nothing would be more popular with the force than that it should be liable to service abroad as well as at home in case of war. They said that it would raise the whole tone, and that both officers and men would think more highly of themselves if subject to such service in times of emergency. There can be no doubt that, since the brilliant success that has been attained by the Volunteer movement, the position of the militia has become more or less anomalous, and this would be entirely

reversed by the change proposed. The militia would feel themselves to be a part of the offensive force of the country. And it will be seen, when entering upon further calculations, what a vast increase to the military strength of the nation would result from this slight modification. Every well-organised army in Europe can place half its force in the field in case of war. At the present moment England cannot place 30,000 or even 20,000 men in the field without drawing heavily upon the remainder of the army.

The total number of all ranks in the active military service of the Crown borne on the Estimates of the current year is, exclusive of	
India,	151,867
Army Reserve, 1st class,	52,000
” ” 2d ”	5,300
Militia,	141,438
	<hr/>
	350,605

We have, in addition, 71,691 (all ranks) serving in India.

If the change I have advocated be admitted, we have an offensive army of 350,605. If we accept the principle adopted in other countries that half this force should

be available for the field, we should have a field army of 175,302 of all ranks, but important reductions must be made.

Firstly, we have serving in Egypt and the colonies,	30,000
Also colonial corps,	2,931
	<hr/>
	32,931
We must deduct 50 per cent for depots and reinforcements of those colonial garrisons in case of war, &c.,	16,465
We must equally deduct 50 per cent for depots and reinforcements to the Indian army of 71,691 in case of war, &c.,	35,845
The militia is 18,000 below its strength,	18,000
	<hr/>
	103,241

Thus $350,605 - 103,241 = 247,364$, or a field army of 123,682.

This would give about 100,000 combatants, and about 23,000 departmental troops.

If the army were properly organised, this is the force which, according to our present strength, should be always ready for the field in case of war. It is clear that our whole system must be

radically wrong when we have not 30,000 men so prepared; and even if we had the two *corps d'armée* contemplated, or 60,000 men, it would not be half the number which we have a right to expect.

It may be imagined that we have not the infantry battalions, cavalry regiments, and batteries for 100,000 combatants, but this would be quite an erroneous supposition.

We have at home 73 battalions, say	1 73,000	} Infantry,	83,000
10 battalions in the Mediterranean and colonies that might be replaced by militia,	10,000		
21 regiments of cavalry, say at 600,	12,600	Cavalry,	12,600
48 horse and field batteries, say at 167 (not including depot batteries and 1 battery on colonial service),	8,016	Artillery,	8,016
Engineers serving at home,	4,509	Engineers,	4,509
			108,125

Thus leaving a margin of 8125.

It is perfectly true that we have not the number of cavalry regiments or batteries maintained at the war strength specified, but this only proves that they ought to be so maintained, unless their immediately available reserve men (that is to say, men who have passed into the reserve within the two previous years) are sufficient to swell them to their strength. There can be no worse economy than keeping cavalry regiments and horse or field batteries below their war establishment of men. All the Continental military Powers have fully realised this fact, and we should do well to follow their example. What can be the use of maintaining expensive cadre regiments or batteries that are not, and cannot be made, fit for service within the time that the short wars of the present day are likely to last?

Thus, in the general consideration of the component parts of our field army of 100,000 combatants, we have all that is necessary existing, subject only to some slight modifications. And we should have the whole of the militia regiments (minus the ten battalions alluded to) available for any other necessary services. It is quite

clear that they might usefully be employed on lines of communications, and in strengthening colonial garrisons, as well as for home defence. But when we look to the departmental corps necessary for this field army, we find large deficiencies, but deficiencies that can be easily and cheaply remedied. Nothing can prove this want more forcibly than the fact that in the organisation of the proposed two *corps d'armée*, it has actually been found necessary to use up our remaining field batteries as reserve ammunition columns; thus destroying our most highly trained cadres, and utilising them for duties which only require half-trained carters.

It is evident that, in order to qualify men for transport service, a very short training would suffice. For riding and driving waggons small men are desirable. We might therefore enlist men of good chest measurement, who are now excluded from the army from being below the standard. We should thus open a new strata of recruiting, and have a practically unlimited supply, without interfering with the general recruiting for the army. If these men were enlisted for one year's active service, and eleven in the reserve, 2000 men

¹ They would be filled up to this strength from the reserves.

would give 24,000, minus losses, in the course of twelve years. But it would be much wiser to make up our minds to a temporarily large expenditure, and to at once enlist and train a sufficient number of men to supply the wants of the army. That once effected, the maintenance of a very small force would suffice for the future.

I have now shown that it is quite possible with our existing establishments to maintain a field army of 123,000. Let us consider how that army may be held in a constant state of readiness for war. This opens out the great question of supply and armament; and here, where conscription exercises no influence, a direct comparison with the German system cannot fail to be useful. The German army in 1886 numbered 1,492,104 men. The field army was 763,322 strong, or more than one-half. This enormous force only cost £18,850,401, as against £18,233,200, the cost of the small British army, which, as before observed, could not put 30,000 men into the field without destroying the remainder. Germany has 242,415 horses, with the necessary saddlery and equipage, always in readiness for war, against England's 14,271. We know by experience how thoroughly efficient the German system of supply has proved. Her infantry are armed with the best rifles, and her artillery with the most effective guns; all her stores and supplies are complete and ready. Surely, in the face of so startling a comparison, we could not do better than imitate that system. It seems impossible to understand how the stores and armament of our small army can cost so much money, and unfortunately no amount of study will explain it.

We find that the gross estimate for warlike stores only for the current year amounts to £3,537,412, and the clothing and supplies to an additional £1,290,000. It is true that the former figures include the supply of guns for the navy—but what do we get for this large annual expenditure? We have had painful reason to know recently that our arms are not of the best description. Our artillery is not supplied with guns of a uniform pattern—in fact we have many kinds of guns now in use—and the result of this in case of war could not fail to be disastrous, and a regular supply of ammunition would be impossible. We have no sufficient reserve of moderately serviceable breech-loading rifles in case of the volunteers being as largely augmented as they evidently would be in time of emergency. We have no equipment ready for the volunteers, in case of their services being required in time of war. There exist many other minor deficiencies too numerous to mention in the present article. Although it is impossible to trace exactly how in the past such deficiencies have arisen, we may judge from one or two examples the costliness of the general system. Firstly, for the last fifteen years we have been experimenting upon field-guns without ever, until recently, deciding upon the pattern with which our artillery shall be armed. Secondly, although we live in a state of change, all our warlike stores, waggons, &c., are of the most costly and massive description. I remember some years ago being shown at Woolwich an ordinary transport waggon, much too heavy for practical use,¹ and I was informed that its cost was £90, whilst one of a

¹ When sent on the Tel-el-Kebir campaign they were found useless, and replaced by Maltese carts.

superior character had cost £120. At this same time I had seen useful transport carts serving with the Austrian army in time of war which cost £19.

The system of virtually concentrating our whole store departments at Woolwich has most serious disadvantages. This has been constantly pointed out, together with the fact that our only arsenal is not in the most secure position. It was determined years ago that a second arsenal should be established on Cannock Chase, in the Midland counties; but nothing was done, and the project was allowed to drop. It is perfectly clear that each army corps should have its own stores of all kinds ready at its point of embarkation. This arrangement might also be extended to the divisions forming the army corps, which should have their stores in readiness at the headquarters of the division. The regiments composing the division would naturally change frequently, but this would not in any way affect the divisional store system, as the stores would be of a uniform character. In fact we should strive to decentralise just as much as we have striven in the past to centralise, and this latter with such eminently unsatisfactory results. In the same way the stores and equipment necessary for the volunteers as an army for home defence should be maintained in central positions, so disposed that they might be rapidly issued. The question of relative expense between manufacturing at Woolwich or depending partially on contracts also merits a careful examination. If we had a considerable number of contractor-manufacturers of warlike stores distributed about the country, it would clearly obviate the danger of having "all our eggs in one basket" as at present.

Of still greater importance than

our store and supply departments is the question of a reserve of horses. Without horses no army can take the field, and no nation would think of maintaining at the public expense in time of peace the number of horses that become immediately necessary on the outbreak of war. So serious was this defect in our army considered to be, that about twenty years ago a Royal Commission was appointed to report upon the subject, as well as upon the possible improvement in breeding. Yet although the question was urgent, and notwithstanding that we have since that time had several war scares, and recognised the impossibility of suddenly buying the number required without some previous organisation, those twenty years have passed away, and nothing has yet been decided. There have been long discussions about breeding troopers, and no doubt some excellent suggestions have been made. But the breeding of troopers and the immediate supply of a given number of horses for war purposes are two distinct subjects. The one may wait, but the other will not; and all our organisation for war will be perfectly futile unless this fatal deficiency is at once corrected. And this delay is all the more strange, since there is only one way of remedying the evil; and this has been recognised and applied years ago by every military Power in Europe—viz., registration. But curiously enough, our rather anomalous system of reserve forces gives us peculiar advantages in this respect; for there can be no doubt that the constitution of our yeomanry lends itself very remarkably to the maintenance of a 1st reserve of highly trained horses for cavalry and artillery purposes. General registration must supply the 2d reserve required for transport, ammunition columns, &c., and for

depots. It is clear that if we could have an immediate supply of highly trained horses constantly available to fill up our cavalry regiments and batteries to a war strength, we could afford to maintain the number of horses in regiments and batteries at a comparatively low figure, provided always that we maintain them at a war strength as regards men. Military economists often attack our yeomanry as a force which might reasonably be reduced altogether, and which does not yield advantages in proportion to its cost. They urge that it might be placed on the same footing as the volunteers. I do not agree with this opinion, but if it is maintained, it should certainly be utilised as our 1st reserve of horses. The yeomanry is mainly composed of farmers, who require horses for their ordinary occupations. Why then should not the following arrangement be adopted? The Government would purchase the number of horses required in the 1st reserve for cavalry and artillery purposes; these horses would be thoroughly trained with their respective branches. They would then be distributed amongst the yeomanry—in fact, be lent to the farmers, who would pay for their keep, and they would be subject to immediate recall in case of emergency. This would be a boon, both to the farmer yeomen and to the Government. The former would get horses without paying for them; the latter would avoid the expense of their maintenance. The yeomanry officers would be responsible for a constant system of inspection and report.

In the formation of the 2d reserve by registration, we should follow the arrangement generally

adopted on the Continent, with the following slight modification. All horses should be inspected. If considered fit for war purposes, they should be registered according to the branch of the service for which they are specially qualified. Each horse would be valued and registered, to be claimed by the Government in case of necessity at £10 above his ordinary value. Very high-class horses would not of course be registered, but only those coming under the category of horses suitable for army purposes. If claimed, the seller would get £10 more than the ordinary value of his horse. Horses thus registered might be sold, notice of the sale and of the new owner being given to the Government inspector. Yet this system of registration, besides being absolutely necessary, would, even with this modification, be most economical for the Government. I have consulted many of the most important horse-dealers, and they have always assured me that, if some twenty or thirty thousand horses were suddenly required, they could not be bought; for that the price demanded would continually rise above the sum which the Government offered.

In the general consideration of our future army, the volunteers cannot be passed over without notice. This fine national force, which at first was rather sneered at, has steadily made its way both in strength and efficiency, until it now numbers 226,000 effectives of all ranks. But even these figures in no way represent its real strength. There are probably at least half a million of men in addition who have undergone training and left the force, but who would certainly return to it in case of any great emergency; and

the youth of the country might be trusted to join in almost unlimited numbers should the day of peril ever fall upon England. The volunteers would be especially useful for garrisoning our fortified posts, or in the defence of field-works, which might be rapidly thrown up. For the latter *rôle* guns of position would be required. This would be an extension of the force which it is very desirable to see established. Batteries of position might easily be raised in the rural districts and horsed by the farmers' teams. The question of the defence of England in case of invasion has not received the practical attention which it merits. The construction in time of peace of great fortified camps in carefully selected positions would almost guarantee the country against a successful attack. Why should not such lines be chosen and planned by competent Engineer officers? and why should not the volunteers gradually construct these field-works? Such experience would be more practically useful than field-days at Brighton or at Dover, although I would in no way disparage such gatherings. The men would know the ground that they would probably have to occupy in case the emergency arose. But it is imperatively necessary that the volunteer force should be equipped. Without equipment it could not be moved and retained in any position, and it would be too late to attempt this equipment when the day of trial had arrived.

In the foregoing pages I have briefly endeavoured to point out the salient points of reorganisation which I believe to be most essentially necessary. I have entered into no actuarial questions of cost; but I am absolutely con-

vinced, from long consideration of those questions, that the force which I have indicated could be maintained without exceeding, and possibly with a slight reduction of, the present Estimates. Large economies might be effected by a revision of our supply, store, and clothing departments. Our transport department also requires reconsideration. In case of any sudden movement of troops by sea, transports are engaged, and ridiculous restrictions are imposed on overcrowding. Rules for air-space per man, that are excellent when conveying regiments or drafts to India, are inapplicable and uselessly costly for short voyages. We do everything connected with the army upon an unnecessarily extravagant system, and the result is, that we spend annually enormous sums, and have no effective army, notwithstanding a vast expenditure. If we deduct the votes for pay and rations, why should the English army cost so much more than the German, for it is on these votes that the difference caused by conscriptive and voluntary service mainly depend? Were our army thoroughly organised for service in time of peace, we should not have a constantly recurring and wasteful expenditure on the first rumours of hostilities. Our Indian and Colonial demands make it utterly impossible to reduce the actual number of men; but as we are compelled to maintain them, why should not one-half of our force be always ready for war? And, above all things, it is necessary that we should come to an understanding as to what shall be the amount of our peace Estimates. How is it possible to maintain a settled and effective army if the Estimates are annually

and materially fluctuating? We may not be able to adopt the German system and grant an army vote for seven years, but we might at least appoint a committee which should decide the amount annually necessary; and it should then be understood that, until a new committee at the end of five years had made a fresh report, the same sum should be yearly laid before Parliament. It probably might happen that, with the progress that is constantly going on in guns, rifles, and armament in general, special votes would occasionally be necessary in order not to fall behind other nations. But such demands should be considered as extraordinary and supplemental, and their necessity and importance should be specially discussed. The non-effective services might also be dealt with separately, and the provision of guns for the navy should be borne on the naval Estimates. It would then be possible to maintain a definite system, which would conduce to real economy as well as to greatly increased efficiency. The constant changes which now occur would disappear, and officers and men would gain increased confidence in the military machine of which they form a part. Knowing exactly what sum would annually be voted for army purposes, it would be in the interest of the military authorities

to watch over any unnecessary expenditure, and to maintain a rigid system of economy.

During the last three years, from the time when the country became convinced that the navy had fallen below its proper strength, an annual extraordinary vote has been passed in order to restore it to a thoroughly effective state. The same measure must be applied to the army, and then when it has been supplied with all that is now lacking, it may in the future be steadily maintained on an effective footing without any addition to the present Estimates. There can be no worse economy than to keep up a costly force that is always unready for war. And how changed would be England's position and England's influence in the councils of Europe, if her navy were strong enough to be worthy of its great reputation, and her army were so organised that it might be certain to maintain the traditions of the past under the altered circumstances of modern warfare! The safety of the country, the security of our trade, would be assured, and this not by any vast annual outlay, but by merely devoting a clear and common-sense attention to its requirements, and by a steady determination that in the future the nation shall have its money's worth for its money.

V. BAKER.

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THE BALANCE OF MILITARY POWER IN EUROPE.

II.—GERMANY, FRANCE, AND BELGIUM.

WE propose now to take in order the following questions, which were raised in our last article under the general heading:¹—

I. We intend, by comparing the methods which are employed by Germany for raising her forces with our own methods, to maintain our thesis—that our own army is the cheapest in the world, in proportion to the work it has to do. It will be seen that our contention is that our army payments represent a money sacrifice to the country so incomparably less than the monetary sacrifice which her methods oblige Germany to make, that no subsequent care and economy on the part of German officials in the expenditure of cash, when it has once been obtained, can prevent ours from being, as a question of money, the more economical method

of the two. We wish clearly at the outset to separate this question from that of the expenditure of the money, in which we have everything to learn from Germany, and Germany has little or nothing to learn from us. We shall therefore, in the first instance, deal with Lord Randolph's notions of economy, and show that neither English nor German experience supports them. We shall then endeavour to make good our case as to the enormous sacrifices which Germany is making as compared with ourselves. We shall be content to establish this in the case of Germany alone, because the whole administration of Germany is in its expenditure so notoriously wise and economical, that, if Germany cannot make a compulsory service and a state manipulation

¹ 'Blackwood's Magazine,' July—"The Balance of Military Power in Europe."
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of huge funds of money economical, it is certain that no other Power can do so.

II. We propose next to discuss the relative strength of the present French and German military frontiers—as to which we directly challenged Sir Charles Dilke's statement that the French frontier is now the stronger of the two. It will be seen, when we come to describe the two frontiers, that there are most plausible grounds for Sir Charles Dilke's belief; that it is well that the question should have been raised; that the views and principles which induce the German strategists to prefer a method of defence altogether different from that of France, do not lie on the surface. Nevertheless we believe that we shall be able to show that they are sound and true. In any case, the views of the two great military Powers are so startlingly different, that we think a statement of them, intelligible to non-military readers, cannot fail to be of interest. It will prepare such readers, at least, to study the events which will occur on the outbreak of war whenever it takes place.

III. The third point in relation to France and Germany, on which we challenged Sir Charles's statements, is this. He assumes that, as a necessary consequence of the enormous strength of the new French frontier, Germany will certainly be disposed to march through Belgium. We propose to show that there are strong military reasons, involved in the nature of the case, which tend to turn the balance the other way. At the same time, we must at once admit that, though we differ from Sir Charles as to the extent to which the military balance tends to sway in this direction, we do not differ from him in thinking that if Belgium would ensure

her liberties she must effectually arm.

IV. Connected with this is the next question, which immediately concerns ourselves, whether we have abandoned all purpose of fulfilling the international obligations we have undertaken, provided that Belgium performs her part. On this matter we protested that Sir Charles Dilke had no adequate grounds for the conclusion he had arrived at. We intend therefore to show, in the first place, to what extent it is probable that we should be able to make good our support of Belgian neutrality in the event of a war between France and Germany. In the second, we shall quote the words of our statesmen, at the time when the question last arose, to show how clear and certain our responsibility is. We shall declare our disbelief that Englishmen intend to abandon an acknowledged duty.

V. We shall next discuss in general terms the present efficiency of the two opposing armies. It seems to us essential to enter, so far as we may, into these matters, if the mere numerical figures which Sir Charles Dilke has supplied are to have any practical value.

This will occupy all the space we can afford for the present. In our third article we shall first discuss, in a similar manner, the frontiers opposed to one another of Russia and Germany, and the relative advantages for offence and defence presented by them to each Power; secondly, the position of Germany, in alliance with Austria, in a war against Russia and France, and the general character of Austria as a military Power; thirdly, we shall have to reply to the statements made in Sir Charles Dilke's now published volume on that matter, which is for us always

the central "couple," as the mathematicians would call it, of the European balance—Russia and England—in relation to European war. In every instance this is the point towards which we desire to lead up; but we shall not be able to complete our statement in regard to it until our final article, after we have completed our survey of the other Powers involved in the present conditions of most unstable equilibrium.

I. *German and English Economy.*—Economy, says Lord Randolph Churchill, and efficiency go hand in hand. We agree with him. We believe that efficiency is always economical, provided you can afford to pay for it. That is the secret of the true German economy. Lord Randolph is now daily illustrating the meaning which he attaches to the phrase by the questions which he is putting to witnesses in the Parliamentary Committee of which he is chairman. He did not leave much doubt of his meaning in the Wolverhampton speech. Let us illustrate Lord Randolph's philosophy, and show its universal soundness and applicability to the current experience of English life:—

"Pay for shoddy, and you are sure to get good English broadcloth. Pay for butterine, and you are sure to get the best Dorsetshire butter. Pay for cheap clothes, and you are sure not to get nasty. Mark your lawyer's brief with the lowest of known fees; you are sure to secure the services of the most leading counsel and their constant attendance on your suit. Seek out where you can consult a physician for a ten-shilling fee, and you are sure to get the advice of the best specialists in London."

Such is Lord Randolph's knowledge of the world. Is it really possible that, apart from all German experience, of which he mani-

festly knows nothing, Lord Randolph never read the masterly essay on Lord Clive, which describes how that Indian administration was created, the efficiency of which has been the standing admiration of all foreign critics? Lord Randolph should, at least, know something of India.

"Clive saw clearly that it was absurd to give men power and to require them to live in penury. He justly concluded that no reform could be effectual which should not be coupled with a plan for liberally remunerating the civil servants of the Company." That is Lord Macaulay's account of economical administration. Again, if Lord Randolph chooses to call before his Committee those who know the present administration of the War Office, we venture to predict this: that he will find there is one conviction shared by them all, be they who they may—soldier, clerk, those who wish to see a stronger military element infused into the department, those who wish for some other reforms, and those who wish to keep things as they are,—all, we say, have alike one conviction on one subject connected with that Office. It is this: that the cheapest service for which the country has at this moment to pay, done by any of the Civil Staff, is that of the most highly paid permanent civil servant within it. Many private jealousies and personal piques are engendered by sedentary work; yet within the walls of the War Office, and among those who have business relations with it, all will agree that every pound of money that is paid for Sir Ralph Thompson's salary is more economically expended than most of her two pounds that go out of her Majesty's Exchequer.

We say, then, that on English

evidence alone Lord Randolph's notions of economy by cheese-paring cutting down of salaries is a false one. We say further, that if, ignoring our own experience, the experience of America, and the experience of Germany, with which we are now about to deal, he appeals simply to the prejudices which induce working men to believe that any one who gets higher pay than they do must be overpaid, he will be the deadliest enemy that his country has had to encounter for years. He will bring about a costly collapse of our administration as well as of our army, such as it would not be possible for any one, who has not an influence over the democracy so powerful for good and evil as his own, to cause.

As a question of the factors that must go to determine the propriety of the salaries paid in Germany and England, we ask our readers to consider this report of an actual conversation which took place a year or two ago in German society, not certainly in Berlin, but as it happens in Dresden. We change only the names.

"What extraordinarily lucky people those Von Cobos are!"

"Why, what has happened?"

"Haven't you heard?"

"No; tell me."

"Why, Fräulein von Cobo is engaged to be married to a man with £300 a-year!"

Literally that took place, and represented the general feeling of society: £300 a-year—all told—was looked upon as an independent fortune on which a "Von" was to be congratulated as a quite exceptional piece of luck.

How can you compare, by merely citing figures, salaries under such circumstances in London and in Dresden or in most parts of

Germany? It does not matter a bit whether the difference results from a more economical style of living or from money actually purchasing more. The man in office has to live in England as it is.

Let us take another illustration to make this point clear. A few years ago it was necessary to send a distinguished English officer to command the native Egyptian army. He found that, tempting to an able soldier as that position was, he would have been obliged to refuse it unless there had been attached to it an income of several thousands a-year. For, living in the society of the Pashas of Cairo, a grandee among them, he must either have beggared his own family or have put himself in a false position if he had not received an adequate salary.

Lord Randolph says that the point of a Secretary of State in England receiving about double the pay of a similar official in Berlin is irrelevant. It may be convenient to him for his own purposes to allege that that is so, but he either ignores or forgets an important historical discussion. When last the salaries of our great state officials were publicly attacked, the strongest and most convincing argument by which they were defended was this from the then Lord John Russell: "I have been a poor man all my life, but I never knew what it was to be in debt till I became a Secretary of State."

Thus it is especially on poor men that the strain falls of positions of power to which no adequate salary is attached; the State instantly suffers, since the choice necessarily falls on men of inferior capacity and character, who are rich enough to take the office. That is the most foolish of all unwise economies.

In Prussia there is not a rich class, independent of its pay, from which fairly efficient officers might be drawn. So thoroughly is the necessity of paying for efficient services, if you desire economy, understood in Germany, that a few years ago a somewhat startling surprise disturbed an arrangement of Mr Gladstone's. Thinking that the economical conditions of Prussia must involve lower rates of pay for her officers, which would enable him to propose curtailment of expense in the pay of the English army, he called for a return of the pay of all ranks of the officers of the German army. The return brought out facts so little to Mr Gladstone's taste, that the document was never presented to the House of Commons, for whom it was originally intended.

General Brackenbury, in his evidence before Lord Randolph's Committee, has given such full particulars on this subject that we need not enlarge on them here. He has shown that, while the junior officers of the German army receive, in comparison with the conditions of civil life and with civil salaries, very much higher pay than our own, some of our higher grades receive much larger pay than the German. But we could easily prove that Lord Russell's speech applies strictly to these cases. As an instance, the expenses of the Portsmouth command are so great that it is impossible to appoint any officer to it who has not a private income of *several* thousands a-year. A distinguished cavalry officer, who has no children, and is certainly not a poor man, told the present writer that, much as he should like to accept the command of the cavalry at Aldershot, he feared he should not be able to afford to do so. The nominal pay of a full "general"

in England only obtains for a man in actual command in the field. In that position he is a much poorer man than the German "general" with half his salary. The English general has necessarily to incur the expenses of the political hospitalities of England. He has to entertain princes. All such expenses fall on the German Emperor. High as is the nominal pay of an English Commander-in-Chief in the field, the command in most of our recent expeditions has been in each instance almost pecuniarily ruinous to the actual leader. We challenge Lord Randolph to investigate the exact accuracy of every one of these statements. If he really desires the good of his country, he can hardly refuse to test them when thus laid before him. If not, perhaps some other member of the Committee will keep the matter in mind.

We may take, as an illustration of the German views of wise expenditure, the fact that when, during the Revolutionary period of 1848, the Prussian Reds broke into the Government arsenal, they found there a complete store of *rifled* small-arms, ready for issue to the whole army, at a time when none of the wealthy Powers of Europe, not even England, had ventured to incur the outlay of purchasing rifles for the rank and file. Again, in 1864, Prussia had completely re-armed her soldiers with breech-loaders before any of the wealthier Powers had done so. For the third time now she has just completed, or is just completing, the issue to all her troops of magazine rifled small-arms. For the third time, in this expenditure on what she has decided to be the best weapon, she anticipates England and France.

In other words, her economical principle is the exact reverse of

Lord Randolph's. She does not believe in the theory he practically laid down at Wolverhampton, and is now daily illustrating: "Advertise for the cheapest article; you are sure to get the best."

When, however, the question arises how the money or money's worth is originally procured from the country, we must declare that ours is by far the most economical system.

Let us take first our enormous non-effective charge, the one that has excited most the wrath of Lord Randolph and of other critics. What that charge does for us is this: it keeps all the ranks of our army from dropping into the condition of senility which attended the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers—the only two pure seniority corps we then had—shortly before the Crimean war. How hopeless the inefficiency produced by that senility was, may be judged by any one who looks at the pathetic pictures of what a Woolwich parade was in those days. From all we have seen of the German army of late years, we much doubt whether their equivalent of our system has done as much for them. We have seen pictures of the senior officers of German messes, that might have passed for sketches taken of our officers at the worst period of our post-1815 peace-time.

But what is the German equivalent of our non-effective return? In many respects, like all other parts of the German system, it is excellent, and utilises in a very effective way the services of officers and non-commissioned officers. The State is the proprietor of all the Prussian railways, of all the Elsass-Lothringen railways, and of many more throughout the empire. Officers and non-com-

missioned officers, after they have retired from the army, are provided, in connection with these and other State properties, with appointments which serve as excellent substitutes for heavy pensions.

But how came the Government to be proprietor of so many railways, most of them originally started as private companies? The answer is easy, and happily illustrates the nature, on this its expensive side, of Prussian economy. The command of capital due to the French indemnity greatly facilitated the process. That vast sum was well turned over at interest, whilst it was accumulating for military purposes. The process consisted in purchasing at first a moderate number of railways that could, with the advantage of State support, be worked so sharply in competition with others that the latter no longer paid. Their proprietors were therefore glad to dispose of them at a moderate rate to the Government. The new purchase was soon turned to good account, both as a profitable investment and as a means of extending the system by competition with other railways.

In this way no doubt, as a holder of funds, the State had arranged for their disposal at great advantage. But what about the relative cost to individuals of their system and of ours? Which would be cheaper in the long-run for English tax-payers; to pay the 2d. on the income-tax which about represents the equivalent of the cost of the non-effective return—or to have the whole railway property of the country run down by Government competition and bought up below par?

It must be remembered, in comparing the Budget of Germany with our own, that all the pensions that are paid are entirely

struck off the Army Budget. So that to institute any comparison, the three millions which our non-effective vote costs must be deducted from army expenditure. The railways are only an example of the method pursued. All the offices of the State are filled with retired officers and non-commissioned officers, whose pensions are thus saved. Yet the actual monetary cost of the non-effective service of Germany is, according to General Brackenbury's evidence, £2,250,000 sterling, in addition to these salaries.

Let us take another illustration of the point we are anxious to drive home. During one of the cavalry attacks at Mars la Tour, two sons of Prince Bismarck's were riding as privates in the ranks of the 2d Dragoons of the Guards. They played their part as troopers gallantly. One was severely wounded, one carried a comrade out of fatal danger. Heaven forbid that we should disparage the moral and national advantage of such association of the highest with the lowest in the performance of simple patriotic duty! But as a question of monetary resources expended on war, what does it represent? Doubtless, as far as these two young men are concerned personally, very little. It was no monetary loss to the country that they should be doing humble duty well, at a time when they were not ready for such work as has since then been given them. But as regards the number of classes between them and that which fills our ranks, what does not that simple statement imply? The agents of great mercantile houses, the eye-doctor on the Rhine with a practice of many thousands a-year, all those on whose skill and knowledge the accumulation of wealth throughout the country

depended—these men were everywhere present in the ranks. Hardly any rate of taxation could extract from the country such sums of money as this complete dislocation of trade and professional work involved. Again we say, we by no means deny the gain which balanced the loss; but it was not a money gain.

We are not now dealing with that particular aspect of the case, of which Sir A. Malet, in the book we quoted in our last article, speaks when he says that the German system involves the sacrifice for almost every healthy man throughout the country of twenty years of personal independence. What we urge is, that when politicians go down among our working men, who trust them, and tell them that we are spending too much of our money, because foreign Governments do not show in their budgets sums much larger than our own, it is not enough to reply, "You forget *how cheaply* foreign Governments fill their ranks." It is not true that they fill them as cheaply as we do; though the cost to them appears in no budget. In no country in the world would the mere monetary loss of substituting a universal for a voluntary and highly paid service be so great as in our own.

To tell a nation that it is making prodigious monetary sacrifices at a time when it is in fact saving its wealth by paying those to serve whom it can best afford to employ, is to deceive it. Foreign nations sacrifice to the protection and security of national interests much more than money. They sacrifice personal ease, social privilege, individual independence. But in addition to that, they sacrifice for the whole country a power of accumulating wealth by devoting their young men to that pur-

pose, which represents an additional monetary loss of a magnitude so enormous that the money that would be taken out of England if we adopted their methods would stand to that which we now spend in a proportion that no man can measure, but that would at least be represented by a high *multiple* of our present figure. This is the only fair method of comparison as to the money rate they are paying and the money rate we are paying for national defence.

We have spoken of the conditions of English social life as elements that must be taken into account when we try to estimate the kind of rate that must be paid if we would have economical service from those classes of which we have taken the present permanent Under-Secretary of State for War as an example. Does the same thing apply or does it not apply to our working classes?

Listen to this. Doubtless many of our readers are accustomed to read, or at least to take in, some of the agricultural journals of the country. If they do, they will bear us out when we say that a phenomenon has lately been noticed by careful observers which, like many other humble matters, has a deep significance. The markets of the country have changed in a very curious way. A few years ago, fat pigs, fat bacon, even fat mutton and fat beef, were in great demand. But farmers find that the production of fat no longer pays as it did. Why so? The answer which those give who best understand such matters is this. The vast mass of the population of these islands has acquired tastes, engendered by increasing prosperity, which make them prefer more costly ways of obtaining that necessary part of human food, of which fat is the cheapest form. Butter, butterine,

and the like, are now eaten by them instead of the fat of bacon. Their very habits of cooking have changed. Moreover, though the production of fat no longer pays as it did, the consumption of bacon has increased more largely than that of any other article of commerce, because of the increased purchasing power of those who make it their chief form of meat-food.

You are thus competing for your soldiers in a market yearly offering more and more opportunities to the class from which they come of acquiring wealth, and the habits which wealth engenders. Whether, from all points of view, it is purely national gain that the population should crowd in to the work of highly paid factories, is a question beside our present purpose. What we earnestly urge upon the consideration of such politicians as Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Charles Dilke is this. You are actually getting your army on a system which subtracts from the general wealth of the country sums so immeasurably less than the Continental system would subtract from it, that all monetary comparisons between their budgets and ours tend to deceive us as to the sacrifices we are making.

You cannot both have your pie and eat it too. You cannot save the national purse by adopting methods which, in their direct payment for what we want, are, commercially speaking, immeasurably sounder than the Continental system of taking wealth by other means than by direct payment, and yet have an adequate defence for your vast empire by paying what they pay in hard cash.

The constant cries that ours is a most costly system are most dangerous and most deceptive. Our whole national economy is

based upon commercial wisdom ; and, as a mere matter of such calculation, we have been far wiser in our generation than our neighbours. But we are living in a fool's paradise. "Cut it down ! cut it down !" were the cries which greeted Lord Randolph's absolutely deceptive comparison of our Army Budget and that of Germany. If you do cut it down, you can by no manner of means supply those terrible deficiencies in our needed preparation for possible war which Lord Randolph himself pointed out. Those deficiencies exist because our statesmen have been attempting an impossible problem. They have tried to adopt principles for saving the wealth of the country which do save that wealth ; and yet, in comparing their doings with those of Continental statesmen, they have given themselves no credit for the saving, but have gone on to act as if they ought to get what they do not pay for.

To turn to the other side of the comparison. What has Germany to do with the army and navy which she employs ? What have we with ours ? The German empire lies within a ring-fence. Her system of localisation and all the cheap service which it represents is easy, because her army has, during peace-time, never to stir from home. We have an empire which occupies in mere extent one-fifth of the habitable globe, a population which is reckoned by the 100 million. But that is not all or nearly all. It is scarcely too much to say that every square mile of water which connects the outlying portions of our dominions is for us a territory needing defence as much as does Elsass-Lothringen or Pomerania. It is

a defence which to be adequate needs the work alike of army and of navy ; of navy first—of army, that the navy may be free to do its proper work. Everywhere over it we have harbours and fortresses, which must be held by our army unless our vast resources, dispersed over that watery dominion, are to be open to far more easy attack than any of those German villages which now sleep so securely behind the men who guard the Rhine.

Lord Randolph makes a great point of the fact that India pays for the army which we keep there, and that this is an additional proof of our extravagance. Perhaps an American general, a military Lycurgus in his own country, may be allowed the weight of an unprejudiced onlooker, so far as our Indian system is concerned. General Upton¹ has unhesitatingly declared that nowhere in all history have such results been obtained as we have secured from our native army in India. He has given all the figures of our high payments for local service, and, like Macaulay, he has declared that, judged by its results, it has been the most economical system known on earth. Those of us who know its present weaknesses know also that they all lie on the side exactly opposite to that on which Lord Randolph tries to lay his finger. If he is going to apply to India the manifold meanness suggested by his present Committee's questions, the day of the collapse of our Indian empire will date from that on which he gains power to carry out his will.

But, though our native army in India has been a marvellous and most economical accession to our

¹ See 'The Armies of Asia and Europe,' p. 75.

imperial strength in India, and though for the actual service of our European army in India that empire pays, that does not close the question as a comparison between our army and the German.

Mr Knox has perhaps by this time brought home to Lord Randolph the fact that at present the whole conditions of our service at home are determined by the necessities of our Indian and colonial empire. Even in the scheme which is now proposed for carrying out, as perfectly as may be, that sudden mobilisation the success of which, in 1870, brought France down on her knees before Germany at the very opening of the campaign, the fact that our army has primarily to hold a world-wide empire must be taken into account.

We cannot have the same simple system of mobilisation as a country which keeps all its army in the neighbourhood of their homes. The continual transfer of regiments from England to India and the colonies involves, in a vast variety of ways, costs which Germany never incurs. The necessities of a voluntary service in themselves prevent its being possible to keep regiments from year to year in an unpopular station. An army which can only have to be moved by rail or road, on the outbreak of war, is on a very different footing.

We can arrange, and we are arranging, if Lord Randolph and Sir Charles Dilke will allow us to do so, to have the ports of embarkation told off for our troops, and all those conditions provided beforehand which facilitate sea-transport. The actual numbers of troops, the particular regiments, the weight of their stores, will all be fixed, so that the Admiralty can at any moment know what ships will be required and what accommodation must be prepared. The stores to go

on board those ships will be ready at the ports. Every reserve man will know, long beforehand, where he is to join his old regiment, and will find his clothing and equipment waiting for him on the spot. The quartering of regiments will, for the first time in our history, be arranged with a view to making easy a mobilisation either for home service or embarkation. Every item of the departments which enable an army to march and fight, which we do possess, will be turned to account. But it must be realised by Englishmen that hitherto, in the hopeless attempt we have described to buy with hard cash what foreigners take by a more costly method, and yet to pay as little as they do, the English army has been hitherto always stinted of those very things on which the power of the German army depends. It was because the German army consisted, not of a number of regiments, but of *corps d'armée*, complete in all their parts, that Germany in 1870 struck down Imperial France within a month.

For though we get our money on the cheapest system we can, the Germans understand, and we do not, how to spend it when we get it. Lord Randolph and Sir Charles Dilke are agreed that they and their class have made the most hopeless mess of the process that was humanly possible. We are of the same mind. In Germany, among all the fierce attacks that have been made against Prince Bismarck and the other members of the Prussian Government, no hint has been ever dropped of a doubt that the money, once voted, has been expended in the most economical manner possible. Any one who will be at the trouble to read the questions that some of the members of the House of Commons on Lord Randolph's Com-

mittee have been asking will have no difficulty in seeing the reason why we have been in so different a condition. We have been told that the selection of the Committee has excited general dissatisfaction in the House itself. For the credit of the House of Commons, we hope that that is true. There are of course some members who always ask most business-like and excellent questions; but really others appal one. One does not expect a member of the House necessarily to know very much, but he ought at least to know where to get information. He ought to be man of the world enough not to ask a soap-manufacturer details as to the manufacture of cheese, when he is appointed to arrive at truth. Yet that is the principle on which the inquiry is being conducted.

We heartily thank Lord Randolph for having insisted upon making public these questions as they proceed. They will supply admirable material for heckling. We commend them to the attention of constituents who have reasons of their own for wishing to make their members ridiculous when they next have to face them. Let us take an instance. Mr Knox is a most able accountant, and a most hard-working man. We suspect even Lord Randolph, if he knew nothing of him before, is a little sorry that he committed himself to the statement at Wolverhampton that the copyists did all the work at the War Office, Mr Knox and his fellows doing nothing. But Mr Knox is necessarily like other men who achieve much in their own line, obliged to stick to his last. He does not travel far beyond the walls of the dingy, inconvenient, and poisonous office in Pall Mall, to which Lord Randolph boasts that he has confined the men on whose health and clear-

headedness the efficiency of our army depends. Just imagine, then, the selecting of Mr Knox for examination on the details of the educational arrangements of the Civil Service Commissioners; on the wisdom of the arrangements of foreign armies; on the reasons why a regiment which moves from Mullingar to Stirling, then to an outstation of Plymouth, miles from any board-school, and thence to Pembroke docks, should not have its unfortunate children shunted from one board-school to another, from one absolutely different system of education to another, every time that it moves. Again, it is a tolerably familiar fact to most men who have even a little studied modern war, that the general education of the German army has been one of its greatest powers. Our own conviction of the relative weakness of the Russian army is based on the stolid ignorance of the Russian peasantry. Nothing has so much tended of late years to increase the practical power of our own army as its enforced education. No one who knows what a young soldier is when he first joins would dream of submitting to him the question of whether he would like to learn. A greater cruelty could not be done him. Every temptation is thrown in his way not to learn. If the option is nominally left to him, it will be no option at all. All weak young fellows will yield to the pressure of their comrades, and will avoid learning. In most regiments the question—the vital question—of whether they can or can not get good non-commissioned officers is almost absolutely a question of whether their commanding officers have or have not taken pains to encourage the general education of their recruits.

Yet these gentlemen select Mr

Knox, who can by no accident have had either the experience or the special knowledge of the conditions of modern war, required to answer such a question, as *the* man whose opinion they take on the point whether money may not be saved by making optional the regimental schools for the privates, as well as of doing away with the other educational establishments of the army. There are numbers of English soldiers whose special business it has been to make themselves acquainted with the conditions of foreign armies. If their own evidence is to be distrusted because they are soldiers, they at least know to what unanswerable and authoritative documents the Committee ought to be referred. But if the soldiers are to be examined on the technical details of army accounts as carried on in the War Office, and the accountants on questions of pure military experience, what result but miserable failure can come of this wretched system of inquiry?

This is the sort of economy which in the past has been so costly. "Happy thought," says some one who knows nothing about it. "Let us do away with the expense of the education of the army. Soldiers want to fight, not to learn. They would like it ever so much better themselves." Slap goes the vote. Two years after appear some powerful letters from a newspaper correspondent, pointing out how all-important in modern war the education of some foreign army has proved in a decisive campaign, on which public interest at the time is absorbed. Everything must then be sacrificed to the one object of educating the soldier. Money is voted to repurchase land and buildings, and to re-establish a machinery which cannot be made as efficient as the old one that was

destroyed. Everything is at high pressure and double cost.

We take this as an illustration. Hitherto, we must admit, education has not been assailed. But Lord Randolph will, no doubt, easily persuade the men of Wolverhampton that no one ought to know anything that they do not; so that now the special turn of education has come. In other matters—in those on which the military power, the sudden striking power more especially of Germany and now of France too depend—we have been doomed to impotence by the hopelessness of attempting to make the House of Commons interested in army efficiency. Whatever attracted attention—the talk of ladies looking on from the House of Commons' stand at a great review—has had its due favour. Those things, the value of which the experience of war alone can teach, have been left to take their chance.

Hence it happens that while we have for our army the infantry, cavalry, and artillery, for those two corps of which we have spoken we are without any adequate supply of the needed transport, of the needed medical staff, of the needed engineers for bridging, for telegraph work, and for other engineer duties. We have no supply ready of the field-bakeries, of "artillery ammunition columns," or "infantry ammunition columns," or "provision columns."

Now, in the German army all these bodies in their due proportion are embodied in, and form part of, the mobilisation of each *corps d'armée*.

This is the great contrast which must strike any one who will be at the trouble of turning to the Appendix of the Prussian official history of the war of 1870, and comparing the tabular statement of the

German army with our own Army Estimates, or with any other complete record of our army as it exists. If the various portions of the force which are there given had ever existed in our army, they would long since have been abolished, because some one would have asked Mr Knox why such unwarlike agents should be kept up in peace-time. It is not Mr Knox's business to know the answer; but Mr Knox's authority would have been sufficient for their abolition.

Now, from the German point of view, economy consists in providing those things which make an army efficient. Our own army is not efficient for war, and cannot be ready to take the field with that rapidity which is of the essence of the question, until we can, on the word "mobilisé" being issued from headquarters, instantly prepare whatever force we have complete in all these respects.

To send an army into the field unprovided with those auxiliary aids, without which an army cannot move, without which it cannot fight, is as reasonable as to send a regiment into the field without its arms. If the question were whether we should send to war one regiment armed with the best breech-loaders or two unarmed at all, no one would hesitate as to the answer. Yet to any one who has studied modern war it is just as wise, it amounts to the same thing, to send an army into the field without its proper auxiliary services, thinking that you add more to its force by increasing its cavalry, infantry, and artillery without supplying what you have with what is required to enable them to fight, as to keep on adding to an army men whom you cannot arm.

The central cause of this enormous difference between the wis-

dom with which the German money once obtained for war is administered, and the folly with which we expend ours, lies in the existence in Berlin of that "great staff," of which Von Moltke is the head. Until quite lately we have had no body whatever in London which supplied the place of that "great staff." The "Horse Guards" and "War Office" are employed on matters of daily routine and petty detail—very largely, indeed, in preparing answers for questions put forward in the House of Commons to embarrass a Government for party purposes. Von Moltke's staff does not concern itself at all with the innumerable matters of minor regimental discipline the solution of which is the chief duty of the Adjutant-General's Department of our army. It is absorbed entirely in the consideration of those matters on which the effective fighting power of the army depends. Of late these have with us been undertaken by the Intelligence Department. That department is a kind of parasite. Its absolute necessity and its value has made itself so felt by all other departments, not only of the War Office but of the Government, that it has gradually been absorbing duties almost analogous to those of the "great staff"; but it is in its wrong place. It ought to be the thinking head of the army—that which deals under the immediate responsibility of the chief of the army with all the questions of the mode in which the money vote by Parliament can be most economically and efficiently used—the questions of organisation, the questions of preparedness for war. The mighty questions whether a private in an infantry regiment ought or ought not to have been punished for going to sleep in church, whether a

corporal's guard should or should not have been relieved at two o'clock, and the like, with which actually now the time of a man like Lord Wolseley is not unfrequently occupied, ought to be dealt with, on their own responsibility and finally, long before the Horse Guards is reached.

Our present system of centralisation does not confer power on the headquarters of the army. It deprives them of all real power by burying them under detail. We have a congress of departments at headquarters; we have a congress of regiments and of local staffs about the country. We have no "great general staff;" we have no *corps d'armées*.

II. *The New Military Frontiers of Germany and of France.*—We turn now to the second question with which we proposed to deal: The relative military power of Germany and of France, and more especially the respective strength of their two frontiers. Simultaneously with our last article, whilst we were expressing our conviction that Sir Charles Dilke was in error in maintaining the superior strength for practical purposes of the French and Russian frontiers over the German, an article appeared in the 'Contemporary Review,' written by a German officer, which, so far as the actual fortifications of France against Germany and of Germany against France are concerned, leaves nothing to be desired. We are the better pleased that that should be so, because we are anxious to avoid a vast body of detailed geographical description, and a catalogue of names, which, for all but a limited class of readers, would possess neither meaning nor interest. For all details, therefore, of the most elab-

orate system of French defence, we may refer our readers to that article.

What we desire to do is to explain the broad principles on which the two most opposite systems of defence, carried out by the two nations, have been designed, and to give our reasons for preferring to believe in the German. After the war of 1870, the French engineers found that, with the exception of a very small strip of the frontier, the Germans had possessed themselves of the old natural mountain-barrier on which France had for generations relied for her defence. They had to deal with a country not in itself strongly defensible. They had virtually a *tabula rasa* on which to exercise their skill. They have worked with the greatest ability, backed by an unstinted supply of money. Incredible as the sum appears, France is reputed to have expended since 1870 on her rearmament and fortification 135 million pounds sterling. Such a sum skilfully expended could not fail to produce a formidable result. They have piled fortification upon fortification all along the frontier. Certainly he would be a rash man who would venture to speak confidently as to the result, should the German armies have to attack this continuous belt of fortification, adequately garrisoned by formidable troops.

Belfort itself has been girdled with forts. Epinal has been similarly strengthened, so has Toul, so has Verdun. A great defensive position has been prepared on the "Plateau de Haye," between Frouard and Pont St Vincent. Then curtains of *forts d'arrêt* close all the chief roads between these great places of defence. An elaborate series of defences cover the Côtes

de Meuse between Toul and Verdun. In second line Langres, Besançon, and Dijon have been converted into vast intrenched camps. In fact, as Major Wachs says, Epinal, Belfort, Besançon, Dijon, and Langres form a large strategic pentagon, in which every angle is filled with a fortified place of the first rank. Reims, La-Fère, and Laon have all been converted into intrenched camps. So numerous are the forts which connect these various greater places that only two gaps of any extent remain, one between Verdun and the Belgian frontier, one between Toul and Epinal. These have been deliberately left in order to tempt an invader to advance by lines which would be disadvantageous to him. Nor is this all; the network of railways in rear of these fortresses, and connecting them, is most elaborate and complete.

The enormous size of the works may be judged by the fact that Verdun will require a garrison of 25,000 men to hold it; it has for its external forts a perimeter of $27\frac{1}{2}$ miles, Epinal has similarly a perimeter of 28 miles, Belfort of 30 miles—and so on.

Before discussing what appears to us to be the weak point in this magnificent scheme, let us consider what Germany has done on the other side. First, she has demolished nearly all the smaller forts and fortresses in Elsass-Lothringen. Secondly, she has everywhere elaborated her facilities for detrain- ing and entraining troops. She has perfected her railway communication between all parts of Germany where corps assemble, and Strasbourg and Metz. She has also perfected the railway system north and south, as well as east and west, within the newly conquered territory. Thirdly, she

has made of Strasbourg with Kehl an intrenched camp so vast, that Major Wachs declares—and we believe that it is true, though others scarcely put the figures so high—that it would cover and supply an army of 280,000 men. It can be protected by a belt of water from the Ill, the Rhone Canal, and the Rhine. Three of the forts are similarly protected by wet ditches. The forts communicate by subterranean telegraph wires, and a railway circuit connects them with the great system of railway which converges on Strasbourg. We rather doubt Major Wachs' statement that this circular railway is now in order, but the roadway is there, and the rails could easily be laid down. Then she has enormously improved and strengthened the forts round Metz. She has treated with a sort of careless indifference three other fortresses which she has not actually dismantled, Thionville, Bitsch, and Saarlouis.

By the treaty after the war, she obtained possession also of Neu Breisach, and this she has retained in its old form, as it covers an important bridge over the Rhine. Here, as elsewhere, she has greatly improved the facilities for detrain- ing troops. It will serve to bring into the Southern Vosges the Bavarian corps. But, with the exceptions we have named, no other fortresses have been left standing on the French side beyond the line of the Rhine. Germany has, however, still her old line of great intrenched camps, giving her command of rivers—Ulm, Rastatt, Mayence, Coblenz, Cologne, and Wesel.

She has over the Rhine itself no fewer than sixteen railway bridges, besides four steam ferries, capable of carrying entire trains, and also twenty bridges of boats for wheeled

carriages. Most of these passages are fortified. All can be rapidly destroyed. Double lines of railway run along either bank of the Rhine throughout its entire length.

Now what does this mean? It means that Germany relies for the defence of her territory against France upon facilitating in every way the gathering of her forces upon the French frontier, and upon striking in the field rapid blows against any French force that shall attempt to pass the Rhine to invade her. It means that every topographical condition which will hamper the movement of an army attempting rapid offence against her has been studied; that she will have the most telling bases and pivots of manœuvre for supplying her forces. The Germans will be able to manœuvre in concentrated masses against an enemy who must expose himself to blows in such fashion that the German army can strike on flanks or rear. The blow may be delivered when the French army is divided by the necessities of movement in difficult country or across a great river, of which the Germans hold all the bridges, so that they can forbid its passage to the French and pass it themselves when and where they please. That is the nature of the defence manifestly designed.

It is as auxiliary to this purpose that the great camps exist. Her army is not swallowed up by many fortresses. The great mass of the fortresses which we have named, which hold the rivers, are far to the rear, so that, whilst the active army moves forward to the frontier, there can gather securely behind them the great territorial army, which will fill these camps, and be daily gaining cohesion and discipline.

And now as to what she will do for offence. That clearly depends on the weak spot she has the opportunity to assail. In all that vast and wonderful mass of fortification which confronts her, is there one? Not in the fortresses, perhaps, as yet; but, unless all that we have gathered from the discussions which have of late been sufficiently ample in France, and from some other sources, be deceptive, there will be one most serious weakness involved in the French system of defence.

Among the literature which poured from the French press after the war of 1870-71, there was one pathetic little pamphlet, written by the Emperor of the French himself, describing the causes of the French disasters. He emphatically declared that the great cause of all his trouble was that neither he nor any one else understood that the movement of troops by railway for a great campaign was an art in itself, till the bitter experience of war taught him how little he knew about it. The statement was certainly an exaggerated one. The causes of the woes of France lay much deeper than that. But this much is certain, that everything for France in the next war with Germany will at first depend on the question whether her soldiers have or have not practically mastered the difficulty which the methodic movement to the frontier of both her active and territorial army will entail upon her.

For the defect of that vast agglomeration of works which she has piled together is, that it will take an army to defend it. Germany, with her one strong place of Metz, fronts ten first-class fortresses alone, independent of all the minor forts which jostle one

another along that mighty line. If the French proposed to employ their regular army in these works, well might Major Wachs exclaim, as he does—

“Now, this riveting of an army to a fixed immovable spot is difficult to combine with the offensive, and the year 1870 showed that a French army could be brought rapidly behind walls, but not easily before them; so that we may be permitted to ask the question, Whether the nation which leads so excited a life to the west of the Vosges is still the same that in former times used to be so eager to advance and attack the enemy, and which, indeed, always showed a rapture for open battle and swift decision, and the profoundest aversion to merely standing and exchanging fire, or to remaining long behind wall and trench? . . . Dead walls are the grave-stones of the military self-confidence of the French, and the ‘notwithstanding their presence,’ may very soon be converted into ‘because of their presence.’ France prefers to put her trust in the shield rather than in the hand that wields the spear.”

But Major Wachs, carefully as he has studied the French frontier, evidently does not know the French views as to the mode in which these fortresses are to be held. The idea is that, whilst the active army takes the field, these fortresses are to be occupied by the territorial army. There seems to us to lie the weakness of the whole scheme. It appears to have escaped notice in England that France has never ventured to adopt the system of localisation and territorial mobilisation of the Germans. When the word “mobilise” goes forth from the French headquarters, it will be necessary for the reserves who are to fill up the places in the ranks of the active army to rush by train from all parts of France to join their depots. It is ex-

tremely difficult to believe that such an operation can be conducted with the rapidity, ease, and certainty with which a German village, in which all the men belong to one company, falls in and joins the men of the next village or two in making up the total reserves of the battalion whose headquarters lie close to them. It is very difficult not to believe that the railways will be throughout France for a long time blocked by streams of men moving in all directions to join their corps. Then in the midst of all this, or before it is over at all events, the whole mass of men, both of the active and territorial army, will have to move eastwards. The army will have to take up its position; the territorial force to occupy the forts. It is the most enormous problem of military railway transport under the most difficult conditions that has been ever attempted. It may succeed, of course; but, during all the earlier years which followed 1870, if not since then, there was an irregularity and uncertainty about the way in which men were passed into the reserves and about the way in which the training was given, which makes us gravely doubt whether the mobilisation will not be much more like that which Prussia attempted in 1849 and in 1859, which collapsed, rather than like that of 1866 or 1870. Practice makes perfect rather in such matters as these than in most others. It was no bellicose wish which induced General Boulanger to desire the experimental mobilisation of two corps. At all events, whatever may have been his private views, there was grave reason why France should make the experiment. We have solid grounds for believing that, shortly prior to his

proposal for the mobilisation of the corps, General Boulanger had specifically ascertained that all arrangements for the movements by railway of the French army on a large scale were in a condition as chaotic as they had been prior to the war of 1870. If that is true, we would give very little for the value to France of the 135 millions spent on the fortifications.

For what, meantime, has Germany been doing as regards her own mobilisation. The one arm of the service which in 1870 was relatively slow in being ready was the one whose services were needed first—the cavalry. If we are rightly informed, such vigorous steps have been taken to remedy that inconvenience that, thirty-six hours after the magic word “mobilise” has arrived, each cavalry regiment will be ready to take the field. Everything is done in Germany with a silence which contrasts notably with the chatter and the fussy efforts at secrecy which were characteristic of General Boulanger’s administration. It is therefore not easy to be certain to what point the time required for mobilisation has been actually reduced. It is put sometimes now as low as four days. The maximum time is, we believe, at all events, six days. After that, it will be simply a question of extremely rapid railway transport upon fortified places for large portions, at least, of the army. Without knowing the total number of entraining and detraining stations available for each corps, it would be impossible to estimate the time within which the German army may be reckoned upon to arrive within striking distance of the French line. It is upon such points as these, the amount of rolling-stock and the multiplication of railway lines, and not upon

mere distance, that the rate of transfer of large bodies of troops depends. Seeing that the German Government has been bending all its energies to facilitate movement by these means ever since the war, we confess that we anticipate a rapidity of concentration on the frontier or on the Rhine that will startle the world almost as much as the earlier successes of 1870 surprised it. If that confusion reigns over the French mobilisation which we anticipate, so that, at the moment when the German forces are ready on their frontier, the occupation of the French frontier forts is in progress, or if the forts are occupied by inferior troops hurriedly brought together, that will be the moment of the German stroke. The two forts which must be taken in order to enable a German army to advance will be suddenly attacked and overwhelmed with fire. That their capture will cost the Germans severe loss in men cannot be doubted. But it must be remembered that under all conditions of warfare that we have ever known, the weakness of a practically continuous and greatly extended system of fortification lies in this, that broken in one point it is broken in all. *Mutatis mutandis*, the example of Marlborough’s success against the very same system when adopted by the French of his day will apply now. The danger to the French lies in the temptation which Mr Hooper, in his lately published history of the Sedan campaign, very ably discusses as that which will be held out to weak commanders of an exaggerated reliance on great intrenched camps. We agree with his critic in the ‘Spectator’ that the case of Metz and Bazaine is not fairly in point; because Metz, as it existed in 1870, did not fulfil any of the

conditions which obtain in either the French or German camps of to-day. But, nevertheless, the danger is a real one. No one who has followed our statement will fail to see how anxiously the Germans have endeavoured to avoid it. There is no mistaking the significance of their careful demolition of Schlettstadt, Marsal, Phalsbourg, La Petite Pierre, Lichtenberg, and Landau.

As Major Wachs has put it in the passage we have quoted, the danger is lest an army "brought rapidly behind walls" will not be brought "easily before them." For our own part, we have the most profound belief in the power of the strength of a defensive position under the modern conditions of war; provided always that an army knows how, when needed, to use it, and when to dispense with it. But that local power of the defensive is one which a skilful assailant may turn to his own profit, as the Germans showed alike before Metz, Sedan, and Paris. The French method is, as Major Wachs has well said, a recurrence to the "cordon system of the last century." Beyond doubt the completeness in itself of each separate fortification is a matter of the greatest importance; but we confess to thinking that there is risk lest these fortifications should be only too comfortable for the generals of the French army. Victory will now, as ever, be ultimately decided in the open field. Fortifications are of importance in so far as they assist an army in its operations in the field. They become dangerous when, instead of being used as pivots of manœuvre, they are erected, like the stone wall of China, themselves to bar the progress of the invader.

We think that, in what we

have said, we have supplied an explanation, and to some extent even a justification, of Sir Charles Dilke's statement, though we have given our reasons for differing from him. To any one looking merely at the elaboration, the cost, the completeness of the French defence, it must seem that the Germans have on their side done nothing comparable to it. The German behaves like the master of fence who apparently drops his point, and lays his breast open to be stabbed. Woe betide the unskilful fencer who thinks that he has also dropped his eye!

III. *Will the Germans violate Belgian territory?*—It will, perhaps, now be apparent why we do not ourselves believe that Germany will make her great attempt upon France by violating Belgian territory. We have no wish to speak dogmatically on the subject. We are quite aware that others, whose judgment is entitled to the greatest weight, think differently. For our own part we believe distinctly that Sir Charles Dilke has done the greatest service to Belgium in drawing her attention to the necessity that

"Would she be free, herself should strike the blow."

But, as it seems to us, the balance of advantage to Germany in moving by that line is so nice a one that a conviction that Belgium and England would act together to resist any such attempt would be amply sufficient to turn the scale. If Belgium refuses to play her part in maintaining her neutrality, the case falls of course. We are under no obligation to assist her if she will spend nothing on the armaments and the men that are needed to fulfil her international contract.

We certainly should be most unwilling to say anything that may tend to prevent Belgium from setting her house in order. But if we are right as to the weak point in the French defence at which it is the policy of Germany to strike, it is obvious that the blow must be struck rapidly and in an unknown direction. Time is of the essence of the question. Now for Germany to choose the road by Belgium is to abandon all the advantages of time.

It is as well to remember that during the war of 1870 and in the advance on Sedan, subsequent that is to the negotiation of our common treaty with Germany and France for the protection of Belgium, during August of that year orders were given to the German army that "should the enemy enter Belgian territory and not be disarmed at once, he is to be followed thither without delay."¹ Obviously we should in that case have had even under that treaty no *casus belli* against Germany. The case is analogous to that of a blockade, which, to be respected, must be effective. In speaking, therefore, of German violation of Belgian territory, we speak of direct invasion intended to attack the northern frontier of France, so as to avoid the necessity of dealing with the great fortress barrier between Verdun and BelFORT. We do not speak of such chance violation of territory as may occur in any marches made to the north of Verdun in the course of a westerly movement. If that frontier of Belgium be not properly guarded, it will no doubt be casually or deliberately violated by parties on both sides. We doubt, in that case, if anything but diplomatic apologies, more or

less sincere, could be expected to follow.

When we speak of the element of time being against a German invasion of France by way of Belgium, we speak of an advance from Cologne across Belgian territory, directed upon Mézières and Maubeuge, either to turn the line of the fortresses or to carry the army immediately upon Paris. At Metz, and in the general concentration in Elsass-Lothringen, the German armies can, within their own territory, concentrate by railway without its being possible for any but the vaguest reports to reach the French as to the direction of the impending blow. They arrive at once without difficulty within striking distance, and with all the facilities so necessary to a railway concentration afforded by terminal stations elaborately prepared for the purpose. The nearest point at which concentration can take place on similar terms on the Belgian frontier is at Aix-la-Chapelle. From Aix only a single railway runs across the frontier of Belgium. Obviously, if force were attempted on this side, it would be the duty of the Belgian Government to destroy this line. As the crow flies, the distance from Aix to Mézières is ninety miles; and as the railway runs through Liège, and makes a considerable detour, it would be impossible for any Prussian force to secure it throughout its length without deliberate connivance or scandalous neglect on the part of the Belgians. Even were the line in the hands of the Germans it would furnish a most insecure dependence for supply. At best the army must march by road through Belgium, so that at least six or seven days must elapse between the departure

¹ Prussian Official History, vol. ii. p. 291.

from Aix and the arrival within striking distance of the French frontier. Six or seven days of clear warning would thus be given to the French before their first line of defence could be reached.

Though the defences of the northern frontier of France are not like those of the eastern, they are not to be despised. Here the character of the French defence much more nearly approaches to that of the German, as we have already discussed it. The railways would facilitate the rapid gathering of the armies from all parts of France. Their movement thither would not interfere with the concentration eastwards of the territorial army into the great fortress belt. The main line of supply for the German armies would still be intercepted by the Verdun-Belfort forest of fortresses. It seems to us inconceivable that, if this Belgian line alone were taken, the French armies should not be able to meet the German in superior numbers, in more perfect concentration, and with every advantage of position in their favour.

Of course the case would present fresh complications if the neutrality of Luxembourg were violated as well as that of Belgium. Again here we must say that the question mainly turns upon the sincere desire of the King of Holland to fulfil international obligation. By an agreement with the King of Holland, no doubt the railway from Trèves by Luxembourg and Arlon could be made to assist; but, to any one who realises what the nature of a great railway movement of thousands of men and their stores is, it will, we think, be evident that the mere fact of this violation of territory would at once and necessarily substitute marching by road for railway shipment, at least for the

first advance of the troops. Probably, in any case, in order to relieve the railways, parts of the German army from the nearer distances will march. But the developed facilities for railway transport since the war are now so great that it does not look as if, for the first line of their main army, that were the German purpose.

By no manner of means that we can see would it be possible for a German army to maintain itself in France and to carry out successfully an offensive campaign, unless some part of the great fortress barrier is by one means or another broken down. Certainly it would be impossible without a preliminary complete and absolute conquest of Belgium and possession of Luxembourg, unless the barrier be broken. Therefore, as it seems to us that the easiest time for breaking that barrier will be the earliest possible moment at which it can be attempted, and as it cannot be done so quickly by moving on the northern frontier as by striking boldly at the eastern, we do not believe that the tendency of the military situation lies in the direction of invasion of France by Germany through Belgium. Either the condition of a preliminary attempt of France to adopt that line, or absolute quiescence and indifference to her liberties on the part of Belgium, would no doubt materially alter the whole aspect of the case.

As long ago as in 1868-69, Von Moltke pronounced decisively as to the advantages to the French of not violating Swiss or Belgian territory. To any one who reads his words now, it will, we think, be tolerably evident that with very little modification the same argument applies both to French and German action under present conditions:—

"The neutrality of Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland limits the theatre of war to the area between Luxemburg and Basle. Should France disregard the neutrality of one of these States—say Belgium—her army must weaken itself considerably in Brussels and before Antwerp. Her further advance over the Meuse can be more effectively met from the Moselle than from Cologne, as we should compel the enemy to form front to the south, and whilst threatening his communications, give him decisive battle. As the distance from Brussels to Cologne is greater than from either Maintz, Kaiserslautern, or Trier, we should, in such an eventuality, still be in time to take up a position on our lower Rhine front.

"No less difficulties would ensue were France to violate the neutrality of Switzerland, in which country she would have to encounter a strong and well-organised militia.

"Now, the concentration of considerable forces on the Moselle would so immediately threaten France and her capital, that she could hardly embark in such very remote enterprises."—Prussian Official History, Part I., vol. i. p. 51.

Of all possible violations of territory, that which appears to us to be by far the most probable, if any is attempted, is that of Switzerland by France in the event of a war in which, from the fact of Germany being engaged against another powerful enemy, France became the invader. Von Moltke has given the reasons which make even that improbable; but certainly our experience during the last fifty years does not tend to show that Swiss neutrality has been much respected. Nevertheless, though the southern frontier of Germany lies almost absolutely unguarded, though few troops are quartered there, and the railway system is most incomplete, Germany looks upon the danger to France of throwing into the scale against herself the hostility of Switzer-

land, as a point sufficiently important to enable Germany to disregard the menace of the many fortresses and the accumulation of men ready for action which, on the French side, front Switzerland. We say this only to point out how, when forces are so nicely balanced as they are at present on the Continent, politics must determine the course of war rather than the necessities of war determine the course of politics. The Germans boast that with them it is for the soldiers to tackle the problem, subject to the necessary political conditions. They will not draw into the scale against Germany one little State, whose hostility might be inconvenient, in order to ease the military problem, or to seem to ease it.

Therefore we say boldly, that if the question remains doubtful whether Belgium, doing her duty to Europe, shall be abandoned to the strong arm of violence, it is within the power of England, if she possesses the strength, without which she cannot guard her own empire, to decide the issue. The Netherlands, Belgium, and England together, would certainly not be "*une quantité négligible*" for either France or Germany. Neither Power would attempt, during a war with the other, to place on their direct line of communication such forces as could thus be thrown against them. The risk, in a military sense, would be far too serious. If Belgium arms, and England forbids violation of her territory, the territory of Belgium will not be violated.

IV. *Has England abandoned Belgium?*—Therefore it is important to examine the grounds on which Sir Charles Dilke expresses his conviction that all England has changed its mind since 1870.

There was a letter of "Diplo-

maticus" in the 'Standard,' there was an article in the 'Standard,' and we know not what other anonymous paper or two, written by some, we do not use the word in any offensive sense, literary hack or other performing his morning's task. This is Sir Charles Dilke's view of public opinion. There are two authorities to whom we at present and in the first instance propose to appeal against him. The first is that masterly statement in the first volume of Kinglake's 'Crimea,' of the way in which action and reaction set in, in public opinion in England. Such nothings as those of which Sir Charles speaks almost always catch some back current of the uninformed public mind. We cannot believe that the influence of a man, no matter how able he may be, writing anonymously, as Sir Charles Dilke did, in a magazine, is so great that he has power to evoke immediately an informed and final expression of the purpose and will of England. England is a great country, and before its mind is definitely declared, some precedent thrashing out of a question is needed. The materials for forming its judgment must be laid before it. We feel very little doubt that Sir Charles Dilke did good service in raising the question. We disbelieve that he has received the final answer, which will be given when all the data have been laid before those from whom England learns to judge of war and politics. We prefer to believe with Lord Salisbury that the determination of what England will do in the future is to be judged rather by the whole course of past English history and politics than by the chance opinions of a particular politician.

Let us then hear how English feeling was actually expressed

when the question last came before it. Lord Granville was at the time our Foreign Minister. It happened, therefore, that the following scene took place in the House of Lords. It would not have mattered at the time in what assembly of Englishmen the question had been raised, the result would have been the same.

Lord Russell had just declared in relation to the defence of Belgium, "that it was impossible to conceive a more specific and defined obligation than ours. We are bound to defend Belgium." Other speakers on both sides of the House had spoken in the same tone. In reply—

"With the general and enthusiastic cheers of the House, Lord Granville made the required declaration. 'I venture,' he said, 'to state most positively, that her Majesty's Government are not unaware of the duty which this country owes to the independence and the neutrality of Belgium;' and, 'I trust that, whatever may be the opinion of individual members of this House, your lordships will not believe that when once we have made a clear intimation of our intentions in any respect, anything will prevent us from adhering scrupulously to the position we have taken.'"

We confess that the wording of Lord Granville's speech seems to us to put the matter on grounds which would make us very unwilling to believe that England would easily abandon a duty of such distinct obligation as this. Observe the indignant repudiation of the idea that an English Government could be supposed to be guilty of such treachery; the implied sense not only of the entire House, but of the entire country, that, however unpleasant the duty, it was one that we could not shirk. We can only suppose that the sense of helplessness in presence of the great forces of the Conti-

ment has in the minds of some writers engendered the idea that we cannot attempt to fulfil a plain international duty. For our own part we believe that the Sibyl will be inexorable, and will demand a higher price, and offer less for it, every time that we refuse to pay what she asks as the condition of empire. Both France and Germany are only too anxious that they should have data on which they can depend, and would welcome our boldly insisting on the sacredness of the soil of Belgium. Indeed, according to the "conclusion" of Sir Charles Dilke's now published volume, he has been severely handled in France, because of the curiously false reading of his articles that he himself advocated the abandonment of Belgium. Certainly a previous announcement of our intention to play so paltry a part would help to bring about the evil.

V. *The French and German Armies of to-day.*—When, apart from the mere question of frontier, we balance or attempt to balance the present forces of Germany and France, the problem is a far more difficult and more complex one. On the one hand, seventeen years is a long period in the history of armies. It is the period between the Napoleon of 1798 and the Napoleon of Waterloo. It is the period between the Prussia of the "Political Capitulation of Olmütz" and the Prussia of Sadowa. It is ten years more than the period between the collapse of the Prussian mobilisation of 1859 and the mobilisation which overthrew the German Confederation. As far, therefore, as time is concerned, there is no reason whatever why the weights should not have changed in the scales. The power

of armies is a thing which cannot be gauged by any sight. Moreover, the seventeen years that have passed have strangely enough just added those years to the age of the elderly men who commanded the German armies in 1870, and have left them still in authority. Unless we are much misinformed, a tendency of this kind towards a too great senility has to some extent tended to invade all ranks of officers. Few things are more ruinous to the efficiency of an army. Indeed, if the German army had been like the Prussia of Frederick the Great, or the France of Napoleon, or even the English army of Wellington, resting on the traditions of a great name, we should, from analogy, incline to suspect that the chances of its having suffered very seriously in efficiency from the lapse of time were very strong indeed. But the peculiarity of the campaign of 1870 was that, able leader as Von Moltke showed himself, it was not he who won most of the battles. It was the German army. Mr Hooper, to whose work we have already referred, has admirably pointed out both the dangers and the power which attended the mode in which the Germans fought their battles. The risks which would have been run by them if the numbers and other conditions had been anything like equal are beyond dispute. But, for all that, the trained habit of war, the knowledge how to act together in emergencies, the mutual confidence, represented a force of its kind unique and new. Some approach to it existed formerly in our own army in the Peninsula. But the conditions of the time demanded a far freer exercise of individual initiative than was ever possible before. Hence one may almost say that it was the engrained

habits or custom of the German army which won the war, or at least gave to the Germans the marvellous power they developed. Now there are few things in the world more permanent than custom. We incline, therefore, to believe that the efficiency of the German army is likely to be maintained for a far longer time than has usually happened where armies formed under the ideas of a great leader have rusted during a long peace, and have gradually mistaken forms for the spirit which once animated them. That certainly is a danger for the German army, but we do not think that it has yet affected it. The conviction which we feel in looking at a set of German soldiers at work is still always that whatever has to be done is done with absolute thoroughness and efficiency.

On the other side, we cannot persuade ourselves that all the gaseous froth which has attended the career of General Boulanger was precisely the thing that was wanted to give efficiency to the French army. To take a small point. There was a great flourish of trumpets a little time ago as to the supply to the French army of magazine rifles. So far as we can ascertain, only two divisions have actually received them. Meantime, beyond all doubt and question, the German Government, which has talked as little as possible about the matter, has been steadily proceeding with the actual armament. In the same way, everywhere one gets a sense that the French will have talked of a good deal more than they have done, and that the Germans will have done a good deal more than they have talked about. That affects largely the question even of the armed forces that will respectively be put into the field.

The grand French total shows, on paper, a force of 646,000 odd more men than the German,—the German total being 2,075,000, the French 2,721,000. If a great leader, capable of awaking the enthusiasm of the French, should arise, there is, of course, no calculating what influence that fact might have on the future war; but that at present the general temper of the French army, and more especially of the territorial army, represents the same high condition as the German, we cannot persuade ourselves. Probably the territorial army is now better in hand than were those Gardes Mobiles who surprised MacMahon by demanding to be sent back to Paris instead of towards Berlin; but with such an enormous operation to be carried out, as is represented by the mobilisation, the very numbers that will come to hand must depend on the discipline of men scattered all over the country. We cannot satisfy ourselves that the indications are that the discipline of the French army is in a satisfactory condition. That, with such elaborate preparations as the French have made, the war would be a very different one from that of 1870, we have no doubt; but that at present the German army would still be able to give a good account of the French we feel tolerably certain. The element of self-confidence, so necessary to the French, which made the French Guards, always accustomed to victory, go forward with such power during the 1870 campaign, has disappeared. The French are always talking to persuade themselves that they are as good or better than the German. The talk sounds hollow. It has not in it that kind of ring which presages victory. The Germans have acquired a calm confidence which

they did not possess at the beginning of 1870.

We must leave for our next article an examination of the bearing of these remarks upon the general

question of the balance of power as it affects ourselves. It will be necessary to consider, first, the Russo-German frontiers and their effect on possible war.

Note.—A courteous and friendly critic of our last article in the 'St James's Gazette' suggests a doubt whether it was not Sir Arthur Otway, and not Mr Bright, who caused the removal of the term the "Balance of Power in Europe" from the Mutiny Act. We are grateful to him for giving us an excuse for citing a rather curious and interesting piece of historical evidence from a friend who, on the appearance of the last article, wrote to us, "It may interest you to know that I happened to be in the Speaker's Gallery of the House of Commons when Mr Bright came to speak to a friend of his who was sitting near me, and said to him, 'Do you know, I have just found out the oddest thing in the world. Would you believe that they have retained to this year the statement that our army is maintained "for the preservation of the balance of power in Europe"?' They both laughed, and next year the words disappeared from the Army List."

Our own statement was founded upon a letter from Mr Bright to a friend which we well remember to have seen published at the time. We do not remember the exact part which Sir Arthur Otway may have played in the matter, but that the Cabinet Minister whose action determined the change was Mr Bright, we believe to be beyond dispute.

We do not know whether it is necessary to point out to more than one reader, of our last article, that we certainly did not say that Mr Bradlaugh was the author of the very ancient form of adjuration "By Jingo"; but that we did say that he invented the political nickname "A Jingo," "The Jingo," founding it upon the then popular song in which the ancient adjuration appeared. As a correspondent of the 'Glasgow Herald' thinks that he has disposed of our statement by quoting from 'Bombastes Furioso' the oath, we may say, first, that he might have seen from our own article that the use of the oath in the popular song preceded Mr Bradlaugh's use of the political nickname; and, secondly, that the antiquity of the oath runs many centuries back before 'Bombastes Furioso.' Our assertion as to the authorship of the nickname has not been challenged, because it could not be.

THE COUNTRY PARSON AS HE WAS, AND AS HE IS.

IN his notes to 'Waverley,' Sir Walter Scott remarks of certain changes which had taken place in Scotland between 1745 and the end of the eighteenth century, that they had made the Scotland of his own day as unlike what it was sixty years before as the England of sixty years before was to the England of Elizabeth. I have not sufficient knowledge of the country to say whether the further changes which have taken place since Sir Walter wrote have created as wide a gap between the Scotland of 1886 and of 1806 as existed between the Scotland of Sir Arthur Wardour and the Scotland of Baron Bradwardine. But of this I am sure, that were any one to write a story of English rural life, entitled 'Tis Sixty Years since,' he would have to depict a state of manners almost as unfamiliar to the present generation as the manners drawn by Fielding and Richardson. George Eliot's earlier novels, 'Adam Bede,' 'Silas Marner,' and 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' have to some extent done this. But they belong to a still earlier period, the last ten years of the eighteenth and the first ten years of the nineteenth century, when not a ripple yet moved over the surface of rural society to tell of a coming change of weather. The influence of the French Revolution was visible in the large towns long before it penetrated to the secluded agricultural villages buried among their woods and lanes; and when rumours of it did reach them, the only effect was to intensify their natural conservatism and make them cling more closely than ever to the old order of things. But my own reminiscences refer rather

to a time when the old and the new order of ideas were just beginning to meet each other; when it was yet doubtful whether railways would supersede or only supplement stage-coaches; and when the seniors, though they found themselves jostled here and there by strange theories of life and dress and government, did not suspect a revolution, and were rather irritated than alarmed.

The change in our rural society which has taken place since that time is nowhere so strongly marked as it is in the characters of the clergy and the better class of tenant-farmers. The squire has changed, but not so much. What he may become in a few years' time, it is hazardous to conjecture; but at the present moment the average English country gentleman of four or five thousand a-year is in all essential respects pretty nearly what he has been any time since the death of George IV. Of the peasantry and smaller farmers the habits and ways of thought are comparatively little altered. If they have picked up some wild political crotchets from men like Arch and Collings, they are only skin-deep. The spark would go out directly if it were not constantly fanned. The beginnings of a great change are undoubtedly perceptible, which in the course of another generation, when board schools and agrarian agitation shall have done their work, may complete that transformation in the character of the peasantry which has taken place in the classes just above them. But at present we see only the germs, and there are still nooks and corners to be found where we do

not even see these. But in the clergy the change is very marked; and it is in the country villages that it is most conspicuous and most significant, and most closely connected with other great changes—moral, political, and theological.

The distinctive peculiarity of the country parson of the ancient *régime* was that he was part of a system. The village was a miniature of the State. The three estates of the realm were represented by the parson, the farmers, and the labourers, and over all was the squire. The little community was, under the old parochial system, self-contained and self-sufficing, with a life of its own, and with its own traditions and idiosyncrasy. What the Church was to the nation the parson was to the parish, and this embodiment of Church and State in every village in the kingdom represented with perfect fidelity for nearly a century and a half the preponderant public opinion of England. It embodied the Revolution compromise, according with the national repugnance to both Popery and Puritanism, which alone made the Revolution a success. On the barrier against both presented by the Established Church of England, the nation leaned as on a rock. The private lives of the clergy; the zeal or the indolence displayed by them in their special duties; the awakening or non-awakening character of their Sunday discourses,—were trifles not worth a moment's consideration alongside of the great truth to which the Church was a standing witness, and the safety of the great fortress of which she was a corner-stone. The shafts of Dissent, few and far between as they were, glanced harmlessly off the solid wall which the Church then

presented to their attacks. In fact, the position in which the clergy lay entrenched was scarcely touched by them. Bolts aimed at doctrine or discipline flew wide of the mark, when doctrine and discipline had ceased to interest society, and when the Church's strength lay in her national character, and the double front which she presented against the two extremes of bigotry and hypocrisy, represented to the popular intelligence by Popery and Dissent. It was an era in which her spiritual functions were, owing to the force of circumstances, subordinated to her political and social ones. Two hundred years of revolution, during which the nation had been tossed to and fro between the conflicting extremes of religious intolerance, had made it heartily weary of both. A decline of what is called spiritual activity, not of real sober-minded piety, was the inevitable consequence as soon as the combatants were exhausted. The nation sank back, as it were, into a kind of religious arm-chair, in which it slumbered peacefully till the beginning of the present century. The Church of England, therefore, not only represented the dominant political opinion of the Georgian era, but also the spirit of the age by which it was naturally accompanied—the comfortable easy way of taking things into which the English people settled down after the tumult of the Reformation and the Revolution had subsided. Wesley and Whitfield produced a great commotion; but the mere fact that the Church weathered it so easily, proves the truth of what we say—namely, that the foundations upon which she then rested were not touched by the declamations of the Methodists. Nor did they themselves wish to touch them. The Dissenters, for

many generations, shared in the popular conviction that the existence of the Church of England as then constituted was, upon the whole, for the public good. As Englishmen they saw what their fellow-countrymen saw in the Church of England. They desired greater liberties for themselves, but years went by before they were hostile to the Establishment.

It is easy to see that the clergy who were brought up under this dispensation must have possessed a quiet undoubting confidence in themselves and their own position, which would give free play to all individual peculiarities, and relieve them almost entirely from any undue solicitude about public opinion. Such a position in every walk of life has its advantages and disadvantages. Virtual irresponsibility may lead to neglect of duty, to abuse of power, to selfishness and self-indulgence. On the other hand, freedom from restraint, and from the perpetual haunting fear of what the world will say, tends to make men more natural, more spontaneous, and therefore more likely to be listened to, than when they are less at their ease. In short, as a general rule, it makes the good better and the bad worse: and so it was in the Church of England. There were in those old days, it is but too true, many very bad clergymen, to whom what they called "parsoning" was a simple bore, and who excused, though they could not justify, the well-known saying of Sydney Smith. But of the large majority I believe that at least two-thirds were beneficial members of society, doing a great deal of good in their own way, and attaching the people to the Church by stronger ties than any which exist now. The other third were probably as active and zealous

parish priests as any to be found even in these days of ecclesiastical revivals.

Of the country parson, who was indigenous to the kind of soil I have described, there were, of course, numerous varieties. Some, I think, are quite extinct. Some linger still "in sheltered situations." But thirty years ago there were many survivors of the old breed—men born in the last century, who were ordained and settled down in country livings while Lord Liverpool was Prime Minister, and who, though many of them had the sense to see that the revival of 1833 was historically unassailable, never took to it kindly, and seemed redolent to the last of high pews, black gowns, bassoons, fiddles, and parish clerks in top-boots. I myself, however, can recollect an older specimen than even these—one who, born before the death of Chatham, lived to see the death of Palmerston, and carried far down into the second half of the nineteenth century not only the habits and opinions, but even the costume, of the age of Pitt and Fox. He never had a pair of trousers in his life; and though it was to be gathered from his conversation that he had some time in his dandy days figured in boots and buckskins, my own impression is that when I knew him he had never worn a boot for forty years. In height he was about five feet eight: and was always dressed in a very broad-skirted black tail-coat, coming well up into the hollow of his head behind, a black single-breasted waistcoat, black knee-breeches, shoes, and gaiters. He wore no shirt-collar, but a voluminous white neckerchief wound round his neck in soft thick folds, contrasting favourably with the tight cravats and high "stick-ups" which were then in vogue. On

festive occasions he appeared, of course, in black silks and silver buckles; and I can recollect him when a young man of sixty-five or so wearing the tight black-silk pantaloons which are chiefly known to the present generation by the portrait of Sir Robert Peel. He played a very good rubber, and was a welcome guest at all the dinner-parties in the neighbourhood, where he was treated with great respect, and in his later years regarded with much interest by those who met him for the first time. He was fond of society, and well qualified to shine in it, his natural gaiety and his old-fashioned politeness mingling together very happily. But much as he enjoyed himself abroad, it was in his own home, in his own village, and among his own people, that he sought and found the good of life. He knew no pleasanter hours than those which he spent in a round of cottage visits, chatting with the mothers and grandmothers of the hamlet at their afternoon tea, observing traits of character, local idioms, and specimens of rustic humour, which it was his delight to retail in the evening to an appreciative circle at the parsonage.

The cottagers in turn were equally glad to see him, for, except in cases of illness, his conversation was of a secular character; and as he was skilled in horticulture, and learned, as Dominie Sampson would have said, in that which appertaineth unto swine and poultry, he was able to give them useful hints on these subjects, and sometimes left them wiser than he found them—a result not always, perhaps, attained by men of more spiritual zeal, who are fond of improving all occasions. Not but what, if either man or woman had been long absent from church, without being able to assign a

good reason for it, he would administer a grave rebuke, all the more telling from his habitual easy good-nature. It was seldom that these visiting days did not result in one or more plates making their appearance at the parsonage dinner-table, to be filled with slices from the joint swimming in abundance of gravy, for some invalid parishioner whose case required good living. On a summer evening he delighted to stroll down his fields as far as the allotment-grounds which he had provided for the labourers out of his small glebe, and inspect their crops or their tillage; and I can see him now in the hay-field, with his hands in his pockets, and a benignant smile upon his countenance, as he exchanged jokes with the mowers or the rakers—there were no machines then—who might have had perhaps just a drop more beer than would have been altogether good for them at any other time than harvest, but who never forgot themselves, even under the influence of malt, in talking to the “parson,” who, I don’t suppose, ever heard a rude word uttered in his presence during the whole fifty-six years that he reigned over that little kingdom. He always dined with the village club at their annual feast, and watched with delight the rapid disappearance of the roast veal and batter puddings, which were considered the prime dainties on such occasions. He did not disapprove of a moderate hilarity, though he retired before the dancing began, only lingering long enough on one occasion to hear, to his life-long amusement, a rustic gallant assure a young lady of his acquaintance that he “would kiss her if she wished it.”

At home he found occupation in farming the few acres of land which

he kept in his own hands, in pruning his apricot and apple trees, in keeping in order the shady walks which he had formed in various corners of his garden, in looking after the ducks, guinea-fowls, and turkeys which thronged his little farmyard, and in sometimes dragging the brook which ran through his meadows, and yielded good pike, eels, perch, and roach, which, as his sons grew up, were reserved for angling purposes. He was no sportsman, though very fond of natural history, and a student of the habits of birds, who built at their ease in the thick leafy covert which engirdled on every side his own snug ivy-covered house. He knew the eggs and the nests of every common bird that flew, and was always well pleased if his children brought him specimens of the rarer kinds, or of such as only haunted the more distant fields and brook-sides.

In this round of simple amusements our country parson passed his years, quite unaware that for six days of the week anything more could be required of him, or that the days were coming when zealots and bigots would

“Call his harmless life a crime,”

and the clergy would be summoned to exchange their sickles and their pruning-knives for the weapons of spiritual warfare, and their quiet game of whist and their pleasant village gossip for the “serious problems of humanity,” which, in the language of the new school, are “everywhere calling for solution.” That day indeed came even to this good old gentleman before he was called from his earthly home to a better one, where, let us hope, there are neither schools nor school boards, neither conscience clauses nor revised codes, and where payment

for results having been made once for all, we shall, we trust, never hear of it again.

But our country parson always strove to do his duty according to his lights, and when the new order began to reveal itself, he made a manful effort to respond to the appeal. This was hard work at eighty years of age. He preached in his surplice, and had service on saints’ days, and restored his church, and while his strength lasted did what he could. But neither he nor his people ever took kindly to the new ways.

“In church with meek and unaffected ^{grace}
His looks adorned the venerable place.”

His sermons were of the good old style, inculcating the reality of Christianity, illustrating the doubts which might be thrown upon it after the fashion of Archbishop Whately, and insisting on the congregation believing in it as they believed in the history of England; which, by the by, did not go much backwarder with most of them than “Bony” and the battle of Waterloo. He was a beautiful and most impressive reader, thoroughly simple and unaffected, but combining great earnestness with those natural powers of elocution which no art can teach; and which lent a charm to the liturgy and the lessons, especially if taken from the Old Testament, such as once experienced could never again be forgotten. But when he tried to go beyond this he did not succeed. The people did not come to church on the saints’ days. “The band” took offence at the harmonium; and after all, I think the bad chanting of a village choir was a poor exchange for the quiet pathos with which the white-haired patriarch in the twilight of a wintry after-

noon used to repeat the *nunc me dimittas*. When the summons came he was in his ninety-sixth year, and though it was long since he had mingled in general society, it was felt in the neighbourhood that one of its landmarks had departed. "He was a great man among his people," said the greatest English Churchman of our own day, "and we shall have no more such in the Church of England of the future."

But "the country parson as he was" comprehends many other varieties, which have now however, for the most part, disappeared likewise. There was, of course, the hunting parson, as there is still, but who differed from the hunting parson of to-day as Adam before the fall differed from Adam after the fall. He hunted, and thought no ill: he knew not that it was wrong, or that anybody else knew it; whereas the parson who hunts nowadays does it in more or less of a defiant spirit, as a protest against "narrowness"—all denoting the more combative controversial stage into which we have now passed out of that peaceful Arcadia of mutual toleration. But I think the farming parson was a more decidedly special product of the old school than the sporting one; and that very few clergymen are to be found nowadays who farm in earnest on a large scale, and look to their profits for a substantial part of their income. There are in many parts of England, especially in the midland counties, livings with very large glebes attached to them, running from one hundred to six or seven hundred acres. The parson sometimes took the whole or a part of this into his own hands, and toiled as hard in his vocation as any born and bred agriculturist. He overlooked his men in the fields, and

occasionally took off his coat and helped them, went to fairs and markets, bought and sold hard bargains, and was as good a judge of a beast as "e'er a farmer in the country." I can remember such men:—

"One such I saw what time the labouring ox
With loosened traces from the furrow came."

He was a short, stout, plethoric man, with legs set on rather behind him, as some men's are, like a cochin-china's; and though active and robust, always rather waddled in his walk. One peculiarity which I think, however, he shared in common with all the men of that leaven, was that he always wore his clerical dress in whatever work he was engaged; and he might be seen on a winter afternoon, just as the teams got back from some outlying field, "serving" the pigs, or bringing fodder on a pitchfork to the cattle in the farmyard, in a full suit of black not very much the worse for wear. Nobody thought ill of such a man for his mode of life: it detracted in no way from the article of his spirituality. He went everywhere like other clergymen; and his daughters, if he had any, would be refined and accomplished ladies. Odd as it may seem, there was nothing of the Trulliber about these men; and what is perhaps still odder, is the fact that, in the case of the one whom I have more particularly in my eye, his sermons were abstruse and casuistical, devoted to such distinctions of interpretation and niceties of theology as one certainly would not have expected from his ordinary conversation and appearance. Perhaps the one was necessary to neutralise the effect of the other; and the profound learning assumed in the pulpit on Sunday was intended to

restore the balance, which had been sadly weighed down during the remainder of the week on the side of turnips, tups, and oilcake.

Then there were the clerical "bucks" and diners-out, whom I recollect still earlier in my boyhood. The comic curate, who came out to dinner in pale-green kersey-mere tights—a man of family, an accomplished dancer, and asked to all the great houses in the county. Some of Miss Austen's clergymen, though not guilty of such audacities of costume, belonged, nevertheless, to the same type, and were doubtless considered excellent parish clergymen in their day. "How's your parson getting on?" said a country gentleman, who was somewhat of a humourist, to a very worthy cow-doctor who lived in a neighbouring village; "he's rather a queer sort, I understand." The parson in question was unhappily addicted to liquor, and what Johnson calls "the lighter vices"; but the man was in arms in a moment. "Queer, Sir Charles!" he exclaimed; "he's a most respectable man, barring his character!" Sir Charles told this story to his dying day with increased enjoyment of it every time. It was clear that in the man's eyes the parson was an institution. If his private character was bad, it was to be regretted; but it did not affect his position if his public duties were respectably performed.

Then there was the pleasant, middle-aged, free and easy, very gentlemanly parson, who was not perhaps much of a sportsman, though he might fish or shoot a little now and then, but was eminently the man of society, told the best and newest stories, joked with the young ladies, talked like a London clubman to their fathers and their brothers, affected the character of a thorough "man of the world,"

and dressed as little like a clergyman as he could. Before the rural conscience was awakened from its long sleep, such men were great favourites in society. They were often men of some little culture, fair scholars, and generally well informed. But they agreed with all the other varieties I have mentioned in the one common characteristic, that they did not consider their profession to entail on them of necessity anything in the shape of a distinctly non-secular character. They were part of the county society, belonging to a profession requiring the performance of duties more than ordinarily grave and serious, but when these were done not demanding of them any very different life from that of their neighbours. They were part of a great system, and that carried it off. Of course it is not meant that this conception was universal. Evangelicalism, in fact, was a standing protest against it. But Evangelicalism abode chiefly in the towns, and never laid any hold of the country people, whose minds are not the kind of soil in which emotional religion takes root. For all that Evangelicalism could have done in the majority of English villages, the country parson as he was might have gone on playing his rubber, farming his glebe, feeding his pigs, shooting his partridges, and taking an active part in country business to the day of judgment.

The old-fashioned parson and the old-fashioned peasant were thoroughly in harmony with each other. They looked upon Dissenters as Cobbett looked upon them. Many of them saw no harm in going "to chapel" on Sunday evening if they had been to church in the morning; and the parson saw little harm in it either. The leading Dissenter in the village—

a cantankerous man, too—used to say of the first old gentleman I have described that he was “a true Christian.” A shoemaker in the same parish, of a figurative turn of mind, declared that there was “such a mess o’ wickedness in the world that men wanted more than one hoss to pull them through it.” Now and then the Dissenters, under the old *régime*, would be supposed to forget themselves, and carry their heads a little too high, as when they asked the parish clerk to tea—a liberty which he indignantly resented. But, on the whole, the religious life of the village in those good old days *Ἡρὶν ἐλθεῖν ὕιας Ἀχαιῶν* glided smoothly along. The parson was accepted as part of the constitution—a country gentleman, a magistrate charged with civil as well as with religious functions, and sharing with the squire the duty of keeping order within a given district. As long as this conception lasted, so long was his position impregnable. The Nonconformist theory did not seriously affect it—indeed, scarcely touched it. The two did not meet upon the same ground. It was impossible that the work of the clergy as understood at that time could have been performed by any voluntary society. But in proportion as the clergy have lost their blended character, and come to rely more exclusively on their theological title to obedience, so far have they quitted their vantage-ground, and descended to an arena where Dissent can meet them upon something like equal terms. That they have gained much in exchange for what they have lost I should be the last to deny. But of that hereafter.

The old system wore itself out at last. Thanks to the vigour and patriotism of the English aristocracy, the revolutionary elements

which existed in England, as they must exist in all old countries, did not catch fire from the French; and we escaped all violent disturbance. But we could not escape altogether. Privilege became unpopular. The Dissenters gathered strength and purpose. The repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts—and more, far more, the repeal of Roman Catholic disabilities; the Reform Bill, and the legislation which followed it; the new Poor Law and the Municipal Corporation Acts,—effected in the course of seven years a complete change in the position of the country parson, though its full effects were of course not recognised at once, and men of the old school went on as before, and the existing generation continued to think of them as before, long after the ancient *régime* had received its mortal wound. But this was not all.

There were men in the Church of England at that time who clearly understood what had happened between 1828 and 1833, and what was likely to follow, if something was not done. At that time, says Cardinal Newman, “I hated Liberalism.” The triumph of Liberalism was to him like the triumph of Antichrist. And he and his friends set to work to arm the Church of England at all events for the coming struggle, and to find her a new, and, as they hoped, a stronger position instead of the one which she had lost, or was about to lose. It is no part of the design of this paper to discuss either the progress, the character, or the wisdom of the great Oxford revival. I believe it was, from a Churchman’s point of view, a necessity of the period. But along with the vast amount of practical good which it undoubtedly accomplished, it certainly had this re-

sult also, that it damped the loyalty of the middle classes towards the Church of England. These were, and still are, rigidly Protestant. They had been shocked by Roman Catholic emancipation, and the proof of the Church of England's weakness which it seemed to afford. Still they would have allowed, perhaps, that so far the Church had done her best. She had fought the old battle over again to the best of her ability, and though her strength was not equal to the defence of the fortress intrusted to her, she had not betrayed it. But when Tractarianism made its appearance their horror knew no bounds. The Church, they thought, had voluntarily abdicated the position which alone gave her a right to their allegiance, and had gone over to the enemy. To understand the Anglican revival required, as Mr Cassilis said of Young England, "a doosid deal of history and all that sort of thing," and of this sort of thing the middle classes were as innocent as Mr Cassilis himself.

The movement has had great success in reclaiming the masses of the working population, but it weakened the position of the country parson. The farmers and small tradesmen were almost to a man against it; and of course when the parson laid claim to higher spiritual prerogatives, his personal qualifications and his daily life and conversation were subjected to closer scrutiny. What the Tracts had done to loosen the relation between the parson and the farmer, the new Poor Law did to loosen the relation between the parson and the peasantry. Of this I feel more sure than of anything else which I have said in this article. I am old enough to remember as a child the way in which the labourers

talked of the "Bastile." The substitution of a Union Board of Guardians for the ancient parochial organisation severed the old bond between the labourers and the landowners, whether lay or clerical, and, together with the new Ritual, has been one of the chief instruments of change in the position of the country clergy.

The country parson, as he is, presents as many varieties to the eye of the philosopher as his less active but more comfortable predecessor. There are among them, of course, "survivals," anachronisms, who, if they had lived sixty years ago, would have been more in their place. But these are few and far between. There are, as I have said, sporting parsons now as ever; but the parson who hunts nowadays, in the spirit of muscular Christianity—who hunts as Kingsley hunted, not only because he likes it, but to show that a clergyman has as good a right to hunt as any other man, and as a protest against asceticism, sacerdotalism, and modern exaltation of the hierarchic *ἱερός*, in general—is wide asunder as the poles from the sporting parson of yore, innocent of all moral purpose, and hunting if he liked it, just as he got up or went to bed without its even entering into his head that there could be two opinions on the subject. But the great point which the body of English country clergy of to-day seem to possess in common is that they feel less strongly than they did that they are part of our great national system, and more than they did that their position in the country depends exclusively on their personal efficiency. At first sight perhaps everybody might be inclined to cry out, And so much the better! But this I take leave to doubt. The proof of the pudding is in the eating,

and if we take an average agricultural village of the present day, and compare it with what we can remember thirty years ago, shall we find that marked improvement in the manners and morals of the people which would be the best proof of the assertion? The moral influence of the Church of England, as a divine institution which was part also of the law of the land, and had the same claim on your obedience as the sovereign, the magistrate, and the Houses of Parliament, was quite equal, I think, to the effect which is produced by the increased individual activity of the parochial clergy. However this may be, that is certainly the distinction between the two epochs. The modern country parson is—not always, for there is not the same homogeneity about the class as formerly, but, generally speaking—always “on the go.” He has penny readings, harvest-home festivals with a church service, lectures, entertainments without number. He strives most earnestly and laboriously to identify himself with the amusements of the people, as well as with their more serious concerns, and to show them that the Church is everywhere, and has as much sympathy with the joyous humanities of our nature as with its spiritual wants and troubles. All this is excellent. Only under the old *régime* it was taken for granted. Now the parson’s life is one long effort. He is always to be seen in his long single-breasted coat and slouched billycock hat, hurrying at a half-run from one end of the village to the other, intent upon some new scheme for what is called “interesting the people.” In a healthier state of things they did not stand in need of being interested. The *laissez faire* principle is altogether banished from among the modern

country clergy; and the difference between old and new is specially emphasised in their attitude towards Dissenters.

The country parson, as he was, looked on them simply as one of the minor troubles of life, of which, as no one could hope altogether to escape them, it behoved a sensible man to make the best. His way was to take no notice of them; to assume that they were all Churchmen, as by law they were, and to visit them and talk to them just exactly as he would have done to any other of his parishioners. This, I am afraid, the country parson of to-day finds to be almost impossible. The parson who was not only the clergyman but a good deal more besides could do this; and in remote parts of England, where Dissenters who never enter the church door still seek the clergyman’s advice in all temporal difficulties, he can do so still. But these are exceptional cases. The Dissenting minister now considers himself and the parson to represent two rival Churches, and the old relationship between them has been destroyed by the Dissenters themselves, even if the clergy had been anxious to preserve it. They now, however, seem to adopt one of two extremes in their dealings with Dissenters; either they live in constant suspicion and apprehension of them, tracking them from cottage to cottage, and labouring to counteract the poison which they have administered to each in succession—battling against them, preaching against them, thinking about them every hour of the day; or else they court them, try to make much of them, profess to believe that there are no essential differences between orthodoxy and heterodoxy, and go out of their way to pay them compliments and flatter them at every

possible opportunity. If these clergymen suppose that Dissenters are really conciliated by this mode of treatment, they are very much deceived. If the difference between them were still, as it used to be, one only of doctrine and Church government, it might have that effect; but the difference now is social and political, and anything like "patronising" on the part of the clergy is silently, if not openly, resented. I hardly know which of the two above modes of dealing with Nonconformists is the more impolitic. The first is of course set down to incorrigible bigotry; the second to something very like fear. Yet so many things have occurred within even the last quarter of a century to alter the position of the Church of England both in town and country, that, as I have already said, the older relations between the clergy and non-conformity are practically irrecoverable. These were based on a tacit recognition by Dissenters of the Church's national position, and acquiescence in her social superiority. But these are just the points which are now disputed; and it places the clergy, it must be owned, in a position of much greater difficulty than the one which they occupied when the present century was young.

I cannot too often repeat that these observations consist of little more than "random recollections," and by no means profess to give an exhaustive account of either the old or the new school. They are general impressions, which I do not think, however, will be pronounced substantially inaccurate by any one who has used his opportunities of observation. Human nature is human nature still; and in many respects the change in the country clergy is only in externals. Among the younger men, youth and its pleasures will still extort recog-

nition; and though in our large towns there are many almost fresh from college who will deny themselves every amusement natural to their age that they may pursue with uninterrupted devotion the work which they there find to do, there are others in the country where less self-sacrifice is demanded, who still, under different conditions, and allowing a much larger share of their time for parish duties, live very much the old life. Some, as we have seen, hunt and shoot: and the Tilneys and Eltons, the dancing and dining clergy of Miss Austen's novels, reappear in the lawn-tennis players and garden-party goers of the present day. Young ladies and young clergymen will find each other out as of old, if not in the ball-room, then in some other place which the world thinks proper for the time being to regard as more suitable for Churchmen.

Some clergymen of the new school take a delight, as some clergymen of the old school did, though from a wholly different motive, in dressing like laymen—always wearing black ties and coloured trousers, even in London. Some do this on grounds which are decidedly broad; others, more likely to be high, from the fear of giving offence to sceptics by too ostentatious a display of "the cloth," which might perhaps, they think, be construed as a menace; on the same principle, we suppose, which made the Duke of Wellington unfavourable to the display of military uniforms in the streets.

No sketch of the country parson as he was and as he is may perhaps be thought complete without some reference to the rise and progress of ritualism. But it would be difficult to add much on this head to what I have already written

without getting into deeper waters than would consort with the character of this article. I think that some part at least of what the Church has gained by ritualism in the towns she has lost in the counties; and that the farmer and peasantry preferred, and would prefer still, the parson of the old type. "It is not the likes of you, sir," said the village carrier to an elderly parson of his acquaintance, who was the best shot in the county, and sometimes made one at a pigeon-match—"it's not the like o' you as does any harm in the Church; it's them young pups," jerking his thumb as he spoke in the direction of a neighbouring church where a young curate had recently raised the banner of ritualism. I am afraid that in this elegant criticism there was a

large element of truth; but I do not believe, at the same time, that the mischief is serious. The Church of England is just now in a transition state—always a period of some weakness and danger—but I see no reason to doubt that she will emerge from it with safety, and, it may be, stronger than ever. In calling attention to some of the salient characteristics of the era she is leaving behind her, and some of the peculiarities of the stage through which she is passing, I had no intention of judging between them, still less of presuming to say anything in serious condemnation of a movement which, if it has made the Church some enemies, has, I believe, made her still more friends, and which, at all events, had fifty years ago become almost unavoidable.

JOYCE.

CHAPTER XVII.

COLONEL HAYWARD'S house was at Richmond, in one of the most beautiful spots that could be imagined. It stood on the slope of the hill, and commanded a view of the winding of the river upward towards Twickenham: and the grounds about it were exquisite, stretching down to the Thames, with a long if somewhat narrow sweep of lawn descending to the very water's edge. Nothing could be more warm and sheltered, more perfect in greenness and shade, nothing more bright and sunny than the combination of fine trees and blossoming undergrowth and elastic velvet turf, the turf of age, which had been dressed and tended like a child from before the memory of man, and never put to any rude use. The perfection of the place was in this lawn and the gardens and grounds, which were the Colonel's hobby, and to which he gave all his attention. But the house was also a very pretty house. It was not large, and it was rather low: a verandah, almost invisible under the weight of climbing roses, clematis, honeysuckle, and every kind of flowering thing, went round the front; and here, looking over the river, were the summer quarters of the family. Wicker-chairs, some of Indian origin, little tables of all convenient kinds, Indian rugs in all their subdued wealth of colour, like moss under the feet, made this open-air apartment delightful. It combined two kinds of luxury with the daintiest yet most simple success. If there was a drawback it was only in bad weather, when the pretty drawing-

room behind was by reason of this verandah a little wanting in light; but no one could think of that in the June weather, when the sunshine touched everything with pleasantness. Mrs Hayward was as proud of the house as the Colonel was of the garden. After India it cannot be described how delightful it was to them, both very insular people, to get back to the greenness and comfort of this English home; and they both watched for the effect it would have upon Joyce, with highly raised expectations. To bring a girl out of a Scotch cottage to such a place as this, to open to her all at once, from Peter Matheson's kitchen in which the broth was made and the oat-cakes baked, the glories of that drawing-room, which Mrs Hayward could scarcely leave to be tended by a mere housemaid, which she herself pervaded every morning, giving loving touches everywhere, arranging draperies, altering the positions of the furniture, laying out those lovely pieces of oriental stuff and Indian embroideries which, always put carefully away at night, adorned the sofas and chairs. Though she did not love "the girl," she yet looked forward to the moment when all this splendour should dawn upon Joyce, with a feeling half sympathetic, realising the awe and admiration with which for the first time her untutored eyes must contemplate the beautiful room, and all the luxury of the place, which to her must look like splendour. Mrs Hayward did not pretend that it was splendid—"our little place," she called it, with

proud humility; but she knew that it was more perfect than anything about, and in itself without comparison, a sight to see. That Joyce would be dazzled, almost overwhelmed, by her sudden introduction into such a home, she had no manner of doubt. And this anticipation softened her, and gave her a certain interest in Joyce. She talked to her husband at night, after their arrival, about his daughter in a more friendly tone than she had yet employed.

"I thought of giving her the little west room for herself. She will want a place to herself to be untidy in—all girls do: a place where she can keep her work—if she works—or her books: or—whatever she is fond of." Mrs Hayward had a distinct vision in her eye of a little old-fashioned box—the ark of the relics which the Colonel had recognised—and made up her mind that it should be at once endued with a chintz cover, so that it might be recognisable no more.

"There is nobody like you, Elizabeth, for kind thoughts," he said, gratefully. Then with the same expectation that had softened her, he went on—"She has never been used to anything of the kind. I shouldn't wonder if it was too much for her feelings—for she feels strongly, or else I am mistaken; and she is a girl who—if you once bind her to you by love and kindness——" The Colonel's own voice quivered a little. He was himself touched by that thought.

"Don't speak nonsense, Henry—we know nothing about the girl, neither you nor I. The thing in her favour is, that all those Scotch friends of yours thought very well of her: but then the Scotch stick to each other so—— She has a spirit—and a temper too, I shouldn't wonder."

"No, my dear, it was only a flash, because she thought—because she was taken by surprise."

"I think none the worse of her for having a little temper; I have one myself," said Mrs Hayward with candour. "People like that are far safer than the sweet yielding ones who show nothing. And another thing—we shall have to account for her. I don't know if you have thought of that."

"Account for her?"

"Yes, to be sure. People will be calling—and they will wonder how it was they never heard of your daughter before. One of the hardest things in life is, that whenever you are in any society you must explain. That was one advantage of being in none."

"I never liked it, Elizabeth. I always thought you were too particular—as the event has proved, my dear, as the event has proved!"

Mrs Hayward withdrew a little from him and his congratulations. Now that the event had proved it, she was unwilling in her impatient soul that any reference should be made to the doubt which had shadowed her life before. That was all over. She would have had it forgotten for ever, and in her heart resented his recollection of it. She resumed the previous subject without taking any notice of this.

"Fortunately, we don't know the people here so well that we need go into it from the beginning and tell everything. I have been thinking it over, and this is what I shall say—I shall say, Your daughter has been brought up by some old relations in Scotland, but that we both felt it was time she should come home. If they say, 'Oh! we did not know Colonel Hayward had any family,' I shall answer, 'Did I never tell you?' as if it had been quite an accidental

oversight. Now don't go and contradict me, Henry, and say more than there is any occasion for. Let us both be in one tale."

"My dear," he said, "to think that you should have settled all that while I was thinking about nothing; but why should we be in a tale at all? Why shouldn't I just say simply——"

"It is such a simple story, isn't it?" she cried, "that you should have had a child—an only child, as you said in *Bellendean*——"

There was a tone of exasperation in this which made Colonel Hayward look up. He said, "But it was quite true, Elizabeth. Providence has not thought meet to give us——"

"As if I did not know that!" cried the woman whom Providence—that synonym of all that goes against the wishes of humanity—had not permitted to be a mother. "But," she added quickly, taking up the thread again, "you will see, if you think of it, that we can't go into all that story. There would be so much to explain. And besides, it's nobody's business."

"Then why say anything at all, my dear?" the Colonel said.

"Why know anybody at all, you mean? As if we could avoid explaining a thing which is a very strange thing, however you take it! Unless you have anything better to suggest, that is what I shall say. Brought up by some old relations in Scotland—you can say her mother's relations if you please; but that we felt it was not right to leave her there any longer, now we are quite settled and she is grown up. Don't contradict me just when I am in the middle of my story, Henry. Back me up about the relations—unless you have anything better to suggest."

Colonel Hayward, however, had

nothing to suggest, though he was much embarrassed by having a story to tell. "I'll forget what it is you want me to say—or I'll go too far—or I'll—make a muddle of it one way or other," he said. "I shall feel as if there was something wrong about it, Elizabeth: and there is nothing wrong—nothing, nothing! all the time."

"Go to bed," said Mrs Hayward; "you are too tired to begin to think at this hour. You know the railway always upsets you. Go to bed, my dear—go to bed."

"Well, perhaps it will be the best thing," the Colonel said.

They both got up next morning with one pleasant thought in their minds, that of dazzling Joyce. It took away the line even from Mrs Hayward's brow. It was pleasant to anticipate the astonishment, the admiration, the deep impression which all these unaccustomed splendours would make. Poor girl! it would be almost too much for her; and they both wondered what she would say—whether she would break down altogether in amazement and rapture—whether it would be by words or tears that she would show her sense of this wonderful change in her life.

Alas! Joyce had awoke with a pang of disappointment almost as keen as that which had seized her when she was first told that Colonel Hayward was her father. She woke in a pretty room all dainty and fresh, with pretty paper, pretty furniture, everything that was most suitable and becoming for the character and dimensions of the place; and she hurried to the window and looked out eagerly upon the pretty English lawn so trim and well cared for, the trees that formed two long lines down to the river, shutting it out from other enclosures on either side, the brilliant flower-beds near the

house, the clustering climbers that surrounded her window. And the cottage girl felt her high-vaulting thoughts go down, down with a disappointment which made her giddy. Was ever anything so foolish, so wicked, so thankless? From the little garret in the cottage to this room filled with convenient and pretty things, of some of which she did not even understand the use—from the village street of Bellendean, seen through the open door or greenish bad glass of the cottage windows, to this warm luxurious landscape, and the silver Thames, and the noble trees! And yet Joyce was disappointed beyond what words could say. She had no knowledge of this limited comfortable luxurious littleness: all that she knew was the cottage life—and Bellendean. There were, to be sure, the farmers' houses, and the manse; but neither of these types resembled this, nor was either consistent with the image of Colonel Hayward, the Captain's colonel, the "distinguished soldier," with whose name Joyce had begun to flatter herself everybody was acquainted. She stood half dressed and gazed out upon the long but confined stretch of lawn, and the low gable which was within sight from the window, with dismay. A chill struck to her heart. She thought of Bellendean, not half so daintily cared for as this little demesne, with its groups of great trees, its wide stretches of park, its careless size and greatness. Poor Joyce! had she been the minister's daughter at the manse, she might have been dazzled and delighted, as was expected from her. But she understood nothing of this. She knew the poor and their ways, and she knew the great people, the great houses and big parks, the cottages with a but and a ben

and a little kailyard. The one was all-familiar to her—the other was her ideal, the natural alternation of poverty: but this she knew nothing about—nothing at all. She did not understand it. The toil and care which made that lawn like velvet, perfect, without a weed, elastic, springing under the foot, soft as moss, and green as constant waterings and mowings could make it, was totally lost upon Joyce. She saw the two lines of trees and flowering shrubs, elaborately masking all more arbitrary lines of limitation on each side, shutting it off—and the sight of those green bonds made her heart turn back upon herself. Her father had recovered in her mind the greatness necessary for her ideal: he was a distinguished soldier—what could be better? He was finer in his fame (she said to herself) than if he had been a prince or a duke. But his house! She retired from her window and covered her face with her hands, and went back into the secret citadel of herself with a dismayed heart. She had never calculated upon this. To be just one among a crowd, to be nobody in particular, to have suffered this convulsion in her life and rending asunder of her being, for nothing—to be nobody. And all the time these two good people were forestalling each other in their anticipations, making pictures to themselves of Joyce's transport and delight!

How she got through the ordeal will be best seen in the long letters which she wrote that evening to her old home.

"My dearest old Granny, my own real true Mother,—I wonder how you are, and how the day has passed, and how grandfather is, and even the cat, and everything at home. Oh what a thing it is

to go away from your home, to be taken from the true place you belong to! You will never know how I felt when it all melted away into the sky, and Bellendean was a thing I could see no more. Oh my bonnie little Bellendean, where I've lived all my life, and the old ash-tree, and the rose-bushes, and my garret-window where I could see the Firth, and our kindly table where we ate our porridge and where I could see *you!* O Granny, my own Granny, that's all gone away into the skies, and the place that has known me knows me no more: and here I am in a strange place, and I cannot tell whether I'm Joyce still, or if I'm like the woman in the old song, 'and this is no' me.'

"Dear Granny, the journey was well enough: it was the best of all. I got a paper full of pictures (the 'Graphic,' you know it), and they just talked their own talks, and did not ask me much: and then the country span along past the carriage-window, towns and castles, and rivers, and fields of corn, and all the people going about their business and knowing nothing at all of a poor lassie carried quick, quick away from her home. I pictured to myself that I might be going away for a governess to make some money for my grandfather and you—but that would not have been so bad, for I would have gone back again when I got the money: and then I tried to think I might be going to take care of somebody, perhaps a brother I might have had that was ill, and that you would be anxious at home—very anxious—but not like the present: for he would have begun to get better as soon as I was there to nurse him, and every day the time would have come nearer for taking him home. And I tried a great many

other things, but none was bad enough—till I just came back to the truth, that here I was flying far away to a new life and a new name, and to try and be content and live with new people that I never saw, and leave all my own behind. Oh, Granny, I am ungrateful to say this, for they're very good to me, and my father is kind and sweet and a real true gentleman: and would be that, as grandfather is, if he were a ploughman like grandfather: and what could you say more if you were Shakespeare's self and had all the words in the world at your command?

"We stopped in London, but I could not see at all what like it was, except just hundreds of railway lines all running into each other, and trains running this way and that way as if they were mad—but never any harm seemed to be done, so far as I could see: and then we took another train, and, after a little while, came here. To tell you about it is very difficult, for it is so different from anything that ever was before. Do you remember, Granny, the place where Argyle took Jeanie Deans after she had spoken to the Queen? where she said it would be fine feeding for the cows, and he just laughed—for it was the finest view and the most beautiful landscape, with the Thames running between green banks and big beautiful trees, and boats upon the river, and the woods all like billows of green leaves upon the brae? You will cry out when I tell you that this is *here*, and that the house is on that very brae, and that I'm looking out over the river, and see it running into the mist and the distance, going away north—or rather coming down from the north—where my heart can follow, but farther, farther away.

And it is a very beautiful landscape, you never saw anything to compare to it; but oh, Granny, I never knew so well before what Sir Walter is and how he knew the hearts of men, for I'm always thinking what Jeanie said, 'I like just as well to look at the craigs o' Arthur's Seat, and the sea coming in ayont them.' For me, I think of Bellendean and the Firth, and the hills drawing close round Queen Margaret's Hope; but chiefly because you are there, Granny, and all I care for most.

"I will tell you one thing: my father's house is not, as we were fond to think, like Bellendean. The houses here are not great houses like that. I think they wonder I am not an enthusiast, as Mrs Bellendean always said I was, for the things they have here. All the policy,¹ and everything in the house, is taken care of—as you used to take care of me. I can't think of any other image. They are always at them. Mrs Hayward puts on the things upon the chairs and the tables with her own hands. The things I mean are pieces of beautiful silk, sometimes woven in flowers like Mrs Bellendean's grandest gown, sometimes all worked with the needle as they do in India, fine, fine. I would like to copy some of them: but what would be the use? for they have them all from India itself, and what I did would be but an imitation. I am afraid to sit down upon the chairs for fear there should be some dust upon my gown, and I think I ought to take off my shoes before I go upon the carpet. You would like to go round and round as if you were in a collection, and look at everything. It will sometimes be ivory carving, and sometimes china that

is very old and precious, and sometimes embroidery work, and sometimes silk with gold and silver woven in. And what you will laugh at, Granny, Mrs Hayward has plates hung up instead of pictures—china plates like what you eat your dinner from, only painted in beautiful colours—and an ashet² she has which is blue, and very like what we have at home. All these things are very pretty—very pretty: but not to me like a room to live in. Of the three—this house, and Bellendean, and our own little housie at home—I would rather, of course, have Bellendean, I will not deny it, Granny; but next I would rather have our own little place, with my table at the back window, and you aye moving about whatever there was to do. They are more natural; but I try to look delighted with everything, for to Mrs Hayward it is the apple of her eye.

"She has never had any children.

"My father is just as fond of his policy and his gardens—(but it's too little for a policy, and it's more than a garden). The gardeners are never done. They are mowing, or they are watering, or they are sweeping, or they are weeding, all the long day. And it's all very bonnie—very bonnie—grass that is like velvet, and rose-bushes not like our roses at home, but upon a long stalk, what they call standards, and trees and flowers of kinds that I cannot name. I will find out about them and I will tell you after. But oh, Granny, the grand trees are like a hedge to a field, they are separating us from the garden next door. It is very, very strange—you could not think how strange—to be in a fine place that is not

¹ Grounds of a country-house.

² Large oval dish.

a place at all, but just a house with houses next door—not like Bellendean, oh, not like Bellendean—and not like any kind of dwelling I have seen, so pretty and so well kept, and yet neither one thing nor another, not poor like us—oh, far from that! and yet not great. I am praising it all, and saying everything I can think—and indeed it's very pretty, far finer than anything I ever saw: but I think she sees that I am not doing it from my heart. I wish I could; but oh, Granny dear, how can I think so much of any place that takes me away from my real home?

“My dear, dear love to my grandfather, and tell him I never forget his bowed head going through the corn, as I saw him last when he did not see me. To think his good grey head should be bowed because of Joyce, that never got anything but good from him and you, all her life! Tell me what they are all saying, and who is to get the school, and if the minister was angry. What a good thing it was the vacation, and all the bairns away! You must not be unhappy about me, Granny, for I will do my best, and you can't be very miserable when you do that; and perhaps I will get used to it in time.

“Good night, and good night, and God be with us all, if not joy, as the song says.—Always your own and grandfather's JOYCE.”

She wrote at the same time her first letter to Halliday, lingering with the pen in her hand as if unwilling to begin. She was a little excited by what she had just written, her outpouring of her heart to her foster-mother. And this was different. But at last she made the plunge. She dried her eyes, and gave herself a little shake

together, as if to dismiss the lingering emotion, and began, “Dear Andrew”; but then came to another pause. What was in Joyce's thoughts? There was a spot of ink on the page, an innocent little blot. She removed the sheet hastily from the other paper, and thrust it below the leaves of her blotting-book. Then she took a steel pen, instead of the quill with which she had been hurrying along the other sheets—a good hard, unemotional piece of iron, which might make the clean and exact writing which the schoolmaster loved—and began again: and this time a little demure mischief was in Joyce's eyes:—

“DEAR ANDREW,—We arrived here last night, tired but not worn out, and came home at once to my father's house. The journey was very interesting—to see so many places I had heard of, even if they only flew past the carriage-windows. Of course it was the train that flew, and not Durham and Newcastle and all the rest. You have been to London yourself, so you will not require me to tell you all I saw, and I was thinking a great deal on what I left behind, so that I did not see them with an easy heart, so as to get the good of them, as you would do.

“I wonder if you have ever seen Richmond—it is a beautiful place: the Thames a quiet river, not like any I know; but I have seen so little. It is like a picture more than a river, and the trees all in waves of green, one line above another, rich and quiet, with no wind to blow them about. I thought upon the poem, ‘As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean:’ though there is neither ship nor ocean, but only the stream that scarcely seems to flow, and the little boats that scarcely seem

to move—everything so warm and so still. My father's house is called Roschill, as you will see by the printing on the paper. It is rather a foolish name, but it was the name of the house before they came here. It is the most wonderful place I ever saw, so carefully kept and beautifully furnished. I never understood before what all the novels say now about furniture and the pretty things scattered about. There is a quantity of things in the drawing-room which I should have taken the children to an exhibition to see, and I should have had to read up a great deal to explain everything to them. But no one thinks of explaining: they are just lying about, and no one pays any attention to them here. My father takes a great interest in the gardens and the grounds, which are beautiful. And the best thing of all is the view of all the bits of the Thames, and the beautiful woods.

"It is a great change, and it makes one feel very unsteady at first, and I scarcely realise what the life will be, but I must trust that everything will turn out well: and my father and Mrs Hayward are very kind. I am to have a sitting-room to myself to do what I like in, and I am to be taken about to see everything. You will not expect me to tell you much more at present, for I don't know much more, it being only the first day; but I thought you would like to hear at once. It is a great change. I wonder sometimes if I may not perhaps wake up to-morrow and find I am at home again and it is all a dream.

"I hope you will go and see Granny, when you can, and cheer them a little. Grandfather is glad

of a crack, you know. They will be lonely at first, being always used to me. I will be very thankful to you, dear Andrew, if you will see them when you can, and be very kind—but that, I am sure, you will be. When I think of them sitting alone, and nobody to come in and make them smile, it just breaks my heart. — Yours affectionately,

"JOYCE HAYWARD."

Joyce Hayward—it was the first time she had signed her name. Her eyes were too full thinking of the old people to see how it looked, but when that lump had melted a little in her throat, and she had dried her eyes, turning hastily aside that no drop might fall upon the fair page and blot the nice and careful writing, Joyce looked at it, and again there came upon her face a faint little smile. Joyce Hayward—it did not look amiss. And it was a beautifully written letter, not a *t* but was crossed, not an *i* but was dotted. She had resisted all temptations to abridge the "affectionately." There it stood, fully written out in all its long syllables. That would please Andrew. When she had put up her letters, she rose from her seat and looked out once more, softly pushing aside the carefully drawn curtains, upon the landscape sleeping in the soft summer haze of starlight and night. All so still—no whisper of the sea near, no thrill of the north wind—a serene motionless stretch of lawn and river and shadowy trees. It was a lovely scene, but it saddened Joyce, who felt the soft dusk fill her soul and fold over all her life. And thus ended her first day in her father's house.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Joyce was sadly uncertain what to do or how to behave herself in her new home. She took possession of the room which was given to her as a sitting-room, with a confused sense that she was meant to remain there, which was half a relief and half a trouble to her. To live there all alone except when she was called to meals was dreadfully dreary, although it felt almost a pleasure for the first moment to be alone. She brought out her writing things, which were of a very humble description, and better suited to the back window looking out to the garden in the cottage, than to the pretty writing-table upon which she now arranged them,—a large old blotting-book, distended with the many exercises and school-papers it had been accustomed to hold, and a shabby rosewood desk, which she had got several years ago as the prize of one of her examinations. How shabby they looked, quite out of place, unfit to be brought into this beautiful house! Joyce paused a moment to wonder whether she herself was as much out of place in her brown frock, which, though it was made like Greta's, and so simple and quiet that it could not be vulgar, was yet a dress very suitable for the schoolmistress. She brought down her few books, some of which were prizes too, and still more deplorable in their cheap gilding than the simply shabby ones. Nobody could say that the bindings were not vulgar, although it was Milton, and Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' that were within. She made a row of them in the pretty bookshelves, and they looked like common people intruding into a

fine house, as she herself was doing. Common people! Milton and Wordsworth! That showed how little was told by the outside; and Joyce was not without a proud consciousness swelling in her breast that she, too, in her brown frock, and with her village schoolmistress's traditions, was not unworthy. Her father had met her coming down-stairs with her arms full of the books, and had stopped to take them from her with a shocked look, and insisted on carrying them down for her. "But why didn't you ring for somebody to do it, my dear?" he said. "They are not heavy," said Joyce; "they are no trouble,—and I always do things for myself." "But you must not here," Colonel Hayward said, putting them down on the table, and pausing a moment to brush off with his handkerchief the little stains of dust which they had left on his irreproachable coat. Joyce felt that little movement with another keen sensation of inappropriateness. It was not right, because she was unaccustomed to being served by others, that Colonel Hayward, a distinguished soldier, should get specks of dust on his coat. A hot blush enveloped her like a flame, while she stood looking at him, not knowing whether to say anything, whether to try to express the distress and bewilderment that filled her being, or if it would be better to be silent and mutely avoid such an occurrence again.

He looked up at her when he had brushed away the last speck, and smiled. "Books will gather dust," he said. "Don't look as if you were to blame, my dear. But you must remember, Joyce, you are the young lady of the house, and

everybody in it is at your command." He patted her shoulder, with a very kind encouraging look, as he went away. It was a large assurance to give, and probably Mrs Hayward would not have said quite so much; but it left Joyce in a state of indescribable emotion, her heart deeply touched, but her mind distracted with the impossibilities of her new position. How was she to know what to do? To avoid giving trouble, to save herself, was not the rule she could abide by when it ended in specking with dust the Colonel's coat, and bringing him out of his own occupations to help her. Joyce sat down when she had arranged her books, and tried to thread her way through all this maze which bewildered her. She had nothing to do, and she thought she was intended to spend her life here, to sit alone and occupy herself. It was very kindly meant, she was sure, so as to leave her at her ease; and she was glad to have this refuge, not to be always in Mrs Hayward's way, sitting stiffly in the drawing-room waiting to be spoken to. Oh yes; she was glad to be here. She looked about the room with eyes a little forlorn. It was a nice little room, with a large window looking out upon the flower-garden, and it was, so far as Joyce knew, very prettily furnished, but without the luxuries and decorations of the other rooms. There were no pictures, but a little standing frame or two on the mantelpiece, no doubt intended for those endless photographs of friends which she had seen in Greta's room at Bellen-dean, always the first things taken out of her boxes when her belongings were unpacked. But Joyce had few friends. She had a little rude picture on glass, shut up in a little case, of old Peter and Janet,

the old woman in her big bonnet and shawl, her husband, all one broad smile, looking over her shoulder—very dear to Joyce, but not to be exposed on the mantelpiece for Mrs Hayward's quick look of criticism. Joyce felt that Greta in a moment would make that room her own. She would bring down her photographs; she would throw down her work, which never was done, with all the pretty silks about. She would spread out her paper and her pens, and the letters she had received and those she had begun to write, upon the table where Joyce's big old blotting-book and the rosewood desk lay, closed and looking like an ugly oblong box as it was—long, bare, and miserable; but none of all these things could Joyce do. She had no work, and no photographs of her friends, and no letters, and nothing to do—nothing to do! And was this how she was to spend her life?

She sat there until the bell rang for lunch, saying to herself that it was far better than being in the drawing-room in Mrs Hayward's way; and then she went timidly out into the hall, where her father was standing, just come in from some supervision in the garden. "I have had a busy morning," he said, beaming upon her, "and so I suppose have you, my dear; but we'll soon settle down. Mrs Hayward——" here he paused with a little uneasiness, and after a moment resumed—"your mother—has been very busy too. There is always a great deal to do after one has been away."

"Considering that I was only away four days," said Mrs Hayward, coming in from the other side, and leading the way to the dining-room. Joyce could not help feeling stiff and awkward as she followed, and hastily got into her

seat before the butler could come behind and push forward the chair. She was a little afraid of him hovering behind, and wondered if he knew.

"I hope you like your room," Mrs Hayward said. "It is small, but I think it is nice; and, Brooks, remember to let down the sun-blinds before the afternoon sun gets in. Miss Hayward will not like to find it all in a blaze. That is the worst of the western aspect. Henry, some invitations have come——"

"Ah!" said the Colonel, "we have more to consider now than we used to have, Elizabeth. There is Joyce to be thought of——"

"Oh," Joyce cried, growing very red, "I hope you will not think of me!"

"For some things, of course, we must consider her, Henry," said Mrs Hayward, taking no notice of Joyce's hurried exclamation. "There are nothing but garden-parties all about, and she must go to some of them. It will be the best way of making her known."

"You always think of the right thing, my dear," the Colonel said.

"But when it is for dinner, Henry, until people know her, Joyce will not mind, she will stay at home."

"I wish," said Joyce, with a horrified alarm—"oh, I wish you would never think of me! I would not like—I could not think, I—I would be afraid to go to parties—I——"

"My dear," said Colonel Hayward, "perhaps there may be—dressmakers to think of—or something of that sort."

"I think you may trust me to look after that," said Mrs Hayward, with a glance at Brooks, who was listening with benignant interest. Joyce had a keen enough feminine sense to know that Brooks

was not to be taken into the confidence of the family; and accordingly she made no further interruption, but allowed the conversation to go on without attempting to take any part in it. She heard them discuss names which were without any meaning to her, and kept shyly, and, as she felt, stiffly still, endeavouring with all her might to look as if she knew nothing at all about it, as if it did not at all refer to her—which went sadly against her with her step-mother, who was eagerly on the outlook for indications of character, and to whom Joyce's apparent indifference was an offence—though she would probably have been equally offended had the girl shown too much interest. When Brooks left the room, Mrs Hayward turned to her again.

"The Colonel was quite right," she said; "though I didn't wish to discuss it before the servants. You must want some dresses. You are very nice as you are for indoors, but there is a great deal of dress now worn at garden-parties. And what is called a simple toilet is just the most troublesome of all. For it has to be so fresh and so perfect, not a crumpled ribbon, not a fold out of order. You must go with me—to choose some patterns."

Joyce coloured high again. She felt offended, proud—and yet knew she had no right to be either. "If I may speak," she said, "I never thought of parties. I would perhaps not know—how to behave. Oh, if you will be so kind as never to mind me! I will stay at home."

Colonel Hayward put out his hand with his tender smile, and patted hers where it touched the table. "You will behave prettier—than any of them," the old soldier said.

"Oh, don't put nonsense in the girl's head, Henry!" cried his wife

with impatience. "You may very likely be wanting a little, Joyce. You may feel awkward: it would be quite natural. The only thing is, you must begin some time—and the best way is to get your awkwardness over as soon as possible. Afternoon parties are more informal than dances, and so forth. They don't demand so much, and you could pass in the crowd."

Though Joyce had been frightened at the idea of parties, and though it was her own suggestion that she would not know how to behave, she did not like this. It sent the blood coursing through her veins. To pass in a crowd—to be tolerated where much was not demanded! How different was this from the old dreams in which Lady Joyce had been supreme! But these were but dreams, and she was ashamed to have ever been so vain. She stole away, while they stood in the hall discussing this question, with a sense of humiliation unspeakable, and retreated so quickly that her disappearance was not remarked, back to the west room once more. She shut the door upon herself, and said half aloud in the silence and solitude, how good a thing it was that they had given her this room of her own in which she could take shelter, and be in nobody's way: and then for want of anything else to do, she fell suddenly, without warning, into a long fit of crying, tears irrestrainable, silent, overwhelming, that seemed as if they would carry her away. Poor Joyce felt that her fate was harder than she could bear—to be carried away from her homely state, in which she had been accustomed to something of the ideal eminence of her dreams, into this, which was supposed by everybody to be social elevation, and was humiliation, downfall—a fall into depths which

she had never realised, which had never seemed possible for her. She cried like a child, feeling no power, nor indeed any wish, to stop crying, in a hopeless self-abandonment. Altogether, she was like a child, feeling herself lost, undervalued, neglected, and as if all the rest of the world were happy and in their natural places, while she was left here in a little room by herself all alone. And to add to the humiliation, Brooks came in, soft, stepping like a large noiseless black cat, to put down the blinds, as his mistress had told him, and found her in the midst of that speechless torrent of weeping, unable to stop herself or to keep up appearances in any way. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Hayward," Brooks said, in subdued apology, shot with a glance of eager curiosity and inquisitiveness, for Brooks wanted very much to know something about this daughter who had appeared so suddenly, and of whom no one had ever heard before. Joyce started up to her feet, and hurrying to the bookcase, took out all the books again in order to give herself a countenance. She turned her back upon him, but he could see very well the quivering of her shoulders, which all her pride and dismay at having betrayed herself could not stop.

This curious state of affairs continued for two or three days. Joyce withdrew to her room when the meals were over, at which she was nervously on the watch for anything that might be said concerning her and her mode of existence. It was the third or fourth day before anything was said. Then Mrs Hayward stopped her as she was stealing away, and laid a hand upon her shoulder. "Joyce, wait for a moment; let me speak to you. I am not going to inter-

ferre with what you wish: but do you really like best to spend all your time alone?"

"I thought," said Joyce, with a choking voice, for her heart had suddenly begun to thump so in her throat that she could scarcely hear,—“I thought—that I was to stay there: that perhaps—you thought it best.”

“How could you think I was such a barbarous wretch! Joyce, if you mean to make life a fight——”

The girl opened her eyes wide with wonder and dismay.

“That is not what you meant to say, Elizabeth,” said the Colonel, coming up to them: his wife had thought he was out of the way, and made a little gesture of impatience on seeing him.

“Don’t interfere, for heaven’s sake, Henry! unless you will manage affairs yourself, which would be much the best way. You make things much more difficult for me, as perhaps you are aware, Joyce.”

“No; I did not know. I thought when you said I should have a room—for myself——”

“That I meant you to live there like a prisoner in your father’s house? Are you aware that you are in your father’s house?”

Joyce turned her eyes from one to the other with a mute appeal. Then she said, “Yes,” faintly, not with the vehemence of her former impulses. “If *she* had been patient and not run away,” she added, with a little solemnity, after a pause, “it would not have been so unhappy for us all. I would at least have known—my father.”

“You see that?” cried Mrs Hayward, though she did not understand why these words were said. “Then you have some common-sense after all, and surely you will get to understand.”

“Why do you say that, Joyce—why do you say that?” said the Colonel, laying his hand upon her arm. He was growing very pale and anxious, nervous and frightened, distinguished soldier as he was, by this sudden outburst of hostilities. To see two armies engaged is one thing, but it is quite another to see two women under your own roof—— “Joyce, you must not say that,” he repeated, leaning his hand, which she could feel trembled, upon her arm; “you must listen to what Elizabeth—I mean, to what your mother says.”

“Don’t call me her mother, Henry. She doesn’t like it, and I am not sure that I do either. But we might be friends for all that—so long as she has sense—— Don’t you see, child, that we can’t live if you go on in this way? It is getting on my nerves!” cried Mrs Hayward, with excitement, “and upon *his* nerves, and affecting the whole house. Why should you like to shut yourself up as if we were your enemies, and upset everybody? I can’t settle to anything. I can’t sleep. I don’t know what I am doing. And how you can like——”

“But I do not like it,” said Joyce. “I did not think I could bear it any longer: everything is so strange to me. I used to think I would know by instinct; but it appears I was very silly all the time—for I don’t think I know how to behave.”

Joyce hated herself for feeling so near crying: why should a girl cry at everything when she does not wish to cry at all? The same thought was flying through Mrs Hayward’s mind, who had actually dropped one hot and heavy tear, which she hoped no one saw. She put up her hand hastily to stop the Colonel, who was about

to make one of those speeches which would have given the finishing touch.

"Then," she said, "run and get your work, if you have any work, or your book, or whatever you are doing, and come to the drawing-room like a Christian: for we should all go out of our senses altogether if we went on much longer in this way."

The Colonel patted his daughter's arm and hastened to open the door for her like an old courtier. "I told you," he said, turning round to his wife, "that as soon as you spoke to her, Elizabeth, she would respond. You are a little hasty, my dear, though never with me. I knew that as soon as she saw what a heart you have——"

"Oh, never mind my heart, Henry! Don't talk to Joyce about my heart. I think she has a little common-sense. And if that's so, we shall get on."

And then Joyce for a little spent

all her time in the drawing-room, sadly ill at ease, not knowing what to do. She sat there sounding the depths of her own ignorance, often for hours together, as much alone as when in the west room, feeling herself to sit like a wooden figure in her chair, conscious to her finger-tips of awkwardness, foolishness, vacancy, which had never come into her life before. She had no needle-work to give her a pretence of occupation; and as for books, those that were about on the tables were not intended to be read, except the novels from Mudie's, which had this disadvantage, that when they were readable at all, Joyce got absorbed in them, and forgot herself, and would sometimes forget Mrs Hayward too. She had a feeling that she should be at Mrs Hayward's disposal while they were together, so that this lapse occurring now and then, filled her with compunction and shame. But when visitors came, that was the worst of all.

CHAPTER XIX.

On one of these mornings the Colonel came to her almost stealthily, with a very soft step, while she was in the drawing-room alone. Joyce had no book that morning, and was more in despair than ever for something to do. She was kneeling in front of one of the pretty pieces of Indian work, copying the pattern on a sheet of paper. When she heard her father's step, she started as if found out in some act of guilt, grew very red, and dropped her pencil out of her trembling hand.

"I beg your pardon," she said involuntarily. "I—had nothing to do. It is a wonderful pattern. I thought I should like to copy it——"

"Surely, my dear—and very prettily you have done it too; but you must try to recollect that everything is yours, and that you have no need to ask pardon. I want you to come with me into my library. I believe you have never seen my library, Joyce."

No, she had not been able to take the freedom either of a child of the house or of an ordinary visitor. She was afraid to go anywhere beyond the ordinary thoroughfare, from dining-room to drawing-room. "I saw an open door," she said, "and some books."

"But you did not come in? Come now. I have something to say to you." There was a look in

the old soldier's eye of unlawful pleasure, a gratification enhanced by the danger of being found out, and perhaps suffering for it. He led Joyce away with the glee of a truant schoolboy. "My wife is busy," he said, with an air of innocent hypocrisy. "She can't want either of us for the moment. Come in, come in. And, my dear," he said, putting again his caressing hand upon his daughter's shoulder, "remember, that when I'm not in the garden, I'm here: and when you have anything to say to your father, I'm always ready—always ready. I hope you will learn—to take your father into your confidence, Joyce."

She did not make any reply; her head drooped, and her voice was choked. He was so kind—and yet confidence was so hard a thing to give.

"That reminds me," he said, still more gently, "that I don't think you ever call me father, Joyce."

"Oh," she said, not daring to lift her eyes, "but I think it—in my heart."

"You must say it—with your lips, my dear; and you must not be afraid of the people who are nearest to you in the world. You must have confidence in us, Joyce. And now look here, my little girl; I have something to give you—not any pretty thing for a present," said the Colonel, sitting down before his desk and pulling out a drawer, "but something we can't get on without. I got it for you in this form that you might use it as you please; remember it is not for clothes, but only for your own pleasure, to do what you like with." He held out to her, with the most fatherly kind smile, four crisp and clean five-pound notes. Joyce looked at them bewildered, not knowing what they were, and then gave a choking cry, and drew

back, covering her face with her hands.

"Money!" she cried, and a pang of mortification went through her like the sharp stab of a knife.

"Well, my dear, you must have money, and who should give it you but your father? Joyce! why, this is worse and worse." The Colonel grew angry in his complete bewilderment, and the disagreeable sensation of kindness refused. "What can you mean?" he cried; "am I to have nothing to do with you though you are my daughter?" He got up from his chair impatiently. "I thought you would like it to be between ourselves. I made a little secret of it, thinking to please you. No; I confess that I don't understand you, Joyce: if Elizabeth were here, I should tell her so." He flung down the notes upon his table, where they lay fluttering in the morning breeze that came in at the open window. "She must do what she can, for I don't pretend to be able to do anything," the Colonel cried.

Joyce stood before him, collecting herself, calming down her own excitement as best she could. She said to herself that he was quite right—that it would have to be—that she had no independent life or plan of her own any more—that she must accept everything from her father's hands. What right had she either to refuse or to resent? How foolish it was, how miserable, ungenerous of her, not to be able to take! Must it not sometimes be more gracious, more sweet to take, to receive, than to give? And yet to accept this from one who was almost a stranger though her father, seemed impossible, and made her whole being, body and soul, quiver with that sensation of the intolerable in which there

is neither rhyme nor reason. Though she was so young, she had provided for her own necessities for years. They were very few, and her little salary was very small; but she had done it, giving rather than getting—for naturally there was nothing to spare from Peter Matheson's ploughman's wages. She stood shrinking a little from her father's displeasure—so unused to anything of the kind!—but with all these thoughts sweeping through the mind, which was only a girl's mind, in many ways wayward and fantastic, but yet at bottom a clear spirit, candid and reasonable. This would have to be. She must accept the money, she who had been so independent. She must learn how to live, that tremendous lesson, in the manner possible to her, not in her own way. Once more she thought of her mother obeying her foolish impulse, flying from her troubles—only to fall fatally under them, and to leave their heritage to her daughter. It did not require a moment to bring all these reflections in a flood through her mind, nor even to touch her with the thought of her father's little tender artifice, and of how he had calculated no doubt that she would have presents to send, help to offer—or, at least, pleasure to bestow. Perhaps her imagination put thoughts even more delicate and kind into the Colonel's mind than those which were there—which was saying much. She recovered her voice with a great effort.

"Father——" she said, then paused again, struggling with something in her throat,—“I hope you will forgive me. I—never took money—from any one—before——”

“You never had your father before to give it you, Joyce.” A

little word calmed down the Colonel's superficial resentment. It did more, it went straight to his heart. He came up to her and put his arm round her. “My child,” he said, in the words of the parable, “‘all that I have is thine.’ You forget that.”

“Father, if I could only feel that *you* were mine. It is all wrong—all wrong!” cried Joyce. “It is like what the Bible says; I want to be born again.”

The Colonel did not know what to say to this, which seemed to him almost profane; but he did better than speaking—he held her close to him, and patted her shoulder softly with his large tender hand.

“And I will, I will,” said Joyce, with a Scotch confusion of tenses, “if you will have a little patience with me. It cannot come all in a moment; but I will, I will.”

“We'll all have patience,” said the Colonel, stooping over her, feeling in his general weakness, and with even a passing sigh for Elizabeth going through his mind, that it was sweet to have the positions reversed sometimes, and to feel somebody depend upon him, and appeal to his superior wisdom.

At this moment Mrs Hayward opened the door of her husband's room quickly, coming in with natural freedom. She stopped “as if she had been shot” when she saw this group—Joyce sheltered in her father's arm, leaning against him. She made a rapid exclamation, “Oh!” and turning as quickly as she had come, closed the door after her with a quick clear sound which said more than words. She did not slam it—far from that. She would not have done such a thing, neither for her own sake, nor out of regard for what the servants would say: but she shut it sharply, distinct-

ly, with a punctuation which was more emphatic than any full stop could be.

In the afternoon there were callers, and Joyce became aware, for the first time, of the social difficulties of her position. She heard the words, "brought up by relations in Scotland," as she went through the drawing-room to the verandah where the visitors were sitting with Mrs Hayward. Joyce did not apply the words to herself, but she perceived a little stir of interest when she appeared timidly at the glass door. The lady was a little woman, precise and neat, with an indescribable air of modest importance, yet insignificance, which Joyce learned afterwards to understand, and the gentleman was in a long black coat, with a soft felt hat in his hands. Eyes more instructed would have divined the clergyman and clergywoman of the district, not rector and rectoress, but simple incumbents. They rose up to meet her, and shook hands in a marked way, as "taking an interest" in a new member of their little cure; but Joyce, unaccustomed, did not understand the meaning of this warmth. It disconcerted her a little, and so did the conversation into which Mr Sitwell at once began to draw her, while his wife conversed in a lower tone with the lady of the house. He talked to her of the river and boating, of which she knew nothing, and then of lawn-tennis, to which her response was not more warm. The good clergyman thought that perhaps the game had not penetrated to the wilds of Scotland, and changed the subject.

"We are going to have our children's treat next week," he said. "It would be very kind of you to come and help my wife,

who has everything to manage. Our district is but a new one—we have not much aid as yet. Do you take any interest in schools, Miss Hayward?"

"Oh yes, a great interest," cried Joyce, lighting up, "that is just my——" she was going to say profession, having a high opinion of the dignity of her former office: but before the word was said she caught a warning glance from Mrs Hayward—"it is what I care most for in the world," she said, with a sudden blush of shame to feel herself stopped in that avowal of enthusiasm for the work itself.

"Indeed!" cried the clergyman. "Do you hear, Dora? here is a help for you. Miss Hayward says that schools are what she cares most for in the world."

"Joyce says a little more than she means," said Mrs Hayward, quickly. "Young ladies have a way of being enthusiastic."

"Don't damp it, please!" cried Mrs Sitwell, clasping her hands; "enthusiasm is so beautiful in young people: and there is so little of it. Oh, how delighted I shall be to have your help! The district is so new—as my husband would tell you."

"Of course I have enlisted Miss Hayward at once," cried he. "She is going to help at the school feast."

"Oh, thank you, THANK you," cried the clergyman's wife, with devotion, once more clasping her hands.

Mrs Hayward's voice was more dry than ever—there was a sharp ring in it, which Joyce had begun to know. "You must let her give you an answer later," she said. "She doesn't know her engagements yet. We have several things to do. When must I send in the cakes, Mrs Sitwell? We

always calculate, you know, on helping in that way."

"You are always so kind, dear Mrs Hayward, so kind! How can we ever thank you enough!" said the good clergywoman. "Always kind," her husband echoed, with an impressive shake of Mrs Hayward's hand, and afterwards of Joyce's, who was confused by so much feeling. Her stepmother was drier still as they went away.

"I must ask you, just at first, to make no engagements without consulting me," she said very rigidly. "You cannot know—at first—what it is best for your own interests to do."

Should she say that she had made no engagements, and wished for none? It is hard not to defend one's self when one is blamed. But Joyce took the wiser way, and assented without explanations. She had scarcely time to do more when other people came—people more important, as was at once evident—a large lady in black satin and lace, a younger, slimmer one in white. They filled the verandah, which was not very broad, with the sweep of their draperies. They both gave a little glance of surprise when Miss Hayward was presented to them, and the elder lady permitted herself an "Oh——!" She retired to the end of the verandah, where Mrs Hayward had installed herself. "I never knew before that you had a grown-up daughter. I always thought, indeed, that there were no——"

"My husband's daughter by his first marriage," said Mrs Hayward. "She has never lived at home. In India, you know, children can never be kept with their parents."

"It is a dreadful drawback. I am so glad my girls will have nothing to say to Indian men."

The lady in white had begun to talk to Joyce, but the girl's ears

were intent on the other conversation which she felt to concern herself. She made vague replies, not knowing what she said, the two voices in the distance drawing all her attention from the one more near.

"So she had to be left with relations—quite old-fashioned people—and she is very simple, and knows very little of the world."

"The less the better," said the visitor, whose name Joyce had not caught; and then there was a pause, and the young lady's voice became more audible, close to her ear.

"Brought up in Scotland? Oh, I hope you are not one of the learned ladies. Don't they go in tremendously for education in Scotland?" her visitor said.

"They say our Scotch schools are the best," said Joyce sedately, with a mixture of national and professional pride.

"Oh yes, so everybody says; you are taught everything. I know Scotland a little: everybody goes there in the autumn, don't you know? I wonder if I have been in your part of the country? Papa has a moor whenever he can afford it. And we have quantities of Scotch cousins all over the place."

"It was near Edinburgh," said Joyce, with a little hesitation.

"Yes? I have been at several places near Edinburgh," said the young lady. "Craigmoor where the Sinclairs live, for one. They are relations of ours. And there is another house, a very nice house close by, Bellendean. I suppose you know the Bellendean."

The colour rushed over Joyce's face. She remembered her difficulties no more. The very sound of the name filled her with pleasure and encouragement.

"Bellendean!" she said; "oh, indeed, I know Bellendean! I

know it better than any place in the world. And I know the lady—oh, better than any one. And would it be Miss Greta that was your cousin——?” Joyce’s countenance shone. She forgot all about those bewildering explanations which she had overheard: and about herself, whose presence had to be accounted for. For a moment her natural ease and unconsciousness came back, and she felt herself Joyce again.

Mrs Hayward rose suddenly from her chair. She, too, had been listening, through her own conversation, to the other voices. She made a step forward—“So you know the Bellendans,” she said, with an agitated smile. “We have just been staying there, and can give you the latest news of them. What a small world it is, as everybody says! I only heard of them for the first time when we went to fetch Joyce: and now I find my nearest neighbours know all about them! Joyce, will you ask if Brooks is bringing tea?”

Lady St Clair and her daughter gave each other a glance of mutual inquiry. And Joyce, as she obeyed, with a curious pang of wonder and pleasure and annoyance, heard the discussion begin, the interchange of questions mingled with remarks about her friends, the names so dear to her passing from mouth to mouth. She was sent away who knew all about them, while her stepmother, who knew so little, talked, adopt-

ing an air of familiarity. Why was she sent away? Then she remembered suddenly on what a humble footing she could alone claim knowledge of the Bellendans, and divined with a shock of sudden pain that it was to stop any revelations on that subject that she had been despatched on this unnecessary errand. Joyce paused in the luxurious room, which seemed somehow to absorb all the air and leave none to breathe. Oh for the freedom of Bellendean, where everybody knew who she was and thought no harm! Oh for the little cottage, where there were no pretences! The great and the small were easy, they understood each other; but this middle country, all full of reserves and assumptions which lay between, how was an ignorant creature to learn how to live in it, to avoid the snares and keep clear of the pitfalls, not to contradict or expose the falsehoods, and yet to be herself true?

Mrs Hayward on her side, sitting painfully talking as if she knew all about these people, whom she thought she hated, so much were they involved with this painful episode of her life, was no more happy than Joyce. To think that her neighbours, the best people about, those whose friendship was most desirable, should be mixed up with the Bellendans, who knew everything! So that now her skilful little romance must fall to the ground, and all the story be fully known.

CHAPTER XX.

The discussions held upon this question in the Colonel’s room were many. Mrs Hayward had kept herself for many years out of society, rejecting it all the more sternly because she loved it and

held all its little punctilios dear. And now that all necessity for such self-denial was over, to have everything risked again was terrible to her. She who had so carefully kept her husband from

annoyance, in this matter departed from all her traditions. The good Colonel himself was fond of society too. He liked to know people, to gather kindly faces about him, and to be surrounded by a cheerful stir of human interests; but to tell the truth, he did not care very much about Lady St Clair and the best people in the neighbourhood. It was seldom—very seldom—that it occurred to him to criticise his Elizabeth; but on this point he thought her a little mistaken, and not so infallible as she usually was.

“Have patience a little, my dear,” he said, falling upon a simple philosophy, which, indeed, he was not at all disposed himself to put in practice, “and you’ll see all will come right.”

“Nothing will come right,” said Mrs Hayward, “unless we can get your daughter properly introduced. It alters everything in our position, Henry. We were settling down to society such as suits you and me; but that will not do now. The moment there is a young lady in the house all is changed. She must be thought of. A different kind of entertainment is wanted for a girl. I ought to take her to balls, and to water-parties, and to all sorts of gaieties. You would not like her to be left out.”

“Well, my dear,” said the Colonel, more cheerfully, “I like young faces, and I don’t object to a little dance now and then. I always, indeed, encouraged the young fellows in the regiment——”

“If it were giving a dance that was all!—you may be sure I shouldn’t come to you about that. There is a great deal involved that is of much more importance. If it all gets abroad about your daughter, everything will suffer—she in the first place.

It will be like a governess—every one respects a governess——”

“Surely, my dear. A good girl who perhaps does it to help her family, or support her old mother, or——”

“Henry, my dear, you are very old-fashioned. But however good she may be, she is always at a disadvantage. It would be bad for us too. Colonel Hayward’s daughter a governess! They would say you were either less well off than you appeared, or that you had used her badly, or that I had used her badly—still more likely.”

“But when we did not know of her very existence, Elizabeth!”

“How are you to tell people that? The best thing is to keep quite quiet about it, if we only can. But now here is this new complication. These Bellendean people will talk it all over with the St Clairs, and the St Clairs will publish it everywhere. And people will be sorry for her, and pick her to pieces, and say it is easy to see she is unused to our world; they will be sorry for her for being with me, or else be sorry for me for being burdened with her.”

“Elizabeth——”

“And the worst is,” she said vehemently, “that it will be quite true on both sides. She will be to be pitied, and I shall be to be pitied. If only these friends of hers could be kept quiet! If only she could be dressed properly, and taught to hold her tongue and say nothing about her past!”

The Colonel got up and began to walk about the room in great perturbation of spirit. He could not say, as he had been in the habit of saying, “If Elizabeth were but here!” for it was Elizabeth herself—extraordinary fact!—who was the cause of the trouble. Social difficulties had not affected them till now; and what could he do or suggest in

face of an emergency which was too much for Elizabeth? The poor gentleman was without resource, and he had a faint sense of injury, a feeling that he had never expected to be consulted or to have to advise in such a matter. All the difficulties in their way of a personal character had been Elizabeth's business, not his. He walked about with a troubled brow, a face full of distress,—what could he do or say? It was almost cruel of her to consult him to put matters which he had never pretended to be able to manage into his hands.

Mrs Hayward, on her side, felt a faint gleam of alleviation in the midst of the gloom from the spectacle of the Colonel's perturbation. It was his affair after all, and he had the best right to suffer; and though she expected no help from him, there was a certain satisfaction and almost diversion in the depth of his helpless distress. They were, however, brought to a sudden stand-still, which was a relief to both, by a ring at the door-bell, a very unusual thing in the morning. The clouds dispersed from Mrs Hayward's brow. She put up her hand instinctively to her cap. Agitation of any kind, though it may seem a remarkable effect, does derange one's cap, as everybody who wears such a head-dress knows. "It can't be any one coming to call at this hour," she said. "It must be some of your men intending to stay for lunch."

A weight was lifted off the Colonel's mind by this resumption of ordinary tones and subjects. He was always glad to see one of "his men," as Mrs Hayward called them, to lunch, being of the most hospitable disposition; and it was his experience that the presence of a stranger was always perfectly

efficacious in blowing away clouds that might arise on the family firmament. Besides, in the strained condition of family affairs, a third, or rather fourth party, who knew nothing about the circumstances, could not but make that meal more cheerful. They stood and listened for a moment while some one was evidently admitted, with some surprise that Brooks did not appear to announce the visitor. Presently, however, the door was opened with that mixture of swiftness and hesitation which was characteristic of Joyce, and she herself looked in, more awakened and with a brighter countenance than either of the pair had yet seen in her. Her shyness had disappeared in the excitement of a pleasant surprise; her cheeks had got a little colour; the eager air which had struck Colonel Hayward when he first saw her, but which of late had been so much subdued, had returned to her eyes and sensitive mouth. "Oh, it's the Captain!" she said, with a sense of the importance of the announcement, as if she had been presenting the Prince of Wales at least, which changed the entire sentiment of her face. Mrs Hayward had never before seen the natural Joyce as she was in the humility of her early undisturbed state. She acknowledged the charm of the girl with a keen little sudden pang of that appreciation and comprehension of jealousy, which is more clear-sighted and certain than love.

"The Captain!" she said, not quite aware who was meant, yet putting on an air of more ignorance than was genuine.

"Oh, Bellendean!" cried the Colonel, going forward with cordiality. "My dear fellow, how glad I am to see you! You've got away, then, from all your anxious friends.

Elizabeth, you remember Captain Bellendean?"

"I am not likely to have forgotten him," Mrs Hayward said graciously, yet with a meaning which perhaps was not so gracious as her speech. And there darted through her mind, as is so usual with women, a question, a calculation. Was it for Joyce? Men are so silly; who can tell how they may be influenced? There flashed through her a gleam of delight at the thought of thus getting rid of the interloper, and at the same time an angry grudge that this girl, who seemed to have all the luck, should come to such honour, and be thus set on high above so many who were her betters. All this in the twinkling of an eye. She stood for a minute or two and talked, asking the proper questions about his family, and when he came to town, and how long he meant to stay; then left the visitor with her husband, and hastened to say something about the luncheon to Brooks, who on his part was lingering outside with a message from the cook. To those who feel an interest in such matters, we may say that Mrs Hayward, when one of the Colonel's men made his appearance unexpectedly for luncheon, generally added a dish of curry, for which her cook was noted (the men being almost all old Indians), to that meal.

When she returned to the drawing-room, Joyce was there, still with the same look of exhilaration and liveliness. She was even the first to speak—a singular circumstance. "I hope," she said, "I was not wrong in taking the Captain to the library. I thought, as you were not here, he would like that better than just talking to me."

Was this false humility? or affectation? or what was it? "You

were quite right, no doubt; for it must have been your father he came to see," said Mrs Hayward, with a quick glance. She was prepared to see a conscious smile upon Joyce's mouth, the little air of demure triumph with which a girl who knows herself the object of such a visit acquiesces in the fact that it is for her father. But no such consciousness was upon Joyce's countenance. "You seem to be very much pleased to see him," she continued. "And why do you call him the Captain, as if there were not another in the world?"

Joyce paused a little before she answered. "I think," she said, "that the people at Bellendean did think there was not another such Captain in the world."

"And you are glad to see him—because you know him so well? because he reminds you of your old life?"

Joyce grew red all at once with a blush, which surely meant something. Again she paused a little, with that sense of walking among snares and mantraps, which confuses the mind. "Oh no; I did not know him well. I have only spoken to him two or three times. It is so difficult to explain. You will perhaps not be pleased if I say it. To me that am not accustomed—the Captain's coming seemed like a great honour." She stopped short suddenly, and the colour went out of her face as suddenly as it came.

"A great honour!" cried Mrs Hayward, with indignation,—“to his commanding officer!" It was all she could do to keep her temper. Her foot patted the carpet angrily, and she tore a band of calico off a piece upon her lap with vehemence, as if she were inflicting pain and liked to do so. "What an extraordinary notion!" she cried. "Norman Bellendean, a

little Scotch squire—that anybody should think his visit an honour to my husband!” There was a sort of subdued fury in her laugh of scorn.

“I can see,” said Joyce, “it was very silly to say that; and it was only a sort of instinct. I forgot when I saw him—all that has happened—and that I was a—different creature.”

“Joyce,” cried Mrs Hayward, quickly, “I warn you that unless you can get over this constant going back upon your old life, and try and adapt yourself to your present circumstances, it will be impossible for us—impossible for me—almost beyond any one’s powers——”

Joyce had become very pale. She did not make any reply, but waited with her lips moving in an eagerness so different from that joyous eagerness of her former aspect, for the next word that should be said. What was it that would be impossible? There is something in a threat which rouses the most placid blood. If it was impossible, what would happen? Joyce was in no way in fault; the circumstances which had changed her life, and transplanted her from her home, were not of her creating any more than they were of Mrs Hayward’s. But Mrs Hayward said nothing more. She went on tearing, wounding, cutting her calico with stabs and thrusts of the scissors that seemed as if they must draw blood. But she had gone as far as could be done unintentionally by sudden impulse—which, and no set purpose, was what had moved her. And she had come to herself by dint of that half-spoken threat. She had no desire to be cruel or even unkind; her desire, indeed, was quite different, if one could have come to the bottom of her heart. She

would have given a great deal to have been upon comfortable terms with her stepdaughter, and to have been able to quench the jealousy and the grudge with which, deeply ashamed of them all the time, she had taken in this third between the two who were so happy—this interloper, this supplanter, whom she had seen her husband embrace so tenderly, and heard saying with a voice full of emotion “father”—a word never to be addressed to him by child of her own.

Once more, however, this uncomfortable state of affairs was brought to a pause by the recurrence of the ordinary course of domestic events. The voices of the Colonel and Captain Bellendean became audible crossing the hall towards the drawing-room door. At the first sound of these voices, Mrs Hayward threw her calico into the work-basket, and tore and stabbed at it no more. She relapsed suddenly into tranquil hemming, like a good child at school. Joyce had not the same cover for her agitation, but yet she collected herself as quickly as was possible, and made believe to be as quietly occupied and at her ease as her stepmother was.

“I should have thought,” said the Colonel, opening the door as he spoke, and bringing in this new subject with him, “that a pokey house in London, now that the season is more than half over, would be a bad change after your beautiful place; but that’s our mistake thinking of other people, as if they were just the same as we are—which nobody is, as a matter of fact.”

Mrs Hayward thought that her husband meant this for her, as a reproach in respect to Joyce—which he did not, being totally incapable of any such covert assault.

"My father has always been fond of society," said Captain Bellendean. "I suspect my beautiful place, as you are kind enough to call it, was always a great bondage to him."

"Joyce, I want you to show Bellendean the garden and the river," said the Colonel; "I have a letter to finish. Take him down to the water, and show him the willows, and the poet's villa, and all that. Have you got a hat handy, my dear, or a parasol, or something? for it's very hot. You must take care not to get a sunstroke, or anything of that sort. This is the way, Bellendean. It's only a little bit of a place, not like your castle; but we're very much pleased with it for all that. The verandah is our own idea. It is the nicest possible place in the afternoon, when the sun is off this side of the house. My wife planned it all herself. Walk down under the shrubbery: you will have shade the whole way. The river's sparkling like diamonds," he said, as he stood bareheaded in the moderate English sun, which he kept up a pretence of dreading as an old Indian ought, and watched the pair as they obeyed his directions somewhat shyly, not quite understanding why they were sent off together. Colonel Hayward came back to the drawing-room where his wife sat, rubbing his hands with satisfaction. "I have sent them off that they may have a quiet word, with nobody to interfere."

"Why should they want a quiet word? Was it *her* he came to see? Do you suppose he means anything?" said Mrs Hayward, in that unsympathetic tone.

"They may not perhaps have anything particular to say; but they come from the same place, and they know the same people,

and probably they would not like to talk their little talks about old friends with us listening to every word; so I said I had a letter to finish," said the Colonel, with a mild chuckle. "I must go and do it though, that they may not think it was a pretence."

"Do you know, Henry," said Mrs Hayward, "that some people would say you were throwing your daughter at Captain Bellendean's head."

"Bless me!" said the Colonel, with a wondering look; "throwing my daughter at—Elizabeth, these would surely be very unpleasant people, not the kind that ever had anything to do with you and me." He paused a moment, looking at her with an appeal which she did not lift her eyes to see. Then he repeated, "I must go, though, and finish my letter, or they will think it was only a pretence."

Perhaps Captain Bellendean had some faint notion that it was, as he walked along under the shade of the shrubbery skirting the long but narrow lawn towards the river, which flowed shining and sparkling in the full sun—half amused to find himself walking by the side of the heroine of the curious story which had been worked out under his roof—the little schoolmistress turned into a young lady of leisure, transplanted out of her natural place. He was not without a little natural curiosity as to how such a strange travesty would succeed. There was nothing in her appearance to emphasise the change. She walked slowly, almost reluctantly, with that shyness which is not unbecoming to youth, as if she would have liked to fly and leave him unguided to his own devices. He gave her a good many glances under his eyebrows as they walked along very

gravely together, scarcely speaking. Certainly if Colonel Hayward meant to throw his daughter at the Captain's head, she had no intention that way.

"The last time I saw you, Miss Joyce," he said, "was the evening before you left home. And you thought England and London would be a new world. What do you think of the new world, now that you have seen them near?"

"Did I say they would be a new world?" Joyce sighed a little, looking up to the Captain with a faint smile, which made, he thought, a charming combination. She added, "I have only seen London in passing; but I'm beginning to think there is no new world, but just what we make it—and the same in every place."

"One of the old classical fellows says that, doesn't he?" said the Captain. "I've forgotten all my Latin; but you're up to everything of that sort——"

"Oh no; I am not a scholar. I just know a little at the very beginning. But I understand what you mean. It is something about changing the skies but not the mind."

"I wonder if that is what Mrs Bellendean will do?"

"Mrs Bellendean?"

"Oh, I forgot; it was your father to whom I was speaking; but you will know better all that this means. My father and his wife have left Bellendean—for good, do you understand, not to come back."

"For good! but I should think that would rather be for ill," Joyce said.

"Yes, I knew you would understand. I didn't myself, however, till very lately. I had no conception what she had done for the place, nor how much it was to her. And now they have shaken the

dust from off their feet, and left it—as if I could have wished that."

"They would think," said Joyce, with an explanatory instinct that belonged to her old position—"the lady would think that perhaps you were likely——"

Here she looked up at him, and suddenly realising that she was not Joyce the schoolmistress, with a little privilege of place, making matters clear, but a young woman discoursing about his own affairs to a young man, stopped suddenly, blushed deeply, and murmured, "Oh, I beg your pardon," with a horror of her own rashness which gave double meaning to all she said.

"That perhaps I was likely——?" said Norman. He found her very pleasant company, with her intelligent eager looks, her comprehension of what he meant before it was uttered. "Tell me what she would think likely. I know so little about—the lady, as you call her. She was only my stepmother, whom I didn't much care for when I went away. It is a mistake to judge people before one knows them," he added reflectively; but this sentiment, so cognate to her own case, did not in the immediate urgency of the moment arrest Joyce's attention, especially as he repeated with a smile, "what would she think me likely to do?"

"I was going to speak like an old wife in a cottage—like my dear old granny."

"Do so, please," he said, with a laugh; and Joyce yielded to the unknown temptation, which had never come in her way before. The gentle malice of society, the under-current of meaning, the play with which youths and maidens amuse themselves in the beginning of an intercourse which may come to much more serious results, were

quite out of her understanding and experience; but there are some things which are very quickly learnt.

"She would think—the old wives would say—that now the Captain was come back, he would be bringing home a lady of his own."

Joyce said this, not with the absolute calm of two minutes ago, but with a smile and blush which altogether changed the significance of the little speech. It had been an almost matter-of-fact explanation—it became now a little winged arrow of provocation, a sort of challenge. Captain Bellendean laughed.

"I see," he said; "and you think that is a course open to me? But a lady of my own might not be so good as *the* lady—and then there are difficulties about time, for instance. I might not be able to bring her at once; and the one I wanted might not have me: and—— Miss Joyce, your attention flags—you are not interested in me."

"I was thinking," said Joyce, "that though you laugh, it would be no laughing for her to leave Bellendean."

The Captain perceived that the joke was to go no further. "I do not believe it is her doing at all—it is my father's doing. He prefers London—Half Moon Street, and rooms where you can scarcely turn round."

"Half Moon Street!"

"Do you know it?"

"No more than in books," said Joyce, with a smile; "there are so many places that seem kent places because they are in books."

"Italy, &c.," the Captain said, looking at her with a sympathetic glance.

"Oh, but not &c.!" cried Joyce.

"Italy—is like nothing else in the world."

"Well," said Captain Bellendean, "when you are in the circumstances which you have just been suggesting to me, no doubt you will go to Italy; that is the right time and the right circumstances——"

Before he had half said these words, a sudden vision of Andrew Halliday flashed across his mind, and he stopped in sudden embarrassment. By this time they had reached the river's side, and Joyce turned dutifully to point out to him the poet's villa, as her father had bidden her; but there was something in her tone which betrayed to the sympathetic listener that the same image had suddenly overshadowed her imagination too. Captain Bellendean was very sympathetic—more so, perhaps, than he would have been had his companion been older or less pretty. He pretended to look with great interest at the willows sweeping into the water, and the lawn, with its little fringe of forget-me-nots reflected in the softly flowing stream. Joyce had lost the colour which was half excitement and had kept coming and going like the shadows over the sky, while they walked together down the shady walk. It is very interesting to see a face change in this way, and to think that one's own society, the quickening of the blood produced by one's sudden advent, may have something to do with it. He had felt that it was very pleasant to watch these changes, and was conscious of a little agreeable thrill of responsive exhilaration in his own veins. But when this sudden shadow fell upon Joyce, his sympathy sprang into a warmer, energetic sentiment. Could that be the fate for which this girl was reserved? Surely some one must step in to save her from that fate!

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE ROD : NOW AND IN THE PAST.

I AM often amused by paragraphs, or perhaps lengthy reports, in the public press, which set forth the complaints, the investigations, the censures, the layings down of law, the punishments, perhaps, and the moral reflections which have been evoked by the untoward occurrence that a disciple in some walk of knowledge has received a box on the ear from his instructor. It is doubtless proof of much heartlessness and want of feeling to be amused at any such arbitrary infliction; but I do greatly err if there be not thousands of my countrymen, past the meridian of life as I am, who have but small patience with the quips and the quiddities, the pibbles and pabbles which are now the certain sequence of the laying on of hands by a pastor or master. For it is scarcely possible that we elders who can remember schoolrooms where whacks, boxes, strokes, and stripes were as plentiful as blackberries—dealt out justly or unjustly, with discretion, or with rage and savagery, for offences of the magnitude of which the inflicter was the sole judge, without inquiry, without appeal—can now be seriously moved when, once in six months, an idle, saucy, or disobedient urchin gets a gentle tap, or what, according to the standard long ago impressed on our bodies and minds, seems but a tap and a mild one.

How jubilant would I and my schoolfellows have been if only our frequent chastisements could have been inflicted by measure—if only there could have been some proportion, to say nothing about mild-

ness or consideration of the capacity to suffer! The corrections which I remember to have undergone or to have witnessed were assessed pretty much on the Draconic principle; a horrible scourging was the proper recompense of a slight offence, and more than that could not conveniently be given for a grave misdemeanour. I will not say but that there were occasions (very rare) when pedagogue, tyros, and outsiders whose ears were made to tingle with the accounts—men, gods, and columns—were of one mind concerning particular retributions. In general, however, punishments were looked upon by “us youth” as dispensations to which we were born as the sparks fly upward; things as to the incidence or aversion of which we were absolutely powerless; iron for the soul which might be any lad’s lot on any day, and the philosophy regarding which was that it should be suffered as far as possible with an equal mind.

Now, having the experience of school casualties which I have described, I feel, when I am invited to cry out in indignant sympathy with some scapegrace whose cheek has been visited a little roughly, much as Petruccio felt regarding a woman’s tongue. He had, as he said, heard lions roar, the seas rage,

“Great ordnance in the field,
And heaven’s artillery thunder in the
skies :”

a pitched battle, neighing steeds, and trumpet’s clang were not unknown to him, and he was not to be frightened by a noise no louder than a chestnut bursting in the

fire. I ask, too, whether, after a childhood and early youth passed in an atmosphere of slaps and welts, I can be expected to groan in spirit at a caning laid on as if by a wrathful dove or magnanimous mouse? With *Petruchio* I answer, Tush!

I may have been six years old when, in a country town, I found myself, for the acquisition of the three R's, subjected to the discipline of a man, not yet old but grey, who undertook, by hook or by crook, to instil the required information and skill into his scholars, and who, for the most part, fulfilled his engagement. He had more than one method of imparting knowledge, but his main resource, his sheet-anchor, was certainly punishment. His chastenings were not without variety. His hands could be used with telling effect upon cheeks and ears; he had a long heavy cane for dealing grinning cuts across the palms or for (as he facetiously expressed it) dusting jackets; a wooden implement, with a round slab at the end of a handle, for pandies, hung at his desk; and then there was the rod. The last, being a troublesome toy to use, and not effectual until the edge was somewhat off his wrath, did not, I admit, figure in daily life, but was reserved for occasions of leisure and solemnity. The others, being available at a moment's notice, while righteous anger was at the heat, were permanently on duty, and in constant use. A mistake in a copy-book, a thick stroke where a fine one should have run, a wrong figure in a sum, a failure to answer at once correctly any question concerning weights and measures, a spelling-lesson imperfectly learned—any one of these things was enough to open a vial of wrath, the quantity of punishment depending on the humour of

the master and a variety of accidental circumstances. These defects kept the implements of torture going in dropping strokes all day long. Talking, an absolutely forbidden recreation, brought down always a condign retribution. One day a cousin of mine and I were in very earnest discussion concerning tops or marbles, when the master, coming up behind, brought our two heads together with a potent crash. All the interesting ideas which had been occupying us were dispersed by the contact. We saw lights, and exceedingly queer faces and other things, about us. For my part, after a clear vision was restored, I could not bear to touch my head for days. I wonder what a doctor would have said, if either of us had submitted the case to him? Our instructor and scarifier could not always be on the outlook for conversationalists, and so he put monitors on duty to call the names of those who might be exchanging ideas. These monitors had an immense deal in their power, yet I do not remember an instance where they accused wrongfully. They often, I am sure, let off the loquacious.

A boy named by the monitor was ordered to "stand out." He took his place clear of the desks in the gangway of the school, and, with the certainty of punishment hanging over him, had to wait there until a file of talkers had been collected. When the row of the condemned had become somewhat long, and when there was a pause in the occupation of the autocrat, the chastening began. For this offence the sentence mostly took effect on the palms of the hands; and the two strings, one of culprits coming up to the ordeal, the other of victims with quivering hands tucked under their arms, and howling, groaning, or with

difficulty repressing their emotion as they wound their way back to their seats, might possibly have been objects replete with interest to a student of human nature, but were too common to excite much attention among us. There was one little imp, as I remember, who used skilfully to skip across from the advancing to the retreating column, hug his hands, and howl as if he had been smitten, and so to get back unscathed to his place. It was a dangerous trick, the penalty of which, if it had been detected, I dare not contemplate. I know but of this one boy who tried it.

These things were matters of routine; but there were special breaches of the law for which one might smart to a somewhat agonising extent. Playing truant, lying, damaging school furniture, fighting, scratching, or wrangling during school-hours, and disorders of the same heinous character, were followed by acts of justice which did not fail to arouse the attention and the emotions of the whole community. When the sufferer was small, our preceptor delighted to get his left hand on the neck, so as to bend the body and tighten the broadcloth or corduroy; the cane then would come down with telling effect, the number of clean cuts so administered being dependent on the time it took for the little wretch to wriggle himself from under the grip of the left hand. The escape, when achieved, was but a renewal of grief; the ferula followed, came up with the retreating victim, the left hand, after a little scuffling, secured him again like a vice; once more he bent his neck to the burden, and once more came the sharp anguish, eliciting more yells and renewed struggles to free the neck. This entertainment was prolonged at

the discretion of one of the parties to it.

A bigger boy was caned ferociously up and down the school-room; he could get away now and then from his oppressor, who was obese and halted on one leg; but he was sure to be overtaken at some point of disadvantage, of which there were many in his career. At every goal of this kind he got a volley of stripes, some of them backhanded, to vary the pastime. This exercise generally terminated through the pursuing party getting blown. I had myself once the honour of undergoing a whacking which was memorable for this reason—videlicet, I had on a suit of clothes only a few days' old, the jacket whereof was gay with three rows of bright buttons like in pattern to those consecrated in these days to pages. That was the style in which boys were got up in the days of my youth. What my fault was I do not at this time remember; I know it was nothing remarkably bad. I should add, that being tall for my age, I was, though a young boy, not subjected to the left-hand process, but punished, like my seniors, in the vertical position; and so punished was I that the buttons flew off my new jacket under the strokes until the garment was bare, and I know not for how long after. A boy of my own age, who is still living, picked the buttons up as they fell, and presented them to me after school.

There were youths of all ages, say from seventeen down to six, in this seminary. The master never attempted to punish the biggest boys corporally; but there were several sturdy fellows in their early teens whom he would vigorously assail, and I marvel much that some of these while smarting did not turn upon their execu-

tioner, who, as I said, was corpulent, and not firm on his understanding. I remember particularly a big and smart boy having been detected one day as the author of some very ingenious and rather deep woodcuts on a desk. Without hesitation his instructor assailed him, and administered a tremendous dose of his favourite remedy. When he paused, the boy, maddened with pain, shook his head in a threatening manner, whereupon he was again set upon and lashed till even to our accustomed experience the infliction seemed awful. This was an active and very plucky boy—one whom I have seen thrash other boys much bigger than himself. If he had turned upon his assailant he could, I am quite sure, have overset him; and then, we being all exceeding hot, it is hard to say what might have happened—manslaughter perhaps.

But there was never the least attempt at resistance, which proved that our master knew his business in respect of keeping his pupils in awe of him as he did in other respects also. It is not a Dotheboys Hall which I am describing. There was there no more idea of "doing" the boys of their money's worth of instruction than of their allowance of punishment. Every boy was carefully taught and made to work. It was a very hard establishment to be idle in. The chief and his assistants worked harder than any of the boys. They claimed no indulgence or absence for their own convenience. Notwithstanding what I have stated concerning the terrorism in which we were kept, there was a mode of showing favour to steady or industrious boys. It may read oddly after the story I have told about having my buttons flogged off, but I was, on the whole, a favourite. I was

quick at learning by heart, had a good memory, and, in addition, had a fancy for acting, which caused me to come out strong at recitations; so that I was not half miserable. The hours of study were not very long. We did not start till nine in the morning, and finished at four in the afternoon, an interval of two hours being allowed in the middle of the day. There were tasks, but not hard ones, to be prepared in the evening.

The schoolmaster himself worked liked a horse. When not engaged in his chief vocation he had endless odd jobs in the way of penmanship and accounts to do. In private life he could be mild and genial, and he was often enough facetious. He could sing a good song too. Although he would certainly if he had done some of his deeds in this generation have gone to penal servitude, yet I believe him to have been a conscientious man. I hope that in giving an account of what would, in these days, be called his enormities, I have not written with abhorrence, for I feel no such thing. Indeed I owe him much for the instruction that he gave me; and whenever I met him (which I often did) after I left his school, we were on the kindest terms.

I parted from my severe friend when nine or ten years of age, and changed to a provincial grammar-school presided over by a reverend gentleman of very considerable attainments. He was a tall handsome man, stiff in manner, but courteous and honourable, and with an excellent ability of conveying instruction. But he, too, believed in punishments; and though he was very just and seldom showed temper, his chastisements were remarkably sharp. If I were to live through a millennium

I should never forget how to spell the word "especially." Such a calamity overtook me for putting a double *s* where the *c* ought to be as must remain a caution for ages. I will mention, too, another *souvenir* of the discipline at this seminary. My reputation there for industry was not bad, but for some reason or other the head-master thought it necessary to administer to me one day a quiet exhortation of some length. He held his cane in his hand while he spoke, and with it kept tapping first one of my arms then the other, and, though he only hit from his elbow, the effect was highly disagreeable to me. However, the lecture came to an end at last, and my pain went also away. A day or two after, I perceived that both my arms from the shoulders to the wrists were quite black with bruises, and I wondered what the deuce had come to me, my first idea being that I had some strange disease. It was not till after long thinking that I connected the black skin with the taps which accompanied my admonition.

With this head-master we worked from six o'clock to six, with intervals amounting to three hours and a quarter, except for a few weeks in the depth of winter. Besides this, there were heavy tasks to get up over night. The doctors would stand nothing like it now. The reverend gentleman was indefatigable, and never tired of teaching while he thought he could put any fresh knowledge into us. I remember many of his maxims and rules, which are to me still like oracles, though I am now a much older man than ever

he lived to be. When I first left him I may have perhaps been a little resentful at his grand manners and his heavy arm, but year by year since then I have become more sensible of my obligation to him. I was barely fifteen when I was taken from school to begin a professional education. Since those days I have had the pleasure of paying for a son to a public school about six times as much as my schooling ever cost, and I have compared the results at the age of fifteen, greatly to the disadvantage of the public school. My boy can silence me as to football or cricket; but as to classics or history I only wish he could have been under my old master, to whom I owe the best part of my small knowledge, and but for whose conscientious care of my boyhood I should certainly not now enjoy the honour of writing in 'Maga.'

Although I have been led away a little from my main subject, which was modern school punishments, I think I have shown why I cannot be horror-stricken at hearing of a box on the ear or a stroke across the shoulders. I quite admit that if there had been more moderation and more discrimination observed towards my contemporaries and me, we should have been relieved from considerable affliction, and been no worse off in regard to attainments. But one extreme may be avoided without shifting to the opposite extreme. We are treating youths now as if they were egg-shells or wafer-cakes, and this tenderness is good for them neither in respect of their present progress nor their future stoutness of heart.

CLOSE BOROUGHS.

Close boroughs were assailed with much acrimony at the time when the great rage for Parliamentary Reform was convulsing the country, previous to 1832; ever since, they have been traditionally held in abhorrence as some of the most iniquitous inventions of statecraft, only requiring to be named that they may be denounced. One reason why we retain towards them the odium with which their political enemies of those days delighted to cover them, is that they ceased to exist when the Reform Act was passed; nobody since then has thought it worth while to disinter them to do justice to their memory; so it remains embedded in all the calumny and vindictive aspersion in which they died.

They may have outlived the time in which they could be useful. I am not sure that they did that; but I have no doubt that for a long time after their birth they were excellent institutions. Their corporations were called into existence and maintained by royal charters, and the restrictions which they made of local power shut out only the most ignorant and most inconsiderate, leaving ample room for all who were by position or education competent to deal with affairs.

Some of them outlived the prosperity of the towns, and such places ought, of course, to have been disfranchised, whether they were open or close boroughs. Not having been so treated, they became tempting targets for the reformers, who were hurling execrations and abuse at everything ancient and established. I fear, too, that charters were in latter days granted, for the gratification of influential

persons, to places of too little importance to be distinguished by incorporation, and these also were mocked and duly stigmatised when the day of wrath came. There was a little place in Cornwall named St Mawes, the inhabitants of which were often tauntingly asked on which side of the street their mayor lived, the jest of the question lying in the fact that the whole place consisted of a row of houses facing a sea-beach. There are sad old stories, too, about close boroughs whose aldermen and burgesses, owing to lapse of time or to undue incorporation, represented hardly any one but themselves. In such case their sole functions were to administer the funds of the corporation, if it had any, and to vote for the election of borough members to sit in Parliament. They always, it was said, fulfilled the latter part of their office—*i.e.*, voted—according to the dictation of some nobleman or other magnate who, by one contrivance or another, managed to get them under his thumb. Very corrupt work was reported from some quarters, where there was talk of a corporation dinner after every election, on sitting down to which each voter lifted his plate and found a bank-note under it.

Some wealthy peers and others had the credit each of controlling the elections of perhaps two or three such boroughs; and one sees how a man in this position could often make his own terms with a Ministry. Indeed, if we can believe all the stories (many of which were, as I must say again, of doubtful authenticity, having been circulated by a rancorous political party to further its own ends), it was not an unknown thing

for a patron of boroughs to threaten withdrawal of his borough votes if a favour were refused him by the Minister. "Meet my wishes or not as you like," he would say, "but remember that I can influence half-a-dozen votes, and I shall not feel bound to support a Cabinet which will not oblige me."

Supposing some of the close boroughs to be as corrupt as they were reputed to be, they certainly deserved the epithet "rotten" which reformers loved to apply not only to them, but, judging all from a few, to all close boroughs, the objects of their distinguished dislike. I do not know anything, except what I may have got by public rumour concerning these very bad specimens of close boroughs. When I look back to what was said of them, I remember also how Mr Charles Buller, an earnest reformer, and a man not likely to falsely charge his own side in the matter of reform, said that the Act was carried by *enormous lying*.

Any trustworthy information which I possess on the subject relates to close boroughs which had not forfeited their claim to charters, which, after the passing of the Reform Act, continued to return as many members to Parliament as they had returned in their "close" days, and the burgesses of which could not be dealt with as mere tools or counters. In these there were, as I think, always two parties, each very desirous to have the upper hand; and this rivalry was a strong defence against gross or widespread corruption. There was, it is true, generally (perhaps always) a patron of some wealth and influence; but he, or his party in the town, had always a more or less strong opposition to deal with, and so had need to be careful.

The corporations elected, by the

votes of a majority, members to fill vacancies in cases of death or resignation. It required a certain number to "make a hall,"—that is, to be legally competent to the transaction of business; and, as the necessary quorum was somewhere about half the corporation, it would at first sight appear as if there were little or no danger of deaths or casual absences ever leaving the numbers too low to make a hall. Nevertheless it did sometimes occur that elections were made with insufficient numbers, and that charters were forfeited through such illegality. And the difficulties were created on this wise. The corporation would be almost equally divided, but, owing to deaths, casual absences, or sickness, neither party alone could make a hall, though the two parties together could much more than do it. The weaker of the two parties would, in such circumstances, absent themselves from hall on business days, thus leaving the stronger party incapable of acting at all. The object of this embarrassing conduct was to bring the stronger party to terms, and to secure to the weaker, at the least, a small share in the nomination of new members, or some other party advantage, as the price of their attendance. But the stronger side was not always inclined to compromise; and such things were known as the continuance of these obstructions until the two parties together could not make the required hall. Then, in a fright, they would perhaps attempt to remedy matters with an insufficient number, and lose their charter if any one thought it worth while to call attention to their proceedings.

Judging the matter simply by what I have said, it would appear as if when a few vacancies existed in a corporation, and the minority

happened to be strong, there could have been no remedy against obstruction when there was a disposition to resort to it. But such an idea would be altogether wrong. There was a remedy, and a pretty effectual one, only it cost trouble and money ; and therefore there was always a disposition to postpone recourse to it, in the hope that easier methods might serve the purpose—a hope which often led to the difficulties and disasters that have been mentioned.

The remedy was a *mandamus* from the Court of King's Bench which might compel the attendance of the whole corporation, except such as could give a sufficient reason for non-appearance. This instrument baffled the device of not making a hall, and gave opportunity to the majority of ordering elections or other matters as it thought right.

According to my information concerning these institutions, I suppose that if any person, after reading the political speeches made *cir.* 1830 against close boroughs and the gross corruption imputed to them, were to examine the proceedings of some close boroughs of the best class, he would be astonished at the paucity and the insignificance of the actual misdeeds. There were always some tradesmen among the burgesses, and these no doubt were employed on the public works of the borough. But they were, at the same time, leading men in their trades, whose services would probably have been in request if there had been no charter at all. I never heard it suggested that they overcharged for their work. There may have been cases where needy men got help from the patron in cash, but I never heard such doings spoken of as common. What *was* spoken about was the procuring of public

appointments, through the influence of the patron or the members, for burgesses and their sons ; but I do not know that the suppression of close boroughs has put a stop to practices of this sort. I do know of one small bit of treating which, by the paltriness of it, rather testifies against the prevalence of gross abuse. A poor old man who had seen better days had fallen into abject poverty ; he had none to care for or to help him : he must have gone into the workhouse if relief had not been found. But he was a capital burgess, the only benefit which survived the days of prosperity, and some mysterious power (I supposed the patron) was pleased to keep him from starving. What was done for him was harsh and miserable enough. I never heard a soul complain that he was sustained, but I have heard of many who cried shame on the niggardly style in which it was done.

As these patrons had in most instances exceptionally long purses, and were not always very careful of their wealth, it is surprising to me how little expenditure, either public or private, can be proved or traced. I have in my mind a patron who could have spent four or five thousand a-year on each of his boroughs without feeling the charge, but there is nothing to warrant the conclusion that amounts approaching those were ever spent. I remember, in their latter days, men who had been his agents—men who, I doubt not, might have enriched themselves if they had chosen to misuse their opportunities for that purpose ; but they died poor. They certainly did not do honour to their noble principal by liberality of any kind ; they were more careful of his coin than he would have been himself.

I cannot ascertain that the man-

agement of the borough properties, or the administration of justice, was improved when the boroughs ceased to be close. I know that many of them then elected mayors and aldermen, and sent members to Parliament, of whom they might well be ashamed; while their public offices in the close days were always respectably filled, and their members, nominees of the patron though they were called, were generally men of high standing and character.

The mayors of old days were, I fancy, men of considerable importance. With their councils they could hold courts, try transgressors for minor offences, and sentence to whippings and imprisonments. Whether legally or not I dare not say, but mayors exercised very arbitrary authority in cases of drunkenness or riotous behaviour—that is to say, they would, without ceremony, order their officers to pick up the offenders and lodge them during pleasure in the cage or the stocks. I have seen an unfortunate spending a Sunday in the latter duress,—the compensation, probably, for the jovial use to which he put the foregoing vigil. He reposed in an area railed in but open to view; his seat was a bundle of straw, and one leg passed through the simple apparatus, which was locked down upon the captive limb. Had such a sufferer happened to be unpopular as well as disorderly, he might have encountered the inconveniences of the pillory.

The wars of the factions in the old corporations were sometimes very bitter. Families quarrelled over borough politics, would not visit or speak, and did all they could to injure each other. The feuds have been known to lead to gross anonymous libels. While such divisions were in being, the

little borough societies were sadly rent; but fortunately the causes of rivalry came to an end somehow, and then a common need brought back harmony, for it required union of all the respectable people that could be mustered to render one of the communities capable of effective action either for pleasure or the public good.

The days may come again—may not be far off—when a seat in the House of Commons will no longer be an object of desire, when a member may be chosen and required to perform parliamentary duties contrary to his own wish. When such time may come, it is not unlikely that a revival of the close boroughs may provide better machinery for municipal government than the present system, and that the government by a few select inhabitants may be readily submitted to when votes for members of Parliament are unsolicited, and are consequently found to have lost their value.

I have remarked above on the wild expectations that were formed before the passing of the Reform Act of 1832. “Enormous lying” may, as Mr Buller said, have had much to do with these; but I believe that the more imaginative of the people, once set dreaming, invented for themselves a great many of the beatitudes. They will, in even quiet times, be found to cherish the conviction that there are a number of institutions maintained by law, the abolition of which would at once open the door to general prosperity and happiness. A very little agitation, therefore, in the destructive direction soon conjured up visions of a golden age. But in the case of the reform movement, the agitation was *not* a little one. By reckless and unbounded promises, and by wildest visions of the bless-

ings that were to be produced, people were wrought to a pitch of desire which made them demand the change, as if their lives and their salvation had depended on it becoming law.

"I'm panting for the day, Master Tom, when every poor man will sit down to his roast-beef and plum-pudding of a Sunday, and a twopenny loaf will last his family for a week," said a labourer of those days to his master's son—a labourer who was not among the most extravagantly dazzled. A

few months after, his note was, "Master Tom, I'm thinking that there Reform was no reform at all: 'twas a take in." The poor workman has been dead a long while, "not having received the promises;" but "Master Tom," who told me of him, is still to the fore. No disappointment of the kind makes the multitude distrustful for more than five years. At the end of that period they are ready to begin again, and to go over the old ground to a fresh discovery that they have failed.

AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM OF EVERY DAY.

I think that we shall square the circle, trisect an angle, perhaps discover the fourth dimension which was so much talked of a year or two since, before we get any just notion of the law which orders the bringing together of persons in holy matrimony. There must be certain conditions which, remaining unfulfilled, given subjects will not wed, which, being fulfilled, marriage will follow as the night the day; but what these conditions may be is the question to be solved. Proverbial wisdom does not help us much in this direction; indeed the saying, "marriages are made in heaven," seems to give the thing up as an earthly problem. I am thinking more particularly of a woman's chances of becoming a wife, and, think as I will, I can get no clear idea about her. Beauty, according to inexperienced and inconsiderate talk, is the great and only warranty that its possessor is destined for the holy estate. But beauty, as we learn before we grow very old, is a very fallible criterion. In what a large number of instances do beautiful women, with means and appliances to boot, end their

days in single blessedness,—some as imperial votaresses who do not care, or do not choose, to take mates—some as victims of circumstances which will not work together for the hymeneal end! I remember in my youth to have been acquainted with two lovely young women, sisters, who were said to have made the voyage to Calcutta three times in search of husbands, and to have come back the third time unwedded. And I can think of a number of other attractive girls who never hit on the right *partis*.

Perhaps, however, observers are less puzzled by beautiful girls who remain single, than by girls, something more than plain, who are sought and won as eagerly as if they were Helens. This, *teste* the divine William, is because lovers are frantic, and see Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt. But theirs is only an occasional defect of vision. Some lovers use their eyes rightly enough. And by what agency, when they do admire a brow of Egypt, is their perception misled? We know how Puck practised on the lovers in Athens, and how, regarding his own work, he re-

marked, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" He might have spared us this sneap, seeing that his own queen had been enamoured of an ass. But again, I ask, who does Puck's office when one of us is smitten by a brow of Egypt? Who interferes when the eyesight becomes again natural or normal? Who is to decide what is the normal direction of admiration? A more profound question still is, Why do we trouble ourselves about brows at all?

I have been getting swamped by these questions as I asked them in succession, and this last has taken me quite out of my depth. Candidly recognising which immersion, I leave my questions to the philosophers, and proceed to mention a case which has been brought to my knowledge, wherein a woman with very little (according to ordinary appreciation) to recommend her, subdued swains and carried them away captive, while probably some Helens with real Grecian brows made little progress in the subjugation of males.

My little notice shall be of a young woman, the daughter of a well-to-do tradesman, Suzy Wilton by name and undoubtedly no beauty. Affable and good-natured she on the other hand was, and this probably was the reason why nobody spoke of her as ugly, though it was useless to deny that she was very unattractive.

When she was approaching womanhood, a sad blow fell upon Suzy. Her mother, of whom she was very fond, sickened quite suddenly, and in two or three days was no more. The girl's grief was such as it rent one's heart to witness. "If the tears would only come," she groaned, "but they won't. God knows how wretched I am. Oh that I could

cry!" There was a very general sympathy with her. No human means sufficed to calm her mind; but at last she saw a way of diverting her thoughts from the constant contemplation of her grief.

The Wiltons had been considered to be Church-going people; nevertheless (as was not very uncommon) they had some seats in a Dissenting chapel, which were used by them occasionally. It came out, however, chiefly from what Suzy herself told, that her mother had been more attached to the chapel and its frequenters than she had let all the world know. It struck the girl that it would be a becoming tribute to the judgment and persuasion of her deceased parent, if she, Suzy, were to openly join the society of the sect which owned the chapel, and were to devote herself to all good works as sanctioned and recommended by it. The idea gave the first relief to her melancholy. She became a most earnest member, and by constant attention to religious duties, she was able to assuage her sorrows. It was the nearest approach that she, a Protestant, could make towards taking the veil; nevertheless she would have been shocked and highly indignant if any one had compared her proceedings to those of a nun.

I don't know why, but there certainly used to be an implicit, if not an explicit, belief in many that real hearty religion could not be followed within the pale of the Establishment. Less ceremony, with more sentiment and more effusion, seemed necessary to heartfelt devotion. To those who thus thought, nonconformity offered the only rest for their souls when they felt impelled to gratify intense hunger and thirst after righteousness.

Suzy Wilton encountered her duties with cheerfulness and courage—cheerfulness, that is to say, as compared with her late condition. She, being naturally strong and energetic, soon found that she could get through a very great deal of charitable work; and she did not spare herself, but taxed her energies to the extent of their ability. Her zeal and industry soon attracted the attention of the fraternity.

Things had advanced thus far, Suzy having been at work some few weeks, when a young man in the town was afflicted with a very dangerous illness. He had friends of his own, a mother and sisters, and he could scarcely be said to belong to any religious persuasion. Yet, for some reason, Suzy visited his sick-room, took, first a smaller, then a larger, share of the nursing, until at last she became his principal, if not his sole, nurse.

The youth was a weak being, with a great deal of bounce and loquacity. It is not certain that he was idle; but there was little evidence of his having good principles, and some of his dispositions were decidedly towards vice. The look of the creature indicated his character—a body with the joints only half screwed up, an expressionless countenance, a thickness in his speech, and a rambling walk, were the points in his personality which first struck a beholder. Most likely it was the attempt to live faster than his bodily strength was equal to (for he much affected the character of a shrewd bold companion) that laid him on a bed of sickness; but of this I am not certain.

Suzy Wilton, I fancy, had heard an account of his ungodly doings—no doubt an exaggerated account, founded on his own boastings and loud talk—for really he

was, as I have said, a very poor *scélérat*. But women often cannot discriminate in these cases; and it is likely that she took him at his own price, and hoped that, while caring for his natural man, she might wake him up to a sense of his spiritual imperfection. She went to work on him, tended him tenderly and faithfully, and, as I suppose, used the *mollia tempora fandi* to convince him of his wickedness and urge him to repentance. Thanks to her unflagging care, he began to look up again, after having been at the very gates of death—after having “smelt brimstone,” as one of his late associates expressed it. Through a very long convalescence his strength gradually and slowly returned; and, as the natural man revived, a new spirit awoke within him. He had lain down on his bed a scoffer and an evil liver; he rose up a trembling penitent, hating his former life and desiring to expiate his misdeeds by devoting himself henceforth to religion and virtue. Not unnaturally, too, he took the earliest opportunity of enrolling himself in the religious society to which Suzy belonged. It was through one of its members that he had been rescued from the burning, and it must be under its banner that he would fight the good fight by which he was resolved to win his crown.

It was most edifying to hear this convert, as he began to move about again, expressing his thankfulness that he had been afflicted, and acknowledging that his severe trial had been the means of bringing him to mercy and peace. In this humble frame of mind he went back to his occupation, carefully withdrawing himself from his former friends and associating with godly brethren. But before long he was conscious of other workings

within him than those of the Spirit. His joy and gratitude took an amatory direction. He felt that Suzy, in turning his heart, had possessed herself of its best affections. Life, to be tolerable, must be spent in intimate communion with her; she must lie in his bosom and be his wife.

Poor Suzy, meek and unassuming, had never dreamed even of the flame that she had kindled. When brother Elias hinted at longings, she failed to understand him; and when he at last spoke so plainly as to obviate mistake, she was frightened, and indignant at the idea of the relations between them being other than spiritual. But girls may sometimes be converted as to these matters; and Suzy, though she stood a long siege, felt herself to be yielding to her lover's persistence. Elias represented to her that he had need of her constant support and guidance to enable him to run the race that was set before him; he promised to be to her till death the most loving of husbands; he implored her to be pitiful and to grant his suit. The society, to whom Elias had revealed his grief, and whose assistance he had asked, looked with much favour on the match, and exhorted Suzy to be compliant. Her relations were not half so well pleased; but Elias went to her father, and made such protestations and representations, that the family opposition was at last withdrawn, or became very feeble. They could not but reflect that here was a husband offering for Suzy who had given some guarantee that he intended to be steady, and that if he were rejected, it might be long before another would turn up.

Suzy, not without deep reflection and many prayers for guidance, yielded at last, and Elias

declared himself to be supremely happy.

Neither party was quite without means, and so it was hoped that, with Elias's business, the couple might manage very well. No one saw any advantage in postponing the nuptials now that the affair was settled, and an early day was fixed. The short interval rolled away without incident except that a tiresome business matter took Elias from home some three or four days before the wedding, and he was to return only on the previous evening. It was a tempestuous night, pouring with rain, but the gallant Elias returned on horseback, making light of the exposed ride of about fifteen miles. On that same evening a lady who had taken some interest in Suzy at the time of her mother's death went to see her on this the last night of her spinsterhood. To the lady's surprise she found that Elias had already returned, and that before divesting himself of any of his drenched apparel he had hastened to his beloved Suzy, with whom he yet lingered. Splashed, soaked, and in every way weather-beaten, he presented a disordered spectacle.

"Indeed, Mr Grose," said the lady (Grose was Elias's surname, and the name which he was about to bestow upon Suzy Wilton)—"indeed, Mr Grose, you are an undaunted cavalier, to have come so many miles through such a dreadful storm."

To which Elias answered, pointing to Suzy, "There is a prize, Miss Digby, for which a man might well encounter trials a thousand times worse than a stormy night. Who would think of the elements when *she* was to be won?"

Elias, who could be prodigal of his aspirates, said *helements*, but

never mind. I believe that he spoke with entire sincerity, and that he was as deeply in love as Suzy could have desired; which promised well for their future. They were going to reside at first in a neighbouring town, there being a business opening there which it was thought that Mr Grose could turn to account.

And then Suzy Wilton's wedding-day arrived. She had quite got over her tremors, and was all smiles and happiness. Her costume was prim, but exceedingly neat—as well calculated, probably, to make the best of her appearance as anything she could have put on. But bad, it must be admitted, was the best. Poor Suzy owned a great round face with colourless eyes and staring nostrils; a kind, good-humoured countenance, but not fair to look upon. She was of medium height, but nature had set her head awkwardly on her shoulders, and her waist, which was of considerable girth, was too long or too short, for it did not fit in, and made her form far from graceful. Then, if the inspection was carried down to the basement, a pair of feet were seen flat and spreading, such as might belong to an ill-shaped colossus; and above the said feet began such shafts as are not excellent things in woman. Yet, with so many imperfections on her head or elsewhere, there she stood arrayed for the altar, after having had her favour solicited and entreated for as a princess might be wooed.

The wedding was solemnised in the parish church (no Nonconformist would, in those days, have been married anywhere else for the world); it was very quiet on the whole: Elias made a little approach towards bravery, but did not exceed the bounds which his new connection allowed. Yet, though

the wedding-party proper was small, the church was nearly filled with well-wishers of Suzy, who had managed to make to herself troops of friends that came to bid her God-speed. There were also present a few *quondam* friends of Mr Grose, who came to jeer at him; and of course any ill-natured remark that may have been made came from this quarter. One of these companions tried his wit by saying, "Well, by Jove! she's an ugly devil, and no mistake;" but the scoff was not at all relished or responded to. The little world of the place was inclined to view the alliance kindly and hopefully, and did not tolerate slighting remarks.

Old Mr Wilton gave an early dinner to the bride and bridegroom, and to a very few relations and intimate friends. After the meal, people of all sorts and conditions came to make little presents, and to offer congratulations and blessings, till Suzy, quite unconscious of the estimation in which she had been held, fairly gave way, and wept copiously in her fulness of heart. Then by-and-by came the carriage, lent by an acquaintance for the occasion, which took off the happy pair to their new home, pagan and superstitious practices, such as the throwing of rice and old shoes, being carefully refrained from.

A blank, so to speak, of a few months comes here—a sort of neutral period, during which occasional happy reports were received in Suzy's birthplace. There was much holy joy and a fair beginning of prosperity. Mr Grose's health was completely restored, and he was getting quite robust. Suzy Grose said the lines had fallen to her in pleasant places; she could never be sufficiently thankful; she did not know how she had deserved so much contentment.

And then, as the initiated will understand, there were little suggestive inquiries after Mrs Grose's health, accompanied by "nods and becks and wreathèd smiles," indications that there was abroad in the world an expectation that the house of Grose might be underpropped shortly by a fair new pillar, a pledge of Elias's and Suzy's enduring love. But the pantomimic signs did not continue, and they were succeeded by short colloquies, eked out, no doubt, by nods and shrugs, but certainly offering no occasion for smiles. Not to keep back the truth too long, there were grave rumours in the air hinting that the harmony in Mr Grose's household did not continue to be of pristine completeness, but that some of the rubs and whips of life were beginning to show themselves there. The mere suspicion of such a state of things awoke sincere regret in the hearts of very many benevolent persons; and as for the number of those who, with complacent faces, exclaimed, "Ah, I told you so!" it could scarcely be counted.

Bad, however, as the intelligence was, it was ere long followed by worse and more distinct. It was now plainly stated that Mr Grose's behaviour had been on several occasions such as did not become a saint. It was farther asserted that Mrs Grose's endeavours to recall him to a sense of duty and propriety had not only been of small effect, but had been met by unloving snaps and not very correct language on the part of her husband. A great grief of mind was this to Mrs Grose, and indeed to the pious world generally, who could not but be aware to some extent of brother Elias's drawing back his hand from the plough. But they consoled themselves with the hope that he would be given

again to their prayers, and that these lapses were the consequences of Satan's last fell efforts, from whose kingdom Elias had been rescued, and who could not be expected to surrender his prey without a struggle. Did not the devils delight to rend and tear their victims before they gave up possession?

But Mr Grose's longing look behind at the flesh-pots of Egypt was also a lingering look. He did not, as was hoped, turn himself again, and make for Canaan with his face thitherward; but inclined more and more to the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. The seed, it was to be feared, had encountered but thorns in his heart; he endured for a while, but the thorns were bristling fast again, and he had become unfruitful.

Suzy made one or two visits about this time to her father and her old friends. She was sorely troubled, no doubt; but she was a courageous woman. She had known sorrow before, she knew how to face it again; she was but too agonisingly alive to the magnitude of her affliction, yet her true piety would not allow her to yield herself to absorbing grief. She was more than a conqueror; and though nobody doubted her distress, none could fail to note the brave spirit in which she was enabled to endure it.

It seemed that, by the time of her second visit to her home, things had become very unhappy. She took counsel with many of the elder sisters. She was, in my opinion, a stouter woman, with more true religious strength, than any of them; but she felt, no doubt, the natural craving to tell her griefs somewhere. And she did this not as asking for pity and a commingling of tears, but to try herself and ascertain whether any-

thing in her own conduct had been injudicious or impatient. Her good-for-nothing husband had, it appears, when, alas! not sober, taunted her with her uninviting person and asked "how the devil a man could be expected to delight himself with a home that had such an unsightly monster in it." Neither was that quite the cruellest thing that he said. "Now I told Elias," said Suzy, "I told him often, while he was addressing me, to be very careful that he knew his own mind, that I was fully conscious how unattractive my person was, and that I feared he might afterwards feel wearied and disappointed; and he answered in such a way as could leave no doubt of his sincerity. I am afraid now that I was too much pleased and blinded to the truth by his flattering words, and that I ought, God help me! to have still denied him. But I thought I was acting for the best; indeed I did." All her friends thought her so right, so imbued with true charity, that while they pitied they cordially admired her too.

It is an unpleasant task to follow the downward course of a weak man who is yielding himself to folly. Elias Grose, as he did not try to mend, was sure enough to fall lower. The unclean spirit which had gone out of him unhappily returned. I do not say that this spirit now introduced seven others, because in the days of his old habitation he had had a fairly large array of demoniacal associates; but the old tenants resumed occupation, and Elias's state was as unpromising as it had been before his severe illness. His business was much neglected, and it fell away from him. The patience of the brethren was worn out. After much long-suffering they pronounced him a backslider, and ex-

pelled him from the society. Being mostly in liquor, he was defiant and contumacious, appearing to glory in iniquity; and the iniquity came to be of an exceeding bad kind, such as it is hardly fitting, certainly not agreeable, to describe.

Through all this Suzy held fast her integrity. She suffered with great patience; but she left undone nothing that might avail to bring back her scamp of a husband to a sense of his dangerous condition. Her influence, it is only too true, had quite gone. He would not listen to her; her remonstrances elicited only reviling and ill-treatment. The wretched soul was compelled to witness daily a degradation which she could not stay. She could only pray, and beseech her brethren to pray, that a higher Power would be pleased to effect the good work which was beyond their achievement — that Providence would interfere on the lost being's behalf.

Providence did interfere.

Mr Grose, while yet leading an undeniably vicious life, was attacked by indisposition and obliged to take advice. His disorder did not show the least inclination to yield to the doctor's remedies, but became worse. In a very short time he was seen to be afflicted with the very disease which not two years since had so nearly terminated his career. Though they did not tell him that it was the same complaint, he recognised his old enemy; and presently there flashed scorchingly on his mind the reflection that, as he had had no more than enough strength to resist its first attack, its second would in all probability destroy him. Thereupon an abject terror took possession of him. He was quite ready to confess, repent, ask pardon, or do anything else that could be

suggested to him, but horribly afraid that, after this relapse, there was no escape for him from the wrath to come.

Suzy again tended him tenderly, unremittingly. His old faith in her returned; and she, better than any one else, was able to compose his mind while she ministered to his bodily wants. He grew calm and hopeful at times, but would have piteous paroxysms of terror. He wished, as he said, that his days might be prolonged, only that he might expiate by a holy life the sad errors of former times. But that was not to be. For weal or for woe his end was approaching, and a dreadful deathbed his was. The poor creature, so arrogant and boastful when he felt no pain, could not, as old Lord Clyde said, "dee like a mon." All the same he died, and poor Suzy wept; but I cannot imagine that he was in any quarter very sincerely regretted.

Suzy Grose returned to her father's house, and by degrees resumed the habits of charitable work to which she had devoted herself before her marriage. Her position, however, was not exactly what it had been in her maiden days. The unlucky marriage and its antecedents had attracted to her a large amount of attention and sympathy; and the manner in which she had conducted herself all through the few months which formed so important a chapter in her biography, compelled high admiration from all sorts and conditions of people. Even the confirmed gossips and scandalmongers durst not wag a tongue except in her praise; and although her society might have objected to the word as having a Romish savour, the community had set an *auréole* about her plain features, and hers was perhaps the best known and most revered figure among them.

Now there was in the place a steady man of good position and means, who, if not clean past his youth, had not many years to write in that scroll. He was quiet and retiring, but greatly respected by all who were acquainted with him. So far as was known, he had never evinced an inclination towards matrimony, and the public voice confidently proclaimed him an immovable bachelor—which showed how little the public knew about him. He was only waiting, like the rest of us, till his name was called, and then he yielded to his fate with a perfect obedience.

This good citizen had from her early days regarded Suzy Grose with much approbation; he knew all about her early devotion, with the story of her first love, and was one of the loudest among those who praised her and wished her well when, as they thought, she settled in life; after that life became a tragedy, and when she came back in weeds to her own people, he pronounced her one in a thousand. Very shortly, I suspect, after her return, he decided that her price was far above rubies, and that, if he could persuade her to be the mistress of his house, she would do him good and not evil all the days of her life. The feeling that many daughters had done virtuously, but she excelled them all, gained strength within him as he watched her and often spoke with her during her first widowhood; and she had scarcely shorn away her long streamers, and moderated the ensigns of grief, when he laid himself and all his worldly goods at her feet, and implored her to take pity on his passion, and to make him the happiest of men.

If I have had the gift to sketch Suzy with any truth, nobody who

reads this will imagine that she dropped into his arms because he opened them, or that she again tried the estate which had already proved so terrible to her without long communing with her own heart, and long consideration of the prospect which this second marriage would open to her. But the honesty, sincerity, and good position of her lover were undoubted; it would have been difficult for the devil's advocate to establish a point against him morally; and the swain (I have not told it before), though not lively, was exceedingly well-looking.

The end of it all was that Suzy Grose once more yielded. Within the space of three years, there she stood, plain face, awkward figure, Mullingar heels and all, again decked as a bride, at the same altar, and before the same clergyman as at her former espousals. This time, I think, she found a suitable mate. She and her second husband lived together in great happiness and prosperity for many years. Many a more attractive woman would have been glad to know her secret for fascinating men and bringing them to their knees as suppliants. But I am not aware that she ever divulged it.

I have a strong suspicion that, supposing her to have never found a husband at all, Suzy Wilton would have cared as little for such a fate as any woman living. And yet two husbands in succession assailed her and would win her.

Such a case must be sufficiently provoking to the fishers of men who, with perhaps undeniable attractions, toil night after night and take no fish. Puck must certainly be at work to this day inciting some men to the removal of mountains for the attainment of their desires, and making union so smooth and obvious to others that even if they fail to seek matrimony, they break their shins against it. History and fiction abound with instances of chivalrous persistence on the part of lovers. I know no better instance of an indifferent man stumbling into a union than that of old Mr Weller, who suddenly met his destiny No. 2, by a chance visit to Doctors' Commons. And then, how wickedly vexatious are those cases where the worm i' the bud is at work, and where the captivating but unsuspecting swain would probably hail with rapture his good fortune if he only knew it! but Puck's veil is before his eyes, and so the two, instead of breasting the world together, strike off on separate paths. And, if I may venture on another illustration, what a satire on the wisdom of the wise was Puck's misguidance of Captain Cuttle's sagacious friend, Jack Bunsby, who was enthralled almost before he was aware by the fatal M'Stinger!

But as my ruminations do not seem to lead to an understanding of my subject—only to show that the comprehension of it is impossible—perhaps I had better turn to something else.

MARCO POLO.

IN the middle of the thirteenth century, two brothers of the Venetian family of Polo, established for a long time in the parish of S. Giovanni Chrisostomo, carrying on their business in the midst of all the tumults of the times as if there had been nothing but steady and peaceful commerce in the world—were at the head of a mercantile house at Constantinople, probably the branch establishment of some great counting-house at Venice. These seem prosaic terms to use in a story so full of adventure and romance; yet no doubt they represent as adequately as the changed aspect of mercantile life allows, the condition of affairs under which Niccolo and Matteo Polo exercised their vocation in the great Eastern capital of the world. Many Venetian merchants had established their warehouses and pursued the operations of trade in Constantinople in the security which repeated treaties and covenants had gained for them, and which, under whatsoever risks of revolution and political convulsions, they had held since the days when first a Venetian *Bailo*—an officer more powerful than a consul, with something like the rights and privileges of a governor—was settled in Constantinople. But the ordinary risks were much increased at the time when the Latin dynasty was drawing near its last moments, and Palæologus was thundering at the gates. The Venetians were on the side of the falling race; their constant rivals the Genoese had taken that of the rising; and no doubt the position was irksome as well as dangerous to those who had been the favoured nation, and once the con-

querors and all-potent rulers of the great capital of the East. Many of the bolder spirits would no doubt be urged to take an active part in the struggle which was going on; but its effect upon Niccolo and Matteo Polo was different. The unsatisfactory state of affairs prompted them to carry their merchandise farther East, where they had, it is supposed, already the standing-ground of a small establishment at Soldachia, on the Crimean peninsula. Perhaps, however, it is going too far to suppose that the commotions in Constantinople, and not some previously arranged expedition with milder motives, determined the period of their departure. At all events the dates coincide.

The two brothers set out in 1260, when the conflict was at its height, and all the horrors of siege and sack were near at hand. They left behind them, it would appear, an elder brother still at the head of the family counting-house at Constantinople—and taking with them an easily carried stock of jewels, went forth upon the unknown but largely inhabited world of Central Asia, full, as they were aware, of wonders of primitive manufacture, carpets and rich stuffs, ivory and spices, furs and leather. The vast dim empires of the East, where struggles and conquests had been going on, more tremendous than all the wars of Europe, though under the veil of distance and barbarism uncomprehended by the civilised world—had been vaguely revealed by the messengers of Pope Innocent IV., and had helped the Crusaders at various points against their enemies the Saracens. But neither they

nor their countries were otherwise known when these two merchants set out. They plunged into the unknown from Soldachia, crossing the Sea of Azof, or travelling along its eastern shores—and working their way slowly onward, sometimes lingering in the tents of a great chief, sometimes arrested by a bloody war which closed all passage, made their way at last to Bokhara, where all further progress seemed at an end, and where they remained three years, unable either to advance or to go back. Here, however, they had the good fortune to be picked up by certain envoys on their way to the court of “the Great Khan, the lord of all the Tartars in the world”—envoys sent by the victorious prince who had become master of the Levant, to that distant and mysterious potentate. These ambassadors, astonished to see the Frankish travellers so far out of the usual track, invited the brothers to join them, assuring them that the Great Khan had never seen any Latins, and would give them an eager welcome. With this escort the two Venetians travelled far into the depths of the unknown continent until they reached the city of Kublai Khan, that great prince shrouded in distance and mystery, whose name has been appropriated by poets and dreamers, but who takes immediate form and shape in the brief and abrupt narrative of his visitors, as a most courteous and gentle human being, full of endless curiosity and interest in all the wonders which these sons of Western civilisation could tell him. The great Khan received them with the most royal courtesy, questioning them closely about their laws and rulers, and still more about their religion, which seems to have excited the imagination and pleased the judgment of this calmly impartial in-

quirer. No doubt the manners and demeanour of the Venetians, devout Catholics in all the fervour habitual to their age and city, recommended their faith. So much interested, indeed, was the Tartar prince, that he determined to seek for himself and his people more authoritative teaching, and to send back his merchant-visitors with a petition to this effect addressed to the pope. No more important mission was ever intrusted to any ambassadors. They were commissioned to ask from the head of the Church a hundred missionaries to convert the Tartar multitudes to Christianity. These were to be wise persons acquainted with “the Seven Arts,” well qualified to discuss and convince all men by force of reason that the idols whom they worshipped in their houses were things of the devil, and that the Christian law was better than those—all evil and false—which they followed. And above all, adds the simple narrative, “he charged them to bring back with them some of the oil from the lamp which burns before the sepulchre of Christ at Jerusalem.”

The letters which were to be the credentials of this embassy were drawn out “in the Turkish language,” in all likelihood by the Venetians themselves; and a Tartar chief, “one of his barons,” was commissioned by the Great Khan to accompany them: he, however, soon shrank from the fatigues and perils of the journey. The Polo set out carrying with them a royal warrant, inscribed on a tablet of gold, commanding all men wherever they passed to serve and help them on their way. Notwithstanding this, it took them three years of travel, painful and complicated, before they reached Acre on their homeward—or rather Rome-ward—journey. There they heard, to their consternation, that

the pope was dead. This was terrible news for the ambassadors, who doubtless were fully sensible of the importance of their mission, and expected to fill Christendom with wonder and admiration. In their trouble they appealed to the highest ecclesiastic near, the pontifical legate in Egypt, who heard their story with great interest, but pointed out to them that the only thing they could do was to wait till a new pope was elected. This suggestion seems to have satisfied their judgment, although the conflicts over that election must have tried any but a very robust faith. The Poli then concluded—an idea which does not seem to have struck them before—that having thus certain time vacant on their hands, they might as well employ it by going to see their family in Venice. They had quitted their home apparently some dozen years before, Niccolo having left his wife there, who gave birth to a son shortly after his departure, and subsequently died. Colonel Yule suggests that the wife was dead before Niccolo left Venice, which would have given a certain explanation of the slight interest he showed in revisiting his native city. But at all events the brothers went home; and Niccolo found his child, whether born in his absence or left behind an infant, grown into a sprightly and interesting boy of twelve, no doubt a delightful discovery. They had abundant time to renew their acquaintance with all their ancient friends and associations, for months went by and still no pope was elected, nor does there seem to have been any ecclesiastical authority to whom they could deliver their letters. Probably, in that time, any enthusiasm the two traders may have had for the great work of converting those wild and wonderful regions of the

East had died away. Indeed the project does not seem to have moved any one save to a passing wonder; and all ecclesiastical enterprises were apparently suspended while conclave after conclave assembled and no result was attained.

At length the brothers began to tire of inaction, and to remember that through all these years of silence Kublai Khan was looking for them, wondering perhaps what delayed their coming, perhaps believing that their return home had driven all their promises from their memory, and that they had forgotten him and his evangelical desires. Stirred by this thought, they determined at last to return to their prince, and setting out, accompanied by young Marco, Niccolo's son, they went to Acre, where they betook themselves once more to the pious legate, Tebaldo di Piacenza, whom they had consulted on their arrival. They first asked his leave to go to Jerusalem to fetch the oil from the holy lamp, the only one of the Great Khan's commissions which it seemed possible to carry out; and then, with some fear apparently that their word might not be believed, asked him to give them letters, certifying that they had done their best to fulfil their errand, and had failed only in consequence of the strange fact that there was no pope to whom their letters could be delivered. Provided with these testimonials they started on their long journey, but had only got as far as Lagos on the Armenian coast, which was their point of entrance upon the wild and immense plains which they had to traverse, when the news followed them that the pope was at last elected, and was no other than their friend, the legate Tebaldo. A messenger, requesting their return to Acre, soon followed, and

the brothers and young Marco returned with new hopes of a successful issue to their mission. But the new pope, Gregory X., though he received them with honour and great friendship, had not apparently a hundred wise men to give them, nor the means of sending out a little Christian army to the conquest of heathenism. All that he could do for them was to send with them two brothers of the order of St Dominic, *frati predicatori*, to do what they could toward that vast work. But when the Dominicans heard that war had broken out in Armenia, and that they had to encounter not only a fatiguing journey, but all the perils of perpetual fighting along their route, they went no farther than that port of Lagos beyond which lay the unknown. The letters of privilege, indulgences no doubt, and grants of papal favour to be distributed among the Tartar multitude, they transferred hastily to the sturdy merchants—who were used to fighting as to most other dangerous things, and had no fear—and ignominiously took their flight back to the accustomed and known.

It is extraordinary, looking back upon it, to think of the easy relinquishment of such a wonderful chance as this would seem to have been. Pope and priests were all occupied with their own affairs. It was of more importance in their eyes to quell the Ghibellines than to convert and civilise the Tartars. And perhaps, considering that even an infallible pope is but a man, this conclusion was less wonderful than it appears; for Kublai Khan was a long way off, and very dim and undiscernible in his unknown steppes and strange primeval cities—whereas the emperor and his supporters were close at hand, and very sensible thorns in consecrated flesh. It seems some-

what extraordinary, however, that no young monk or eager preacher caught fire at the suggestion of such an undertaking. Some fifty years before, Fra Francisco from Assisi, leaving his new order and all its cares, insisted upon being sent to the Soldan to see whether he could not forestall the Crusaders and make all the world one, by converting that noble infidel—which seemed to him the straightforward and simple thing to do. If Francis had but been there with his poor brothers, vowed to every humiliation, the lovers of poverty, what a mission for them!—a crusade of the finest kind, with every augury of success, though all the horrors of the steppes, wild winters and blazing summers, and swollen streams, and fighting tribes lay in their way. And had the hundred wise men ever been gathered together, what a pilgrimage for minstrel to celebrate and story-teller to write, a new expedition of the saints, a holier Israel in the desert! But nothing of the kind came about. The two papal envoys, who had been the first to throw light upon those kingdoms beyond the desert, had no successors in the later half of the century. And with only young Marco added to their band, the merchant brothers returned, perhaps a little ashamed of their Christian rulers, perhaps chiefly interested about the reception they would meet with, and whether the great Kublai would still remember his luckless ambassadors.

The journey back occupied once more three years and a half. It gives us a strange glimpse into the long intervals of silence habitual to primitive life, to find that these messengers, without means of communicating any information of their movements to their royal patron, were more than eight years altogether absent on the mission

from which they returned with so little success. In our own days their very existence would probably have been forgotten in such a long lapse of interest. Let us hope that the holy oil from the sepulchre, the only thing Christianity could send to the inquiring heathen, was safely kept, in some precious bottle of earliest glass from Murano, or polished stone less brittle than glass, through all the dangers of the journey.

Thus the Poli disappeared again into the unknown for many years. Letters were not rife anywhere in those days; and for them, lost out of the range of civilisation, though in the midst of another full and busy world, with another civilisation, art, and philosophy of its own, there was no possibility of any communication with Venice or distant friends. It is evident that they sat very loose to Venice, having perhaps less personal acquaintance with the city than most of her merchant adventurers. Niccolo and Matteo must have gone to Constantinople while still young—and Marco was but fifteen when he left the lagoons. They had apparently no ties of family tenderness to call them back, and custom and familiarity had made the strange world around, and the half-savage tribes, and the primitive court with its barbaric magnificence, pleasant and interesting to them. It was nearly a quarter of a century before they appeared out of the unknown again.

By that time the Casa Polo in San Chrisostomo had ceased to think of its absent members. In all likelihood they had no very near relations left. Father and mother would be dead long ago; the elder brother lived and died in Constantinople; and there was no one who looked with any warm expectation for the arrival of the strangers. When there suddenly

appeared at the gate of the great family house full of cousins and kinsmen, one evening in the year 1295, about twenty-four years after their departure, three wild and travel-worn figures, in coats of coarse homespun like those worn by the Tartars, the sheepskin collars mingling with the long locks and beards of the wearers, their complexions dark with exposure, their half-forgotten mother tongue a little uncertain on their lips,—who could believe that these were Venetian gentlemen, members of an important family in the city which had forgotten them? The three unknown personages arrived suddenly, without any warning, at their ancestral home. One can imagine the commotion in the courtyard, the curious gazers who would come out to the door, the heads that would gather at every window, when it became known through the house that these wild strangers claimed to belong to it, to be in some degree its masters—the long-disappeared kinsmen, whose portion perhaps by this time had fallen into hands very unwilling to let it go. The doorway which still exists in the Corte della Sabionera, in the depths of the cool quadrangle, with its arch of Byzantine work, and the cross above, which every visitor in Venice may still see when he will behind San Chrisostomo, is, as tradition declares, the very door at which the travellers knocked and parleyed. The house was then, according to the most authentic account we have, that of Ramusio, *un bellissimo e molto alto palazzo*. Absolute authenticity it is perhaps impossible to claim for the story. But it was told to Ramusio, who flourished in the fifteenth century, by an old man, a distinguished citizen who, and whose race, had been established for

generations in the same parish in the immediate vicinity of the Casa Polo, and who had heard it from his predecessors there—a very trustworthy source of information. The family was evidently well off and important, and, in all probability, noble. “In those days,” says Colonel Yule, making, with all his learning, a mistake for once, “the demarcation between patrician and non-patrician at Venice, where all classes shared in commerce, all were (generally speaking) of one race, and where there were neither castles, domains, nor trains of horsemen, formed no very wide gulf.” This is an astounding statement to make in the age of the great conspiracy of Bajamonte Tiepolo; but as Marco Polo is always spoken of as noble, no doubt his family belonged to the privileged class.

The heads of the house gathered to the door to question the strange applicants; “for, seeing them so transfigured in countenance and disordered in dress, they could not believe that these were those of the Ca’ Polo who had been believed dead for so many and so many years.” The strangers had great trouble even to make it understood who they claimed to be. “But at last these three gentlemen conceived the plan of making a bargain that in a certain time they should so act as to recover their identity and the recognition of their relatives, and honour from all the city.” The expedient they adopted again reads like a scene out of the ‘Arabian Nights.’ They invited all their relatives to a great banquet, which was prepared with much magnificence “in the same house,” says the storyteller; so that it is evident they must already have gained a certain credence from their own nearest relations. When the hour fixed for the banquet came, the fol-

lowing extraordinary scene occurred:—

“The three came out of their chamber dressed in long robes of crimson satin, according to the fashion of the time, which touched the ground; and when water had been offered for their hands, they placed their guests at table, and then taking off their satin robes, put on rich damask of the same colour, ordering, in the meanwhile, that the first should be divided among the servants. Then, after eating something (no doubt a first course), they rose from table and again changed their dress, putting on crimson velvet, and giving as before the damask robes to the servants; and at the end of the repast they did the same with the velvet, putting on garments of ordinary cloth such as their guests wore. The persons invited were struck dumb with astonishment at these proceedings; and when the servants had left the hall, Messer Marco, the youngest, rising from the table, went into his chamber, and brought out the three coarse cloth surcoats in which they had come home. And immediately the three began with sharp knives to cut open the seams, and tear off the lining, upon which there poured forth a great quantity of precious stones, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, diamonds, and emeralds, which had been sewn into each coat with great care, so that nobody could have suspected that anything was there. For on parting with the Great Khan, they had changed all the wealth he bestowed upon them into precious stones, knowing certainly that if they had done otherwise, they never could, by so long and difficult a road, have brought their property home in safety. The exhibition of such an extraordinary and infinite treasure of jewels and precious stones which covered the table, once more filled all present with such astonishment that they were dumb and almost beside themselves with surprise; and they at once recognised these honoured and venerated gentlemen of the Ca’ Polo, whom at first they had doubted, and received them with the greatest honour and reverence. And when the story was spread abroad in Venice, the entire city, both nobles and people, rushed to the house to embrace them,

and to make every demonstration of loving-kindness and respect that could be imagined. And Messer Matteo, who was the eldest, was created one of the most honoured magistrates of the city; and all the youth of Venice resorted to the house to visit Messer Marco, who was most humane and gracious, and to put questions to him about Cathay and the Great Khan, to which he made answer with so much benignity and courtesy that they all remained his debtors. And because, in the continued repetition of his story of the grandeur of the Great Khan, he stated the revenues of that prince to be from ten to fifteen millions in gold, and counted all the other wealth of the country always in millions, the surname was given him of Marco Millione, which may be seen noted in the public books of the Republic. And the courtyard of his house from that time to this has been vulgarly called the Corte Millione."

It is scarcely possible to imagine that the narrator of the above wonderful story was not inspired by the keenest humorous view of human nature and perception of the character of his countrymen when he so gravely describes the effectual arguments which lay in the *gioie preciosissime*, the diamonds and sapphires which his travellers had sewed up in their old clothes, and which, according to all the laws of logic, were exactly fitted to procure their recognition "as honoured and venerated gentlemen of the Ca' Polo." The scene is of a kind which has always found great acceptance in primitive romance: the cutting asunder of the laden garments, the ripping up of their seams, the drawing forth of one precious little parcel after another amid the wonder and exclamations of the gazing spectators, are all familiar incidents in traditionary story. But in the present case this was a quite reasonable and natural manner of conveying the accumulations of a long period through all the perils of a three years' journey from far

Cathay; and there is nothing at all unlikely in the miraculous story, which no doubt would make a great impression upon the crowded surrounding population, and linger, an oft-repeated tale, in the alleys about San Chrisostom and along the Rio, where everybody knew the discreet and sensible family which had the wit to recognise and fall upon the necks of their kinsmen, as soon as they knew how rich they were. The other results that ensued, the rush of golden youth to see and visit Marco, who, though no longer young, was the young man of the party: and their questions, and the jeer of the new mocking title Marco Millione, follow the romance with natural human incredulity and satire and laughter. It is true, and proved by at least one public document, that the gibe grew into serious use, and that even the gravest citizens forgot after a time that Marco of the Millions was not the traveller's natural and sober name. There was at least one other house of the Poli in Venice, and perhaps there were other Marcos from whom it was well to distinguish him of San Chrisostom.

It would seem clear enough, however, from this, that these travellers' tales met with the fate that so often attends the marvellous narratives of an explorer. Marco's Great Khan, far away in the distance as of another world, the barbaric purple and gold of Kublai's court, the great cities out of all mortal ken, as the young men in their mirth supposed, the incredible wonders that peopled that remote and teeming darkness, which the primitive imagination could not believe in as forming part of its own narrow little universe — kept one generation at least in amusement. No doubt the sun-browned traveller had

all the desire to instruct and surprise his hearers, which comes natural to one who knew so much more than they, and was capable of being endlessly drawn out by any group of young idlers who might seek his company. They would thread their way through the labyrinth of narrow passages in all their medieval bravery, flashing along in party-coloured hose and gold-embroidered doublet on their way from the Broglio to get a laugh out of Messer Marco—who was always so ready to commit himself to some new prodigy.

But after a while the laugh died out in the grave troubles that assailed the Republic. The most dreadful war that had ever arisen between Venice and Genoa had raged for some time, through various vicissitudes, when the city at last determined to send out such an expedition as should at once overwhelm all rivalry. This undertaking stirred every energy among the population, and both men and money poured in for the service of the commonwealth. There may not be authentic proof of Colonel Yule's suggestion, that Marco Polo fitted out, or partially fitted out, one of the boats, and mounted his own flag at the mast-head, when it went into action. But the family were assessed on the value of one or more galleys, and he was certainly a volunteer in some capacity or other in the fleet, a defender of his country in the terrible warfare which was draining all her resources. The battle of Curzola took place in September 1298, and it ended in a complete and disastrous defeat for the Venetians. Of the ninety-seven galleys which sailed so bravely out of Venice, only seventeen miserable wrecks found refuge in the shelter of the lagoons; and the admiral and the greater part of the survivors, men shamed

and miserable, were carried prisoners to Genoa with every demonstration of joy and triumph. The admiral, as has already been said, was chained to his own mast in barbarous exultation, but managed to escape from the triumph of his enemies by dashing his head against the timber, and dying thus before they reached port.

Marco Polo was among the rank and file who do not permit themselves such luxuries. Among all the wonderful things he had seen, he could never have seen a sight at once so beautiful and so terrible as the great semicircle of the Bay of Genoa, crowded with the exultant people, gay with every kind of decoration, and resounding with applause and excitement when the victorious galleys with their wretched freight sailed in. No doubt in the Tartar wastes he had longed many a time for intercourse with his fellows, or even to see the face of some compatriot or Christian amid all the dusky faces and barbaric customs of the countries he had described. But now what a revelation to him must have been the wild passion and savage delight of those near neighbours with but the width of a European peninsula between them, and so much hatred, rancour, and fierce antagonism! Probably, however, Marco, having been born to hate the Genoese, was occupied by none of these sentimental reflections; and knowing how he himself and all his countrymen would have cheered and shouted had Doria been the victim instead of Dandolo, took his dungeon and chains, and the intoxication of triumph with which he and his fellow-prisoners were received, as matters of course.

He lay for about a year, as would appear, in this Genoese prison; and here, probably for the first time, his endless tales of the wonders he had seen and known,

first fulfilled the blessed office of story-telling, and became to the crowded prison a fountain of refreshment and new life. To all these unfortunate groups, wounded, sick, especially sick for home, humiliated and forlorn, with scarcely anything wanting to complete the round of misery, what a solace in the tedium of the dreary days, what a help to get through the lingering time, and forget their troubles for a moment, must have been this companion, burned to a deeper brown than even Venetian suns and seas could give, whose memory was inexhaustible, who day by day had another tale to tell, who set before them new scenes, new people, a great, noble open-hearted monarch, and all the quaint habits and modes of living, not of one, but of a hundred tribes and nations, all different, endless, original! All the poor expedients to make the time pass, such games as they might have, such exercises as were possible, even the quarrels which must have risen to diversify the flat and tedious hours, could bear no comparison with this fresh source of entertainment, the continued story carried on from day to day, to which the cramped and weary prisoner might look forward as he stretched his limbs and opened his eyes to a new unwelcome morning. If any one among these prisoners remembered then the satire of the golden youth, the laughing nickname of the Millionaire, he had learned by that time what a public benefactor a man is who has something to tell; and the traveller, who perhaps had never found out how he had been laughed at, had thus the noblest revenge.

Among all these wounded, miserable Venetians, however, there was one whose presence there was of immediate importance to the world—a certain Pisan, an older inhabitant than they of these

prisons, a penniless derelict, forgotten perhaps of his own city, with nobody to buy him out—Rusticiano, a poor poetaster, a rusty brother of the pen, who had written romances in his day, and learned a little of the craft of authorship. What a wonderful treasure was this fountain of strange story for a poor medieval literary man to find in his dungeon! The scribbler seems to have seized by instinct upon the man who for once in his life could furnish him with something worth telling. Rusticiano saw his opportunity in a moment with an exultation which he could not keep to himself. It was not in his professional nature to refrain from a great fanfare and flourish, calling upon heaven and earth to listen. "*Signori imperatori e re, duchi e marchesi, conti, cavalieri, principi, baroni,*" he cries out, as he did in his romances. "O emperors and kings, O dukes, princes, marquises, barons, and cavaliers, and all who delight in knowing the different races of the world, and the variety of countries, take this book and read it!" This was the proper way, according to all his rules, to present himself to the public. He makes his bow to them like a showman in front of his menagerie. He knows, too, the language in which to catch the ear of all these fine people, so that every noble may desire to have a copy of this manuscript to cheer his household in the lingering winter, or amuse the poor women at their embroidery while the men are at the wars. For according to all evidence, what the prisoner of Pisa took down from the lips of the Venetian in the dungeons of Genoa, was written by him in curious antique French, corrupted a little by Italian idioms, the most universal of all the languages of the Western world. Nothing can

be more unlike than those flourishes of Rusticiano by way of preface, and the simple strain of the unvarnished tale when Messer Marco himself begins to speak. And the circumstance of these two Italians employing another living language in which to set forth their tale is so curious that many other theories have been set forth on the subject, though none which are accepted by the best critics as worthy of belief. One of these, Ramusio, pronounces strongly in favour of a Latin version. Marco had told his stories over and over again, this historian says, with such effect, that "seeing the great desire that everybody had to hear about Cathay and the Great Khan, and being compelled to begin again every day, he was advised that it would be well to commit it to writing"—which was done by the dignified medium of a Genoese gentleman, who took the trouble to procure from Venice all the notes which the three travellers had made of their journeys, and then compiled in Latin, according to the custom of the learned, a continuous narrative. But the narrative itself and everything that can be discovered about it, are wholly opposed to this theory. There is not the slightest appearance of notes worked into a permanent record. The story has evidently been taken down from the lips of a somewhat discursive speaker, with all the breath and air in it of oral discourse. "This is enough upon that matter; now I will tell you of something else." "Now let us leave the nation of Mosul, and I will tell you about the great city of Baldoc." So the tale goes on, with interruptions, with natural goings back—"But first I must tell you—" "Now we will go on with the other." While we read we seem to sit, one of the eager circle, listening to the

story of these wonderful unknown places, our interest quickened here and there by a legend—some illustration of the prolonged conflict between heathen and Christian, or the story of some prodigy accomplished; now that of a grain of mustard-seed which the Christians were defied to make into a tree, now a curious Eastern version of the story of the Three Magi. These episodes have all the characteristics of the ordinary legend; but the plain and simple story of what Messer Marco saw and heard, and the ways of the unknown populations among whom he spent his youth, are like nothing but what they are—a narrative of facts, with no attempt to throw any fictitious interest or charm about them.

No doubt the prisoners liked the legends best, and the circle would draw closer, and the looks become more eager, when the story ran of the Prete Gianni and Genghis Khan, of the Vecchio della Montagna, or of how the Calif tested the faith of the Christians. When all this began to be committed to writing, when Rusticiano drew his inkhorn, and pondered his French, with a splendour of learning and wisdom which no doubt appeared miraculous to the spectators, and the easy narrative flowed on a sentence at a time, with half-a-dozen eager critics ready no doubt to remind the *raconteur* if he varied a word of the often-told tale, what an interest for that melancholy crowd! How they must have peered over each other's shoulders to see the miraculous manuscript, with a feeling of pleased complacency as of a wonderful thing in which they themselves had a hand! No doubt it was cold in Genoa in those sunless dungeons the weary winter through; but so long as Messer Marco went on with his stories, and he of Pisa wrote, with his professional artifices, and his

sheet of vellum on his knee, what endless entertainment to beguile dull care away!

The captivity lasted not more than a year, and our traveller returned home, to where the jest still lingered about the man with the millions, and no one mentioned him without a smile. He would not seem to have disturbed himself about this—indeed, after that one appearance as a fighting man, with its painful consequences, he would seem to have retired to his home as a peaceful citizen, and awoke no echoes any more. He might perhaps be discouraged by the reception his tale had met with, even though there is no evidence of it; or perhaps that tacit assent to a foolish and wrong popular verdict, which the instructors of mankind so often drop into, with a certain indulgent contempt as of a thing not worth their while to contend against, was in his mind who knew so much better than his critics. At all events it is evident that he did nothing more to bring himself to the notice of the world. It was in 1299 that he returned to Venice—on the eve of all those great disturbances concerning the *serrata* of the Council, and of the insurrections which shook the Republic to its foundations. But in all this Marco of the Millions makes no appearance. He who had seen so much, and to whom the great Kublai was the finest of imperial images, most likely looked on with an impartiality beyond the reach of most Venetians at the internal strife, knowing that revolutions come and go, while the course of human life runs on much the same. And besides, Marco was noble, and lost no privilege, probably indeed sympathised with the effort to keep the *canaille* down.

He married in these peaceful years, in the obscurity of a quiet

life, and had three daughters only—Faustina, Bellela, and Moretta: no son to keep up the tradition of the adventurous race; a thing which happens so often when a family has come to its climax and can do no more. He seems to have kept up in some degree his commercial character, since there is a record of a lawsuit for the recovery of some money of which he had been defrauded by an agent. But only once does he appear in the character of an author responsible for his own story. Attached to two of the earliest manuscript copies of his great book, one preserved in Paris and the other in Bernè, are MS. notes, apparently quite authentic, recording the circumstances under which he presented a copy of the work to a noble French cavalier who passed through Venice, while in the service of Charles of Valois in the year 1307. The note is as follows:—

“This is the book of which my Lord Thiebault, Knight and Lord of Cepoy (whom may God assoil!), requested a copy from Sire Marco Polo, citizen and resident in the city of Venice. And the said Sire Marco Polo, being a very honourable person of high character and report in many countries, because of his desire that what he had seen should be heard throughout the world, and also for the honour and reverence he bore to the most excellent and puissant Prince, my Lord Charles, son of the King of France, and Count of Valois, gave and presented to the aforesaid Lord of Cepoy the first copy of his said book that was made after he had written it. And very pleasing it was to him that his book should be carried to the noble country of France by so worthy a gentleman. And from the copy which the said Messire Thiebault, Sire de Cepoy above named, carried into France, Messire John, who was his eldest son and is the present Sire de Cepoy, had a copy made after his father's death, and the first copy of the book that was made after it was

brought to France he presented to his very dear and dread Lord, Monseigneur de Valois; and afterwards to his friends who wished to have it. . . . This happened in the year of the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, one thousand three hundred and seven, and in the month of August."

This gives a pleasant opening through the mist of obscurity which had fallen over the Ca' Polo. If Messer Marco was illustrious enough to be sought out by a young stranger of Thiebault's rank and pretensions, then his labours had not been without their reward. It is possible, however, that the noble visitor might have been taken to see one of the amusing personages of the city, and with the keenness of an unaccustomed eye might have found out for himself that Messer Marco of the Millions was no braggart, but a remarkable man with a unique history. In any case the note is full of interest. One can imagine how the great traveller's eye and his heart would brighten, when he saw that the noble Frenchman understood and believed, and how he would turn from the meaning smile and mock respect of his own countrymen to the intelligent interest of the new-comer who could discriminate between truth and falsehood. "*Et moult lui estoit agreables quant par si preudomme estoit avanciez et portez es nobles parties de France.*"

The final record of his will and dying wishes is the only other document that belongs to the history of Marco Polo. He made this will in January 1323, "finding myself to grow daily weaker through bodily ailment, but being by the grace of God of sound mind, and senses and judgment unimpaired," and distributing his money among his wife and daughters, whom he constitutes his executors, and various uses of piety and

charity. He was at this time about sixty-nine, and it is to be supposed that his death took place shortly after—at least that is the last we know of him. His father, who had died many years before, had been buried in the *atrio* of San Lorenzo, where it is to be supposed Messer Marco also was laid; but there is no certainty in this respect. He disappears altogether from the time his will is signed and all his earthly duties done.

It is needless here to enter into any description of his travels. Their extent, and the detailed descriptions he gives at once of the natural features of the countries, and of their manners and customs, give them, even to us, for whose instruction so many generations of travellers have since laboured, a remarkable interest: how much more to those to whom that wonderful new world was as a dream. The reason why he observed so closely and took so much pains to remember everything he saw, is very characteristically told in the book itself. The young Venetian, to whom the Great Khan had no doubt been held up during the three years' long journey as an object of boundless veneration, whose favour was the sum of existence to his father and uncle, observed that potentate and his ways when they reached their destination with the usual keen inspection of youth. He perceived the secret of the charm which had made these Latin merchants so dear to Prince Kublai, in the warm and eager interest which he took in all the stories that could be told him of other countries and their government, and the habits of their people. The young man remarked that when ambassadors to the neighbouring powers came back after discharging their mission, the prince listened with impatience to

the reports which contained a mere account of their several errands and nothing else, saying that it would have pleased him more to have heard news of all they had seen, and a description of unknown or strange customs which had come under their observation. Young Marco laid the lesson to heart, and when he was sent upon an embassy, as soon happened, kept his eyes about him, and told the monarch on his return all the strange things he had seen, and whatever he heard that was marvellous or remarkable; so that all who heard him wondered, and said, "If this youth lives he will be a man of great sense and worth." It is evident throughout the book that the Venetians were no mere mercenaries, but had a profound regard and admiration for the great liberal friendly monarch, who had received them so kindly, and lent so ready an ear to all they could tell, and that young Marco had grown up in real affection and sympathy for his new master. Indeed, as we read, we recognise through all the strangeness and distance a countenance and person entirely human in this half-savage Tartar, and find him no mysterious voluptuary like the Kublai Khan of the poet, but a cordial, genial, friendly human being, glad to know about all his fellow-creatures, whoever they might be, taking the most wholesome friendly interest in everything, ready to learn and eager to know. One wonders what he thought of the slackness of the Christian Powers who would send no men to teach him the way of salvation; of the shrinking of the teachers themselves who were afraid to dare the dangers of the way; and what of that talisman they had brought him, the oil from the holy lamp, which he had received with joy! It was to please him that Marco made his observa-

tions, noting everything—or at least, no doubt, the young ambassador believed that his sole object was to please his master when he followed the characteristic impulses of his own inquisitive and observant intelligence.

Since his day, the world then unknown has opened up its secrets to many travellers, the geographer, the explorer, and those whose study lies among the differences of race and the varieties of humanity. The curious, the wise, the missionary and the merchant, every kind of visitor has essayed to lift the veil from those vast spaces and populations, and to show us the boundless multitudes and endless deserts, which lay, so to speak, outside the world for centuries, unknown to this active atom of a Europe, which has monopolised civilisation for itself; but none of them, with all the light of centuries of accumulated knowledge, have been able to give Marco Polo the lie. Colonel Yule, his last exponent in England, is no enthusiast for Marco. He speaks, we think without reason, of his "hammering reiteration," his lack of humour, and many other characteristic nineteenth-century objections. But when all is done, here is the estimate which this impartial critic makes of him and his work:—

"Surely Marco's real, indisputable, and in their kind unique, claims to glory may suffice. He was the first traveller to trace a route across the whole longitude of Asia, naming and describing kingdom after kingdom which he had seen with his own eyes, the deserts of Persia, the flowering plateaux and wild gorges of Beloochistan, the jade-bearing rivers of Khotan, the Mongolian steppes, cradle of the power which had so lately threatened to swallow up Christendom, the new and brilliant court that had been established at Cambaluc: the first traveller to re-

veal China in all its wealth and vastness, its mighty ruins, its huge cities, its rich manufactures, its swarming population; the inconceivably vast fleets that quickened its seas and its inland waters; to tell us of the nations on its borders, with all their eccentricities of manners and worship; of Thibet with its sordid devotees; of Burmah with its golden pagodas and their tinkling crowns; of Coos, of Siam, of Cochinchina; of Japan, the Eastern Thule, with its rosy pearls and golden-roofed palaces: the first to speak of that museum of beauty and wonder, the Indian Archipelago, source of the aromatics then so prized and whose origin was so dark; of Java, the pearl of islands; of Sumatra, with its many kings, its strange costly products, and its cannibal races; of the naked savage of Nicobar and Andaman; of Ceylon, the isle of gems, with its sacred mountain and its tomb of Adam; of India the great, not as a dreamland of Alexandrian fables, but as a country seen and partially explored, with its virtuous Brahmins, its obscure ascetics, its diamonds and the strange tales of their acquisition, its seabeds of pearls, and its powerful sun: the first in medieval times to give any distinct account of the secluded Christian empire of Abyssinia, and the semi-Christian isle of Socotra; to speak, though indeed dimly, of Zanzibar with its negroes and its ivory, and of the vast and distant Madagascar bordering on that dark ocean of the south, and in a remotely opposite region, of Siberia and the Arctic Ocean, of dog-sledges, white bears, and reindeer-riding Tunguses."

We get to the end of this sentence with a gasp of exhausted breath. But though it may not be an example of style (in a writer who has no patience with our Marco's plainer diction), it is a wonderful *résumé* of one man's work, and that a Venetian trader of the thirteenth century. His talk of the wonders he had seen, which amused and pleased the lord of all the Tartars in the world, and charmed the dreary hours of the

prisoners in the dungeons of Genoa, an audience so different, is here for us as it came from his lips in what we may well believe to be the self-same words, with the same breaks and interruptions, the pauses and digressions which are all so natural. The story is so wonderful in its simplicity of spoken discourse, that it is scarcely surprising to know that the Venetian gallants jeered at the Man of the Millions; but it is still full of interest, a book not to be despised should it ever be the reader's fate to be shut up in any dungeon, or in a desolate island, or other enforced seclusion. And not all the flood of light that has been poured since upon these unknown lands, not the progress of science or evolution, or any great development of the last six hundred years, has proved Messer Marco to have been less than trustworthy and true.

Meanwhile the archway in the Corte della Sabbionera, in its crowded corner behind San Cristostomo, is all that remains in Venice of Marco Polo. He has his (imaginary) bust in the *loggia* of the Ducal Palace, along with many another man who has less right to such a distinction; but even his grave is unknown. He lies probably at San Lorenzo among the nameless bones of his fathers, but even the monument his son erected to Niccolo has long ago disappeared. The Casa Polo is no more; the name extinct, the house burnt down except that corner of it. It would be pleasant to see restored, to the locality at least, the name of the Corte Millione, in remembrance of all the wonders he told, and of the gibe of the laughing youths to whom his marvellous tales were first unfolded; and thus to have Kublai Khan's millions once more associated with his faithful ambassador's name.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 21ST JUNE 1887.

AGAIN within these walls, again alone!

A long, long tract of fateful years between
 The day I knelt, to rise a crownèd queen,
 Vowed thenceforth to be all my people's own,
 And this, when, with an empire wider grown,
 Again I kneel, before high Heaven to lay
 My thanks for all, which since that earlier day
 Has blessed my goings, and upheld my throne.
 God! in this hour I think of him, who made
 My young life sweet, who lightened every care,
 In sorest straits my judgment rightly swayed,
 Lived, thought for me, all times and everywhere;
 For him I thank Thee chief, who by his aid
 Nerved me the burden of a crown to bear!

[No one could have witnessed the memorable scene in Westminster Abbey on the 21st of June, especially if so favourably placed as to command a view of the Queen during the solemn ceremonial of that day, without insensibly forming for himself some idea of the thoughts which, under that calm and simply dignified exterior, filled her Majesty's heart and mind. Deep and manifold they must have been, as she looked back to the day when she had last sat there, through the vista of years of mingled happiness and trial, of anxiety and bereavement, of national struggle and peril and triumph, all culminating in an unparalleled demonstration of her people's love. At such a time would not memory recur to the words written by Prince Albert to the Princess Victoria, fifty years ago (26th June 1837): "Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe; in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task! I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects."—('Life of Prince Consort,' by Sir Theodore Martin, vol. i. p. 25.) What more natural than that among the many thoughts of that solemn hour might be those which are expressed in the foregoing lines?]

RETROSPECTS OF THE REIGN.

It is very natural that the Jubilee Year should recommend itself as a season appropriate for taking stock of ourselves and our belongings, political and domestic. It is also both natural and graceful that we should endeavour to connect the progress which we have achieved during the past half-century with the celebration of the fiftieth year of her Majesty's reign. The retrospect is an interesting one, gratifying in most respects to ourselves and flattering to our Sovereign; and certainly, when we put 1837 in sharp juxtaposition with 1887, we cannot but marvel at what manner of men we were then, and how different in so many ways we are now. Life has moved very quickly during the last fifty years,—moved as it were with the rapidity borrowed from the steam and electricity of the age; and we who have lived during all or a portion of the period, have been so unconsciously carried along with the current of change, that only when on some such occasion as the present we pull up and look behind us, can we retrace the course by which we have travelled. And very distant and unfamiliar do some of these landmarks seem to us, though the space of time which cuts us off from them is of the briefest. We turn from our surroundings of to-day to the ways of life half a century back, and we wonder whether really and in sooth "the world went very well then."

In such stock-taking there is little danger of our falling into the mistake of undue depreciation. Rather have we to guard against tendencies to the other extreme. Especially in a Jubilee retrospect

would we delight to do honour to her Majesty's reign, by recording the wonderful advances which we have made as a nation, and by touching as lightly as possible upon those respects in which we have either deteriorated or failed to keep abreast of our competitors in the race of civilisation. False modesty is not one of our national defects. Our public and domestic sins are indeed great before public opinion reluctantly arraigns us at the bar. A sleek optimism and a tacit confidence that we are steadily holding on the road to the sacred heights of perfection, are the natural results of half a century of peaceful prosperity, abundant wealth, and increasing luxury. Far be it from us to shake this spirit of self-satisfaction. Let us take the goods the gods provide us, and drink her Majesty's health with three times three—"*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.*"

But without departing from the optimistic standpoint which we grant to be proper for the occasion, we may be allowed to ask whether all the fruits of these fifty years are to be set down to the progress side of the account. Surely the Jubilee year does not find us so perfect that we have no slips in our onward course to recall, no false steps in our march of civilisation to regret, no instances of crab-like retrogression to repent of. The Government of India, with a sublime confidence in its own efficiency as a beneficent agency, publishes an annual blue-book on the "Moral and Material Progress" of the country committed to its charge, and thereby suggests to the economic mind a source of saving which on occasional years might

be effected in the Stationery Department. In the same way our Jubilee *résumés* of the past half-century remind us that our self-gratulations are not without their alloys. We need not re-echo Horace's complaint that the age has turned us out a generation worse than our parents, and predestined to be succeeded by a still more evil race of ruffians. The question is—Are we better than we were in the year of grace 1837? Are we really better off with all our "resources of civilisation," with our increased wealth, with our facilities for multiplying the amenities of life, and with our extended luxury, than were our fathers? In fine, are we happier ourselves, and is the body politic healthier? Two words must go to the answer to that query.

We take up two books which contain the materials for, in some measure, solving those queries which we have just put, which look at the Victorian era from the respective standpoints of the state and of the individual, and of which each forms the complement of the other. Mr Humphry Ward, aided by a distinguished circle of contributors whose mere names are sufficient to give weight to their treatment of the subjects which they have taken up, presents us with 'The Reign of Queen Victoria: A Survey of Fifty Years Progress,'—two bulky volumes dealing with every department of our national life, from Foreign Policy down to our progress in Music. In a far less pretentious and more readable work, Mr Innes Shand has filled up the picture by a comprehensive series

of sharp contrasts between ourselves and our surroundings, as we were at the opening of the reign, and how we live and move and have our being in the present day. The latter method, if the less ambitious, is the more effective one, and we lay down Mr Shand's volume with a keener and more lively appreciation of our changed conditions than is produced by Mr Ward's somewhat appalling array of heavy facts. Social and individual life is by no means necessarily reflected in what we may call the public record of a nation's progress. A stupendous out-turn of legislative work, for instance, is not necessarily indicative of popular advancement: if this were so, the voluminous additions to the statute-book during the Victorian era, far surpassing in quantity those of any other reign, should by this time have made us only a little lower than the angels. But too much legislation may be an evil, just as an undue development of some particular industry may be detrimental to our national wealth in general. To realise popular progress—that progress in which the individual has a share, and of which he is sensibly conscious—we must look rather from the individual's point of view than from that of the state. This is the position Mr Shand has taken up; and his very readable volume, though professing to be nothing more than a series of light sketches, possesses a decided value of its own among the records of our era.

A special merit of Mr Shand's 'Half a Century'¹ is, that the contrasts presented by him are not less suggestive than they are wide

¹ Half a Century: or, Changes in Men and Manners. By Alex. Innes Shand, Author of 'Letters from West Ireland,' 'Fortune's Wheel,' &c. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1887.

and varied. In assigning, as he rightly does, special importance to the changes wrought upon us by railways and steamboats, by our increased facilities for travelling and by our freer intercourse with foreign nations, he prompts the question whether we can safely set down all the results to the profit side of the account. It was no doubt very narrow and unworthy of us to classify our Continental neighbours in general under the category of "Frenchmen," qualified by a strong-sounding adjective; to disrespectfully dub our nearest neighbour "Johnny Crapaud"; and to express our distaste for fricasseed frogs, as is to be feared we had not ceased to do when Victoria came to the throne. But even this lofty insular exclusiveness was not without some compensations, which may have been lost with the acquisition of a more cosmopolitan spirit. Travel is an excellent education, but touring partakes of the dangers which Pope attributed to "a little learning." It was not every one who could go to Corinth in the beginning of the reign: now Cooke's tickets are within the means of the humble purse, and new ideas are cheaply procurable by seeing the personal conductor or purchasing a guide-book. We look back with a sigh to the days when Continental travel was for the Englishman the "grand tour," and to the fascinating picture which Mr Shand gives of the conditions under which it was generally made:—

"In those days the advent of an intelligent stranger was comparatively rare, and foreigners of age and position far superior to his own were pleased to pay him all possible attentions. As for the mere getting over the ground and laying the monotonous leagues behind him, there was a

very great deal that was agreeable in it. He was seldom in any especial hurry, and in his dreams he had never anticipated the pace of the express trains of the future. The *calèche*, the *britska*, or the light chariot turned out by the best coach-builders of Long Acre, was his self-contained travelling home, with all conceivable comforts. It was by no means cheap, for it cost some four hundred pounds; but for one who could afford the price it was well worth the money. It was furnished with the thoughtful care that came of that long experience which we bestow now on the equipment of an expedition to the Pole. There were furred wraps and swinging lamps, and 'boots' or boxes, each slipping in or strapped down in its appointed place. The smart travelling servant, who sat in the rumble behind, knew exactly where to lay his hand upon everything. The pockets were stuffed with light refreshments and light literature, the umbrellas and canes were stowed away in the sword-case, and best of all, besides the indispensable passport, there was the letter of credit that gave practical *carte blanche* to draw upon Continental bankers. . . . The postillions, assured of ample *douceurs*, were joyously cracking their whips; and the *calèche*, having answered the last challenge of the sentries at the gates, was rolling merrily along the roads. It was rolling between the rows of poplars, past chateaux, churches, and cottages, through the streets of sleepy villages and the picturesque provincial towns, while the road-makers straightened themselves to attention, stared, and saluted; and the beggars greeted the passenger with prayers, and dismissed him with blessings as he tossed small change from the windows on each steep ascent. At the mid-day halting-place he was greeted by the obsequious host, who had generally a satisfactory repast in readiness, and who prided himself on some special vintage drawn from 'behind the fagots' in his cellar. Then the snug night-quarters were, as a rule, in some posting hostelry of old renown and notoriety—in a 'Lion d'Or' or a 'Faisan d'Argent'; and with all the sanitary defects of the French pro-

vincial hotel of the present day, it was infinitely more quaint in its venerable architecture, and far greater attention was given to the *cuisine*. The bedroom might open upon the airy gallery of timber, running round three sides of the spacious courtyard, into which the gay chariot was wheeled for the night among the coaches, the ramshackle carriages, and the lumbering waggons of the country. The tapestried chamber of honour was prepared for the distinguished guest, and the supper was served as a triumph of culinary genius."

But no—we will not, Barmecide-like, tantalise the reader with repeating Mr Shand's enumeration of the viands and vintages set forth to tempt the palate of "mild lord Anglais." Rather let us ask what are our substantial gains, now that Englishmen of all sorts and conditions run annually all over the Continent. We have got rid of our narrow prejudices against foreigners; we have acquired a more cosmopolitan spirit. But would this cosmopolitan spirit serve as well at a pinch as the narrow arrogant idea of our own superiority which would find popular expression in the days when the Duke was with us, in the confident boast that if "the French could beat the world, an Englishman could lick five Frenchmen any day." "*Civis Romanus sum*" was the first article in John Bull's political creed in those days, and we doubt if he has gained much since dropping it under the pressure of the ideas of the age. There is very little question that our freer intercourse with continental Europe has wrought marked changes in British life and character. We have our army trimmed, pruned, planted, and watered on one foreign model, to be changed again when another system catches the eye, while all the time no account has been taken of the fact that it

is a plant of true British origin and growth. Do we dine with as much satisfaction and health to the stomach since French kickshaws took the place of solid roast and boiled? And the stage—a glance at it will immediately answer the question whether in this respect we have much to be grateful for to our more intimate acquaintance with the Parisian theatres. Our press, too, has participated in the change: its tone within the last twenty-five or thirty years has caught to a very considerable extent the accents of Parisian journalism; and our "society" papers and kindred periodicals are a happy imitation of our neighbours across the water. But most fatal of all has our imitation of French institutions proved to be in our own House of Commons, which, from an assembly that fifty years ago we could confidently hold out as a model for free states throughout the world to copy, has now sunk to even a lower position than the Corps Législatif,—just as one with a character to lose naturally falls to a lower depth than another who has never been cumbered with a reputation.

If Mr Shand shows no very marked enthusiasm for many of the political changes which fall under his survey, he at least treats them in a spirit of good-natured optimism which we cannot altogether imitate. His delightful picture of "Free and Independent Electors," fifty years ago, tempts us to ask whether the counterpart of it which our own times afford is an indication of real progress?

"In that golden age the strictly limited franchise was a sure source of profit as well as a privilege; and healthy political interests were stimulated when each elector was entered for pecuniary stakes. In Hull, for example, which was a relatively ex-

tensive constituency, the regulation price of a vote was a couple of guineas, while twice as much was paid for a plumper. There was an honourable understanding that the debts should stand over until the last day when any bribery petition could be presented. Yet the electors of Hull might envy their neighbours in the smaller boroughs with only a few scores of freeholders, where occasionally the recognised tariff was £100 per vote. In these the patriot deliberately weighed his decision while eloquent arguments were being urged alternately by the agents of the blue and the yellow. He smoked and drank and discussed the questions of the day to a sonorous chink of guineas in the back parlour of the busy public-house. As he staggered homewards enveloped in clouds of soothing tobacco, he was stealthily followed and accosted by smooth-spoken gentlemen with fair credentials in the shape of smooth bank-notes. He might treat, as he was being 'treated,' on liberal terms; or he might hold over his vote like a load of wheat or a pocket of hops in the hope of a fancy price in a tightened market. In the Pactolean prospect of the election he had 'run ticks' with the shopkeepers, and he was bound in honour to liquidate his liabilities. His wife was flattered, his pretty daughters were kissed; there were showers of bonnets and ribbons and female finery, and, in short, there was a general carnival of jollity, charity, and good-will. . . . Now the excitement is decentralised, as polling-places have been multiplied; if drouthy souls get dry over discussions, they must quench their thirst at their own expense; the bars and tap-rooms are dull and deserted; the industrious unemployed seek occupation in vain; the very candidates must practise temperance in the hotels that are their headquarters, and look very carefully to the totals of their liquor bills; even their lawyers can only charge extraordinary trouble at ordinary rates, in the certainty that the accounts will be jealously scrutinised; while the nomination is by passionless signing of papers, and the 'declaration,' which was formerly so dramatic, is foredoomed to be dull as

ditch-water. Sad indeed, from the romantic point of view, are the changes from the times when hostile voters were ravished from their families and sent on cruises to sea; when the inn-cellars became places of temporary sequestration for the intoxicated; when lynch-pins were tampered with and coaches upset to contract; and when the maimed and wounded, after an agitating poll, filled the beds in the local hospitals and the infirmaries."

How often has not this state of political sin and misery been revealed at Whig banquets and Liberal mass-meetings; and the marvellous purification to which our electoral machinery has been subjected as often applauded to the skies! But when we scrutinise the political atmosphere around us, can we honestly assert that there is a pennyworth more of purity prevailing nowadays? Ten and twenty-pound notes do not fly about as in those halcyon days which Mr Shand describes: a candidate dare scarcely invite his friend and next neighbour to dinner if the latter has the misfortune to possess a vote in the constituency; nor can he even offer a voter a lift to the polling-place without the risk of being unseated for bribery. But look at the other side of the picture. The modern candidate does not pay his money like a man. He prefers to put his name to bills, with the bankrupt's comfortable assurance that he will never, by any chance, be able to redeem them. He bribes the "masses" with the promise of the plunder of the "classes." He dangles golden baits before the ignorant vision of "three acres and a cow," and upwards. The more unreal the allurements he presents to the electors, the more bold and extravagant are his pledges. He does not drench the electors with beer, and bring them

staggering up to the poll, but he "hocuses" what of intellect they possess, and leads them to the ballot-box in a state of mental intoxication. If we have put down bribery in the concrete, we allow it still to revel in the abstract; and readers of Mr Shand's pages will sympathise with the half-regretful picture which he draws of an era when we were perhaps in reality politically purer, though less politically puritanical, than under the present dispensation.

The marvellous concentration of the national life in London, which is so marked a phenomenon of the Victorian era, would not, we may be sure, escape Mr Shand's observation. In two terse chapters he exhaustively sums up the changes in the relationship of the capital to the provinces during the half-century. A "loadstone" is the apt symbol by which Mr Shand illustrates the influence of the metropolis on the rest of the country, and this "loadstone of London," especially in the last half-century, "has been exercising an ever-increasing power of attraction on the entire population of the islands." We need not cite Mr Shand's account of the amazing growth of London, "beginning no one knows where, and extending to no one can tell whither,—perhaps to Hastings, Eastbourne, and Brighton;" the "wildering bustle of business now carried on by "a Babel of tongues in a blending of nationalities," "a perpetual panorama of shipping" passing before our eyes on the river, and new localities usurping the places of London's historic landmarks, so that the next generation will require an archæological guide-book to identify the haunts made so familiar by Thackeray and Dickens; the "vast caravanserais" which have swept away most of the old hotels

which had hospitably received generation after generation of the same family come to see the sights of London, beginning with St Paul's and ending with the Monument,—a huge congeries of brick and mortar in all the orders and all the styles of imaginable architecture, but suffering, as Mr Shand notes, from "lack of centralisation in its effects." "Structures of sumptuous grandeur or high antiquarian interest are hopelessly scattered, from the old Elizabethan houses in busy Holborn to the domestic palaces adorning Kensington or Mayfair." A congeries, too, of human life in all its gradations and aspects, showing, as in a microcosm, the exaggerated extremes of wealth and wretchedness. It is no new question to ask whether it is well that the head of the empire should grow to such dimensions in power and influence as to be apt to outweigh the other members of the national body. Even in days before the present reign, Cobbett was apprehensive of such a danger befalling us from the growth of what he designated "the Wen." But Mr Shand's object is to present contrasts, and leave speculation on them to other pens.

No one, however, can read this volume, and look at the boldly drawn series of double pictures that is made to pass in rapid succession under the eye, without wishing to pause and bring home to himself the results. Gain and loss—loss and gain—until we are glad to fall back upon the theory of compensation, and persuade ourselves that if we have notably deteriorated in one respect, we have as markedly progressed in the other; and that, after all, our books will at the least balance, even if we have to "write off" a certain percentage in our stock-tak-

ing for depreciation and deterioration. Take, for instance, the facts which Mr Shand sets before us in his chapter on "Society and the Clubs." It is no doubt beneficial that the "Venetian oligarchies" to which he likens the powers that were at the beginning of the reign, should have been tempered by the addition of a popular leaven; but, as he himself frankly admits, the revolution has not yet run its course. "The future is with the masses, and may very possibly be with the mob." Neither eventuality can give us a very comforting prospect; and many of Mr Shand's readers would doubtless not be sorry to have the political cycle rolled back to where it was at the beginning of the Victorian era, and to leave to our successors the glory of Reform. "*Après nous le déluge*," is after all a reassuring belief. With the majority of us it probably is as it was "in the days when Noe entered the ark."

The chapters on "The Country Fifty Years Ago," and "Country Changes," afford not only delightful reading, but present many suggestions that we would have gladly discussed had space served us. The chapter on "Recreations in London" forces us to ask why the Englishman of our day requires as a necessity of life so much more amusement than his father or grandfather was satisfied with. We do not allude to those many exercises which may legitimately be classed under the name of "Sport," although even in these there is a tendency to immoderation, which cannot on the whole be healthy to our national life. We regard with more doubt the development of those tastes, the vast increase of which is evidenced by the number and success of theatres and music-halls; while the condition of the drama testifies

at the same time to the fact that the taste which fills the houses is neither intellectual nor refined.

"Critics may deplore the decline of the drama; particular houses may be unlucky and come to grief; but there can be no doubt that the theatre is flourishing with extraordinary success, and that a lucrative field has been opened to the ambition of dramatic authors. There are any number of theatres now in all quarters of West Central London. . . . The rush of cabs to the eastward down Piccadilly, before the normal London dinner-hour, is perilous and portentous; while the weekly 'theatre trains' running through the metropolitan counties are found to remunerate the companies handsomely, although they upset all rural domestic arrangements. And the stage has been flourishing to the south of the river and away in the regions of the east, though it would have done still better had it not been for the competition of the music-halls."

It is impossible to withhold a doubt that this taste for frivolous amusement—for, looking at the general character of the stage, we must pronounce it to be so—indicates a decline in the solidity of the national character, an approach towards the "*panem et circenses*" era, which in Rome was the prologue to a worse descent. It must also to a considerable extent denote a decline of that domestic feeling which was one of the most important moulds of English character early in the century, a disruption of the home life of the nation for which we cannot see clearly that there are compensating advantages. We may say the same of the increase of clubs, over which Mr Shand waxes somewhat enthusiastic as one of the most notable social features of the reign. While on the whole clubs have done much to create an intelligent public spirit, and to serve as a powerful counter-agent to the not

always beneficial influence of the daily press, they imply also a withdrawal of strength from graver and more incumbent duties, for which we have some difficulty in discovering compensating advantages. In these two respects, at least, we do not err in attributing the "changes in men and manners" to our freer intercourse with our neighbours across the Channel, and not to a natural development of our national life.

We must lay down Mr Shand's suggestive volume without yielding to the temptation which his chapters on "Old and New Farmers," "Labourers," and "Sportsmen"; "Journalists," "Novelists," and "Clergymen"; and on other sections of society present. That he has chosen the right method of bringing vividly before us the social evolution we have undergone during the half-century is sufficiently attested by his book; and of the aptness of his illustrations and the brilliance and vivacity of his style of treatment it is not too much to say that they are equal to the importance of the subjects which he discusses.

Mr Ward's weighty record of the statesmanship of the Victorian era¹ and of the economic growth of the nation during that period carries us into regions which, if scarcely less intimate, somehow seem more alien than those personal aspects of our individuality which we have been considering. A summary of the public and economic advancement of Britain during the last fifty years is a work for which there is an empty place on our book-shelves. Mr Ward has, with great judgment, apportioned his work among

writers each of whom may claim the authority of a specialist in the department of which he treats. Excellent as this idea is, its success or the contrary depends on the view the editor takes of his functions, and the manner in which he applies it. If such a work is to be of a homogeneous character, some pains must necessarily be taken to co-ordinate and bring into a harmonious whole the views of the different writers, or at least to see that they kept steadily upon the lines which would doubtless have been prescribed for their guidance. Mr Ward's contributors seem, however, to have exercised a sturdy independence, and to have improved the occasion for the ventilation of their individual ideas of their tasks, from Lord-Justice Bowen, who has seized the occasion for embalming sundry jokes of the Bench and Bar that were in imminent danger of dissolution, down to Dr Richard Garnett, who has revealed his tastes in the literature of the reign, in anticipation, doubtless, of his entry into Mr Frank Harris's confessional. The work before us, then, rather owes its value to being a collection of estimates of Victorian progress by writers whose names command attention, than to being a complete record of our public advancement during the past half-century. As a work of reference, which was probably what was most required, the want of an index detracts much from its usefulness; as a readable book, it is too oracular and opinionative to afford unmixed content. Apart from the colouring which individual touches give to the narrative, there runs throughout the work a grounding of Liberalism,

¹ The Reign of Queen Victoria: A Survey of Fifty Years of Progress. Edited by Thomas Humphry Ward, M.A. Two vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1887.

which, however appropriate it might have been in a work celebrating a jubilee of Whiggery, seems to us somewhat intrusive at the present epoch.

Nor are these the only faults that are chargeable against Mr Ward's volumes. Many of the various chapters present no clear and consecutive pictures of the subjects to which they are devoted, most of them are imperfect, and not a few are misleading. Our space will only permit us to briefly cite examples of each of these shortcomings. For instance, in the chapter on "Foreign Policy" we would have expected some notice to be taken of such a precedentary act as Lord Palmerston's despatch of the British fleet to the Dardanelles to support Turkey in her refusal to surrender to Austria and Russia the Hungarian refugees; or of the Don Pacifico affair; or of the Treaty of Washington, which is not named in the contribution. These are but the omissions that come most readily to our mind, and suggest that Mr Ward, who himself is the author of this chapter, does not know how to distinguish between the diplomatic and historical importance of an event—a discrimination particularly desirable for dealing with such a subject. "Colonial Policy and Progress" is another chapter which is woefully defective when we come to look to it for any particular information, while its generalisations are so very general that they add nothing to specific knowledge.

There are, nevertheless, some chapters which, however little by themselves they may serve to answer the expectations held out by the title of the book, are of decided interest. Such are the chapters contributed by Sir Henry Maine on "India," and Sir Row-

land Blennerhassett on "Ireland." The latter approaches nearer to a chronicle of the reign than any other chapter in the first volume, and the vexed questions which come under review are treated with a scrupulous fairness and freedom from party spirit which should have commended themselves for imitation by the other contributors. It is saddening to turn to the picture which Sir Rowland Blennerhassett draws of Ireland at the Queen's accession, and to contrast it with the condition to which the country has been reduced since Mr Gladstone first gave the impetus to sentimental disaffection by his Irish Church Resolutions.

Everything, we are told,

"seemed to point to a period of prosperity and peace. The island was ruled by a vigorous and honest administration, wisdom and moderation prevailed in the counsels of the Government. The law was sternly and impartially enforced, turbulence and disorder were quelled, but, at the same time, no effort was spared to remove political abuses, and wise plans were elaborated to develop the industrial resources of the country. . . . The Queen herself also enjoyed extraordinary popularity, and perhaps nothing more strongly illustrates the position she held in the imagination of the Irish peasantry than the fact that lines in her praise were added to the favourite national ballads which were sung or recited by the itinerant ballad-singers."

How anarchy was substituted for order, disaffection for loyalty, by making Ireland a football for political parties, may be read in Sir Rowland Blennerhassett's pages; and though he endeavours most impartially to distribute praise and blame, the reader will be forced to the conclusion that the mischief was wrought by the Liberals insisting upon introducing into the country reforms which, though desirable in the abstract,

were quite inapplicable to its circumstances. It was due to the Liberals, for instance, that the corporations which have so largely promoted disaffection in the present day, received so full a measure of municipal powers, which they have certainly not shown themselves able to use as loyal subjects. Very much the same may be said of the conduct of the Whigs with regard to the Irish tithes. They treated the subject purely as a party measure, deserting their own special cause of religious equality, and "the result was a settlement, neither as conservative nor as suitable to the real interests of Ireland" as certainly would have been arrived at sooner but for their political conduct. "Ireland has to thank Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, and their political friends for the fact that her ecclesiastical endowments, instead of being rearranged and redistributed on some reasonable basis, have been utterly destroyed."

Sir Rowland Blennerhassett's narrative of the development of disaffection, until its culmination in a dangerous conspiracy against the maintenance of English rule, is somewhat imperfect in its leading facts, but extremely fair and trustworthy so far as it goes. Two causes exist, he says, for the continuance of disorder, both of which we ought to be able to deal with in a practical spirit. The first is dual ownership in the land, "confirmed and consecrated by the Land Act of 1881." The second is want of government—the old system having been destroyed, and no new organisation having as yet been placed in its stead. Should patriotism continue to maintain itself in the place of party, should the Liberal Unionists adhere loyally

to their present alliance, we should unquestionably be able to remedy both these evils. That the work will require time, longer time than Sir Rowland seems to imagine, we may feel assured; but it is a work that, if successfully carried out, will rank with the best efforts of British administration.

"If her Majesty," says Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, "who has seen the destruction of the old Government of Ireland, should live to witness the establishment of a powerful and centralised administration in that country, with wide attributes suited to the requirements of modern life, and carrying on the daily government with impartial firmness and intelligent sympathy, it is safe to predict that her reign will be remembered in Irish history for its solid and enduring splendour. The evil spirits which have so long tormented the land will vanish, confidence will be restored, enterprise encouraged, the interests created by remedial legislation must become daily more powerful, and no Irish agitator will find it possible to raise a cry against the Legislative Union."

Next in interest is Sir Henry Maine's article on India, for which the marvellous progress of the past half-century furnishes a striking text. Sir Henry's remarks also show by implication how rapid is the rate of that progress, and how difficult it is for any writer not upon the spot to keep pace with it, for although it is not a very long period since he returned to this country, some of his observations seem to us to savour somewhat of the views of a past or passing generation of Anglo-Indians. Different as the many races of India are from each other, it is possible to make too much of their want of uniformity; and the fact that we are making successful efforts at assimilation deserves to be more generally taken into account. The evenness of our administration and

the great educational work which is going on are making very decided steps towards a fusion of races; and Indian rulers have succeeded in tiding over the race difficulty with far less trouble than it has given to many European Powers—our own home Government among the number. The great obstacle to an approach towards a fusion of races in India has been diversity of religion, which Sir Henry Maine rightly characterises as having been, on the whole, in that country “a disintegrating rather than unifying force.” The effect of our educational systems in India is, however, tending to destroy all the Hindoo forms of belief without substituting any definite creed in their place, unless it leaves perhaps a residuum of theism. Between the Bengalee B.A. and the Mahratta graduate of Bombay, the difference in their ideas and aims is now very much fined away; and we can scarcely accept Sir Henry Maine’s dictum that “the most powerful of unifying agencies has been the administration of justice by English courts.” Twenty or even ten years back, the statement might have been safely subscribed to; but a closer glance at the more recent aspects of Indian progress must satisfy us that education is the influence which is destined to make a homogeneous people out of the different races of British India. Sir Henry Maine rather surprises us by the weight which he lays upon the caste theory of the Indian Mutiny, in his brief account of the rebellion of 1857. When we have given every consideration to the alarm with which the Sepoys regarded the carefully disseminated assurances that their caste was doomed to destruction, whether by greased cartridges or by some other not

less offensive innovation, we must still take into account that there was much disappointed political ambition at work, that our annexations, however necessary and justifiable, had roused a very considerable amount of hostility and disaffection, and that an underground current of intrigue had been for some years before steadily working in the direction of a revolt. The greased cartridges may have been the match, but the train for rebellion was already laid, while the blind confidence of the Indian authorities had done nothing to prepare for the explosion.

It is interesting to find so close and able an observer of societies seeking a comparison to place alongside of the India of the present day, but his parallel between the country as a whole and the Europe of the middle ages does not seem to us a particularly apt one.

“Take any century of the West,” says Sir Henry, “from the tenth to the fourteenth, select those of its ideas and beliefs, forms of government, social divisions and institutions which are most repugnant to the modern spirit, and especially to the modern democratic spirit, and I believe that you can find the counterparts of all of them vigorously surviving in India. The vast and populous India which has no share in an education of foreign origin, is in fact a chaos of survivals—moral, social, political, and economical, circumscribed, no doubt, and limited in their practical operation by the British authority and the British laws, but, on the other hand, rendered more tenacious of life than they were in other countries by an intense conviction of their supernatural origin and divine ordination.”

Again, this description would have been more truly applicable to the India of five-and-twenty years ago than to that of to-day. We can scarcely lay our finger upon a

corner of India into which the rapid current of Anglo-Indian progress has not burst, and carried with it, more or less fully, and possibly after more or less of a struggle, natives of all castes and classes. It is quite true that what has been done is as nothing compared with what remains to be done; but meanwhile the quickening influences of Western civilisation are, in one or other of its forms, brought to the doors of the masses. The analogy we have quoted makes too much, also, of the resistive strength of oriental conservatism. Except where the sacrifice of privilege or interests intervened, the natives have shown no remarkable reluctance to meet the spirit of their rulers; while the evidences we possess of an enlightened desire to accept Western ideas and institutions are so general and manifold that it is needless to cite them.

The only other paper we need allude to is that by Lord Wolseley on the Army, a subject which recent discussions invest with a special interest at this time. As was to be expected from all that he has either written or spoken upon the question, Lord Wolseley takes a very flattering view of our army of the present day compared with its condition in 1837, but

he quite admits the inadequacy of its strength for purposes of imperial defence. Many of his remarks on the military régime from Waterloo down to the Crimean war will scarcely be read with pleasure, for they are coloured with criticisms on both the men and the system that it would be very difficult to bear out. His demonstration of the haphazard manner in which both Parliament and the nation treat our military requirements deserves, however, the amplest consideration, and too much publicity cannot at this time be given to the words in which he sums up the subject:—

“If the necessary means are furnished, the nation may depend upon having all it wants. If, however, all this be neglected, and the army fails the nation when the emergency arises, then—

‘Not ours the folly or the sin
Of golden chances spurned.’

The people will have themselves alone to blame; on their heads be the consequences. They would not take the trouble to define the military requirements of their country, and withheld the supplies which military efficiency demanded; they left us soldiers in uncertainty as to the extent of the fortifications deemed essential for the protection of the empire, and refused us straw for the bricks required for their construction.”

THE DIVER.

BY FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

“Ho! where is the knight or the squire so bold,
 Will dive through yon whirling eddy?
 Within it I fling this goblet of gold,
 The black maw has gulphed it already.
 He that brings it me back from yon yeasty deep,
 That goblet all for his own may keep.”

Spoke the king, and the goblet down he flung
 From the edge of the cliff, that o'er
 The limitless ocean high-beetling hung,
 To the whirlpool's frenzied roar.
 “Who, again I ask, has the nerve, will dare
 To dive through the deeps that are surging there?”

Of the knights and the squires that were standing near
 On the silence not one breaks in;
 Down into the raging flood they peer,
 But the goblet none cares to win.
 And again the king asks, as no sign they make,
 “Is there no one will venture that plunge to take?”

Still all is hushed as before; but now
 From the band of squires that stood quaking broke
 A youth, meek of mien, but with fearless brow,
 And he flung down his belt and his cloak;
 And the lords and the ladies round all gaze
 On the shapely youth with eager amaze.

And as to the edge of the cliff he goes,
 And looks down into the chasm,
 Aloft with a roar the Charybdis throws
 The flood it had sucked down with furious spasm,
 And up, as its black breast parts in sunder,
 Foams the flood with a din as of distant thunder.

And it boils and it bubbles, it hisses, it booms,
 As when water meets fire, and together they rush;
 The drenching spray to the welkin spumes,
 Torrents endless on torrents crowd on and crush,
 And still they pour onwards, and never are spent,
 As though ocean on spawning new oceans were bent.

But at last the mad turmoil grows still, and between
 The snow-white flakes of the weltering swell,
 A black wide fathomless chasm is seen,
 That looks as it led to the vaults of Hell,

And into that swirling crater vast
The wild waves are swept down fiercely and fast.

Now swift, while the chasm is still gaping there,
Does the youth unto God his soul confide,
And—a shriek of horror rings through the air—
He is swept away in the whirling tide,
And in wondrous wise its jaws close o'er
That swimmer bold: he is seen no more.

A hush came over the watery abyss,
Far down hollow moanings were heard to swell;
Men whispered in fear, and their words were this:
“Brave youth! gallant heart! farewell, farewell!”
And hollower grew the strange moanings they heard,
And their hearts sank with terror, but no one stirred.

Thy crown if yonder thou wert to fling,
And said, that crown who shall bring me here,
’Tis his to wear, and to wear as king,
Not me would it tempt, that guerdon dear.
What the howling abysses down there conceal
May the lips of no man that lives reveal.

In yon whirlpool’s gripe barks many and tall
Sheer down into fathomless deeps have shot,
But mast and keel, rent and shattered, are all
Which up from that fell grave their way have wrought.
And clear, like a tempest’s rush, and clearer,
They hear the roar driving on nearer and nearer.

And it boils and it bubbles, it hisses, it booms,
As when water meets fire, and together they rush
The drenching spray to the welkin spumes,
Torrents endless on torrents crowd on and crush,
And up, as its black breast parts in sunder,
They rush with a din as of distant thunder.

And see! from that black breast’s weltering flow
Something white as a swan uprears,
And an arm is bared, and a shoulder of snow,
And stoutly with spirit unflagging it steers.
“’Tis he!” and aloft in triumph he swings
In his left hand the goblet which was the king’s.

A deep, deep breath and a long drew he,
And he hailed the glad light of day,
And each to the other cried out in glee,
“He lives! it is he! it has missed its prey!
From the maelstrom’s clutch, from the very grave,
He has saved his soul alive! Oh brave!”

He comes; close round him with shouts they cling,
 And on knee low bending there
 He tenders the goblet to the king,
 And the king, he beckons his daughter fair;
 For the youth she brims it with sparkling wine,
 And thus did he to the king propine:

“Long live the king! let the man be glad
 Who draws his breath in the rosy air!
 Down yonder are horrors to make us mad;
 To tempt the kind gods let no man dare,
 Nor ever desire to behold what they
 In terror and darkness have hidden away.

“Down, swift as lightning, down it bore me,
 When a torrent that burst from its craggy lair
 With fury resistless came sweeping o'er me,
 And, clutched in its gripe, I went whirling there,
 Through the swirl of the currents spun round and round,
 Like a schoolboy's top, and no footing found.

“Then I called in that anguish of dread and woe
 On God, and a peak He showed to me,
 That rose sheer up from the depths below;
 Straight I caught it fast, and from death was free;
 And there, too, the coral spikes among,
 The goblet, saved from deeps bottomless, hung.

“Below me a precipice vast and sheer
 Hung o'er an abyss of a purple black;
 A hush like eternity's fell on my ear,
 But low down the eye could with horror track,
 Where the snake, salamander, and dragon fell
 Writhed in the jaws of that ghastly hell.

“There they huddled and swarmed, black, loathly, and grim,
 Intertwined in a hideous ball—
 The prickly roach, the chatodon with him,
 And the hammerfish, loathliest, blackest of all,
 And threatening and fierce the teeth gleamed through the dark
 Of the ocean-hyæna,—the terrible shark.

“And there hung I; O God, to be
 So far from all human aidance thrown,
 The one sentient thing 'mid the spawn of the sea,
 Alone in that solitude ghastly,—alone!
 Far down where no mortal speech can pierce,
 In that dismal waste 'mong its monsters fierce.

“And, O horrible thought! it is crawling there
 With its hundred suckers around it flung,

It will dart on me¹—so in mad despair
 I let go the coral to which I had clung,
 When away the wild whirling torrent tore me,
 But that torrent I blessed, for aloft it bore me!"

In wonder lost for a while stood the king,
 Then out spake he: "The goblet is thine!
 And see, for thy guerdon I add this ring,
 Begemmed with stones of a priceless shine,
 If again thou wilt venture, and tell to me
 What thou saw'st in the nethermost gulfs of the sea!"

Then pity was stirred in his daughter's breast:
 "O father!" with fondling tones she prayed,
 "Enough, enough of this hideous jest;
 None like him for you ever such venture made.
 And if nought can your frenzied longing stay,
 Let your knights shame the feat of the squire, if they may!"

Straight the king caught the goblet up in his hand,
 And he hurled it into the whirlpool's roar:
 "Bring me back that goblet, here where I stand,
 And the best of my knights thou shalt ride before;
 Ay, this very day shall thy bridals see
 With her who so tenderly pleads for thee!"

Then his soul with a rapture divine was flushed,
 Courage flashed from his eyes. What could now dismay?
 There she stood in her beauty—he looked—she blushed,
 Then grew ashy pale, and straight fainted away.
 That peerless prize he will win, or drown,
 And again to the wild waves he plunges down.

'Tis returning, the maelstrom, its roaring they hear,
 A boom as of thunder foretokens its course;
 Down over the cliff many fond eyes peer,
 They are coming, they're come, all the billows in force.
 They roar up to the cliff, they fall back with a roar,
 But no billow brings back the youth once more.

THEODORE MARTIN.

¹ Schiller gives no name to the "It," leaving his reader to picture for himself what the creature may be,—some fabled monster of the Octopus order, probably, as drawn by Victor Hugo, in his 'Travailleurs de la Mer.'

A CORNER OF MERCIA.

ALONG the southern base of the Chiltern Hills, the winding course of the river Thames forces its way towards the east. The range of chalk hills fronts the north-west in a lofty ridge, sometimes carrying clay-crowned summits to an altitude of 900 feet, and slopes away towards the south-east in undulating banks of clay and gravel. Geologically, the course of the river is but a narrow chasm severing the range. Geographically, it is the boundary between the counties of Oxford and Buckingham on the north, and Berkshire on the south. Historically, it is the boundary between the midland kingdom of the Mercian Angles and the southern kingdom of the West Saxons, as previously it had divided the Catuvellauni from the Atrebates and the Bibroci. At one point and another the stream bends round a promontory of the hills, while here and there it traverses a valley of meadowland and corn-fields, always to be thrust aside again by an obstructing ridge of the straggling uplands.

Within one of these curves of the river we may take our stand and note the surroundings. It is the corner where the Chiltern Hills terminate in their furthest offshoot in the southern extremity of Buckinghamshire. The spot contains nothing to give it a foremost place in the annals of England, though the district is full of historic memories. No leading event took place here, like the signing of the Great Charter at Runnymede a short distance down the river. It has no notable battle-field, like that of Ashdown a few miles above, where the Danes received their first great

defeat from Alfred. It has no regal castle, like Windsor on the one side; no splendid abbey, like Reading on the other side; no burial place of royalty, like both of these. But it will at least tell of the signing of one royal charter; and we shall find in it the traces of a royal residence, and the ruins of an ancient abbey; and it has the tomb of a princely hero, though he be nameless. Besides these, the district has its share of the courtly mansions of old noble families; there are granges and manor-houses of the franklins and yeomen of mediæval times, and ecclesiastical edifices rich with historic memorials and ancient workmanship; and there are various relics of primitive races that have long passed away. To one who will be at the pains to search, there will be found along its river-bank and over its hillsides, up and down its highways and among its villages, many a scattered object full of interest to reward the toil of gleaning.

The river, after crossing the green valley by Marlow and Cookham, bends abruptly southward against the steep wooded bank in which the Chilterns end. With a dense line of forest-trees sloping down to the water's edge, and the rich luxuriance of the plain crossed and studded with groves of woodland, and one of the finest reaches of the noblest English river spread between, it makes a scene that has inspired the picture of many an artist. Eastward of this there is the famous relic of primeval forest in Burnham Beeches. For the beech is the characteristic tree of these chalk hills. The town of Buckingham, which gives its name

to the shire, is said by some authorities to be a corruption of Bechenham, the home among the bechens; though others connect it with the Danish Bokings, as being in the southernmost portion of the Daneland in this region. At any rate Beaconsfield, in this immediate neighbourhood, is a place where the beeches had been felled. Burnham Beeches are a sight which he who sees will not easily forget. Though the greater part of the adjacent woods is planted afresh with younger trees, and birch and others are intermingled, yet the visitor may still wander for a mile among these mighty beech-trees, with now and then a solitary oak of the same character appearing among them. Limbs of enormous growth spring from trunks which are hollowed by age into wide dark caverns. Two donkeys have been seen taking refuge in one of them during a storm of rain. The strange appearance that these trees bear is largely owing to their having been pollarded in former times, so that the branches cluster together upon the head of the massive trunk. The adjoining lands were held upon the condition of the tenants never cutting the trees upon them; but these being on common land, were freely used for fuel. Perhaps the tradition that they were pollarded in Cromwell's time to supply his troops with musket-stocks may point to the period at which the custom ceased. But the wantonness of modern pleasure-seekers would soon have accomplished a destruction which the needs of the neighbouring peasantry no longer threatened. The years of the beeches would quickly have been numbered, had it not been for the patriotic action of the Corporation of London, who recently purchased the rights of the lord of the manor

and ensured the safety of the forest. The neighbouring districts were parcelled out in past ages among various private owners; and we learn from Dugdale that in 1336 Sir John de Molins, who was treasurer to King Edward III., obtained licence from the King to impark a hundred acres of pasture in Bekkenesfeld, Burnham, and Chippenham. And thus the line of woodland along this portion of the river was divided into a number of private parks, in which the art of the owners has often added largely to the attractiveness of natural beauty. But still much of the primeval forest on the river-bank has been suffered to grow undisturbed. Rare creepers survive, encircling the limbs of the oaks and beeches. Venerable yew-trees are to be seen, one of which, in Hedsor Park, boasts of a girth of twenty-seven feet, and has been supposed by some authorities to have weathered the storms of three thousand years. Others, in the Cliveden woods, thrust their massive roots among the caves and crevices with which the front of the chalk cliff is broken.

Upon a rounded knoll on the summit of this river-bank, overlooking the angle of the stream at Cookham, stands the little church of Hedsor; the place fitly meriting its title of the head of the shore, just as Windsor, where the river turns again, is the winding of the shore. A series of princely homes commencing here connects itself with the various chapters of the more recent annals of England. Hedsor House, Lord Boston's home, was built a century ago by direction of King George III., for the first Lord Boston, who had been equerry to his father, Frederick, Prince of Wales; and at Cliveden, the most splendid mansion of them all, Frederick himself

resided for many years. It was here, in a vaulted chamber beneath the dining-room, that the prince witnessed the first performance of Thomson's "Masque of Liberty," including the national song of "Rule Britannia."¹ Nor are there many houses in our land that have been occupied by a series of more illustrious tenants than Cliveden. It was built originally in Charles II.'s days by his favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; while in its present form it is the work of the late Duke of Sutherland, and has now passed into the hands of the Duke of Westminster. Thus the intrigue and profligacy which so often marred the seventeenth century, the literature and art which found princely patrons to enliven the dullness of the eighteenth century, the luxury and wealth which have formed the marvel of this nineteenth century, have all found a home in this palatial residence. The name of Cliveden or Cliefden tells that the cliff of chalk is broken here by a dene or wooded hollow; and the name of Taplow, which comes next in order, is scarcely less significant. Seen from the low-lying ground beyond it, this is eminently the top of the hlaw or hill which forms the southern limit of the Chilterns. And Taplow Court, formerly the residence of the Earls of Orkney, carries us back to the favourite of William of Orange, a fellow-warrior with the Duke of Marlborough.

Again, on the high ground at the back of Hedsor and Cliveden is Dropmore Park. It was the home of Lord Grenville, one of that line of Prime Ministers who succeeded one another so rapidly in the first years of the present

century, while the activities of Napoleon Bonaparte brought ceaseless difficulties to the administrations of all neighbouring kingdoms. Dropmore was a portion of the wild common in the upper part of Burnham parish, hard by the Beeches. In the churchwarden's accounts of this parish, in 1549, among the curious entries for taking down the stone altars and making a wooden one, and for purchasing the new service-books which the religious changes of that year involved, there is an entry of *xxijs.* "for mendynge and gravelynge of ye hyway frome droppynge well hyll to burnham." The well itself seems to have disappeared; but dropping-well hill explains the name of that tract of moorland which is known as Dropmore. Here the cultivated beauty of the rhododendron finds a place among the primitive heather; and while the beeches and oaks of old still hold their own upon the slopes, they share the ground with groves of magnificent pine and dark avenues of cedar; while among the varieties of foreign trees, an araucaria is pointed out as the loftiest in Europe.

Hitcham lies between Dropmore and Taplow, on the southern front of the hill, next to the latter village. It is the hamlet at the hitch or hatch at the entrance of the woods, in a position in which similar names are often found. "They are derived from the hitch-gates which kept cattle from straying out of the forest. Thus Colney Hatch marks the southern extremity of Enfield Chase."² Here a gateway and other relics, belonging to a mansion that has passed away, bring us back to Tudor days; and the monuments of its owners

¹ Records of Buckinghamshire, v. 43 (Bucks Architectural and Archaeological Society).

² Isaac Taylor, *Words and Places*, 246.

are to be seen in the little Norman church. The central figure among these is Nicholas Clarke, Esquire, who died in 1551, son and heir to "Syr John Clarke of Weston, Knt., that tooke the Duke of Longevyle prisoner"; or, as we read it more fully on Sir John's own tomb at Thame, off the north-western foot of these Chiltern Hills, "wyche toke Louys of Orleans duk of Longueville & Marquis of Rotuelm prysoner at y^e journey of Bomy by Terouane y^e xvjth day of August, in the vth yere of y^e reigne of y^e noble & victorius Kyng Henry y^e viijth." It was in 1513, at the Battle of the Spurs, when "ten thousand of the best cavalry in Europe were pursued almost four miles by three troops of German and a few hundreds of English horse," before the walls of Terouenne; ¹ Bomy being about five miles distant from that town, in the department of Pas de Calais. Sir John Clerk, who had the good fortune to capture the chief French commander, and bring him a prisoner to King Henry and the Emperor Maximilian, died in 1539 at his manor of North Weston near Thame, His son Nicholas, marrying the daughter of Thomas Ramsey the lord of Hitcham, settled himself in this more attractive home in the close neighbourhood of royalty.

At Taplow the church has been removed from its place on the summit of the hill, and rebuilt on a site more convenient to the village. This was done early in the present century, when people were beginning to feel their way back towards the lines of Gothic art with results which can rarely be admired. Taplow Church is one of their failures; but its floor happily retains the interesting

monumental brasses from the church which was demolished. They include a series of memorials of the family of Mansfield through a period of one hundred and sixty years. It would be easy to linger long over their epitaphs, but it must suffice to notice a few interesting details. The first, dated 1455, is an early example of an English epitaph in verse, relating that—

"Here lythe Richard, y^e sone and y^e
eyre
Of Robard Manfeld squyer, & Kateryne
his wyfe,
Wyth Isabelle hys suster bothe young
& feyre,
That at xix. yeer of age he lefte hys lyfe."

Of Robert Manfyld himself another tomb records that he fought with Henry V. in his wars with the French and the Normans, and was appointed fourth esquire to Henry VI. Another is for Thomas Jones, Esquire, who served under four successive sovereigns, King Henry VIII. and his three children, and died in 1584. The wife of Henry Manfeild, "who died in the Catholique Romane faith in w^{ch} shee lived," 1617, is commemorated with an anagram upon her name, Hester Manfeild, "Mars fled in thee," and some verses affording the required explanation:—

"The god of Mars and discord needes
must yeilde
Where thy all peacefull soule doth man
the feilde."

But the best of this series of monuments is one which may probably claim to be the earliest engraved brass in Buckinghamshire, belonging to the middle of the fourteenth century, when Norman-French still lingered on as the language of the cultured classes. It has a beautiful little effigy in civilian's dress, enclosed in the head of a

¹ Lingard, IV. vi. 177.

foliated cross, and below the stem is represented a fish floating in the waves, to indicate that the person belonged to the Company of Fishmongers. The inscription relates that "Nichole de Aumberdene jadis pessoner de Londres gist icy : dieu de s'alme eit mercy amen." On the bank of the river in the lower part of the parish, an old manor-house, with its adjacent farm-buildings, is still known as Amerden Bank; and in the ancient brick-work and timbered walls, portions can still be seen which may perhaps be as old as the period when Nichole the fishmonger took his surname from it. The name of Amerden or Aumberdene is worth investigating. After Vortigern had persuaded his countrymen to welcome the aid of Hengist and Horsa, he was succeeded by another chieftain who had successfully revolted against his family, and became the champion of the national cause against the Saxons at the time when Cerdic, the founder of Wessex, was landing in Hampshire. This was a Romanised Briton named Aurelius Ambrosius, who is perhaps identical with the Uther of mediæval romance, and the father of the equally romantic Arthur.¹ The memory of this Ambrose is preserved in the appellations of various localities in the south of England. He "was buried," says Mr Isaac Taylor, "according to his dying request, at Ambresbury [or Amesbury] on Salisbury Plain. There is also a large camp in Epping Forest called Ambresbury Banks."² To these may doubtless be added the village of Ambrosden, in North Oxfordshire, lying just off the Akeman Street, close by the site of

the Roman fortress of Alchester. We shall presently notice the importance of the position occupied by this denne or hollow of Amerden upon the bank of the Thames.

In connection with the troubled days in which Vortigern and Ambrose ruled, we have yet to look at another monument at Taplow. In the disused churchyard on the summit of the hill there is a tumulus of conspicuous dimensions. Its height is nearly fifteen feet, and its circumference about two hundred and forty. Upon it stood until lately the remains of a massive yew-tree, probably planted when the Norman church was built, and at any rate proving that the mound had been undisturbed for several centuries. It has recently been carefully opened,³ and its contents have been figured and described in various journals, a particular account being contributed to the 'Times' newspaper⁴ under the title of "A Viking's Grave." Wide openings were cut into the barrow from opposite sides, and three deep shafts were sunk round the trunk of the ancient yew-tree, until at last, on the natural level of the churchyard, a vast grave was discovered. It had been dug, twelve feet in length by eight in width, with its sides well defined in the hard gravel, and a layer of fine gravel was spread over its floor five feet below the surface. In it were the relics of an early burial, exceeding in interest every other such interment that has been found in southern England. Beneath a covering of wooden planks the richly clad body of a chieftain had been placed, with his weapons about him and various utensils round him. A

¹ Pearson's History of England during the Early and Middle Ages, 91, *sq.*

² Words and Places, 212.

³ By Mr Rutland of Taplow, October 1883.

⁴ Times, Nov. 6, 1883.

sufficient number of his bones remained to show the position in which his bearers laid him. His feet were turned a little north of west, as if he was laid to face the direction of the setting sun; for several vertebræ of the back lay continuously along the centre, and beyond these was the left thigh bone. He had worn a woollen surcoat, edged with a beautiful frilling of gold, and buckled at the neck with a golden clasp; for some traces of a woven woollen fibre were found adhering beneath a fragment of decayed wood; and numerous shreds of gold tissue, sometimes ten inches in length, gathered up into fringe of an inch in width, were scattered for some two yards along the middle of the grave; and above these was a buckle, four inches long, made of four ounces of pure gold, richly chased, and set with garnets and with ornaments of coloured enamel, which still retained its brilliancy. He wore also a belt of stamped leather, fastened by two gold buckles, of only less beautiful workmanship than that which clasped his mantle; for the buckles were lying at about the centre of the body, and a fragment of the leather remained in one of them. Over his lap was laid his shield, circular, and two feet in width, its under side of wood, strengthened with a ring of iron, its outer side encased with bronze; and portions of this were found, the central ring lying three feet from the brooch-buckle, and serving to give some idea of the hero's stature. His hands were placed across the shield as he lay, as if to clasp it to his breast; and, attached to his sleeves, he wore bracelets or armlets of bronze, with serrated edges, and rims of gilded silver—for these were found, with traces of the woollen fabric of his under-gar-

ment still adhering to the rims, lying above the fragments of the shield. His large two-edged sword, of iron, thirty inches long, in its sheath of wood, was laid at his side; and close to his hand was the *seax* or dagger of iron, and a barbed javelin lay near; for all of these were found, some in the last stages of decay, together with many lesser fragments of bronze and iron, which may have been portions of his armour. To the right of his feet was placed a bucket, such as the Saxons commonly carried in their war-ships; and though flattened by the pressure of the earth upon it, this bucket was sufficiently preserved to show that its materials were of the same character as those of the shield. It was made of wooden staves, encased with bronze and strengthened with a rim of iron at the base; but in this case the bronze was stamped with a horse-shoe pattern—a frequent form of pagan adornment, probably to be connected with the Teutonic worship of the White Horse deity, and corresponding thus far with the ornaments of a bucket in the Museum of Devizes, found in a tumulus near Marlborough, where the hoops bear figures of horses. A second bucket, similar to the former, was placed at the opposite angle of the grave, on the left of the head. He was amply furnished, after the pagan custom, with supplies of food to support him on his journey to the under world; for beside the second bucket, near his head, was set a large bronze vase, a foot in height, and somewhat more in width, with a twelve-sided spreading margin at the top, and two massive handles at the sides, and a base loaded with lead. Upon the shield, near his hands, were laid two drinking-horns, of great size, of the form that required

them to be held in the hand while being filled; and these are tipped at the ends with bronze, and banded at the mouth with silver, both the metals being gilded. Near the horns were two wide-mouthed vessels, of thin glass, of sage-green colour, and beautiful design—one adorned with spiked projections of the dog-tooth form, the other with parallel, raised lines; and the fragments of the latter were found so complete that a skilled hand was able to restore it. A third glass vessel of the same character was set near the head, and also a third drinking-horn of smaller size than the other pair, tipped as well as lipped with silver. Near the feet, again, were a fourth glass vessel and a fourth drinking-horn. The warrior was plentifully supplied with weapons also; for in addition to the knife at his side and the shield upon his breast, there were found at the right of his head another iron knife and the large projecting bosses of two other shields. Besides food and weapons he will need recreation also, and for this he is supplied with what appear to be counters for a game. They are rings or hollow beads of ivory, measuring about an inch, and closed at the ends with ivory plates pinned together through the centre with silver. Of these about thirty were found in the tomb, and with them a thick crescent-shaped ornament of silver gilt, six inches long, to which it is difficult to attach a meaning. Lastly, when the broad planks of wood have been placed over him, his spear with its barbed point and long iron socket is laid upon them, pointing, like the javelin be-

low, towards the west, in the same direction in which his body lies. Thus royally clothed and equipped with weapons and food and pastime, he is prepared to move forward on his passage to the realms of darkness, and the lofty mound is heaped above his grave. Probably its great height and size were designed that it might serve as a beacon, from which a signal-fire might convey the messages of danger or of war to all the surrounding neighbourhood.

From the character of these various relics that belonged to the buried chieftain, the antiquaries have been able to draw at least a few general inferences. The ornaments of rich goldsmith's work have been imported from abroad, for even in their coinage the English work of Saxon times is extremely rude; but ornaments like these have been found in Merovingian sepulchres, and there is reason to believe that they were wrought in Paris—while others have thought that Saxon jewellery came even from Constantinople. At any rate these things prove that we have here a chieftain of high rank—possibly one of the kings of the Mercian Angles, for some of these had a palace, on a site which we shall presently notice, in the plain below us. Certainly he is no Scandinavian Viking, as was at first supposed; for in the interments of that race glass vessels are unknown, and the profuse decoration is of Saxon rather than of Danish character.¹

We must therefore connect the warrior with the period when the descendants of those Saxons whom Vortigern invited had made their footing sure against the resistance

¹ See papers on the Tumulus at Taplow, by Dr Joseph Stevens, read before the British Archæological Association, January 16, 1884; and by the Rev. B. Burgess, in the Records of Buckinghamshire, 1884.

of the Britons whom Ambrose and Arthur led. And certainly the upper districts of the Thames had fallen under their dominion before the last quarter of the sixth century, though the district of the Chiltern Hills held out to the last. Soon after the death of Penda, in the middle of the seventh century, Christianity was generally accepted in the Mercian kingdom. Perhaps these data may suggest the period to which the interment must be assigned. It could hardly have taken place with such magnificent surroundings on ground which the invader had not yet made his own; and, at the same time, those surroundings evidently belong to the pre-Christian period of the kingdom. It is at least not unlikely that we have here a prince of the royal house of Mercia, who met his end near a spot which his followers would readily regard as worthy to become a prince's resting-place.

But the hill of Taplow preserves to us yet earlier memories. The Chiltern or Celtern Hills, called *Ciltria* by Matthew Paris, derive their name from having been the last refuge of the Celtic race in these parts. Long before this, in all the intestine conflicts of the Britons, and in all periods of invasion, a district which commanded so important a part of the great central river of the island must have been a position of supreme advantage. And all this applies with special force to such a point as Taplow, with its wide prospect up and down the valley. Accordingly it affords abundant evidence of an ancient fortification.

"In front of Taplow Court, at the angle of the hill, the slopes still bear the name of the 'Bury Fields,' showing that there the British Celts had their *beorgh*, or fortified hill-top. When

the ancient Norman church that once stood there was removed to its present more central position in the village, the traces of the old ditch and *vallum* which formed this British stronghold were exposed."¹

And the earth of which the great barrow is formed was already filled with remains of the older occupants of the site.

"Intermingled with the gravel and earth from all the shafts were flint scrapers, cores, and flakes of various kinds in great abundance, together with wrought bones, one piece resembling an awl, and bones of animals which had been used for food. And associated with the flint implements were crocks of Romano-British vessels of various types, but chiefly of the ruder kinds, and such as implied that Roman art, at the time of their manufacture, had made but small impression on the British people."

The explorer also "removed a scrap of figured Samian from the base of the tumulus."² There is a pond close by, in a stratum of clay that lies along the front of the hill, holding a supply of water that is never known to fail from the gravel soil above it. From this pond the holders of the fortress doubtless drew their water. It lies at the edge of a field bearing the remarkable name of the Bapses; for tradition says that here St Berin, afterwards the first Bishop of Dorchester in the adjoining county of Oxford, baptised his Saxon converts. The mound of the old chieftain's burial, on a site which was probably consecrated already by ancient British rites and still held sacred for the worship of Thor and Wodin, had now become the pulpit of the Christian missionary. The same local tradition of his preaching clings to the old sanctuary of Churn Knob,

¹ Times, Nov. 6, 1883.

² Dr J. Stevens, p. 3.

a few miles westward on the Berkshire Hills; and Berin's Hill, on the west front of the Chilterns above Ipsden, likewise bears his name; while, again, a few miles northward upon the same range, ancient encampments near Prince's Risborough, and near Wendover, are called in each instance Pulpit Wood, and thus seem to possess similar traditions. When the preaching of St Berin had done its work, we may suppose that some rude edifice of early Saxon Christianity was reared beside the mound within the dyke of Taplow, to be superseded after another conquest of the land by a goodly Norman structure, which unhappily the mistake of two generations ago has swept away. But it was an example of adaptation by no means unusual. At West Wycombe, in this immediate neighbourhood, the church stands in a circular intrenchment on the hill, though the village has been removed into the valley. And a few miles southward, in Berkshire, where a British fortress occupies the end of a long bank of hills known as Finchampstead Ridges, the parish church of Finchampstead, with its characteristic Norman apse, stands within the earthworks.

And upon the mound at Taplow the Norman planted his yew-tree, in order, as is commonly supposed, to supply the villagers with bows; so that while the Church taught them the Gospel of peace, they might also, in case of need, be prepared for warfare. And around the church and the mound the villagers for many ages laid their dead, among them being the body of John Milton's mother in an unknown grave. And here beneath a sombre tomb lie some of the great house of Villiers, from the mansion of Cliveden, which this

parish includes; and here are the family of the Earls of Orkney from the adjoining mansion, in a great vault beneath the turf. At last the old church is pulled down, and, save for some favoured families, the old graveyard is closed. And now that the old yew-tree has ceased to live, the needs of scientific and historical research have demanded the exploration of the mound, and its contents are carried away for the study of the archæologist in the British Museum, and in the process of exploring it the trunk of the dismantled yew-tree has fallen through into the hollow. Finally, the tumulus has been restored to the same external appearance which it had presented before, and its summit is crowned again by a newly planted yew-tree.

Beyond the angle formed by Taplow hill the course of the river curves round in a south-easterly direction across a broad alluvial plain, until it is diverted again by ridges of broken hills, which end on the Berkshire side in the fortified rock where Henry I. built his castle at Windsor, while their character is indicated on the Buckinghamshire side by the significant name of the parish of Upton. Let us proceed to take a survey of this lower district. Here, as elsewhere, islands are not infrequent along the channel of the river. Probably the best known is Monkey Island, near Bray, containing some three acres, where a Duke of Marlborough built a grotesque pavilion, adorned with costly paintings on its walls and roof, in which monkeys are represented engaging in various sports and amusements of human life. Only a few miles down the river is the still more famous island of Runnymede. But the islands that remain represent a feature of the river which was far more frequently to be seen in

early days. The series of village names along its bank speaks very plainly of the change which has passed over it.

"It is not difficult," says Mr Isaac Taylor, "to prove that the present aspect of the lower valley of the Thames is very different from what it must have been a thousand years ago. Instead of being confined within regular banks, the river must have spread its sluggish waters over a broad lagoon, which was dotted with marshy islands. This is indicated by the fact that the Anglo-Saxon word *ea* or *ey*, an island, enters into the composition of the names of many places by the river-side which are now joined to the mainland by rich pastures."¹

Examples are to be seen in the villages which follow next in order below the parish of Taplow. First of these is Dorney, the water-island; for in the Welsh and Gaelic tongues *dwr* or *dur* still survives as the Celtic word for water; and Dorsetshire, with its capital at Dorchester, is the land of the Durotriges or dwellers by the water, and Dorchester in Oxfordshire is the water-camp. The next place is Boveney, anciently written Buffney, probably the village-island; for *bœuf* or *bue* is one of the forms in which the Norse word *by* or *byre*, a dwelling, occasionally appears; as in Normandy we have Marbœuf answering to the English Markby, or border dwelling, and Quittebœuf answering to Whitby, the white dwelling.² And both in Boveney and Dorney the central *n* appears to be a relic of the Celtic *innes* or *inch*, an island; and, as in instances often to be met with elsewhere, the British words being merely meaningless place-names to the later colonists, they added the *ey*

or island of their own language. After these we come to Chalvey, a hamlet lying beneath Upton, where the final syllable probably tells the same story as in the other names; and the former syllable may possibly relate to the chalk which appears again at this corner of the river-valley; or it may relate to the *kell* or well which springs from it, known as Chalvey Brook, intersecting the playing fields of Eton College, "whose water, considered beneficial to the eyes, has its source in Queen Anne's well, situated in a pretty grove of trees near the village of Chalvey, whence Queen Anne, and afterwards Queen Charlotte, had the water carried up to the castle in buckets."³ The next parish is Eton, more properly Eaton as it appears in old writings, the island-town, distinguished thus from Upton, the upper town, on the rising ground above it. Here the picturesque buildings of Henry the Sixth's great foundation, commenced in 1441 and always increasing to the present day, cluster about the splendid edifice of the collegiate church, whose pinnacles rise as a conspicuous feature in the surrounding landscape. With the name of Eaton we may compare, lower down the river, Chelsea, originally Chesel Ea, the shingle island, and Battersea, a corruption of Peter's Ea, or Peter's island. The Saxon word appears again in this valley at the foot of the rising ground of Burnham, in Ay Mill, a spot recognised by that name in a document of the thirteenth century, where a stream is now banked up to form a large mill-pond, but seems formerly to have flowed in two channels, enclosing an island on which the mill was built. In the local

¹ Words and Places, 235.

² Ibid., 124.

³ Murray's Handbook, 97.

nomenclature of the river also the same word occurs, in the ayotts or aits of rods or willows which are cultivated along its course.

Another indication of the change which the river-bank has undergone is to be noticed at the hamlet of Lake-end, a mile above Dorney. Here the only vestige of a lake is to be seen in a sluggish brook, often flooded in winter, which drains the hillside; but it is evident that at no very distant date an arm of the river forming a lagoon reached up to the highway and the cottages whose name still records its limit.

In the bed of the river, and in the rich soil of the valley around it, as well as upon the adjoining hills, abundant remains of former ages have been deposited, to be brought to light in these days and to give their aid to the scientific investigator. The draining of the land for modern agriculture, the excavation of the gravels for the road-maker and the clay-beds for the brick-maker, the cuttings for the line of the Great Western Railway, the dredging of the river, first for its barges and now for its steam-launches, alike add their contributions to these discoveries. All along the district there are remains of animals that once roamed the forests and hills, or pastured by the river-side. Bones of mammoth and rhinoceros and wild horse have been dug along the valley. The gravel-beds at the foot of Taplow hill afforded a few years ago a skull of the musk-buffalo. Teeth of horse and bison, antlers of red-deer and reindeer and Irish elk have been brought up from the river-bed. Together with these there were the larger beasts of prey. At least a few miles below this district the gravel has been found to contain remains of the lion; and as a memorial of more

recent times, the name of Wolveley in the parish of Bray hands down the tradition of the wolf's lair. The herds of red-deer and fallow-deer in the parks at Windsor and Stoke Poges remain as the sole representatives of the various classes of "thieren" that have passed away.

From the same deposits which afford these relics of bygone ages we learn at what an early period the human hunter was busy here. In the lower gravel-drifts next to the chalk foundation, there are found the rough flakes of flint chipped into the forms of rude implements and weapons by the river-drift man. He had not arrived at the art of grinding or polishing the stones, and could not make an axe that would do service on the trees. Indeed he seems not to have thought of any clearing of the woodland or cultivation of the soil. He lived along the river-banks; and a flint hatchet that would cut through the ice in winter was the best axe that he needed. Besides this, with sharp-edged flints that would cut the skins of his prey, and flat flakes that would scrape them, and pointed awls of flint that would bore them, his wants were satisfied. Specimens of scrapers of that primitive period have been found in the lower gravel-drift in Windmill Field at Hitcham, together with remains of mammoth and rhinoceros, wild horse and buffalo; while one at Wittage in Taplow lay in a drift about 100 feet above the river, showing what vast changes must have passed over the country since the water left it in such a position.

But in the upper soils which the river has deposited in later times there are flints more carefully wrought, and implements finely polished, showing that a superior

race had now become occupants of the land. From their habit of choosing caverns for their dwellings, when these could be found, they have been distinguished as the cave-men. Their haunts were not confined to the river-valleys; but though they spread themselves further over the hills they still made no attempt to construct habitations, contenting themselves with those which nature offered. The same field at Hitcham, where the relics of the river-drift man lay in the lower gravel, has yielded also three flint celts of this latter race. One of these measures nine inches in length, with a breadth of three inches. A flint javelin-head and many other relics of the same character have been found in the fields and woods at Taplow. Polished axe-heads, seven inches in depth and three in width, have been taken from the river-bed, one of greenstone at Taplow mills, and another of quartzite just below at Maidenhead. Here also, among leaves and sticks in the peaty soil a few yards from the river, there was lately found, some four feet below the surface, the small skull of a primitive woman, whose antiquity is sufficiently proved by the thigh-bone and broken antlers of a reindeer that lay beside it. The Irish elk was in these days the last survival of the older extinct animals, and men had learnt to fashion pieces of his vast antlers for their instruments. A hammer of this character has lately been taken from the river-bed at Monkey Island.¹

When we pass on from the Palaeolithic or old-stone, to the Neolithic or new-stone age, a fresh race of men had occupied the land. They are identified with the dark-

haired, long-headed, and short-statured people who are still to be traced in a district of North Wales, but whose principal remnant is to be seen in the Basques of Spain. From the district which this remnant occupies on the river Ebro, they are known as the Iberic race; or, from their own traditional name, the Euscarian — a word which, through the intermediate form of Vescarian, is preserved in the names of Biscay and Basques. Being traced originally from a district of Central Asia, they are found to have been settled in the extreme western parts of Europe at the time when their civilisation was first developing. Hither they had already been driven before the advancing Celtic family, which in due time was to leave only the remotest corners in their possession, and was itself to yield to other invaders in its turn. It is with this Iberic race, therefore, that we find a more distinct step forward in the stages of human progress in our land. There are efforts to clear portions of the forest and to till the ground; and there are the beginnings of the potter's art; and, above all, there is the commencement of settled habitation in the form of pit-dwellings. The circular depressions which are often to be seen on the chalk hills, though in many cases they merely result from modern excavations, yet are sometimes found to have been the huts of mankind. A hole was dug down a few feet into the chalk, and roofed with boughs and sods. One series of such dwellings has been found along the base of the hills in this district, north of the present highroad. The pits contained the relics of their primitive inhab-

¹ For most of these details see a paper on Prehistoric Man, by John Parker, F.S.A., in Bucks Records, vol. v. No. 6.

itants, burnt ashes of their fires, bones and teeth of the deer on which they feasted, flint instruments which they had used for the chase and for their cookery, together with earthen cups of rough material and rudest workmanship.

To what period of remote antiquity these dwellings are to be assigned is a matter of merely uncertain conjecture. But it has been calculated that some five or six hundred years before the Christian era the working of bronze had commenced in our land. Further centuries elapsed, and the skill of the miner was progressing, and men supplied themselves with implements and weapons of iron; while at the same time the use both of stone and bronze still lingered on. Relics of these as of the previous ages are not wanting in the district before us. Quite recently, from the river-bed below Taplow the dredgers have brought up a sword of bronze and two axes of iron. And in the tumulus above, we have already seen that the chieftain who was buried there belonged to a period when iron was largely used and bronze had not yet been disused.

And here the course of our story may lead us to digress for a moment to Batlyngemead, across the river on the Berkshire side, where a mound 100 yards from the bank was opened about the same time as this at Taplow. It contained the usual relics of early days: "flint flakes and other flint implements, together with bones of ox, pig, horse, and red-deer, and scraps of Romano-British pottery." But these were merely a deposit of the river, illustrating the abundance of such remains along its course. The mound had been grad-

ually accumulated by floods over a curious little abode of mediæval times, occupied perhaps by some ranger who protected the fishing on the river or the hunting in the forest; for a hut with a fireplace was found within it, and a quantity of earthenware of the fourteenth century, of buff colour and glazed with greenish black, which must have been costly in its day.¹ The name of *Battle-ing*, the battle-meadow, to which later times have added the superfluous *mead*, points to some old traditions which attached themselves to the spot, and carries us back to the days of tribal warfare or of Saxon invasion, supplying a link between the primitive and the mediæval relics found beneath.

Next to Taplow and Hitcham, upon the southern ridge of the Buckinghamshire hills, stands the village of Burnham, in the centre of the extensive parish of Burnham-cum-Boveney. That parish stretches almost continuously for a distance of eight miles from the river-bank at Boveney to the heart of the wooded upland, where it includes the famous Beeches. Almost continuously: for down on the flat common at the southern end an offset of the once-island of Dorney thrusts itself across, and cuts off the other once-island of Boveney. The fertile soil is rich with luxuriant elms, in striking contrast with the beech-covered heights of chalk above; and Boveney, as well as Maidenhead, is said to have contributed its elm-timber for the buildings of Eton College. Among the trees is the picturesque house of Boveney Court, containing within its walls several of the remains of a handsome Norman mansion, and bearing testimony to the importance of the

¹ Reading Mercury, Jan. 15, 1883.

place in former days. Near the Court, with fields and pastures around it, close above the bank of the river, and unapproachable on foot in time of flood, is the little chapel of St Mary Magdalene, enclosed by a group of the overshadowing elms. It possesses a large and massive font, with other characteristics of the Norman period. But it is now merely a chapel to the larger church of Burnham on the hillside. Its little churchyard is without mounds, and its walls and floor are without memorials. Burnham must have been for ages the burial-place of the dead from Boveney. Yet Burnham Church belongs distinctly to a later age, its earliest portion being of first pointed character, late in the Norman era; and when we compare the manner in which other parishes were parcelled out in the Saxon times, it is reasonable to infer that this parish consisted originally of a settlement upon the river, to which a long narrow tract of the upper woodland was assigned. The same arrangement prevails conspicuously along the district where the river flows beneath the western front of the Chilterns in Oxfordshire; and such is also the character of the parish of Dorney, which stretches up the hills side by side with this parish of Burnham. If this be so, Boveney was the original settlement, and the Norman chapel and Court represent its mother church and its principal mansion; the large village of Burnham, two miles above, having sprung up in later times. The character of the upper village bears out this inference; for it has grown up apart from an ancient trackway which still passes beyond its eastern side; and its church, instead of occupying the usual prominent position, seems to have been added as an after-thought

on the western side, with no highway passing it in either direction.

Now the interest of all this lies in a curious tradition which attaches to Boveney Chapel. It is said that the chapel was served in old times for the benefit of barge-men descending the river, who stopped here to attend divine service before moving on to the wharf at Windsor. The tradition may be a mere fiction to account for the isolated position of a little sanctuary on the river-bank. But, like most traditions of this kind, it is probably not wholly worthless; and at least it seems to point to the fact that at one time barges were in the habit of stopping here.

There still exist the continuous remains of a primitive trackway traversing most of the distance from Boveney across the valley and up the hillside and through the depth of the woods, in a direct line to Beaconsfield, the felled place in the Beeches. Its antiquity is sufficiently obvious. It is older than the division of the parishes; for a great portion of its upper course was chosen as the dividing line between Burnham and Dorney. And it is older than the village of Burnham; for it passes, as we have seen, along the back of the village, and has not even a single old cottage upon its course. Yet even there we may find indications of its former importance; for upon it there is still the village pound; and its slope just below is still called the hog-market, from the days when the hogs that pastured the beech-forest were the chief cattle of the district. Its character is also shown by the course which it takes along the hollows of the hill, after the usual manner of British trackways.

It is worth while to follow out this track in its principal details,

because it illustrates well the way in which the course of half-obliterated roads of old times may be often recognised; and as we follow it we shall find still further evidence of its great antiquity. Starting at a short distance from the town of Beaconsfield—for its commencement at this end seems to have been incorporated into private grounds at some distant time,—it is known along part of its course by the significant name of Holloways. Afterwards it becomes for some distance nothing more than a half-disused field-road, and then again it is a well-kept highway along the edge of the beeches. Here it passes only a few yards to the west of an oblong earthwork, surrounded by a ditch, deeply hidden in the woods. This is known locally as Hardican's Moat, the name being written sometimes Hartecol and sometimes Harlequin, but apparently carrying with it a tradition of King Hardicanute. The value of the tradition lies in the suggestion which it offers that we have here a Danish work; for though there exists a story that war was waged between Danes and Saxons in the time of Hardicanute, there are no facts to support the legend. But the name of the last Dane who reigned in England may well have been engrafted upon the earthwork in later times as the name of its real maker became forgotten. And in earlier days the Danes left many marks of their incursions in the district. The first time that they penetrated into the central parts of our land, in 871, we find that they advanced up the Thames to a point considerably beyond this; for they encamped at Reading, and gained a victory in which

the alderman of Berkshire fell, though a few days afterwards they were successfully repulsed by Alfred in the battle of Ashdown, on the end of the Berkshire Downs nearest to the Chilterns. Twenty-two years later they came again up the Thames; and the intrenchments known as the Danes' Ditches, near Danesfield House, a short distance above Maidenhead, are believed to have been their work on this occasion. Bledlow, the blood-hill, a few miles northward, where the front of the Chilterns passes from Buckinghamshire into Oxfordshire, is perhaps the spot where Edward the Elder defeated the Danes in 906, as they marched westward from East Anglia along the Ickniel Way; and the crosses cut on the face of the adjacent hills above that way—one at Risborough, and another at Winhill, the battle-hill—are thought to commemorate victories of the Christian Saxons over the pagan invaders, one of which may probably be connected with the Bledlow battle. And again, we learn from the Saxon chronicler, Florence of Worcester, that in the winter of 1009 the Danes passed through the Chiltern woods on their way to Oxford, when they plundered and burnt the town.¹ We must presume that to one or other of these incursions the intrenchment of Hardican's Moat should be assigned.

As we pass by the earthwork and emerge from Burnham Beeches, the course that we are following brings us along a grassy track, sometimes narrowed between shelving banks, sometimes widened between straggling hedges, and apparently preserved for little else than the parish boundary. Then

¹ See a paper on "The Danes in Buckinghamshire," by Mr R. S. Downs, in the Records of Bucks, v. 260 *sqq.*

it is formed once more into a good highway as it approaches Burnham village, and again becomes a strip of grassy waste along the back of it, descending at the foot of the rise through a narrow ravine at the hog-market, where no fewer than six ways meet. Following on from this point, we find the direct southward course occupied by a pathway over gently sloping fields, crossed first by the Great Western railroad and then by the modern coach-road from London. Here it comes to Huntercombe; a fine manor-house with ancient characteristics, beautifully adapted as a modern mansion by the good taste of its present possessors. A suspicion of such a combe or hollow as this name implies may still be faintly discerned down the slope by which we have passed, though the operations of the ploughman and the drainer have nearly levelled the old haunts of the hunter. And it is noticeable that this foot-path was commonly used until quite recent times by the parishioners of the upper woodland of Dorney, no doubt from ancient custom, as they went down to attend divine service in their parish church. The track again becomes a lane along the back of Huntercombe, and passes on close to Cippenham, a hamlet of the parish of Burnham. This place, often written Sippenham in the old registers, and occasionally Shipenham, was evidently the Chipping-ham or marketing village of the district before there was a market at Burnham. Here the Kings of Mercia had a palace, which, as we shall presently have occasion to notice, continued to be a royal residence in the latter half of the thirteenth century. Probably it was then a mere hunting-seat, to which the King would come from Windsor Castle for the enjoyment of the

chase, just at the foot of the forest which descended to this point on the brink of the wide swamp below it. The forest above is gone; but the land below, though converted into fields and pastures, still retains much of its former character. The lane continues a little way past Cippenham along a marshy green; but there a considerable water-course crosses before it, over which a bridge has long ceased to be needed, and hence the track disappears entirely. The existing highway is at Lake-end, a short distance westward. Still, however, the direct course is traceable here and there by hedgerows and boundaries; and after a while it again becomes a field-road, and passes through a farmyard, emerging upon Dorney Common. A few steps across the common, following the same straight course, and we are at an angle of a road out of Dorney village, which from this point passes on in a direct line intersecting the common and brings us into Boveney. Upon the track which has been thus described we can picture to ourselves the rude timber-waggons of early times conveying the beech-trunks down from the woodland to float them upon the river from the wharf at Boveney towards Windsor and Staines and London.

The great highway from London to Reading, Bath, and Bristol, passes at right angles over the track which we have been following, crossing it at Huntercombe. To note its connection with this district, we must start from a point near Langley Marsh—no marsh, indeed, for it is on rising ground, and is really Langley Maries—so called from the dedication of its church. The road proceeds through Slough—again no slough in the modern sense, but possibly repre-

senting the Celtic *sliu*, or high-ground, unless etymologists can suggest a better meaning; and Slough, as a town, is of no antiquity, but has grown up from a hamlet in the parish, which bears the corresponding Saxon name of Upton. Its chief historic interest consists in the fact of its being Sir William Herschel's home, and the spot where he discovered the planet Uranus. The road passes on through Salthill, another hamlet, consisting of a great coaching hotel and a few adjacent houses. Here a tumulus by the roadside is probably a mere heap of refuse from comparatively modern gravel-pits; but it has an interest as the scene of the Eton Montem of former times, when the boys of the college had a yearly revel here, demanding contributions of "salt" from the spectators of their sport, among whom royalty were sometimes numbered, and obtaining thus considerable sums of money, which were handed to the captain of the school for his support at the university: hence the name of Salt-hill. From this point there is no intermediate village. The road crosses the parish of Burnham, with only a detached dwelling here and there by the wayside, and after a course of four miles over open fields, it enters Berkshire at Maidenhead. The name of Maidenhead—in old documents *Maydenhythe*, and originally *Mydenhythe*—implies a town of no primary importance; for it is merely the Middle Hythe, or wharf, between two others—namely, those of Marlow and Windsor. The word *hythe*, being practically lost to the popular language, became corrupted into *head*; and a myth grew upon the corrupted name, and the place was said to have been hallowed by the head of one of the legendary eleven thousand

virgins of Cologne being buried here. But until quite recently Maidenhead was merely a hamlet, or pair of hamlets, its street being the boundary between the parishes of Bray and Cookham, to each of which half of the town belonged. This fact, indeed, shows that the track between them existed in Saxon days; and there must accordingly have been a crossing of the river here, at the foot of Taplow hill. And the first bridge at Maidenhead was built in the closing years of the thirteenth century; after which the road which crosses it became the chief route from London to the west of England. But from the point where it passes out of Middlesex into Buckinghamshire at Colnbrook, supposed to be the *Ad Pontes* of the Romans, until, after a distance of nearly nine miles, it again passes out of Buckinghamshire into Berkshire, it has not one ancient village upon its course. Here is sufficient proof that in this district it was no main thoroughfare of ancient times.

It is matter of history, or at least of accepted tradition, that the road which this superseded went along the higher ground above, and passed out into Berkshire some two miles to the north of this, near Cookham. The line of villages which it traverses presents a striking contrast with what we have been observing upon the latter road. Crossing the river Colne it enters Buckinghamshire at Iver, where is a good church of Norman days, its font and its principal arcade and other features being of that period. The next village is Wexham, where again the church has Norman windows. Then we come to Stoke Poges, where the name tells first of the primitive settlers who fenced their cluster of dwellings

with a rude stockade, and secondly of the family of Poges from whom the manor passed to that of Molyns early in the fourteenth century. Here, in the ancient church, a richly ornamented arch is pointed out as the tomb of Sir John de Molyns, whose name we shall have again to notice, and near it is a beautiful brass to his descendant Sir William, who fell in 1425 at the siege of Orleans. We must not pass by its interesting memories of later times. The picturesque eastern gables of the church, with a tapering spire of wood rising near them, overshadow the resting-place of Gray, whose *Elegy* has made the churchyard memorable. The remains of the old manor-house are still to be seen in the outskirts of the adjoining park, though now a large modern mansion takes the place of the old one, and its lofty cupola towers above the surrounding elms. The names of Sir Christopher Hatton and Chief-Justice Coke, and the Lord Villiers, brother to the Duke of Buckingham, and William Penn of Pennsylvania, and the Lord Taunton of recent times, go to make up the annals of this historic house. We pass next by Farnham, the distant home, or home of the wayfarers, where the epithet of Royal preserves the record of ancient privileges; for the lords of the manor held their rights by bearing a glove for the King's right hand at his coronation; and the ancient church, prominent on the hill-front and beautifully renovated, has a quaint old English epitaph to Eustas Mascoll, who was "somtime clarke of the workes of Frisewithe in Oxford for Cardinall Woolsey, and after these clarke of acomp's for xvij yeares for all the bulding of Kinge Henry y^e viij his plasis w'in xx

myles of London, and dep'ted this life pistellreder in Winsor Castell," in 1564. Westward of this is the village of Burnham, which became the market-town of that parish at an early date, superseding the older village of Cippenham in the valley. Crowning the ridge at the foot of Burnham is the finest church of the district; its north side adorned with a beautiful transept of the fourteenth century, which contains Lord Grenville's burial-place; and its south side supported by a massive tower of late Norman work, though now a poor summit of modern timber, very unworthy of its surroundings, overlooks the adjacent plain. Thence the road turns northward, following the ridge of the hill along the district with which our survey commenced. Passing on by Hitcham and Cliveden, its old course descended to the river and entered Berkshire near Cookham by Babham Ferry. And Cookham was certainly a place of importance in ancient times. Here, in the closing years of the tenth century, a Saxon Gemot was held, at which a large number of thanes of Wessex and Mercia were assembled. And in Roman times it had its battle-field; for in making a new cut to shorten an angle of the river half a century ago, the soil of the meadow was found to contain a number of skeletons, together with Roman swords and javelin-heads.

But in those early days the ferry that led to Cookham was not the chief passage of the river in this district. The most important route westward across this southern extremity of Buckinghamshire may yet be traced in a third track south of the modern highway. It led across to Bray, the other ancient village whose hamlet has grown into the southern half of

Maidenhead, as the hamlet belonging to Cookham has grown into the northern half. And Bray is the Roman Bibracte, an important town of the Bibroci, still giving its name to one of the Berkshire Hundreds. There never was a bridge at Bray, but to the present day the river is often fordable in summer-time; and we may conjecture that here, in the open valley, the ford was broader and shallower than that at Babham, where the river must always have cut out a deeper channel in turning aside beneath the chalk cliff of the Chilterns. To Bray, therefore, the course of the ancient road was directed after entering Buckinghamshire at Colnbrook or Ad Pontes; and it is rich in Roman reminiscences. The name of Ad Pontes implies a series of Roman bridges crossing the broken channels of the river Colne; the river itself taking its name from the Roman *Colonia* at Verulam, or St Alban's, near its source.

Starting from Colnbrook, we follow the present highroad for about two miles, to the point from which we have already traced its course near Langley Marsh. Here a hedgerow, with its line of elm-trees, diverging slightly southward, marks the older track. It points directly to the village of Upton, where the old mother-church of modern Slough is well known as preserving portions of a Saxon edifice of highest interest. Its deep stone-vaulted chancel; its chancel-arch (now removed, but rebuilt as a curious relic at the end of the aisle) so low and narrow that a pointed arch had been cut through on either side of it in the next age; its original doorway and its diminutive windows still visible, though superseded by more elaborate Norman work; the venerable yew-tree in its graveyard, and the

ivy-tree with huge trunk upon its tower, are all tokens of extreme antiquity. From Upton a road continues westward, passing the hamlets of Chalvey and Farnham End, and leading direct to Cippenham, where it closes at the cross-road which we have already traced, and only proceeds thence in the form of a pathway. Thus Cippenham, though it was the marketing village, and possessed a home of royalty, has only two roads into it, both becoming mere footpaths beyond it.

The path westward will bring us next to Burnham Abbey. But before we proceed it will be worth while to stop and to note a royal assemblage which once met at Cippenham. On the 18th day of April 1266, in the ninth year of his reign, the illustrious son of King John, "Richard, King of the Romans, ever Augustus," in the presence of his brother Henry, King of England, and his nephew Edward, the King's son, and the Bishop of Bath, Chancellor of England, and the Bishops of Lincoln, of Coventry, and of Lichfield, and Henry and Edmund, his own sons, and Philip Basset, and William de Huntercombe, and William de Wyndlesore, and Richard de Oxeye, and Philip de Covele, and others, did for himself and for his heirs grant and confirm to God and to Blessed Mary and to the monastery of Burnham now founded, and to the nuns there serving God and their successors, in free, pure, and perpetual alms, in the sight of God and for the health of his soul and the souls of his predecessors the Kings of England, the manor of Burnham, with all its appurtenances, as in domains, homages of freemen, villenages, view of franc pledge, rents, escheats, wards, reliefs, marriages, and all else that belonged to him by reason

of the said manor of Burnham, together with the advowson of the church of Burnham, which was in his patronage by reason of the aforesaid manor; and he granted also, for himself and for his heirs, to the same nuns and their successors all the land with its appurtenances which belonged to John de Boveney, with the milling and fishing and view of franc pledge which pertained to his manor of Cippenham, saving to himself and to his heirs the appurtenances which belonged to John in Stoukes; and he granted also, for himself and his heirs, to the said nuns and their successors all the land of Morforlong and Brockforlong, with all the meadow of Dillepol, which were part of his manor of Cippenham at the time of this his gift, and all the wood which he had bought of John de Everengee, which is called La Strete, and one portion of his wood of Hertlegh, as the boundary ditches mark it, from the wood of La Strete unto the wood of John de la Penne; and he willed also and granted, for himself and his heirs, to the said nuns and their successors to have and to hold all the aforesaid grants freely, quietly, peaceably, and entirely in meadows, pastures, plains, woods, grazings, ways, water-courses, and footpaths, within and without the township, even as he had held them or might have held them freely and quietly, without any reserve to himself or to his heirs, with all the liberties and free customs pertaining to the said lands, rents, and tenements, together with the advowson of the aforesaid church, in free, pure, and perpetual alms to be possessed in perpetuity; and he pledged himself and his heirs to warrant, defend, and acquit this his gift to the said nuns and their successors against all men, both Jews and Christians—that is to say, from all

classes of courts, and from royal service, and from other secular demands, all and singular, which might on any occasion be required of the said nuns by reason of this his gift, due and customary ward of the Castle of Wyndelsore excepted; in testimony whereof he gave force to the present charter with the seal of his royal Majesty.

From this charter it appears that, while endowing the abbey, Richard still preserved his personal interest in Cippenham; for he expressly retains to himself and his heirs certain possessions that had belonged to John in Stoukes, a landowner, it would seem, of the neighbouring village of Stoke Poges. Five years later, in 1271, Richard died, without having attained to the imperial dignity to which he had been elected; and later benefactors in turn added to the possessions of the abbey. Seventy years afterwards, Sir John de Molins had become lord of Stoke, and he endowed the nuns with his manor of Silverton in Northamptonshire. Other manors, or portions of them, nearer home were also bestowed, as those of Stoke itself, and Bulstrode, and Beaconsfield. Yet the abbey never rivalled the importance of Richard's more magnificent foundation at Hales in Gloucestershire, where he found his last resting-place. Nor was it equal to the great Buckinghamshire house of the Bonhommes at Ashridge, founded a few years later by his son Edmund, Earl of Cornwall. At the time of the dissolution, Burnham Abbey had only nine sisters besides its abbess, with two priests, twenty-one nuns, and fourteen women dependent upon them. It was suppressed in 1539, as one of the lesser monasteries, the abbess and her sisters surrendering themselves peaceably to the King's will, and desiring only that

they might be permitted to enter one of the larger houses which for the moment were spared. Its income at that time was short of £200 a-year. But, as we have seen, Richard endowed the abbey well. It is said to have been his act of thanksgiving to heaven for the peace which his influence had restored after the long quarrels between the King and the barons, and also for his own deliverance from nine months' confinement in the tower in which after their victory at Lewes the barons had imprisoned him. And it was a noble gathering when the charter was sealed and witnessed: King Henry III. and his son Edward, who was to succeed him; the King of the Romans and his two sons; the Chancellor of England and three other prelates; together with five attendant lords and gentlemen. Probably never before and certainly never since that day has there been such an event at Ciproham.¹

Before passing on, let us observe some topographical illustrations which Richard's foundation-charter has supplied. We notice the characteristic distinction between the Moor-furlong and the Brook-furlong, the one pointing to the rising ground northward and the other to the marshes southward, between which Ciproham lies. We notice, too, the meadow of Dillepol, apparently a *pwl* or inlet of the river; and the question may arise, whether it is a pool around which the Saxons grew the dill for their village market, or whether it is a pool sacred to some *delw* or deity of their Celtic predecessors, as in the names of Dilliker, the "idol's enclosure," or Dilwyn, the "idol's island."² We notice again

the wood of Hertlegh, where had been a legh or lair of the hart near to the royal hunting-seat. And still more particularly we notice the wood of La Strete, implying that a Roman street passed along the district. It is curious to find this connection with the head of the revived Roman empire of the middle ages on a spot so full of memories of the older Roman power.

The footpath along the hedge-rows leads us westward, bringing us out, after a distance of about half a mile, beside the ruins of the abbey. An outer wall along the roadside still encloses the eastern part of the abbey grounds, and a considerable portion of the moat remains within it. A plot of ground between the wall and the moat retains the traditional name of the Nuns' burial-ground; and next to it, in another plot, is the still-garden, where herbs were doubtless grown to supply the household and its neighbours with simple medicines. A ruined building known as the Lady-chapel stands next to the burial-ground, and may have had its special uses in connection with it; but an upper storey has been added, and Tudor windows inserted, and a fireplace built in where the altar stood; for one Paul Wentworth, into whose possession the abbey passed after the dissolution, enlarged and altered the buildings and made this his residence in 1574. The next building, forming the northern end of the principal series of the ruins, is known as the dungeon, dimly lighted with two narrow slits for its only windows, and showing remains of an underground passage. Out of this, as we might expect, there has grown

¹ See a paper by Mr W. L. Rutton, C.E., in Records of Bucks, v. 47.

² Taylor, Words and Places, 223.

up the usual legend, telling that once the passage was three miles long and led beneath the river to Windsor Castle. In this room it is said that one day a pair of iron fetters were found; and possibly in the troublous times to which Paul Wentworth's mansion belonged it may have been a dungeon, though antiquaries say that in the nuns' days it was probably their larder, and the seeming passage may have been a large drain below it. For next to it is the largest room of all, which, according to tradition, was the refectory, with its fireplace at one angle, and its large windows looking eastward; and to the west of this stands a wall of the domestic buildings with the larger fireplace of what was probably the kitchen, still preserving the shafts of its original design, though afterwards remodelled in Tudor times, while the upper storey also shows the work of both periods: but older and later work are alike ruined now, and made to serve for cattle-sheds, with some cottages added at the end. A beautiful chapel-like room stands next to the refectory, entered at the west by a good pointed arch of the date of Richard's foundation, and lighted in its eastern projection by three lancet-windows at the end and another southward, of the same early period. It is known as the Long Chamber, and was probably the sisters' chapter-house. A little nameless building next to it, with a chamber above, forms the southern termination of the ruins. It seems to have been the sacristy, or perhaps the chaplain's lodging. But these buildings are stables now; and the space behind them, from which they are entered, and where once the nuns' cloister was, is a farmyard now; and against the southern end of the last cham-

ber a barn is built. Here, upon the outer wall of the chamber, within the barn, are to be seen traces of a building of more elaborate character, and evidently added afterwards. This was the abbey church, built probably when the little community was enriched by Sir John de Molyns. That it was a church of some consideration is evident, for besides the high altar there must no doubt have been the altar of the Blessed Virgin Mary to whom the abbey was dedicated; and further, Sir John made provision for a priest to serve at the altar of St Catherine "for the good estate of himself and Egidia his wife during their mortal life." The angle of the northern window of the sanctuary may still be traced at the eastern end of the wall, and a mutilated stoup for holy water near the western end; while between these is a beautiful sedile with an arch beneath a pointed canopy, though all its enrichments, and the moulding of the string-course along the wall, have been ruthlessly defaced. Enthroned in this sedile, we must suppose, the abbess assisted at the solemn services of the Church. Last of all, apart from the other buildings, in an orchard, is a fragment still called the tower, which may have been a detached belfry; for at the surrender there were bells which, together with the lead of the roofs, were valued at £40. Seventeen abbesses there were, from Margery de Eston, formerly subprioress of the Augustinian house at Goring, whom Richard first appointed, and Maud de Dorchester, who succeeded her, down to Margaret Gibson, who subscribed to the King's supremacy in 1534, and Alice Baldwin, who, with her nine sisters, five years later received small pensions as compensation and left her sacred home.

And still the ruins remain to tell of the quiet seclusion and active charity in which they lived and laboured; for even the King's commissioners could find no ill word to say of them.¹

The registers of Burnham Church show that through the seventeenth century the abbey barn had become a common resting-place of vagrants. There was "a poore man buried out of Bornham Abbey barne," and also "a boye out of the Abbey barne," in 1623, and "Margret Nutley a poore woman died at the Abbey borne" in 1666; and children "borne in the Abbey barne" were baptised from time to time through the same period.

Following the course westward beyond the abbey, we have further indications of the character of this track in former times. A little to the north of the line there is a single house, still bearing the name of Weston, and proving that here was once a town or village lying to the west, in the days when the localities that we have noticed had an importance which has passed away. In the middle of the fourteenth century it was still known as the West Town; for in the twenty-third year of Edward III., "John Durewyne de la Westoune in Burnham" grants to the churchwardens of Burnham the rental and appurtenances of one acre of ground in Langeworth for the maintenance of one candle before the image of St Anne.

A short distance further we reach Amerden Bank. Whether the name implies that once there was a defensive earthwork, like Ambresbury Banks in Epping Forest, or whether it merely describes the situation on the bank of the river, it is probably impossible to determine. At any rate the posi-

tion is remarkable, with the river-bank rising to an unusual height, enabling the house to stand close to the water, yet above the flood-mark. The remains of its moat still surround it, while in front of it is the lock, remodelled with the latest appliances of the Thames Navigation Company, the old and the new thus holding their own side by side. And now for a mile above, along the river-bank, the "Amerden estate" is parcelled out for building sites, and soon there will be a town of modern villas on the spot which hands down the memory of Ambrose, the Romano-British chieftain, and where the medieval fishmonger, Nichole of Aumberdene, built his mansion; and thus a new history will grow up around the old name of Amerden.

On the opposite side of the river is Bray, the Roman station which we have already noticed. Its ancient ford is only superseded by a ferry-boat, for Bray has long ceased to be a place of consequence. Perhaps it is best known for the quaint stories of its vicars. There is the well-known tale of the old ecclesiastic who maintained that whatever changes might pass over the church and kingdom he would still adhere to his principle, and continue to be vicar of Bray. And there is the tale of another vicar, who with his curate was taking luncheon in the inn at Maidenhead, when King James I., returning from hunting, desired to share their meal, to which the curate gladly welcomed an unknown but very entertaining stranger, while the vicar resented the intrusion; the scene ending with an assurance from his offended Majesty that the senior ecclesi-

¹ Records of Bucks, v. 47 *sqq.*

astic should indeed remain undisturbed as vicar of Bray, but the junior should be a canon of Windsor.

The primitive track along the valley to the ford at Bray is now a thing of the dead past. The other ancient road along the hill-top to the ferry at Cookham is but a series of lanes frequented by royal and noble pleasure-seekers, and useful for local commerce and husbandry, but otherwise unknown. Even the great highroad to Maidenhead Bridge, once busy with the hurry of stage-coaches, and full of the national life of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, is for all chief purposes superseded, like the others to the right and left of it. Close beside this last road there runs the splendid course of the Great Western Railway, with its four-fold line of broad gauge now completed as far as this first crossing of the Thames at Maidenhead, and its trains conveying the traveller in a few short hours to Bristol and Penzance, to Birmingham and Holyhead. Yet the same energy that forges its roads of iron, and substitutes the steam-engines and their trains for the coaches and pack-horses of old, must spend itself also in the artificial protection of spots of repose like Burnham Beeches.

In Burnham and its adjacent relic of the primeval woods the interest of this district centres. And first the name of the village may tell something of its former surroundings, and point to a great natural change that has passed over the higher ground, corresponding with that which we have already observed in the disappearance of islands from the river. For the original hamlet would seem to have been called from some larger burn or brook than

now appears. There is a brook passing along behind the village street and carried round the back of the vicarage-house as if it had once been a protecting moat. Probably the same brook accounts for the name of a holder of land here in the thirteenth century, called William in the Burne. But it is scarcely more than a little streamlet now. And many place-names in the upper parts of the parish seem to tell us that the hills of the ancient forest were once watered far more copiously than at the present day. The change must doubtless be attributed in part to the drainage and cultivation of the soil; but the system of natural drainage with which the hills are interpenetrated has borne a far larger part in producing the result. There is here the same process that goes on upon a scale of greater magnitude in the fissures of a lofty limestone range, where rivulets and even rivers disappear in the mountain-side. The tourist of the Craven Hills will recall the fearful chasm of Gaping Gill on the flank of Ingleborough, with a large beck plunging into it, to reappear far below through the Clapham Caves at the foot of the mountain. So here and there among the Burnham Beeches a streamlet sinks into a depression of the ground, and the water, finding its way through the rifts of the chalk, forms a new spring through the hillside. Hence there must follow in the course of ages a great diminution of the water-courses by their absorption in the yielding substance of the chalk. An illustration of this may be seen in the outskirts of the forest a mile above Burnham. Among the trees and underwood of a copse a little brook dies away, and then revives in one of the clear springs from which the hamlet of Britwell

takes its name. At the spot of its disappearance a keeper's cottage bears the designation of Lock's Bottom, but the loch or lake has long ceased to exist. A few hundred yards above it the brook expands into a small sheet of water called the Swilly Pond, and we recognise the word which so frequently appears in the common river name of Swilly or Swale. Here the brook collects the waters from a lofty plateau of marshy ground covered with furze and heather, and known as East Burnham Common. The dense forest, with its massive trunks and rugged limbs, stretches away on the one hand, and on the other lies the hamlet of East Burnham, with its scattered cottages and its four or five modern mansions. On the slope of the hill is the remnant of an old manor-house, the deep red brick-work of its ancient wall surmounted by a quaint gable and chimneys, and fronted by the relic of its moat, while a spreading cedar tells of the former glories of its garden. It is the manor-house of Allerds, formerly owned by the family of Eyre, whose records exist in a series of Tudor brasses and later monuments in Burnham Church, and a tablet to the last of them a century ago relates that they had held the manor for more than four hundred years. We might continue to link on chain after chain of memories like these, and always to gain from them some new light upon the dimness of past ages. We might glance at Beaconsfield, just north of the Beeches, where the mansion of Hall Barns represents the manor-house of Edmund Waller, and the remains of another mansion called Gregories mark the home of Edmund Burke, and the church of the town possesses the graves in which they were laid to rest, the

poet in 1687, the statesman in 1797. Or the town of Beaconsfield may remind us of the more recent statesman who took from it the title of his earldom, which it is said Edmund Burke would one day have assumed had his life been spared. Or we may wander a short distance westward to the home of Benjamin Disraeli at Hughendon Manor, and to the adjoining borough town of Chipping Wycombe, which was the scene of his first and unsuccessful parliamentary contests, and for which Edmund Waller was the representative two centuries before. Here, too, we may be led back into remote ages, by the cluster of British earthworks near the town, with the great double intrenchment of Desborough Castle—vulgarly called the Roundabout—in the centre, and the lesser fortresses of West Wycombe Hill and Keep Hill on either side. Or we may pass a little way eastward, to the great oval camp of the Britons, enclosing twenty acres of land on the high ground of Bulstrode Park, where, according to the legend, the Saxon family of Shobington mounted themselves on bulls and successfully resisted the Norman invader; and their chief afterwards submitted himself to the Conqueror, again riding to the Court upon a bull, from which circumstances his family derived their name of Bulstrode. And after their manor had been bestowed on Burnham Abbey, and then alienated to the Earl of Sarum, and again given to Bisham Abbey, the Bulstrodes came a second time into possession of it after the dissolution, and held it until the eventful history of their house ended by the death of its last member at the age of a hundred and one at the Court of St Germain's, whither he had accom-

panied King James II.; after which his lands passed by purchase to the infamous judge, Sir George Jeffreys of Bulstrode, who rebuilt the mansion, and then passed to the Earls and Dukes of Portland, and lastly, in the present century, to the Duke of Somerset. Or once more we may wander a little to the northward, where the Celtic language marked the highest point of the Buckinghamshire Chilterns with the name of Penn, and where the church abounds with interesting monuments of the Penn family, whose descendant, William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, lies unnamed in the secluded burial-ground of the Quakers in the neighbouring village of Chalfont St Giles. Or still to the northward, we may look at the noble medieval mansion of Great Hampden high among the beech-woods, and the adjoining church with its memorials of the Hampden family; of whom we may note that they, together with the Penns, went to aid their neighbours the Shobbingtons against William the Norman in the battle where they strode the bulls. And

among these is another nameless grave, in which lies the great John Hampden.

But we have already gathered up sufficient recollections to show that the ground which we are treading in this southern extremity of the old Mercian kingdom, teems with records of ages that seem almost infinite. From the nameless antiquity of the river-drift savage, and the rude hunter of the hills who followed him, it has led us on to the primitive potters of the pit-dwellings, and the warriors of the Celtic tribes whom the Romans conquered and went far to civilise, and the Saxons and Angles who were next victorious, and who were finally intermingled with the Danes and Normans of further conquests, and then the Plantagenet kings and all the feudal and ecclesiastical life of the middle ages, and then the Tudors and their progress towards modern days, and then the Stuarts and the final breakdown of the ancient *régime*, and lastly the settlement of things upon their modern basis, with the people and the Crown bound together by common ties.

THE SESSION.

At length we are within reasonable distance of the end of one of the most laborious sessions ever endured by a British Parliament. The review of such a period might naturally be expected to include a long and more or less satisfactory record of well-discussed and well-considered legislation. Unhappily no such record can be attempted by an impartial chronicler of the parliamentary history of the year. Great as have undoubtedly been the labours of the members of the House of Commons, there have ensued no legislative results commensurate with those labours, or with the powers of endurance displayed by our legislators. We look back with amazement upon the seven months which have elapsed since the meeting of Parliament, and marvel to observe how little has been accomplished during the time, and how much of promised and expected legislation remains not only unaccomplished but even unapproached and unattempted. A greater marvel, however, is to be encountered by those who, in these extraordinary times, are still capable of marvelling at anything. The charge of waste of time and of wilful obstruction to public business has actually been brought against her Majesty's Government by the Opposition, and gravely urged by some of those very men who are themselves mainly responsible for the evils of which they pretend to complain. It is as if the pick-pocket should seek to give the policeman in charge, or the murderer should strive to convince the jury that it was his victim who really deserved to be hanged.

Nevertheless, it is actually the fact that Mr Gladstone himself has charged the Government with obstruction and the waste of public time, and that his janissaries faithfully repeat this unjustifiable accusation in the peripatetic harangues with which they habitually weary the country.

It is fortunate that the British people, being a hard-headed and intelligent race, will judge fairly and impartially upon such a question, and will take into consideration the probabilities of the case, and the peculiar circumstances under which the Opposition strive to turn against their opponents the charges to which they have themselves been obnoxious from the very commencement of the session. The British people will see at a glance that a Government with a good working majority in both Houses of Parliament can have had no object either in wasting time, obstructing the business which they had themselves introduced, or prolonging the session to an indefinite length. Their interest lay entirely in the opposite direction. Their natural and legitimate desire must have been to produce and carry the measures which they had promised, to prove their capacity for the duties they had undertaken to discharge, and to conclude the session at a reasonable time. Indeed, the very fact that their majority in the Commons has all along depended upon the support of the Liberal Unionists, must have made them still more anxious to bring forward those measures upon home and domestic subjects, by the character of which they hoped to show that the alliance

between themselves and Lord Hartington's followers was not confined to the Home Rule question, but that there existed between them enough of general political sympathy to justify the hope that this alliance might become closer and more permanent. Everything points to the conclusion that to obstruct and to waste time would have been directly contrary to the interests of the Government, and that the accusation against them would be unintelligible as well as ridiculous, if it were not so obviously to the advantage of their unscrupulous opponents to advance it. They, indeed, from Mr Gladstone down to Sir William Harcourt, have not been troubled with many scruples, either as to committing the offences themselves or charging them upon innocent men afterwards.

How differently would the business of the session have been carried on throughout, how much higher would the credit of the House of Commons have stood in the country, and how much more agreeable and satisfactory would have been our present retrospect of the session, if the leader of the Opposition had taken at the outset a worthy and constitutional line of action! If Mr Gladstone had boldly set his face against obstruction from the first—if, even, without repudiating any part of his newly adopted Home Rule creed, he had made it abundantly clear to his Parnellite allies that the Opposition, if led by him, must be conducted upon constitutional lines, and in accordance with the traditions of Parliament and the established usages of the House of Commons, much of the evil which has occurred would have been prevented, and the disgrace into which the House has been brought by the

conduct of some of its members would probably have been avoided. Unhappily, such a course was not congenial to the character and disposition of Mr Gladstone. It was doubtless to the advantage of his party that the Government should be obstructed, and should be unable to show to the country a good record of legislation at the close of the session. If, therefore, we follow the wise old rule of considering, after a crime has been committed, to whose advantage it has been, and from these premises proceed to guess at the probable perpetrator, we shall see that the charge of obstruction and waste of time are much more likely to attach rightly to Mr Gladstone and his friends than to their opponents. At all events, it is the Opposition who have been the gainers, and the Government the losers, by what has occurred. Moreover, the Gladstonian Liberals have had an opportunity, of which they have not been slow to avail themselves, of misrepresenting their opponents and raising the false issue of "Conciliation *v.* Coercion," which has doubtless produced a considerable, though it is to be hoped only a temporary, improvement in their political position. It is true that they could only avail themselves of the opportunity in question by a gross violation of public duty, a departure from the old and righteous tactics of constitutional opposition, and an amount of dirt-eating on the part of their front bench almost unparalleled in parliamentary history.

These, however, are but trifles to the present leaders of the Opposition, provided that a political advantage can be secured. The Queen's Government declared upon their responsibility that it was necessary to strengthen the criminal law in

Ireland. If Mr Gladstone had had the fairness and manliness to stand forward, to declare that the Government must bear the whole responsibility of their demand, but that with that qualification and understanding he felt bound to support them, he would have taken a course honourable to himself, in strict accordance with precedent, and one which would have placed him in an impregnable position for future action, whether the demand of the Government afterwards turned out to have been justifiable or the reverse. But although such a course would appear to have been obviously dictated by public duty, although precedent seemed to require it, and as regarded the nature of the Government Bill itself, it was incontestably less stringent than one of a similar character introduced by Mr Gladstone's own Government five years ago, these considerations went for nothing when there appeared on the other side the chance of damaging the "Tory Government." Mr Gladstone threw himself into the bitterest opposition to the measure—he denounced it to the country as a "wanton," "miserable," "insulting," and "disastrous" Bill, and by his language and conduct must be held to have made himself responsible for the indefensible tactics by which the measure was opposed in the House of Commons, as well as for the misrepresentations and exaggerations regarding it with which the country has been flooded.

As far as the merits of the Bill itself are concerned, it may suffice to call three things to our recollection. First, that Lord Selborne, Mr Gladstone's own Lord Chancellor in 1882, who had previously emphatically declared that the Bill of the present session was of a less

drastic character than that of 1882, demolished the case of the Opposition in a speech delivered upon the Committee stage of the measure in the House of Lords; secondly, that after all the bounce and bluster with which Gladstonian orators, following their leader's example, had denounced the Bill throughout the country, the occupants of the Opposition front bench in the House of Lords (where there were no Irish Nationalists to cheer them, and to interrupt their opponents) shrank from debate when the Bill reached that august assembly, and fared miserably in the debate which was forced upon them; and thirdly, that Lord Hartington has stated, in words which will be indorsed by every impartial man, that it appears to him that there was "no reasonable cause for the protracted opposition to the Bill, *except the desire to discredit the Government, and to embarrass political opponents* by preventing them from taking legislation of any other character." In truth, the Bill was one absolutely necessary to enable the Government to vindicate the supremacy of the law in Ireland, and to show that no authority other than that of her Majesty could be permitted to rule in that country. To call that "coercion" which was introduced in order to free the Irish tenantry from a coercion more galling, more cruel, and more systematic than the history of our country has hitherto recorded, was and is a misnomer of which honest and fair-minded men should be ashamed. The question was one between the "coercion" of criminals or of law-abiding men, and nothing has for many years been so discreditable to the Liberal party and their leaders as the course which they have pursued in order to satisfy their Parnellite

allies upon a question upon which loyal men of all parties should have been found standing side by side. Whatever may be said by way of excuse on their behalf, few thoughtful politicians will doubt that, had Mr Gladstone himself been in office, it would have been impossible for him to have allowed the system of tyranny which has prevailed in parts of Ireland to have continued without let or hindrance. Judging from the past, it is unlikely that he would have hesitated to introduce a measure for the vindication of the Queen's authority in Ireland, had the responsibility of that vindication rested upon his shoulders. Indeed, even if a measure of Home Rule had been in prospect, he must have provided for the security of the community during the interval which would of necessity have elapsed before the new national power could be created to which he proposed to hand over the control of the executive. This could hardly have been done without strengthening the law, and the responsibility of neglect in this particular would have pressed upon Mr Gladstone as much in 1887 as it did in 1882, and indeed in 1886, in which year he has informed us that it had been the intention of his Government to have renewed some portion of the Peace Preservation Act had they continued in office. It can hardly, therefore, be open to question that, had the Gladstonians been in office during the present session, they would have been compelled to apply to Parliament for additional powers to maintain order and enforce the law in Ireland; and it has been with a full knowledge of this fact that they have deemed it consistent with the duty of loyal men and patriotic citizens to denounce

the Government in unmeasured terms for taking a course which it was absolutely indispensable for any Government to have taken.

In spite of their obstructive tactics and unscrupulous opposition, the Crimes Bill has indeed become law, and the country will look for its resolute enforcement by the Government. The only success which the Gladstonian faction has achieved has been the delay of necessary legislation, especially for Great Britain, and for this delay they will hereafter be held responsible by the constituencies. Irishmen indeed, unless they differ entirely from ordinary mortals, must perceive that the remedial measures promised by Government with regard to their country have been barred and delayed by the very men who seek to pose as the special champions of Ireland, and that it is the Gladstonians who are responsible for having once more made that unhappy country the battle-field of contending political parties, and this at a crisis of her history at which the best men of all parties were ready to have united in an attempt to settle the questions which peculiarly affect her, upon a sound and satisfactory basis. Upon the one "remedial measure" for Ireland, the passage of which could not be prevented by Gladstonian-Parnellite obstruction, we speak with reserve. The "Land Bill" was not a measure which in ordinary times and under common circumstances would ever have been introduced by a Conservative Government. We have to bear in mind that the times and circumstances were wholly exceptional, before we can justify to ourselves the introduction or the provisions of a measure which dealt with the rights of property after a fashion which can hardly have re-

commended itself to the minds of constitutional lawyers or ordinarily honest men.

But the truth is, that the main principles of constitutional law and of ordinary honesty were so roughly invaded and set aside by the Gladstone Land Bill of 1881, that they have ceased to be landmarks for Irish land legislation since that eventful epoch. Parliament at that time entered upon a groove from which extrication has since been difficult, and the fresh "concessions" made to tenants by the Bill of the present year are little more than deductions, more or less logical, from the premisses then laid down. This fact was well expressed in a casual sentence of Lord Salisbury's, which declared the difficulty of introducing "sane" principles into a legislation which was itself "insane." Under the auspices of the Gladstone Government, who saw no way of meeting agitation save by yielding to the demands of agitators, Parliament was induced to depart from the definite principles emphatically laid down by Mr Gladstone in his Irish Land Bill of 1870, and to enter upon a downward course in the legislation of 1881 which was deplored and dreaded by every one who understood the questions under discussion. Not only has there been a *facilis descensus* since that unhappy departure from sound principles, but it has been one which it has been impossible to avoid, and hence it has arisen that the Conservative Government of to-day have been obliged to introduce a measure which has doubtless been distasteful to many of their supporters. It has, however, been loyally introduced and carried with the object of improving the condition of the Irish ten-

ants, and we can but hope that it may not only have this effect, but may also show to the class for whose benefit it is intended that there is no unwillingness on the part of the Conservative Government and the Unionist party to go to the utmost limit of constitutional and equitable concession in order to remove even the semblance of a grievance from the inhabitants of the "sister island."

The Government have been charged with permitting amendments to be made in the House of Lords with a view to satisfying Irish landlords; and it has been alleged by the Parnellites and their allies that the value of the Land Bill has been thereby greatly diminished, and that the Government have actually broken faith by their acceptance of these amendments. But any one who impartially considers the matter will find that these charges cannot be supported. It has been indeed a difficult task to steer between the conflicting interests which are involved in any measure of Irish land legislation; but the Government have acted throughout in that spirit of conciliation by which alone it was possible that the questions at issue could receive a satisfactory solution. We regret, indeed, that Mr T. W. Russell (whose services to the Unionist cause we gladly admit and appreciate) should have deemed it necessary to declare his opinion that too much concession has been made to Irish landlords; but he and those who think with him should bear in mind that there are many who hold an entirely different opinion.

No class in the world, we imagine, has ever received so many and such special legislative gifts as the Irish tenants; and although

we are old-fashioned enough to believe that interference by Parliament with freedom of contract is a departure from sound principle, which cannot be carried out without grave risk to all concerned, and to the community at large, yet when such interference has been deliberately undertaken and carried out, it is well that both parties in the State should have combined to render the working of the system as successful as its nature will permit. The Land Bill of this session has been acknowledged, even by some of the opponents of the Government, to be a measure conceived in a "generous" spirit; and the carping criticisms of the ex-official Gladstonians will not prevent the recognition of that spirit by all who desire to judge fairly and impartially of the matter.

It is scarcely worth while to refer in detail to the other measures of the Government, some few of which have been passed and some withdrawn, because, after all, the session of 1887 will always be remarkable for the completion of three undertakings—viz., the better control by the House of Commons of its own business; the strengthening of the law in Ireland; and the Land Bill to which we have already referred. All other legislative attempts, successful or unsuccessful, have really been secondary to the three objects which it was necessary to accomplish, and the accomplishment of which will, it is to be hoped, clear the way for other legislation in the near future.

Of late years Ireland has occupied far more than her legitimate share of the time of Parliament, and even yet there is foreshadowed a Land Purchase Scheme, which will doubtless require and obtain a further portion of that time.

But the courage and determination of the Government in refusing to make their Act for strengthening the law in Ireland a merely temporary measure, and in dealing with the land question in a large and generous spirit, deserve and will doubtless receive their reward in the removal of two subjects which have constantly blocked the path of legislation for many years past, and will enable Parliament to apply its energies to other efforts in the direction of progressive improvement.

So far as we can judge at present, those efforts are not likely to be interrupted by foreign or colonial matters. Under the able and firm administration of Lord Salisbury, a general confidence as regards our relations with foreign Powers has become established in the mind of the public, and it is generally felt that the honour and interests of Great Britain are safe in the hands which now hold the reins of power. There will, of course, from time to time arise clouds in the horizon, and attempts will never be wanting on the part of political foes at home to magnify trifles and to suggest misunderstandings, even where they never existed. But let any man of ordinary discernment contrast the present state of our foreign relations with that which existed under the restless and uncertain spirit which dominated Mr Gladstone's Government, and there will be found ample cause for congratulation upon the happy change which has been effected, and the greater authority and influence abroad admittedly possessed by the British Government.

As regards our colonies, thanks to the conference so wisely suggested and initiated by Mr Stanhope, this year has witnessed the

visit of very many of our leading colonists to these shores, and the conference itself has proved the means of bringing colonies and mother country into, if possible, a nearer and closer communion than previously existed. Never did there exist a better feeling between those subjects of Queen Victoria who inhabit these islands and those who dwell under the same flag in distant quarters of the globe, and never was greater proof given of that loyal attachment to Queen and Constitution which is indubitably cherished by Britons in every part of the world. And yet, whilst so much has been accomplished during the past few months to weld together the various component parts of this great empire, and specially, moreover, in this Jubilee year of our Queen, to manifest the enthusiastic loyalty with which her crown and person are regarded by her subjects, it is impossible not to feel in some respects an insecurity which, under such circumstances, ought not to exist. Well as Ministers have worked, boldly as they have borne themselves, and faithfully as the Liberal Unionists have supported them in their combat with the common enemy, it must still be frankly owned that the position of the Government and of the Unionist party has not been strengthened during the session which has just concluded. We have never been among those who habitually proclaim "peace" when there is "no peace;" and we hold it to be far better to tell the truth and face the real position than to attempt to gloss over errors and misfortunes, and to paint the picture in brighter hues than can be justified by the reality. There can be no doubt that at the close of this

session there is more of assurance and vigour in the Gladstonians and of corresponding depression in the Unionist ranks than was the case at its commencement. This has mainly been caused by the result of several bye-elections, which the Gladstonians attribute to the unpopularity of the mis-called "Coercion" Bill of the Government, and the gradual reconciliation of Liberals throughout the country to the Home Rule policy of Mr Gladstone. The triumphs of the Separatist party in the bye-elections really amount to this—that at Burnley, in the Spalding division of Lincolnshire, at Coventry, and in the Northwich division of Cheshire, four representatives who are to be ranked as Separatists or Gladstonians have replaced Conservative or Unionist members; whilst in several metropolitan constituencies the Conservative majority, though considerable, has been less than was obtained at the general election last year. It is true that in one such constituency (Hornsey) the majority was considerably increased; that in one division of Cornwall (St Austell) the Separatist majority was greatly diminished; and that in another division of the same county, as also in the City of London (vacant by the elevation of Mr Hubbard to the Peerage), no Gladstonian candidate ventured to put in an appearance. Nevertheless, the fact remains that there has been a clear loss of four seats to the Ministerial and a corresponding gain to the Separatist party, and of this the latter are entitled to make the most. It is true that, in the Spalding division, the Gladstonian candidate was well known to the constituency—which he was contesting for the third time; whilst his opponent was not only entirely

unknown, but unfortunately commenced his canvass of an agricultural constituency by frankly avowing that he knew nothing about agriculture. It is also true that the Gladstonian candidate for Coventry had already contested that constituency, and that the smallness of the majority by which he was returned indicates no great reaction among the electors. Moreover, although the large majority in the Northwich division of Cheshire testifies to the activity with which the Irish propagandists of "Home Rule" have succeeded in persuading the working men of the value of that policy which, in a wiser mood, they rejected last year, it must not be forgotten that the seat was at that time unexpectedly wrested from the enemy by the deceased Conservative representative, and that his Gladstonian successor was a candidate of exceptional local power.

All these excuses are sufficiently legitimate, but they do not alter the fact of the relative loss and gain to the two political parties. Nor can it be denied that a still heavier blow has been inflicted upon the Unionist cause by the large majority which has returned Sir George Trevelyan for the Bridgeton division of Glasgow. Sir George Trevelyan certainly deserved no such triumph. No politician had expressed himself more firmly and strongly against the Home Rule bills of Mr Gladstone, and against special points in those bills upon which no concession has been made by their author. Moreover, up to a very recent period, Sir George Trevelyan has attended Unionist meetings, shared Unionist counsels, and been trusted by Unionist leaders. He has responded to their confidence by letters of

advice to various constituencies during the late bye-elections, in which, still posing as a Liberal Unionist, he has urged the electors to support Gladstonian candidates. This, of course, was a farce which could not long be played, and Sir George found it convenient to throw off the mask when the vacancy for Bridgeton occurred. When Lord Hartington was recently sounded upon his disposition towards reunion with the Gladstonian party, he declared his determination not to "sneak back into the fold." Sir George Trevelyan has preferred to do so, not without sneers and attacks directed against some of the loyal comrades whom he has deserted, and the only excuse to be made for him is to be found in the fact that he is so intensely imbued with the spirit of "party" as to be wholly unequal and unable to act with men who are sufficiently noble and large-souled to forget party when patriotism demands the sacrifice. The action—or reaction—of Sir George is, in fact, an example of the extreme difficulty which minds of a certain calibre find in rising above party, and shaking off the trammels with which it restrains all independence in its votaries. Of course, taken in the fair and legitimate acceptation of the word, "party" signifies neither more nor less than a combination of men whose political principles are in unison, in order to promote the development and success of those principles in the government of the State. Unfortunately, however, unless the principles upon which such a combination be formed are accurately defined and clearly understood, there is a tendency in "party" to degenerate into the mere machine by which certain individuals become possessed

of place and power; and as soon as this is the case, "party" becomes a distinct evil to the State, and a means of deteriorating the morality and character of public men.

In the recent and present crisis of political affairs in Great Britain, the merits and demerits of "party" have been brought forcibly before the judgment of the public. The declaration of Mr Gladstone in favour of that Home Rule of which both his political friends and foes had always believed him to be the firm opponent, was scarcely less astonishing to the world than the readiness with which the rank and file of his official following swallowed the pill, and the entire change of tone towards Parnellites and Parnellism on the part of some of those who had been the loudest in their previous condemnation of both. Mr Gladstone led the "party," and change of principle and abandonment of consistency were preferable to the disruption of "party" ties and the loss of political organisation. We can well believe that the struggle in some breasts must have been severe, and the highest honour is due to those who saw in the welfare of their country an object more to be desired than the interests of their "party." But, ever since that division upon the Home Rule Bill which dismissed the Gladstone Ministry, "party" has been doing its utmost to cripple independence, to visit with the ban of outlawry every Liberal whose confidence in Mr Gladstone has been shaken by his extraordinary course, and to declare that to follow, absolutely and submissively, the particular line chalked out by this erratic statesman, is a necessary qualification for all who wish to be considered as members of the "Liberal party."

Of course, anything more illiberal than Gladstonian "Liberality" can scarcely be conceived; but that has very little to do with the matter. The machine of party must be kept in order, and its organisation retained in a fit condition for action, and the only manner in which this can be accomplished is by a total suspension of independence and individuality, and a meek submission to the dictator.

There, are in fact, two powerful antagonistic forces warring amongst us at this minute. There is the perfectly honest and legitimate belief, on the one hand, that party government is essential to the country, and that party organisations must be at all hazards preserved. On the other hand, there is a strong feeling that questions of the magnitude with which we have lately been dealing—questions concerning the unity and power of our empire—are too vast and too important to be the subjects of party conflict, and that beyond and above party differences there are principles upon which all Britons should unite, and which are neither to be obscured by the ambiguities nor imperilled by the caprice of one great party leader. If party ought at this moment to be regarded, let it not be the party of Liberal or Tory, but the party of the empire—the party which will place before all things the unity of the empire and the supremacy of the Queen's authority over every part of her dominions. In speaking of such a party we are by no means committing ourselves to the advocacy of a Coalition Ministry, which has recently been so earnestly suggested in certain quarters. Without a coalition there may, and there ought to be, a closer drawing together of all to whom

the cause of the Union is dear. It is from a strong feeling of the necessity for such action, that we hail with the greatest satisfaction the notification that the "Liberal Unionists" are taking in hand the work of organisation. It is their duty as well as their interest to do so, and they may enter upon their task with confidence of ultimate success. For although the organisation of the "Liberal party" adhered, for the main part, to Mr Gladstone in his recent change of front, it is scarcely possible to believe that the rank and file of the party, as it becomes better instructed in the truths of the Irish question, will not to a large extent return to the leadership of Lord Hartington and those patriotic men who have followed him in the advocacy of Unionist opinions. In politics, as in ordinary life, habit is a great master of men; and the habit of wearing a particular colour, and of following a particular statesman, is one which our countrymen find it hard to discard. Gradually, however, they will become alive to the fact that the best and cleverest men upon the Liberal side have not left Mr Gladstone for any mere whim or fancy of their own, or upon any slight and unimportant issues. They will awaken to the knowledge that the great statesmen of ninety years ago, whose fame Mr Gladstone so ruthlessly and recklessly attacks and decries, whose memory he asperses, and whose measures he seeks to brand with infamy, were after all neither so ignorant of the necessities of Great Britain, nor of Ireland, as their accuser would have us believe. They will discover that the truth is not to be learned from partisan speakers and writers of one particular school,

and that accusations wantonly made against those who have laboured for their country in the past will eventually recoil upon the heads of those who make them.

But whilst such accusations are freely made, and the doctrine emphatically laid down that Mr Gladstone and his opinions are infallible, although their acceptance entails the condemnation of all that our fathers fought for, and that we have hitherto been taught to revere, it is absolutely necessary that Unionists, whether Liberal or Conservative, should organise and work with a will, in order to counteract the evil doctrines which are being spread far and wide among the constituencies. Throughout the coming autumn we shall have a further development of these doctrines. For good or for evil, the extension of the suffrage and the giving to the masses political power has been followed by one result which does not seem to have been anticipated by either political party. Political warfare can no longer be postponed until a general election, nor carried on only by quiet discussions at home and articles in newspapers and magazines. It has been transferred to the platforms of innumerable meetings, and has apparently become part and parcel of our very existence. Both Unionists and Home-Rulers appear to be possessed with the belief that the masses are to be won over to their side by forensic eloquence. Orators on either side flood the country with their voluble harangues, and the citizen who loves peace and quiet has a hard time of it. The Unionists, indeed, feel that the safety of their country is at stake, and the Home-Rulers see their only chance of political success in wearing out the

patience of the people by perpetual agitation. They trust ere long to bring the majority of the electorate to a frame of mind which will induce it to say, "Give 'em Home Rule and be hanged to 'em!" and, unless energy and activity on the part of Unionists counteract their efforts, this is the frame of mind to which many careless folk will eventually come. But energy and activity must be shown. We must not for one moment be dispirited by the results of the bye-elections to which we have alluded, nor by the partial success of the Gladstonian obstructives in stopping useful legislation during the session of 1887. In spite of this partial success, Lord Salisbury's Government have been able to show their goodwill towards the poorer classes of our fellow-countrymen by several measures of real and practical value, and the Coal Mines Regulation and Allotments Bills testify to their desire to meet requirements which can be legitimately met by legislative enactments. No doubt there are other measures of general interest, notably the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill, which have foundered for want of time for their discussion in the Lower House; but we have already shown that this cannot be imputed as a fault to the Government, who have not spared themselves in their endeavours to press and carry forward these measures.

And here it is well to point out that the hindrance to the passing of measures introduced for the special benefit of the operative classes has come, not from aristocratic tyrants and bigoted Tories, but from men who have entered Parliament as the self-constituted champions of those classes, and the advocates of the very legislation which they have hindered and

delayed. Both in the discussions upon the Coal Mines Regulation and the Allotments Bills the debates have been almost interminably prolonged by these men whose constant speeches, impracticable amendments, and repeated interruption to the progress of the measures, have gone far to render their passing an impossible matter. No doubt, during the coming recess, these men will again exalt themselves as the best friends of the labourer and artisan; and it will be well if upon such occasions they encounter those who have watched and read the parliamentary debates, and are able to show how much the good work of the Government has been impeded by men whose special duty it should have been to forward and support it.

In a word, although there may, as there always will, be discontent in certain quarters because the legislative action of Parliament has fallen short of what was expected at the opening of the session, enough has been done to show the good faith and earnestness of the Ministers, and their capacity to carry on the government of the country. The session, moreover, has taught the people of Great Britain more than one lesson. It has taught them the great and serious difficulties which beset representative assemblies—how hard the task to preserve order and transact business, whilst maintaining that full freedom of debate which we have always boasted our House of Commons to possess—and how, indeed, that task becomes next to impossible unless the power of self-restraint be exercised by members of that House, and, failing its exercise, restraint be imposed by the House itself upon its more unruly members. The evil lesson which has been taught by

the session is that which proves the great power of a factious minority to withstand the will of the majority, and still more, to misrepresent the action of that majority with more or less success throughout the country.

But a more salutary lesson has also been conveyed by the experience of the session. It has become known to the country that, tolerant and long-suffering as the House of Commons may be, it still possesses the power to uphold its own dignity, and to punish those members who, forgetful of their own position and responsibilities, violate its rules and infringe upon the decorum of its debates. In the vindication of the right of the House to control its unruly members, the conduct of the Speaker and of the Chairman of Committees (Mr Courtney) deserves high praise from those who have been careful observers of passing events; for of both these high officials it may be truly said that their impartiality has been indubitable, and their firmness has done much to assist the House in the troublous times through which it has passed. The prolongation of the session is of course to be deplored; for when August heat has well set in, lassitude of mind and body affects legislative work and wears legislative endurance. We can only rejoice that the approaching close of the session finds our Unionist Government still in office, with a majority which has undergone no sensible diminution; and we earnestly trust that the coming autumn and winter may strengthen their position, and induce the electorate of Great Britain to realise more than ever the wisdom of that decision which placed the reins of power in the hands of the Unionists and con-

stitutionalists last year, and excluded from office those who have since that exclusion lost no opportunity of attacking the constitution of their country, and sacrificing upon the altar of party every principle which they have hitherto professed.

It is impossible to conclude without reference to the step which the Government have taken in proclaiming the National League,—a step in which we sincerely hope and believe that they will be fully and strongly supported by the public opinion of this country. It is in vain to argue that the objects of the League, as avowed in its published programme, are not contrary to law, or that it is a political association in the ordinary sense of the word. The National League has overshadowed Ireland like a blight. Under the pretence of seeking to achieve worthy and patriotic objects, it has laid hold upon the people with an iron grasp, and inflicted upon them a despotism more cruel and more degrading than any which history records. In the name of liberty it deprives its wretched victims of all which is understood by the word; in the name of patriotism it saps and destroys the freedom of thought and action by which patriots are made; and in the name of humanity it brings men to a condition of mind in which the most inhuman outrages are committed and excused. No relation of life is sacred from its influence. The daughter who seeks to bring to justice the murderers of her father is “boycotted” by the myrmidons of this organisation; the wife who resents the slaughter of her husband upon his own hearth meets with no better treatment. Existence is rendered intolerable, wherever the power of the League

prevails, to all who refuse unconditional obedience to its mandates; and whilst it is permitted to hold undisputed sway over the minds and bodies of the unhappy Irish tenantry, law and justice are but empty names. It is idle to suppose that such a state of things could long have been tolerated by Great Britain. If the Parnellites and the section of Gladstonians who support them desire an Irish Republic, let them boldly say so, and the issue be fairly tried. But whilst the sovereign of Great Britain is also the

sovereign of Ireland, no other authority can be permitted to undermine or displace her authority. In vindication of that authority, and strictly in the interests of the victims of the League, Lord Salisbury's Government have had the courage to proclaim that organisation as dangerous; and in spite of all that faction can do to excite the minds of the people against this wise and salutary step, we confidently believe that it will be thoroughly endorsed and approved by the vast majority of our fellow-countrymen.

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MR GLADSTONE AND THE IRISH QUESTION.

No apology is necessary for the above heading to the article which I propose to write. For Mr Gladstone depends for his future career as entirely upon the Irish question as the Irish question, in the sense in which I use the words, depends upon Mr Gladstone. The two are naturally coupled together, and it is impossible to discuss the one without frequent reference to the other. By the "Irish question" I mean the question whether or no a separate Parliament, with more or less power bestowed upon it, is to be given to Ireland, and to what extent the union between that country and Great Britain would be thereby altered and impaired. It is idle to quibble about terms. If a Parliament which is now united—the one Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland—is to be divided into two or more portions, that division is to all intents and purposes a separation, and the advocates of such a policy are separatists, and nothing

less. That such a separation has become a political possibility is beyond all doubt due to Mr Gladstone, and to no other individual. If it be a wise and desirable theory, and one which, as is now alleged by its supporters, will lead to a "union of hearts" between Great Britain and Ireland, to Mr Gladstone is the credit due of having brought it within "the range of practical politics"; whilst, on the other hand, if it be a scheme fraught with mischief to the country, and one which cannot be carried into effect without evil results, it is upon Mr Gladstone's shoulders that the blame must rest, and he alone who must bear the heavy responsibility. For beyond all possibility of contradiction, this establishment of an Irish Parliament, which is commonly described by the expression "Home Rule," was, up to Christmas 1885, supposed by the generality of mankind to be a proposal never likely to be seriously entertained by the

British Parliament or people. It had been scouted and denounced by every statesman of this century worthy of the name; and if it had been hinted to any friend of Mr Gladstone's that this eminent statesman was likely to adopt it as an essential part of his political programme, such an idea would have been at once indignantly repudiated as the offspring of a brain filled with prejudice and bitterness against Mr Gladstone, and ready to attribute to him a policy to which he was firmly and entirely opposed. This, indeed, is one of the accusations and the difficulties which any speaker or writer has to encounter who is venturesome enough to question the wisdom of the views entertained by the leader of the separatist party.

It is perfectly true that deference is due to the opinions and authority of a statesman of Mr Gladstone's age and experience, and that the courage and vigour with which he defends his views, no less than the eloquence with which he enforces them, are such as entitle him to the fullest respect and consideration from those to whom he appeals. But, alike in the interests of truth and of common-sense, I feel bound to enter my humble protest against the personal adulation which has of late years blinded the eyes and warped the judgment of those who acknowledge Mr Gladstone as their leader. There breathes not the man, however great and however good he may be, whose judgment is so infallible as to justify the abnegation of recognised principles and the denial of cherished truths in deference to his opinion. That which would be wrong in an ordinary man, does not become right from the simple fact that it is done by Mr Gladstone. That which is true does not become un-

true because Mr Gladstone doubts or denies it. And if, after due study and reflection, men have convinced themselves of the truth of certain things and the value of certain principles which Mr Gladstone has lately come to renounce and repudiate, it is a gross injustice to condemn them as heretics from the true Liberal faith, or to accuse them of being actuated by personal animosity, because they have sufficient independence to retain, and sufficient resolution to avow, their own opinions. The extraordinary demands which are made by Mr Gladstone and on his behalf, at once upon the loyalty of the Liberal party and the credibility of the British public, are such as have certainly never been made before in the like manner or to a similar extent. We are asked not only to acknowledge Mr Gladstone as the greatest of living statesmen, but to accept his opinions as infallible, when they contravene historical truth, and utterly condemn the views and the statesmanship of those of a past generation whom we have always hitherto been accustomed to respect and esteem as illustrious servants of their country. And here let me ask any reasonable man to consider what there is in Mr Gladstone or in Mr Gladstone's career to justify that belief in the infallibility of his judgment which appears to be required as the test of orthodoxy in the Gladstonian-Liberal party. Again and again he has himself proved and practically admitted the fallibility of that judgment, by renouncing opinions previously formed, and accepting principles formerly opposed.

It is the fashion of Gladstonian Liberals to depreciate and despise the authority in political matters of Lord Hartington, Mr Bright, Sir Henry James, and Mr Cham-

berlain, because, forsooth, they differ from Mr Gladstone upon this "Irish question." Yet these four men are all older and more consistent Liberals than Mr Gladstone, and have, moreover, never been anything else. It is superfluous to speak of the long and honourable career of Mr Bright; or to remind my readers that in 1874, when Mr Gladstone, disgusted with his defeat at the general election, left his party to take care of itself as it could, Lord Hartington came manfully to the front, and by his ability, courage, and discretion stimulated and kept together that party during the anxious period which followed, and so paved the way for Mr Gladstone's return to power at the expiration of the Parliament. Nor is it necessary to speak of the long services of Sir Henry James, nor the noble act of self-abnegation displayed by him in relinquishing the great prize of his profession in 1886, sooner than abandon the cause of his country. The strength and consistency of Mr Chamberlain's Liberalism, too, have never hitherto been questioned; and it is absurd to assume that these four men, who may be said to represent all the schools of reasonable Liberalism, are indubitably wrong because they differ from Mr Gladstone. Surely it is due to them, and to the numerous Liberals of education and intelligence who agree with them, to set their consistent and uniform support of the Liberal party as a balance against the brilliant talents of the man who wishes to ostracise them therefrom, and to consider upon its merits the question upon which they have disagreed. For, admitting to the full the great services which Mr Gladstone has rendered to the Liberal party in more recent times,

it is only just and right to remember that his adhesion to that party at all is of comparatively recent date, although his progress towards its most "advanced" opinions has been doubtless marked by an unusual rapidity. I am aware that in some of his recent speeches Mr Gladstone has spoken of Tories in such terms as make it difficult to believe that he ever could have belonged to a party whom he considers to have been so uniformly and so terribly in the wrong. Nor is it my purpose to waste time in recalling those earlier days of parliamentary life in which Tories appeared less objectionable and Toryism less hideous to Mr Gladstone than is at present the case. Wise as may have been his change from the purest Toryism to the most genuine Liberalism, it can scarcely be quoted as proof of an infallible judgment. But even if we draw a discreet veil over these bygone days, we can scarcely rank Mr Gladstone as a member of the Liberal party before the year 1859. Even in the earlier part of that year he voted against the amendment of Lord John Russell to the Reform Bill of the Derby Government, which (supported by the whole of the Liberal party) led to a dissolution of Parliament; and also against the amendment to the Address, moved by Lord Hartington at the commencement of the new Parliament, which amendment, having been carried, drove the Government from office. It seems fair to date his regular adhesion to the Liberal party from his acceptance of office under Lord Palmerston in the same year, and his more active Liberalism from the severance of his connection with the University of Oxford in 1865, when, as it will be remembered, his defeat was followed by

his immediate and memorable declaration in Lancashire, that he had "at last" come among the electors of that county "unmuzzled." The morality of this expression has been questioned, since to the ordinary mind it would appear that an honest politician would regulate his parliamentary conduct according to his own political convictions, rather than in obedience to the behests of the particular constituency which he happened to represent. Some light, however, has been thrown upon the expression by the publication of the *Life of the late Earl of Shaftesbury*, who quotes in his journal the opinion which Lord Palmerston entertained upon Mr Gladstone's connection with the University. "He is a dangerous man," said Lord Palmerston; "keep him in Oxford, and he is *partially muzzled*; but send him elsewhere, and he will run wild." Lord Palmerston, indeed, according to Lord Shaftesbury, feared Mr Gladstone's "character, his views, and his temperament greatly." He remarked to Lord Shaftesbury on one occasion,—"Well, Gladstone has never behaved to me, as a colleague, in such a way as to demand from me any consideration;" and at another time,—"*Gladstone will soon have it all his own way; and whenever he gets my place, we shall have strange doings.*"¹ Whilst serving under Lord Palmerston, and thenceforward, Mr Gladstone must of course be accounted as a member of the "Liberal party"; but the point which I desire to urge is, that neither his previous career nor his subsequent public conduct in any way justifies the assumption of his infallibility by his followers and friends.

We have lately learned, from apparently reliable authority, that Ireland has always been the object of Mr Gladstone's solicitude and affection, and that on one occasion he was mightily disappointed at receiving some other office when he had hoped for the Irish Secretaryship. This was never suspected, so far as I am aware, by his colleagues or the public, nor were Mr Gladstone's official labours ever turned in the direction of Ireland until a much later period of his parliamentary existence. Under Lord Palmerston it was in the field of Finance that his greatest and most glorious victories were obtained, and, so far as the public are concerned, they had no knowledge of Mr Gladstone's special interest in Irish affairs until the session of 1867, when the bestowal by Mr Disraeli of household suffrage in the boroughs had removed one great difference of opinion between the Tory and the Liberal parties, and had rendered it necessary for the leaders of the latter to find some new rallying-point for their adherents. This was discovered by Mr Gladstone in the question of the Irish Church, and here commenced his career of Irish legislation. Of that legislation it is, of course, possible to take very different views. There are those who believe that it has had one uniform tendency—namely, to remove grievances which have stood in the way of a cordial union between the peoples of Great Britain and Ireland, and by conceding to the latter demands which they have legitimately made, to bind them to Great Britain by ties of affection. There are others who see in the same legislation only a yielding to the noisy clamour of professional agitators, and to the

¹ *The Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury*, K.G., vol. iii. p. 187.

machinations of a foreign conspiracy, such as has steadily tended in the direction of that disruption of the united empire which the more outspoken of the Irish Nationalists have, until very recent days, openly avowed to be their object. For my own part, I have always held an opinion half-way between the two. I believe that the position of the Irish Church was not defensible, and that the question had become one of either concurrent endowment or disestablishment and disendowment, between which alternatives the matter was decided, rightly or wrongly, according to the undoubted will of the country. With regard to the Irish land legislation, I am sure it was undertaken by Mr Gladstone with a sincere desire to arrive at a fair and honest solution. But this very legislation proves beyond doubt my position with regard to the fallibility of Mr Gladstone's judgment. He emphatically condemned, in the Land Bill of 1870, those very principles ("fixity of tenure," "dual ownership," and "judicial rents") upon which his subsequent measure of 1881 was founded. It may be, and has been said, that circumstances had changed during the interval. No doubt; but principles do not change, and these were grave matters of principle, the abandonment of which is not to be justified by the humiliating statement of Sir William Harcourt that Mr Gladstone's Government were "very ignorant" about the matter,¹ at the time of their later legislation. Are the Gladstonians perfectly certain that they know more about it now? This may or may not be the case; but undoubtedly the enormous change which has come over Mr Gladstone's mind, and the

shifting of principles which his Irish legislation of the last seventeen years has evinced, should make men hesitate before they accept his last departure as the final determination of an infallible judgment.

I do not hesitate to declare my own opinion in the matter. I believe Mr Gladstone to desire the welfare and prosperity of Great Britain and Ireland as much as any one else. But I also believe that he has honestly arrived at the conclusion that the only man who is capable of governing this country is William Ewart Gladstone. He has been confirmed and fortified in this belief by an amount of systematic adulation with which few statesmen have been followed, and of which he has been susceptible to no small extent. I think Lord Wolverton, when, as Mr Glyn, he served the office of First Whip to the Liberal party, was largely responsible for the commencement of this unfortunate state of things. He never recognised the fact that the Liberal majority returned to the new Parliament in 1868 was returned in answer to a definite appeal made to the country upon a particular question, and that question one which threw the whole power and organisation of Nonconformity upon the Liberal side. He could never recognise the fact that the battle was fought and won upon principles which united the Liberal party, and that the victory was a Liberal victory. On the contrary, he always seemed to think that it was a personal triumph of the leader of the party, and that it was the name, influence, and popularity of "Mr G." which alone had won the elections. It was certainly owing to no fault

¹ Speech in the House of Commons, August 18, 1887.

of his if Mr Gladstone did not come to the same conclusion. Less honest and disinterested men than Lord Wolverton have since followed in the same track, and Mr Gladstone has been spoken and written of as if it was treason to doubt not only his infallibility, but almost his divine right to be perpetual Prime Minister. Having once arrived at the belief that, for his country's sake, this is the position which he ought to occupy, it has naturally occurred to Mr Gladstone that in order to attain and retain it, it has become necessary, since the last Reform Bill, to secure to the Liberal party the support of the Irish Nationalists. In order to effect this object, he has tried to persuade himself that the desires of the Nationalists are legitimate, or, at all events, that there is enough in them that is legitimate to enable him to approximate, and to induce his followers to approximate, to their programme. It is my belief that Mr Gladstone, being able, as we have been told on high authority, to persuade himself of anything, has by this process persuaded himself of the possibility of an honourable amalgamation between Liberals and Irish Nationalists; and having once arrived at this point, he has, as usual, devoted himself heart and soul to its promotion, and has refused to admit into his mind anything which militates against it, or to accept any version of history which does not lead up to and support his preconceived conclusion. It is only upon some such supposition that it is possible to account for the extraordinary perversions of history which Mr Gladstone has

deliberately placed before the country, and which he persists in repeating after their inaccuracy has been proved up to the hilt.

Perhaps the kindest and most charitable way in which to put this matter is to quote Mr Gladstone's own words in the 'Nineteenth Century' of June last, where he tells us that the impression which Mr Lecky's History has left on his mind is, "that his view of Irish affairs has, since he began to write, been coloured retrospectively by the vehemence of his hostility to the modern proposal of Home Rule." Substitute for "hostility" the word "advocacy," and we have Mr Gladstone's own condition of mind admirably described by himself. Upon no other hypothesis can we explain (1) Mr Gladstone's reiterated assertions that he seeks to restore "the ancient Parliament of Ireland," of which she was deprived by force and fraud; (2) his alternate and inconsistent praise and condemnation of "Grattan's Parliament"; and (3) the violent and intemperate language in which he misrepresents and condemns the manner in which the Union was carried in 1800.

With regard to the first point, it has been over and over again conclusively shown that the "ancient Parliament" of Ireland, in the sense of a Parliament independent of Great Britain, never existed, and that for the last 100 years of the Parliament which did exist, it was simply the Parliament of the Protestant minority.¹ With regard to the second point, it has been as clearly shown that if "Grattan's Parliament" was vile and corrupt, its absorption in the Imperial Parliament could have

¹ Sir Robert Peel, on 25th April 1834, used these words: "You never had an independent Parliament. You *never can have one* consistently with the sovereignty of the British Crown and the connection with the island of Great Britain."

been no wrong to Ireland ; whereas, if it was good and patriotic, its action in passing the Union which provided for that absorption cannot be consistently condemned by those who so describe it.¹ With regard to the third point, it fell to my lot last year to protest against the description which Mr Gladstone had at various times given of the manner in which the Act of Union was passed—against his wholesale charges of corruption and fraud—and especially against his statement that he was convinced that “the main object of the Irish Legislative Union, on the part of those who planned and brought it about, was to depress, to weaken, and if possible to extinguish, the spirit of Irish nationality.” In a letter in which Mr Gladstone noticed the above-mentioned protest, he declared that he was “not aware of having imputed personal motives” either to the dead or to the living ; and he appears to think that he can state that the Union was carried by “unspeakably criminal means”—that “the foulest and most monstrous corruption, joined with the grossest intimidation, was practised through the executive Government of England,” and that “force,” “fraud,” and “baseness” were employed in carrying the Act,—without being held to bring any personal charges against Mr Pitt, Lord Castlereagh, and their colleagues, who were responsible for the carrying on the executive Government and for passing the Act. It must be remembered that these statesmen utterly denied the charge of “corruption” which Mr Gladstone has so readily endorsed.

I am happy to say that, during the present year, Mr Dunbar Ingram has published a book in which he repeats and amplifies the statements which I had made, and proves every one of them by historical references. Of this book, Mr Bright has written that “it gives a complete answer to the extravagant assertions of Mr Gladstone as to the manner in which the Union was accomplished.” Mr Bright owns frankly that he has, “in years past, said some things about the Union, and what was done by the Government at the time, which he would not have said had he known the facts which Mr Ingram has brought before the public in his book.” If Mr Gladstone would imitate the candour of Mr Bright, I cannot help thinking that he would say the same thing ; for to maintain, as he has done, that there was no party in Ireland in favour of the Union, and that it was a contest between oppressors and corrupters on the one side and patriots on the other, is to present an utterly distorted and erroneous picture to the public eye, and is absolutely inexcusable in any one who has had the fairness and impartiality to read both sides of the question. Mr Ingram has abundantly corroborated the facts which I had ventured to bring under notice—first, that there was a strong Catholic party in favour of the Union ; secondly, that the resistance to it came mainly from the Protestant proprietors of constituencies who wished to retain their property and their control of the Legislature ; and thirdly, that the charge of corruption had been grossly ex-

¹ Mr O’Connell, April 24, 1834, said : “In fact, Mr Grattan well described this independent domestic Parliament in one pithy sentence, as an assembly whose restricted constitution excluded freedom, and whose servile compliances had collected upon the country an accumulation of calamities.”

aggerated, and was, moreover, by no means confined to one side, since it was freely made against the opponents of the Act. And yet Mr Gladstone declares that there was no independent party in Ireland in favour of the Union, and scatters charges of corruption broadcast against the British Government without a word as to the similar charges against their opponents.

I humbly submit to Mr Gladstone that it would be far better to leave history alone, than to lend the weight of his authority to the unscrupulous statements of partisan writers. He cannot pretend that there has ever hitherto existed an Irish Parliament elected by the whole people of Ireland irrespective of creed or race. That, however, is what was proposed by his Home Rule Bill, and therefore it is utterly untrue to call it the restoration of the "ancient Parliament" of Ireland. If Ireland has a right to such a Parliament as Mr Gladstone now contemplates, what right has Great Britain to limit and curtail the power which it is to possess? Once establish it upon the ground that you are only complying with the legitimate demands of the "Irish people," and you are practically admitting that the same demands must be obeyed if they should presently require the removal of every restriction and limit of power to the Parliament, and finally the entire separation of Ireland from Great Britain. To such demand we are bound to believe that Mr Gladstone is not at present prepared to yield; although, should he hereafter advise compliance with it on the ground that it was the wish of a large majority of the Irish representatives, his concession would be strictly logical, his inconsistency

abundantly consistent, and his "change of front" scarcely more surprising than that which we have already witnessed.

With regard to the probability of such a demand in the future, and to Mr Gladstone's own position as regards his Irish policy, it may be well for one moment to refer to his own declarations and explanations, as given to the public last autumn in his 'History of an Idea' and 'The Lessons of the Late Election.' The pamphlet in which these appeared is in itself a remarkable production. Mystery envelops the first part, fallacy pervades the second, but both are worth recalling at the present juncture. Mr Gladstone tells us that the motive which induced him to give the "personal explanation" contained in the 'History' was to "save" his "policy from suffering." It is impossible not to perceive that another "motive" has been at work—namely, a restless and uneasy desire to defend himself from that "torrent of reproachful criticisms" which have poured in upon him from every side, and which would have provoked a less irritable temperament than that of the writer. The consciousness that these criticisms were well deserved, and that in many instances they have come from old colleagues and former political friends who had just and great reason to complain of their treatment by him, has doubtless added strength to the ardent desire to excuse and defend himself to which we owe this strange production of his fertile pen. The defence, however, is one which would only excite a smile, if the issues involved in our discussion were of a less serious character. It commences by an objection to a statement of Lord Northbrook's, that "nothing had happened that could not have been foreseen by

any man of ordinary political foresight." Mr Gladstone indignantly declares that "an incident of the most vital importance had happened, which" he "did not foresee"—namely, that "the Irish demand, put forth on the first night of the session by Mr Parnell, with eighty-four Irish Home-Rulers at his back, would be confined within the fair and moderate bounds of autonomy; of an Irish legislation, only for affairs specifically Irish; of a statutory and subordinate Parliament." Mr Gladstone saw in this incident "the fulfilment of one of those conditions" which he had laid down as necessary to be fulfilled before "the subject of a domestic Government for Ireland" could be entertained. It is difficult to believe that the late Prime Minister can either be so simple-minded himself, or can expect others to be so simple-minded as his words seem to imply. Does he forget, or would he have us forget, that for some weeks before "the first night of the session of 1886," rumours, apparently well founded, had been abroad to the effect that he himself had expressed such opinions upon the question of Home Rule as were likely to lead to an "understanding" with Mr Parnell which would secure his return to power with a parliamentary majority? A bold, open, and emphatic contradiction of these rumours would have been the obvious course for a statesman to have taken who held the opinions concerning the Union between Great Britain and Ireland which were undoubtedly held by Sir Robert Peel, whose disciple Mr Gladstone has so often avowed himself, and whose views upon this subject he had always been supposed to hold, but who must now share the general condemnation with which Mr Gladstone re-

gards the policy upon this question of previous British statesmen. The absence of such a contradiction gave importance and stability to the rumours; and even supposing that there had been no communications upon the matter between Mr Gladstone and Mr Parnell, the latter had every reason for the profession of such moderation as should lead the former forward upon the path which he appeared to have entered.

Of course, if any communications took place between the two, prior to the meeting of Parliament, Mr Gladstone's defence would at this point be somewhat disingenuous, and Mr Parnell's action still more easily explained. But, in any case, Mr Gladstone asks us to attribute—and to believe that he attributed—to this "incident" an importance which it can only deserve upon the assumption that we are ready to give implicit credence to the statements of Mr Parnell, and have entire confidence in his power to bind those whom he appears to lead, to be content with the demand which, to Mr Gladstone's surprise, he confines within certain limits.

Putting aside for the moment the question whether a separate Irish Parliament could now be established without a revival of the intolerable inconvenience, to Ireland quite as much as to Great Britain, which was experienced before the passing of the Act of Union, let us ask ourselves the plain question whether or not we can believe Mr Parnell in the sense and in the manner in which Mr Gladstone is ready to do so?

Again and again have Mr Parnell and his followers insisted upon the right of Ireland to take her place among the nations of the world, "secure from every outside control," and have demanded for

Irishmen "a free Parliament upon College Green." The banishment of "the Saxon" from Ireland has been openly advocated; and even if it be possible that the words of Mr Parnell were misreported, and that he did not actually express his desire to sever "the last link which binds Ireland to England," it is idle to deny that sentiments of an approximate character have pervaded his teaching from first to last. What Mr Gladstone asks us in fact to believe is, that Mr Parnell has been dealing in untruth or exaggeration during the whole of his public career, and that upon this good and sufficient ground we are to receive his new professions with grateful alacrity and implicit confidence. We are to believe, forsooth, that the men who have been howling and raving, on both sides of the Atlantic, for separation from England, desire nothing so much as a "union of love," and that their ardent aspirations for a free Parliament will be amply satisfied by the concession of a Parliament with powers even more restricted than those of "Grattan's Parliament," and subordinate in every way to that of Great Britain. In Mr Gladstone's lamb-like professions of belief in this respect it is difficult to see anything but an

opinion unduly swayed by the prospect of the parliamentary majority to which that belief seemed likely to lead at the time of its avowal. But even if it were justified by the fact—if Mr Parnell were sincere in his declaration that the solution proposed by Mr Gladstone would be accepted by Ireland as "a final adjustment" of her claims, how is it possible for any man in his senses to believe that Mr Parnell has the power to give any such assurance, or to impart the element of finality to a settlement of the Irish question upon terms which fall so far short of that complete independence which the preachers of Ireland's "nationality" have systematically held up before the eyes of Irishmen as the sole end and object of their desires?¹

Thus far I have spoken of the general position which Mr Gladstone has occupied with regard to the Irish question since Christmas 1885, of the novel aspect of that question since his notable change of front, and the consequent schism among his followers. I have now to deal with a point which is, if possible, of even greater importance—namely, how far the position has been altered during the last year, and whether Mr Gladstone has made such concessions to the

¹ It may be well to record some of the expressions which appear to indicate a state of feeling which would render it impossible to hope that Ireland would be satisfied with a Parliament of limited power, subordinated to the British Parliament:—

Mr Healy.—"We wish to see Ireland what God intended she should be—a powerful nation. We seek no bargain with England. As the Master said unto the tempter, 'Begone, Satan!' so will we say to them, 'Begone Saxon!'"—'Irishman,' Dec. 24, 1881.

Mr Parnell.—"We will never accept anything but the full and complete right to arrange our own affairs, and *make our land a nation*, to secure for her, *free from outside control*, the right to direct her own course among the people of the world."—'United Ireland,' Nov. 7, 1885.

Mr Parnell.—"They declared their unalterable determination to be satisfied with nothing that England could give so long as Englishmen ruled them, and so long as the English flag took the place where the green flag only ought to float."—'United Ireland,' April 12, 1885.

Liberal Unionists as render it possible that the schism may be closed without a sacrifice of principle on one side or the other. These are questions most important to consider, because on the one hand it is broadly stated that the demands of the Liberal Unionists, as expressed by Lord Hartington, have been so fully and fairly met, that the continuance of the schism by any "true Liberals" is indefensible; whilst on the other hand it is as strenuously denied that this has been the case. I must at once admit that in the numerous speeches delivered by Mr Gladstone upon Irish affairs during the past year, sentences may undoubtedly be picked out from which the inference may be fairly drawn that he is inclined to concede certain points with a view to reuniting his followers. One great concession has undoubtedly been made in the abandonment of the Land Bill which accompanied the Home Rule scheme of Mr Gladstone, and which we were told at the time by him and by some of his most eminent colleagues had been introduced in conformity with the "obligations of honour." In spite of those obligations, this Bill has been dropped; and as Mr Gladstone has plainly told us that the terms which it offered to Irish landlords will never again be proposed by him, we are left to form our own conclusions as to whether he would propose any Land Bill at all, or would consider this one of those "exclusively Irish questions" which should be dealt with by the Irish Parliament in Dublin. The latest authoritative declaration upon the point is to be found in his recent speech to the London Liberal and Radical Union, wherein he declared that he would not defend the abandoned measure, but that he had ventured "publicly and notori-

ously to deliver the strong opinion" that it was "perfectly practicable" for him and his colleagues "to frame a scheme of Land Purchase for Ireland, adapted to the occasion, which shall not impose a burden on the imperial credit." This declaration certainly binds Mr Gladstone to nothing definite, and as certainly indicates no special concession to the Liberal Unionists, who were by no means the chief opponents of the Land Bill of last year. The abandonment of this measure has been in reality a concession to a large section of his own immediate followers, and beyond and apart from this step, we have absolutely no evidence of concessions upon any of the other vital points of the controversy. To my mind, these points are practically three: 1st, The retention of Irish members in the Imperial Parliament; 2d, The appointment and control of the executive; 3d, The establishment of a single and separate legislative body in Dublin. Now, let it be observed that this third point is in reality at the bottom of the whole controversy.

Unionists, Liberal and Conservative, are quite prepared for the development and extension of the principle of Local Government in Ireland as well as in Great Britain. The difference between them and the Gladstone-Parnell Liberals cannot be better described than in Mr Gladstone's own words at Swansea, upon the occasion of his recent visit. These words should not be forgotten, because it is upon the speech in which they occur that Sir George Trevelyan, speaking lately at Glasgow, founded the preposterous assertion that Mr Gladstone had "offered the right hand of fellowship to the Liberal Unionists and to Lord Hartington," and that "the plain sense of plain men

told them that that right hand ought to have been accepted; and when Lord Hartington refused to confer with Mr Gladstone, Lord Hartington cut the ground from underneath himself and from underneath the Liberal Unionists." This is by no means an accurate description of that which really took place. The words which I am about to quote clearly show that Mr Gladstone only accepted the suggestion (made by a third party) that he should confer with Lord Hartington, with a simultaneous expression of his own belief that no useful result would ensue from such conference. "I do not think," said he, "that I am in the position to make a proposal to Lord Hartington, for this reason—that on the last occasion when I had a communication with him with regard to Irish affairs, I found him indisposed to admit that he ever assented to the constitution of any Assembly, qualified under however strict conditions, to act for the whole of Ireland." In other words, Lord Hartington never having agreed to the establishment of a separate Irish Parliament, as distinguished from the possible creation of local bodies for the management of local affairs in Ireland, and not being prepared to agree to such a proposal now, a conference between the two statesmen could evidently have had no result unless Mr Gladstone was prepared to yield upon the point at issue; and as this was apparently not the case, it is idle to accuse Lord Hartington of "refusing" to hold a conference which the other party thereto had in anticipation declared to be useless. This particular point, indeed, is one upon which the differing parties cannot possibly agree, because it practically raises the fundamental question whether Ireland is to be

governed as an integral part of the Home empire — enjoying that "Home Rule" which is common to the other parts, and in which she has her full share in the representative Parliament; or whether her Home Rule is to be a separate rule, and she is to be treated after the fashion of a distant colony, or a semi-independent country. This truth has to be repeated again and again; because the cant phrase, "Why should not Irishmen be allowed to manage their own affairs?" is constantly in the mouths of the Gladstonian Liberals, assuming, as the question does, that Ireland has "affairs," separate from Great Britain, of sufficient importance to require legislative attention, and that the two cannot and ought not to be dealt with as one country. Unionists, on the contrary, declare and are resolved that these islands are and shall still remain "The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland;" and that, subject to such differences of local government as circumstances may necessitate, there shall be one Sovereign and one Parliament for the united country.

The other two great points of difference between the Liberal Unionists and the Gladstonians may be more susceptible of an approximation between the two; but nothing has occurred to show that such an approximation has as yet been made. Take the retention of the Irish members at Westminster. It is perfectly true that Mr Gladstone has declared that their exclusion is not to be a vital point in any future measure of Home Rule proposed by him. But a moment's reflection will show that a vague statement of this description is insufficient for the purpose of reconciling the two opposing views upon this point. If the Irish members

are to retain their places in the Imperial Parliament, and at the same time there is to be a separate Parliament sitting in Dublin, Ireland and Irish representatives will be placed in an unfair position of superiority as compared with Great Britain and her representatives. As all members of the Imperial Parliament ought certainly to be upon a footing of equality, Irishmen would have the power of interference with matters specially relating to British localities, whilst the corresponding power would be denied to British representatives. As this inequality certainly could not be permitted, the retention of the Irish members in the Parliament of Westminster practically involves the abandonment of the separate Parliament in Dublin. Should Liberal Unionists be caajoled into rejoining the Gladstonian standard, under the belief that this point has been conceded, they will, when it is too late, find that these and other difficulties stand in the way of the concession; and Mr Gladstone, professing to them his good faith and perfect readiness to concede, will point out with unanswerable logic the utter impossibility of his doing so without the sacrifice of that vital and integral part of his scheme—the establishment of a Parliament in Dublin. Moreover, in the speech to which I have just alluded, he emphatically declared that he “entirely renounced any foregone conclusion on the subject of the retention of the Irish members at Westminster which could possibly interfere with the granting of a full and effectual measure of Home Rule for Ireland” — words which clearly leave his hands quite free to deal with the question in any way which the exigencies of the moment may require.

Besides this, it must always be

borne in mind that, although upon this question of concessions to Liberal Unionists it is Mr Gladstone who speaks, and whose words are interpreted by the Trevelyan and Harcourts of the day as best suits the party object of the moment, there is another man whose consent and support must be obtained before any value can be attached to the promises which are stated to have been made. Mr Gladstone is powerless without Mr Parnell and his eighty-five followers; and it is to be noted that, up to the present time, Mr Parnell has retained, so far as I am aware, a judicious silence as to the concessions now under discussion. It is, of course, to the direct interest of Mr Parnell and his party that as many as possible of the weak and wavering among the Liberal Unionists should be swept into Mr Gladstone's net; but he is too cautious not to keep in his own hands the power of controlling Mr Gladstone's policy in the future, as he has done in the past. Bearing this in mind, it is well to look more particularly at the second point of difference upon which we are told that Mr Gladstone has avowed his readiness to make concessions—I mean, the question of the control of the executive in Ireland. Now this point in the Home Rule Bill of 1886 was considered by the Parnellites one of vital importance. Speaking at Chester, Mr Parnell stated that the Legislature proposed by Mr Gladstone would be “more valuable for us in Ireland than Grattan's Parliament would have been, because it will have power over Irish domestic business, and it *will also have control over its own Irish executive*, which was denied the Parliament of Grattan.” Again, at Portsmouth, Mr Parnell made use of the following words: “We shall

have a more valuable power for our own interests, exclusively apart from imperial affairs, which Grattan's Parliament had not. *We shall have the power of appointing and controlling our own executive Government; and no Legislature, no Parliament, is worth a rush, or can secure the respect of those whom it governs, unless it has that power which it is proposed to be given to us under Mr Gladstone's Bill.* It is evidently no empty or worthless power to which Mr Parnell alludes in these words; and it will be well for "open-minded" politicians who hear the professions of Gladstonian orators that they have no wish to impair the Union, to ask themselves how far an Irish Parliament, securing "the respect of those it governs," and completely controlling its "own executive," would be compatible with the absolute union which now exists between Great Britain and Ireland; and how long such a state of things would be likely to continue without friction and probable collision with the "central authority" on this side of the Channel.

If we desire to know the opinion of Liberal Unionists upon this question, we cannot do better than study the language of Sir George Trevelyan before his better judgment had been overcome by the insanity of his party prejudice. In one earnest speech he declared that he would abandon public life rather than "give over to the tender mercies of a separate Parliament in Ireland, in which men like Sheridan and Egan were pretty sure to be prominent members, the law-abiding citizens of the country;" in a speech at Selkirk, condemning the behaviour of "the Irish people," he said "he would not be a party to giving them the uncontrolled care of law and

order," and added these significant words, to which I call special attention: "He was quite convinced that during 1881 and 1882 *nothing but the fact that the police and the stipendiary magistrates were in the hands of a strong, sensible Government at Westminster, prevented the districts in the south and west of Ireland from massacre.*" The quotations from this and similar speeches might be indefinitely multiplied; but Sir George's opinion up to a very recent period may be summed up in that sentence of his address to the electors of the Hawick Burghs in which he declared that Mr Gladstone's Home Rule Bill "sought to establish a separate Irish Parliament and an independent Irish executive. *It sought to hand over law and order without appeal to hands in which I cannot believe that law and order would be secure.*" I do not know whether Sir George Trevelyan has openly recanted these opinions, but if he still holds them, it is difficult to see how they are to be reconciled with his present position as a meek and humble follower of Mr Gladstone, and inferentially a supporter of the very proposals which he had only a year ago so emphatically denounced.

A careful scrutiny of the speeches of Mr Gladstone during the last six months will disclose no statement which can be interpreted to mean that he has departed from the proposals in his last year's Bill upon this point. Indeed he has more than once stated as one of the vital points of any scheme for Irish Home Rule, that it must be "accepted as real and final by the Irish nation;" and as Mr Parnell (whom Mr Gladstone recognises as representing the majority of that nation) has solemnly declared that "no Parliament will be worth a rush which does not possess the

power of appointing and controlling the executive," it must be inferred that Mr Gladstone will be held to his proposals, and will repeat them should he again have the opportunity of proposing Home Rule legislation. It is evident, therefore, that upon the principal points of difference between himself and the Liberal Unionists, Mr Gladstone has made no such concessions as would justify them in again enrolling themselves under his banner. It is all very well for Sir George Trevelyan to assert the contrary; but he may be safely challenged to point to anything in Mr Gladstone's recent speeches which amounts to a pledge or promise, or in fact to more than general professions, which absolutely bind him to nothing. Take, for example, the question of Ulster, the probable subjugation of which to a Parnellite Parliament has been one of the Unionist objections to Home Rule. Mr Gladstone tells the London Radicals that "we have said over and over again from the first to the last, that if there be a disposition to sever some portion of Ireland which may be fairly called a Protestant portion of Ireland—if the public mind is in favour of that severance, we will not stand in the way." But who is to determine the bias of "the public mind"? Mr Parnell has emphatically declared in his place in Parliament that Ulster must not be separated from the rest of Ireland, because she "cannot spare one single Irishman" from the new nationality; and those must be confident and credulous indeed who believe that Mr Gladstone, when once his majority had been secured, would discover that the indications of the "public mind" pointed to a different course than that desired by Mr Parnell and his "eighty-five." The

truth is, that the so-called "concessions" made by Mr Gladstone to the Liberal Unionists must not be weighed by the measure of Sir George Trevelyan's confidence in the leader whose chastisement he endured so meekly last year, and to whose greater strength of character he has now so easily succumbed, but rather by the standard of what may be probable and what may be possible in the political exigencies of the future. To any impartial observer it must be perfectly obvious that the impossibility of Mr Gladstone making concessions to the Unionists without breaking with those Parnellite allies whose alliance is a necessity to him, was the real reason of the failure of the "Round Table" conference, which the Gladstonians so ungenerously endeavour to fasten upon Mr Chamberlain. General professions were easy to make, but definite and tangible concessions could not be given. So the question practically remains as it was when the schism first took place, and those who have rejoined Mr Gladstone have done so without the slightest ground for believing that in any future Home Rule scheme they can reckon upon any substantial improvement in their position.

Meanwhile the Irish question remains very much where it was left by the general election of 1886. Although the novel practice of inundating the constituencies with erratic members of Parliament has been put in force by the Gladstonians with some success in several bye-elections, and the shameless misrepresentation of the Crimes Act by the very men who have themselves been responsible for acts of greater severity has here and there affected public opinion, yet we have no reason to doubt that in the main that opinion

continues to be perfectly sound. The majority of seventy-seven in support of the Government proclamation of the National League shows that Lord Salisbury has nothing to fear so long as he pursues the bold and honest course which the country expects at his hands. Indeed the debate which preceded the division upon Mr Gladstone's resolution condemnatory of the proclamation of the League, must have done much to open the eyes of the public as to the true position of affairs. It was sad to see Mr Gladstone defending that system of boycotting of which he said but five short years ago that it "had become in Ireland a monstrous public evil, threatening liberty and interfering with law and order;" and it was melancholy to see Sir George Trevelyan condemning the action of the Government *because* they ought in his opinion to have proceeded under certain clauses of the Crimes Act, he having only a fortnight before denounced that Act to the electors of Glasgow as "the most detestable he ever saw." But whilst the crushing criticism of the Attorney-General effectually disposed of poor Sir George and his inconsistencies, the telling and effective speech of the Solicitor-General for Scotland established his position as one of the best debaters on the Treasury bench; and, finally, the admirable reply in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer wound up the debate on the part of the Government completely vindicated their position, and must have proved to all honest Liberal Unionists that if the Irish question is not to be solved by that abject submission to the National League to which the Gladstonians are willing to agree, the League must be made to submit to the Queen's Government,

and law and order must be vindicated.

Upon the whole, in spite of Burnley, Spalding, Northwich, and Coventry, I am inclined to think that the cause of the Union has in reality gained during the past parliamentary year, and has gained principally in two respects. First, because, as regards the Government, men are beginning to feel that, however desirous they may be to conciliate when conciliation is possible, they can be firm and stern when their duty to their sovereign and country requires that resolute action should be taken; and secondly, because, as regards the Liberal Unionists, the chaff has, to a great extent, been winnowed from the wheat—the weak-kneed, irresolute, and doubtful men have left the ranks—and the men who, at all hazards and at any cost, are prepared to show their preference of country to party, stand out all the more conspicuously as the trustworthy leaders of patriotic Liberalism. And as to the Separatist party and their leaders, I venture to doubt whether they can boast of any real and tangible gain beyond the four seats already mentioned, which have been transferred to their account, and the consequent reduction of the Unionist majority to that extent. This reduction has filled Mr Gladstone with delight, and has induced him to inform us, through the medium of a Review article, that the opinion of the country is evidently coming round to his views upon Home Rule. It would be cruel to criticise too closely the figures by which Mr Gladstone persuades himself of that result which he so much desires; but the truth is, that very little is to be inferred from isolated elections in 1887, as to the probable issue of a general election which

may be four or five years off. It is sufficient to point out that the question of Home Rule having been decided by last year's general election, the bye-elections of this year have turned, not upon that question only, but upon numerous other general and local issues, upon which the electors have thought it right to express their views. If at the next dissolution this same question of Home Rule should again be that upon which a definite appeal is made to the country, it is probable that these other issues will, as last year, be laid aside, and a similar verdict be returned against the Separatist party. The country will note that they have, especially since the debate upon the proclamation of the National League, formally arrayed themselves upon the side of boycotting, lawlessness, and intimidation. Upon the question of the Crimes Bill, they have paraded their inconsistency before the public eye, and at the same time degraded the character of parliamentary opposition by acquiescence in tactics which, unless repressed, would ere long destroy the possibility of parliamentary government. Mr Gladstone himself has lost no opportunity of recommending his new policy to the country, and has evinced his usual ability in finding out the weak places in his adversaries' armour, and more than his usual ingenuity in attempting to discover weak places where none really existed. Moreover, by the vigour which he has displayed in the propagation of his Home Rule doctrines (a vigour so unusual in a man of his age as to command sympathy and admiration from those who do not stop to consider the mischievous policy in behalf of which it is employed), and the courage with which he has set himself to the task of regaining his lost ascen-

dancy in the state, he has doubtless done much to revive hope and inspire confidence in the heterogeneous mass of followers who still swear by his name, and who were recently so well described by Mr Bright as "a mixture of those who clamour for office with those who clamour for the separation of Ireland from Great Britain." But in spite of vigour, courage, and eloquence, I greatly doubt whether, during the last year, Mr Gladstone has really gained greater influence with the country, or materially increased his prospects of a return to power. For, as time rolls on the smoke of the battle-field clears away, the real issues of the struggle in which we have unhappily been engaged become more and more apparent, and men see with greater clearness and certainty what are the principles which have been really at stake, and what the arguments by which the opinions on either side have been maintained. And so when, apart from the intrinsic merits of the particular question upon which the battle has been fought, the bearing of the combatants and the character of the weapons which they have employed come to be considered, I venture to say with great humility, but with great confidence, that, apart from and beyond all side issues, the impartial judgment of enlightened public opinion will convict Mr Gladstone of three grave crimes against his country which can neither be forgotten nor condoned.

First of these comes that perversion of history, always against Great Britain, by which he has encouraged Irish delusions, increased Irish disaffection, and cruelly aggravated the difficulty of maintaining order and good government in Ireland. Again and again has Mr Gladstone publicly de-

nounced the "disgraceful" proceedings of England towards Ireland "for nearly 700 years past," and alluded to the "crime" and "guilt" of England in no measured terms. Again and again has he inflamed the feelings of Irishmen against Great Britain by an exaggerated recital of wrongs perpetrated by the latter against Ireland, and by an inexcusable misrepresentation of historical facts. Meanwhile the facts on the other side have been studiously ignored. That, in the earlier stages of the connection between the two countries, England introduced settled government into semi-barbarous Ireland, torn to pieces by internecine conflicts between half-civilised tribes; that, in the progress of time, British capital developed the resources and British power protected the people of Ireland; that in still later times, when the dark days of plague and famine overshadowed the land, the heart and the purse of Great Britain were freely opened in response to the cry of suffering Ireland; and that, for the last half-century at least, the course of British legislation has been steadily directed to the improvement of Ireland by remedial measures and the amelioration of the condition of her people;—these are things never mentioned in the impassioned harangues of Mr Gladstone. To him everything is bent and twisted in one direction, the merits of Great Britain shut out from sight, her demerits magnified, and the whole story of the past travestied, metamorphosed, and transformed, with the sole object of delineating an oppressed and wronged country, of which he himself is to pose as the heaven-sent liberator.

It is sad indeed to contemplate this unnatural and unpatriotic action on the part of one of whom

his countrymen have deserved a very different return for the confidence which they have bestowed upon him. A man may be readily excused the excess of patriotism which induces him to interpret history in a manner favourable to his own country and people, and to touch with a light hand matters which may not be easily susceptible of such an interpretation. On the other hand, the speaker or writer who habitually ignores the virtues and magnifies the vices of his countrymen—who interprets every disputable point of history in a manner the least creditable to his country, and who blackens with cruel accusations the character of her departed statesmen—is guilty of little less than treason to the land of his birth, and disloyalty to the memories of those who have lived and died in her service. Such an one may believe himself to be actuated by an honest desire to serve the present generation by an exposure of the mistakes committed by the past—he may sincerely deem it an object of national importance to secure, by any means within his reach, the political predominance of his own party, and to establish his personal influence—but the means by which he strives to attain these ends can hardly be held to be such as commend themselves to simple honesty and unselfish patriotism. If Mr Gladstone had been the natural enemy of Great Britain, he could scarcely have done more than he has done to paint her in a dark and odious light. He invariably represents the past as if it contained the history of one nation warring against the other—of the British waging a cruel and oppressive conflict against the Irish nation. But surely this is an entire misrepresentation of the truth. If it can be pretended that at any time in

the history of Ireland the Irish, as a united nation, fought against Great Britain, it is certain that no such contention can for a moment be maintained with respect to the period subsequent to the reign of Queen Elizabeth and her subjugation of that part of Ireland which did not readily own her supremacy. Since that time there have doubtless been faults on one side and on the other, and many instances may be pointed out in which, according to our present ideas, grave mistakes were committed in the dealings of Great Britain with Ireland. But, subsequently to Queen Elizabeth's reign—in the attempt of James I. to "settle" Ireland, in the conflicts between Charles I. and his Parliament, and in the later wars in and from which Ireland has suffered—there was never a question of nation fighting against nation, but Irishmen were as much divided as English and Scotch men, and all suffered from the civil war and its results. The sufferings of Ireland were doubtless aggravated by the unhappy intensity of religious differences in that country, and the bitter animosity which has so constantly existed between Catholic and Protestant Irishmen. But as it would be unjust to attribute all the misfortunes of Ireland to the perversity of Irish nature and the impulsive character of the Celtic race, so it is unfair and untrue to throw the whole responsibility upon the "disgraceful conduct" of Great Britain.

Just as Mr Gladstone, in his determination to fix the whole blame of the rebellion of 1798 upon those who recalled Lord Fitzwilliam in 1795, calmly ignores the indisputable fact that, without taking into account the fatal influence and example of the French

Revolution, long previous to the eight weeks' viceroyalty of that nobleman, Ireland had been undermined by secret societies, and, in the words of Mr Fox, had been "subject to growing sources of dissatisfaction for many years," so, when he comes to speak of the general relations of the two countries, he as calmly excludes from consideration the fact that there have for centuries past been divisions and dissensions among Irishmen, and, in defiance of history, treats the subject as if there had really been a distinct and united Irish nation against which Great Britain had waged a uniform and continuous war of tyranny and oppression. But in truth, as Mr Gladstone, quoting from the work of Sir John Davis, has himself acknowledged, the greater part of the inhabitants of Ireland have descended from the British race;¹ the two nations have in the progress of time been, to a very great extent, blended and intermingled; and that which is both unnatural and unjust is the attempt to create two separate nations out of those whose position, whose interests, and whose general relations all point to amalgamation and unity as the legitimate and most desirable outcome and solution of the history of the past.

The violence of the language in which Mr Gladstone has denounced the actions of some of the greatest of British statesmen would have little weight in the mouth of a youthful or inexperienced politician; nor would his continuous and pertinacious misrepresentation of history deserve in such a case more than a smile of incredulous contempt. But when a man who has held the highest position in the Government of his

¹ Speech at Manchester, June 25, 1886.

country adopts the course which Mr Gladstone has taken, and stamps with his approval versions of history which are extravagantly inaccurate, it is only too probable that in some quarters an amount of credit will be attached to such versions which they would never otherwise have obtained. Education has not yet advanced so far amongst us, but that a large portion of the electorate can be led to accept as truth the matter which is placed before them upon the authority of a great statesman, without full and careful inquiry into the foundation upon which it rests. The Irish members and their English Radical allies who invaded the Spalding division of Lincolnshire and the Northwich division of Cheshire during the recent bye-elections, were able to present the proceedings of the National League in a much more attractive form to the labourers of the district than these might have assumed if the whole truth on both sides had been stated. In the same manner, Mr Gladstone's Irish history and the superstructure which he casts thereupon may go down in quarters whither the contradictions cannot follow, or where his authority overpowers contradiction. But as months and years roll away, and men read and inquire for themselves after the turmoil of the strife is over, I believe that the reckless misuse of history, and the condemnation, alike unjust and ungenerous, of his country and her statesmen of past days, by which Mr Gladstone has endeavoured to bolster up a discredited policy, to sustain the

defeated section of a political party, and to achieve a personal victory, will be rightly imputed to him and remembered against him as offences of no ordinary magnitude. Nor will the offence be held to have been diminished by the marvellous effrontery with which, simultaneously with his own inaccuracies and exaggerations, he accuses his opponents of a disregard for or ignorance of history, and, as in a recent letter regarding the North Huntingdonshire election, charges them with making "untrue" statements.

The second crime of which Mr Gladstone has been guilty in this controversy is, if possible, more serious than the first. I mean the attempt to make the question of Irish Home Rule one between "the classes and the masses."¹ The words in which this proceeding has been described by Mr Goldwin Smith are worth recalling upon this point. "I have seen," wrote Mr Goldwin Smith on July 9, 1886, "the American demagogue at his worst, and when the ordinary passions of faction were further inflamed by the fury of civil war; but never did I witness so deliberate an attempt to set class against class, and to poison the heart of society for a party purpose, as has been made by the Prime Minister in the present campaign." I do not wish to dwell upon this part of the controversy, nor to say an unnecessary word of reproach or condemnation. But I confess that it is to me a matter of the deepest regret that any question of class should have been raised on either side, when

¹ "Still, on this question, I am sorry to say, there is class against the mass—classes against the nation. . . . Upon questions where the leading and determining considerations that ought to lead to a conclusion are truth, justice, and humanity, . . . *I will back the masses against the classes.*"—Mr Gladstone's speech at Liverpool, July 1886.

the differences between the contending parties have nothing whatever to do with the differences of rank or class. It has long been our boast in this country that no broad line of demarcation divides class from class, and that our history teems with instances in which talent, energy, and perseverance have brought men of low degree to high positions in the state. Apart, too, from these special instances, there is no country in the world in which there is a greater fusion of classes, the upper ranks of society being constantly recruited from the middle ranks, and these in turn receiving constant accessions from the classes below them. The attempt now made to preach to the masses of the people that those above them in the social scale are separated from them by some special line, and are, moreover, the habitual supporters and upholders of a system opposed to their interests, is an attempt most cruel, most unpatriotic, and most dangerous to the common weal. The meaning of it is abundantly obvious. It signifies that the educated classes—that is to say, those who have most time to read and think, and who are able to bring most knowledge to bear upon political subjects—have, in an enormous proportion, condemned Mr Gladstone's Irish policy. Therefore it has become necessary to enlist on his side those whom he hopes to find less well-informed, and therefore more likely to be persuaded by the specious and plausible arguments which can be enlisted on behalf of the policy of "letting the Irish manage their own affairs." The simplest way to secure this result appeared to be to make that a class question which was nothing of the sort, and hence the unscrupulous attempt to imperil the

relations between the different orders of society for the attainment of a political object. Fortunately, however, education has so far advanced that a very large number of the "masses" have become too enlightened to be easily misled. They are able to judge for themselves, and to see that such a rallying of the upper and middle classes of society as has taken place against Mr Gladstone's policy would never have occurred if there had been nothing in that policy of an unusually objectionable character. It is somewhat laughable to see Mr Brunner, the newly elected Gladstonian M.P. for the Northwich division of Cheshire, hailing his return as a triumph of the "masses" over the "classes." In his case the "masses" voted for a large employer of labour, in the particular branch of industry which flourishes in their district, just as they had done last year in the person of his Conservative predecessor; and so it will be found that in other localities the "masses" will be swayed by personal and local feelings, and that Mr Gladstone's attempt to array class against class will be comparatively innocuous on account of the good sense of our fellow-countrymen. But the attempt is none the less one which every man who retains a respect for Mr Gladstone must on his account deeply deplore, and which will long be remembered against his character as a patriotic statesman.

There remains one more crime which will be charged against Mr Gladstone after the present political storm has passed away. I mean those appeals to the separate nationalities of which this empire is composed, which, if they have any signification at all, tend directly to the weakening and disruption of the empire. Be it remembered,

these have not been simple appeals to Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen to cherish the memories of their separate nationalities, and to recall with pride the recollections of good and great men whom the several countries have produced. Every appeal has been a distinct appeal against England, and an insinuation of wrong suffered by the nationality in consequence of its connection with that of England. In this spirit, Wales is urged to remember that she has a nationality apart from England; she is told that "the people of Wales may make mistakes in judging of their own interests, but they are more likely to judge well of their own interests than *the people in England, who know little or nothing about them;*" and, moreover, it is declared that "the inconveniencies of Wales have arisen in this way, that *Wales does not receive sufficient attention, because she has been too patient and too silent.*" Not only are these words to be noted as indicating that general idea of separation which seems to have seized upon Mr Gladstone's mind ever since he has accepted it with regard to Ireland, but they are also remarkable as having fallen from the lips of the same statesman who in 1884 declared that "*the distinction between England and Wales, except in a recital of an Act of Parliament for the sake of indicating their unity, is totally unknown to our Constitution.*" In the teeth of these words, Mr Gladstone, for party and political purposes, persists in drawing and emphasising a line of demarcation between England and Wales, and goes so far as to tell Welshmen,¹—"I do mean to say that the wants of Wales have not been

sufficiently attended to; that the specific qualities of Wales, as having a nationality and traditions and literature of its own which it fervently loves and cherishes—that the traditions of Wales have not been regarded as they ought to have been;" and of course he concludes by assuring his hearers that "justice to Wales will follow upon justice to Ireland." In like manner, repeated appeals have been made to the separate nationality of Scotland, and Scotchmen are told that Mr Gladstone is glad to see that they have "taken a step towards the free and full consideration by Scotland *how far the present Parliament and Government arrangements are suited to her wants.*" If these appeals to separate nationalities are to be regarded as anything more than the froth of exuberant declamation, they are distinctly at variance with the theory of a united empire, and in strict accordance with the separatist tendency which we Unionists attribute to Mr Gladstone's new Irish policy. They are emphatically appeals to the petty feelings of suspicion and jealousy which might exist among a confederacy of nationalities in which the weaker had suffered by absorption with the stronger, and these latter had claimed more than a fair share in the government of the whole. Is this the case in the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland? or, putting Ireland aside for the moment, can it be said that Scotland or Wales has suffered from their connection with England? and are we to regard our united empire as the fortuitous concurrence of nationalities which Mr Gladstone seems to consider it? Surely we have been united long enough to

¹ Speech at Newtown.

have a right to claim the possession of a common patriotism, a common citizenship in a great empire, before which our individual nationalities should sink into comparative insignificance. These miserable suggestions of inequality; these pitiful insinuations that the interests of individual nationalities have been neglected or have suffered from that combination of nations which has welded its component parts into one, and created by the process the empire in which all alike have a share;—these attempts to sow the spirit of discord, and to loosen and weaken the ties which bind together the inhabitants of Great Britain, are of a character which, when thoroughly considered and understood, will be utterly condemned by all true and loyal men throughout the country. It is quite true that after his special appeals to separate nationalities, Mr Gladstone occasionally refers to his belief that the acceptance of his advice would tend to the welfare and strength of the united empire; but this is the language of a man who tells you that your house will be strengthened if you will only follow his counsel and undermine its foundations. Just as in any chemical process, the entire and perfect fusion of the component parts is necessary to secure the desired result, so in the case of a united empire the blending together and fusion of nationalities imparts strength in proportion to its completeness, and the isolation of any one nationality must have the contrary effect.

Mr Gladstone is so well aware that the common-sense and the common interest of the people of these Islands leads them to maintain and support the Union, that during the last year he has con-

stantly maintained, as declared in his election address to the constituency of Mid-Lothian, that he and his friends are the true Unionists, and his opponents only "paper Unionists." If there is any meaning in these words, they seem to signify that Mr Gladstone would destroy that "paper"—*i.e.*, that Act of Parliament—which is the legislative confirmation of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland: this, indeed, is what Mr Gladstone has explicitly disclaimed, but he may have changed his opinion. Otherwise, the sneer at "paper" Unionists is a sneer without meaning. It is as if Mr Gladstone were to sneer at a tenant as a "paper" tenant because he held a lease, and advise him to tear up his lease, and hold his farm by a "union of love" with his landlord. It is the more unmeaning still, when we consider that Mr Gladstone's own Home Rule policy was to be embodied in an Act of Parliament, and would therefore in every sense have been a "paper" agreement in exactly the same degree as the Act of Union.

These reflections lead us to the inevitable conclusion that, however well-intentioned we may believe them, Mr Gladstone's speeches and proposals are directly contrary to the interests and the stability of the British empire. They inculcate jealousy between England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and suggest differences of opinion and of interest which in reality do not exist. Nor, indeed, are they founded upon any basis such as should satisfy people of ordinary intelligence. Take, for instance, the querulous complaints which Mr Gladstone makes with regard to the preponderating power of England in our parliamentary

system. In his 'Lessons of the Election' he complains bitterly that England, deciding against his Home Rule proposals, over-balanced and outweighed the favourable verdict of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales combined. He declares that "this is not a partnership of three kingdoms or of four nationalities upon equal terms," and enters into a subtle and lengthy argument to prove the hardship of the case. But the position which Mr Gladstone takes up in this matter is absolutely indefensible upon any intelligible ground. If relative population, wealth, and contribution to taxation be taken into account, it will be found that England has by no means an undue preponderance in our electoral system. And as we do not vote by nationalities, but decide according to the opinions of the majority of representatives elected by a united people in the three kingdoms, it matters very little from what particular part of the kingdoms the majority happens to come. The Unionist minority in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, added to the majority in England, has a share in, and goes to constitute, the aggregate majority; and the Separatist majority in the other three, with their English minority, equally constitute the aggregate minority of the whole body. Thus the feeling of the whole nation is adequately and fairly expressed. But supposing the condition of things had been reversed, and that, whilst England had returned a Separatist majority, the other three kingdoms had turned the scale in favour of the Unionists. Does any man doubt the nature of the harangues which would in such a case have been delivered by Mr Gladstone? The might, the majesty, the wealth,

the strength of England would have been extolled to the skies, her importance relatively to the sister kingdoms would have been exalted and magnified, and in magniloquent and impressive language we should have been taught to feel the incongruity and inequality of the system which could allow it to be possible that she who had given the greatest amount of strength and power to the United Kingdom should be outweighed and outvoted in her own legislative assembly. I am not sure that a new partition of electoral power would not have been imperatively demanded, and justice to England have been inscribed upon the standard of battle which Mr Gladstone would certainly have unfurled.

As matters stand, however, it is against England and her power to negative the wishes of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, that the fury of Mr Gladstone's wrath and the thunder of his eloquence have been directed. England has given deep offence by her conduct at the general election, and is therefore at the present moment in terrible disgrace, which the victories at Spalding and elsewhere have not been sufficient to remove. The failure to follow up those victories by another in North Huntingdonshire will have added to England's crime. That failure has indeed been somewhat conspicuous, as in addition to English Radicals who have been endeavouring to improve upon Mr Gladstone's attempt to set the "masses" against the "classes" by persecuting the agricultural labourers with their unwelcome presence, there has been a special flow of Irish eloquence and impudence into the scene of the late conflict, and the champions of the Irish National League have

been posing as the enemies of "boycotting" in an English county. Their defeat has been signal and satisfactory, but Unionists must not be lulled by that defeat into security and inaction. That upwards of 2400 electors in a quiet and well-disposed English county should be found willing to support the advocates of the "plan of campaign," and should have given their adhesion at the poll to the Gladstonian candidate, is a fact which goes to prove the necessity of a further display of energy and more extended organisation on the part of the constitutional party.

To ensure the success of our Unionist policy there are two objects which should be steadily kept in view and pursued: First, to impart far and wide true information upon the "Irish question," so as to counteract the persistent misrepresentations of our opponents. Secondly, to forget and shut out from sight the old party distinctions of Liberal and Tory, and to keep in view the simple truth, that it is a national policy which unites us to-day, and that the future peace and safety of our country depends upon our success. In our determination to achieve that success, we must not be discouraged by occasional reverses. We have to deal with unscrupulous opponents, and, as in the case of the Crimes Act of the present year, we must be prepared to find that no considerations of loyalty or patriotism will prevent them from misrepresenting wherever misrepresentation may serve their purpose, and from endeavouring to mislead the public mind from the real issues before the country. But it is our duty to make those issues clear, and to keep their importance ever before the eyes of the country. We are fighting for no personal inter-

ests, and for no party object. It is to us a matter of little moment by what name our Government may be called, or what statesman may preside over its counsels, so long as Unionist principles are supported, and the determination to preserve intact the unity of the empire is kept well to the front.

The numbers which still support Gladstonian candidates at the poll are to be accounted for mainly by two circumstances: First, that the love of party is so strong in England, and the power of party organisation so great, that the majority of men will follow their party flag in support of almost any principle or any idea which has been once adopted by the party standard-bearers. Men are held loyal and worthy of praise for adhesion to their party without reference to principle; while those are condemned who, only regarding party as a means of advancing principles, cast party aside when principles are at stake. To the mass of British politicians it seems natural and necessary to uphold one party or another, and intolerable to be outside of party combinations. The quiet, thinking men, who eschew political controversy and dislike party spirit, are in the minority, and elections are for the most part decided by the votes of party men. Moreover, it must be admitted that there is something fascinating in the word "Liberal," and that, as long as the Gladstonian party can befool the electorate into the belief that this term is applicable to themselves alone, it must be expected that the weaker and more credulous of the electors will follow their lead, unacquainted with the fact that neither the term "Liberal" nor "Conservative" is fairly applicable to either of the great political parties in the state,

or to the present division of politicians in our Parliament.

The second circumstance which accounts for the Gladstonian strength is to be found in Mr Gladstone himself. I have written strongly—because I feel strongly—with respect to the course which Mr Gladstone has taken upon Irish matters; but I have never doubted that he has fully persuaded himself that it was a wise and righteous cause, and that he has a firm belief that it will ultimately succeed. The first test of fitness to lead is the possession of self-confidence. This Mr Gladstone has in a remarkable degree, and it is a quality which inspires others with confidence in its possessor, and adds immeasurably to his power as a party leader. No one can deny the other great qualities of Mr Gladstone, which have brought him so conspicuously before his countrymen, and built up for him an influence which is undoubtedly of large if of diminished extent. In a party conflict there is nothing more valuable than to have one name and one leader at the head of your army. In the Separatist ranks at the present moment there is only one voice and one opinion upon this point. Mr Gladstone stands alone and unrivalled. There is, in fact, no other statesman upon the front Opposition benches of sufficient calibre, character, and position to command the confidence of any considerable section of followers. This circumstance, although it will probably cause difficulties in the Gladstonian party hereafter, is at the present moment of inestimable advantage to their side. Whilst Unionist Liberals look to Lord Hartington, Unionist Tories to Lord Salisbury, and Unionist Radicals to Mr Chamberlain, the Opposition have a

figure-head to which they all turn their eyes; and whilst Mr Gladstone lives, his name affords them a great rallying-point, and his unquestionable superiority to other leaders removes all doubt and difficulty, and enables them for the time to present a united front in the battle.

It is idle and unwise to minimise difficulties and to underrate the strength of our opponents. That strength is at the present moment owing to the causes to which I have alluded, and especially to Mr Gladstone's power among the "masses" of the people. We must not forget that in days now past and gone, his name has been associated with measures of commercial freedom and of domestic progress on behalf of which the sympathies of the people have been enlisted, and in respect of which they rightly honour his name and his exertions. It is therefore neither to be expected nor desired that, without full consideration and conviction, they should dethrone Mr Gladstone from his place in their affections. The British are a grateful people, and when they have once recognised the services and value of a statesman, they will not easily be convinced that he has entered upon a course which should deprive him of their confidence for the future. I feel assured that this will and must be their ultimate conviction and verdict with regard to Mr Gladstone; but the change will require time, and whilst the glamour of his eloquence is still cast over the people, it can be but a slow process to convince them that the safety and welfare of the country demand that they should resist the voice of the charmer. Yet every day's experience shows us more and more strongly that this is the duty of every lover of his country, and that no greater misfortune

could befall that country than the return of Mr Gladstone to power. His last appearance and speech in the session of 1887 abundantly justifies this statement. The unhappy riots at Mitchelstown were made the occasion of a furious attack upon the Government by the Parnellite faction and the riff-raff of English and Scotch Radicalism, which has identified itself with that faction. To uphold the Queen's authority and to support the executive Government was the evident duty of every loyal man, and above all, of those who had ever borne the responsibility of office. Yet Mr Gladstone hurried up from Hawarden, not from any such patriotic motive, but to lend the weight of his authority to those who sought to decry the Government and cripple the executive in their discharge of arduous and difficult duties. Mr Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt having themselves (as was shown by Mr Balfour) been responsible over and over again for proclaiming public meetings in Ireland, violently condemned Lord Salisbury's Government for doing precisely the same thing, and strove by all the commonplace platitudes about "the right of public meeting," to divert the attention of Parliament and the people from the real essence of the question. The right of public meeting is one of the undoubted privileges of a free people. But that right is valuable to the people in proportion to the good sense, temper, and discretion with which it is employed. It is imperilled, and rightly imperilled, because it loses the character under which it can really be useful to the community, when men exercise their right with bludgeons in their hands, evidently prepared to use those weapons upon the slight-

est provocation. In the case of Mitchelstown there was another grave feature—namely, that the meeting was called, notoriously and avowedly, with reference to a trial held the very same day in the same place, and was in itself a practical protest against and defiance of the law, good or bad, under which that trial was held. Under such circumstances, one would have supposed that the sympathy of every loyal citizen would have been with those who were charged with the maintenance of law and order. Mr Gladstone, on the contrary, not only evinced no such sympathy, but preferred to the official statement of the occurrence, that which was made by such a witness as Mr Labouchere, whose presence, with that of sundry other members of Parliament who had no business whatever in the place, must be held to have greatly contributed to the unfortunate result, and who was, therefore, directly interested in making out, if he could, that the police were entirely in the wrong. Instead of the defence which they might have expected from one who had so long been responsible for the executive Government, those charged with the critical and harassing duty of upholding the Queen's authority at Mitchelstown found in Mr Gladstone an evident bias against them, and a readiness to condemn them at the bidding of his Parnellite allies. I venture to think that our history will hardly furnish another instance of such unpatriotic conduct on the part of an Opposition as was evinced by Mr Gladstone and his colleagues upon this occasion, when the Queen's Government, as such, had a right to expect, if not their co-operation, at the very least their loyal forbearance, and when an ex-

ample of such forbearance on the part of Mr Gladstone would have been in strict accordance with all the best traditions of British statesmanship.

I began by speaking of the close connection which exists between Mr Gladstone and the Irish question. No one more than I would have rejoiced if, by dealing with that question with a firm hand and stout heart, Mr Gladstone had, years ago, lifted it out of the mire of party strife, and proposed to the united Parliament to act upon clear and definite principles, treating Ireland as an integral part of the united empire, and blending kindness with firmness in the consideration of her legislative and social requirements. Unhappily, the contrary has been the case. The "kindness" and the "firmness" have been intermittent and spasmodic; the former has borne the appearance of having been the off-

spring of fear, the latter of having been extorted by panic. There has been nothing but infirmity of purpose, irresolution in action, concession to agitation, and timorous shrinking from responsibility, until matters have been brought to such a point that, instead of the Irish question being happily solved by Mr Gladstone, it has been left to others to rescue it, if possible, from the pitiable position into which he has brought it; and there is but too much ground to fear that, whilst it will be found in the long-run to have destroyed his political character, and irretrievably damaged his reputation as a statesman, it will be only, under Providence, by the energetic and united action of his opponents, that the same destruction may be averted from the empire, whose integrity and very existence have been imperilled by his erratic and dangerous policy.

BRABOURNE.

JOYCE.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was some days before the new difficulties which possessed all Mrs Hayward's thoughts were fully revealed to Joyce. These early days were long, being full of so many confusing circumstances and new problems to be encountered, solved, or left aside for further trouble in their turn; and what she had heard her stepmother say about her bringing up had passed over Joyce's mind with little effect. She had enough to do in other ways: to find out a mode of living which would be practicable, to subdue her own spirit, to reconcile herself with so many new necessities all rushing upon her at once. How to apportion her time was in itself a difficulty almost beyond her untried powers: to be long enough, yet not too long, with Mrs Hayward—to find something to do during these hours which she had to pass in that drawing-room which was so pretty and comfortable, but so little homelike to the stranger. Joyce had abundant resources in herself. She was fully instructed in all kinds of work—a mistress of fine-sewing and mending, able to clothe her household with needlework, like the woman in the Proverbs; but there was no need for these qualifications here. And she had gone through all the studies which were open to her in design, besides having found out somehow, amid those gifts of nature which to all her early friends had seemed so lavish, a faculty for drawing, which had been of endless pleasure to her and pride to her belongings in the old time. Music, indeed, was left out, except in so far as it belonged

to her profession. She had learned the Hullah system, or something like it, and could read easily all the simple songs which were taught to the children; but a piano had never been within her reach, nor had she heard anything that a musician would think worth hearing. At home in Bellendean the old people thought that nobody could sing the "Flowers of the Forest," or the "Banks of Doon," or the old Psalm tunes, which were still dearer, like their Joyce. But these were not the sort of performances with which to please Mrs Hayward.

Thus, though she was full of accomplishments in her way, none of Joyce's acquirements stood her in much stead in her new circumstances. She had to contrive something for herself to do, which was far from being easy. She had to think of what she could talk about, to take her fit part in the household intercourse—not to sit like an uninterested spectator between these two strange people, who were her nearest relations. And this was almost the hardest of all; for Colonel Hayward and his wife were like so many people of their class—they had read little, they were puzzled by references to books, and did not understand that keen sense of association and fellowship with her favourite writers and their productions which made Joyce an inhabitant of a second world, to her consciousness almost more real than the external sphere. The Colonel said "Eh?" as if he had become a little deaf, with a kind but bewildered smile, when she adduced

the example—to Joyce more natural than the most familiar examples of every day—of somebody in Scott, or, as she loved to say, Sir Walter, to illustrate a position; while Mrs Hayward was more apt to frown, and to say impatiently that she thought it very wrong for young people to read so many novels. They did not even know what she meant by Sir Walter!—her father, with his puzzled look, suggesting, “Sir Walter—Gilbert, did you mean, my dear? Now, where can you have met Gilbert, Joyce? and what could he know about the oyster-dredging in the North?” Thus it was against her that she knew more than they did, as well as that she knew less: in either case, she was left out of their circle, out of their world,—her very wealth futile, and more useless than had she been without endowment at all.

But in the preoccupation of so many matters, important beyond measure to her new existence, and much pondering of the way to make that existence possible, which seemed to her sometimes a problem almost beyond her powers of solving, Joyce was not at all quick to catch up the allusions of her step-mother, or to perceive what it was that filled Mrs Hayward’s mind with new alarms. The possibility of there being something to be ashamed of in respect to herself—something to conceal or gloss over, in case it might revolt the visitors, of whom Joyce, hitherto measuring them by the standard of Bel-lendean, had not formed a very high idea—had never entered her mind; and she was startled beyond measure when Mrs Hayward opened the subject directly in a moment of impatience, and notwithstanding her own excellent resolutions against doing so. Joyce had

been betrayed into some reference to her old work, which she had instinctively felt to be distasteful and seldom alluded to, but which would crop up now and then. It was Mr Sitwell, the clergyman, and his school feast, which was the original subject of the talk.

“I think they are playing at school work,” Joyce said. “I would like to see the mistress, and hear what she says.”

“I beg you will do nothing of the kind,” cried Mrs Hayward. “I did not at all like your enthusiasm about the schools when the Sitwells were here. I think you said you were more interested in them than in anything else in the world. I am never fond of extravagance.”

“But it was true,” said Joyce, with a deprecating smile. “When you have been interested about one thing all your life, and always thinking which is the best way, what can you do but feel it the most important?”

“It is time,” said Mrs Hayward, “that you should find another channel for your thoughts. I didn’t mean to say anything to vex you, Joyce. But you must know that your father’s daughter should have been brought up in a very different way; and, to tell the truth, I would much rather our friends here knew as little as possible—about your antecedents.”

Joyce looked up astonished, with a quick cry, “Antecedents!” which was a word that seemed to imply something bad, like the reports in the newspapers. She was, to be sure, too well instructed to think that implication necessary; but there are prejudices of which even the best-informed persons cannot shake themselves free.

“You know what I mean!—the teaching, and all that. That you should be fond of the schools, and

interested in them, is all very well; but that you were a——”

A flush of deep colour had rushed over Joyce's uplifted face. “A—schoolmistress,” she said, with the quiver of a piteous little smile.

“I can't bear to hear you say it—your father's daughter!—and of course it is impossible to enter into particulars, and explain everything to everybody. I think it better, far better, to draw a veil. You were brought up by relations in Scotland—that is what I mean to say.”

“Relations!” repeated Joyce, softly; “thank you for saying that. Oh, and so they were!—the kindest relations that ever a poor little girl had.”

“I am glad I have pleased you, so far as that goes,” said Mrs Hayward, in a tone of relief. “Well, then, I hope you will back me up, and show yourself grateful to your old friends. There are various other things I may mention as we are on this subject. For instance, when you were talking to Alice St Clair, you said *Miss Greta*. Now that young lady, if you were to renew your acquaintance with her, would certainly not allow you to call her *Miss now*.”

Joyce opened her eager lips to reply; but, struck by a sudden sense of the uselessness of any explanation, closed them again—a movement not unnoticed by her companion.

“I notice also,” said Mrs Hayward, “that you have a way of calling Mrs Bellendean the Lady. That's all very well if it's one of the fantastic names that girls are so fond of nowadays—I mean, if other young people use it as well as you; but if it's one of your terms of respect—— Remember, Joyce, that to go on speaking in that way is a—is a kind of insult to your father and to your own family, which

is quite as good as Mrs Bellendean's.”

As good as Mrs Bellendean's!—her heart revolted against this claim. The old homage which she had given with youthful enthusiasm was not, to Mrs Bellendean's position or her family. But how was Joyce to explain this to her judge, who did not look upon her or her romances with a favourable eye? And yet she could not but say a word in self-defence. “It was for kindness,” she said,—“for,” hesitating with her Scotch shyness, “for love!”

“For love!” Mrs Hayward echoed the word with a tone of opposition, and almost offence. “She is one of the women who seem to have the gift of attracting girls. I don't know how they do it, for girls have always seemed to me the most uncertain, unappreciative——” She sighed impatiently, then added in a softened tone, “If it's only a sort of pet name, that's different. But you must see that it is your duty to avoid everything that could seem to—to discredit your father. And we can't explain the circumstances to everybody, and prove that it was not his fault. For my part,” she cried, with a flash of quick feeling in her clear eyes, “I'd say anything or do anything rather than let it be supposed for a moment that the Colonel—had anything to be ashamed of in the whole course of his existence. He has not, and never had, whatever you may think. That's what I call love,” she cried, vehemently, with a sudden tear or two taking her by surprise.

Joyce turned towards her step-mother with a quick responsive look; but Mrs Hayward was ashamed of her own emotion, and had turned away to conceal it, thus missing the eager overture of

sympathy. She went on in another moment with a little laugh: "It shows we never should be sure of anything. If there was one thing more unlikely than another, I should have said it was the gossip of a Scotch village getting abroad here. I should have thought that nobody here had ever heard the name of Bellendean—when lo! it turns out that we are in a perfect wasp's nest of relations and connections. Your Miss Greta, as you call her, a cousin, and the St Clairs themselves visitors of the Bellendeans. I suppose before another week is over all Richmond will know the story. It is very vexatious, when I had planned to take you about everywhere, and do all sorts of things!"

She was called out of the room at this moment by some domestic requirement, and did not hear Joyce's troubled murmur. "Was there anything, then, to think shame of?" Joyce had said, her voice trembling, with the Scotch idiom which Mrs Hayward disliked. She added to herself, "in me," with a wondering pang. Perhaps the girl had too high a conception of herself, which it was well to bring down; but such an operation is always a painful one. Though she had been brought up in a ploughman's cottage, and occupied the humblest position, yet nothing had ever happened in her life to humiliate Joyce. She had been admired and praised, and placed upon a little pedestal from her earliest consciousness: and that any one should be ashamed of her struck her as something so incredible and extraordinary, that it took away her breath,—“anything to think shame of—in me.” She had no defence against such a sudden dart: it went through and through her, cutting to her heart. She rose up quickly, with a sensation intoler-

able—a quick and passionate impulse. To do what? She could not tell. To have the wings of a dove and fly away—but where? She stopped herself, clasping her hands together, holding herself fast that she might not be so unreasonable as to do it. The mother had done it, and what had come of it? To herself madness and death, and to her poor child this,—that the people to whom she belonged were ashamed of her—ashamed of Joyce! It seemed a thing impossible, not to be realised. She said it over to herself incredulously, making an effort to smile. Ashamed!—but no, no! Whatever there was to bear, it must be borne, even though those wings for which so many have sighed should be given to her: she must not fly, she must stay.

But Joyce had in this particular still something more hard to bear. A few days after the visit of the Captain, Mrs Bellendean came to Richmond, bringing with her Greta. The two ladies came with a purpose. They had been warned by Captain Bellendean that there were difficulties in the Colonel's household, and that Joyce's position was not of the happiest. How he had divined that much it would be difficult to say, for divination was not Norman's *forte*. But for once his sympathy or interest had given insight to his eyes.

"You should go and let them see that the poor girl has friends," he said.

"I shall go," said Mrs Bellendean, who was very sure that she must know better than Norman, "and make myself very agreeable to the stepmother. She is not a bad sort of woman. She will be pleased if we go and call at once, and I confess I shall do everything I know to make her like me and trust me: that will be the best way

of serving Joyce." With this intent the ladies arrived and played their part very prettily. They were delighted with the house, the drawing-room, the lovely things, Indian and otherwise, admiring them with a comprehension and knowledge which Joyce had not possessed, and making Mrs Hayward glow with gratification and modest pride. Joyce followed her beloved lady with her looks,—her usual and faithful admiration of everything Mrs Bellendean said and did very slightly modified by surprise at this new aspect of her. They had not failed in any mark of affection to herself—nay, had startled her by the warmth of their greetings. Mrs Bellendean had met her with outstretched arms and a kiss which confused Joyce with pleasure, and afterwards with something else, which was not so agreeable. Joyce, indeed, was the one silent in the midst of the effusive cordiality and pleasantness of this meeting. She did not know how to respond or what to say. It was the first time she had met her friends under this new aspect. The night she had spent at Bellendean before leaving had been different. She was then in all the excitement of the great revolution in her life, and nothing seemed too extraordinary for that crisis; but Joyce had calmed down, she had returned to life's ordinary, though with so amazing a difference—and her lady's kiss and Greta's eager outstretched arms overwhelmed her with doubts and questions which half blotted out the pleasure.

Finally, they strayed out upon the lawn, and down the shaded walk towards the river, as all visitors did. Joyce had made that little pilgrimage only in company with Captain Bellendean as yet; and there did not fail to pass through her mind a comparison

which affected her in a way she did not understand. She knew him so much less than Greta, cared for him much less—and yet—Joyce fled from the faint rising of an uncomprehended thought with a thrill of strange alarm, and turned to her friend, who was so sweet, the admired of all her youthful thoughts, her little paragon of prettiness and sweetness. Greta had twined her arm within her companion's, and was looking tenderly into her face.

"And are you happy?" Greta said. "Oh, Joyce! I remember how you used to fancy all manner of things. You would not have been surprised if you had turned out to be a princess—like Queen Mary's daughter, who was 'unknown to history.'"

"If there ever was such a person," said schoolmistress Joyce. "Yes, I think I was quite prepared to be a princess."

"It would have been much more troublesome than this, and not half so nice, I think. To have had that horrible Bothwell for a father, or some one else as dreadful, instead of delightful Colonel Hayward."

"My father," said Joyce, with the little flush and stir of feeling which was always called forth by his name, "is better—than anything I ever could have dreamed."

"Then why are you not happy?" cried Greta, going direct to the heart of the matter, as children do.

"But perhaps I am happy," said Joyce, with a little sigh, followed by a smile. "To be happy is a strange thing: it is not at your own will, nor because you are well off, and have everything you can want. It is just for nothing, and comes when it pleases. And life is very confusing. There are so many things to think of that I never thought of before. How to

please them—and I always used to please, just because it was me. And sometimes I think they are ashamed."

"Ashamed, Joyce!"

"No," she said, "not of me, as me: but because of what I was. You used all to say pretty things to me, Miss Greta, about the fine work I was doing,—about the use I was to the children—even to the country," Joyce added, with a light in her eyes.

"Miss Greta, Joyce! is that like the friends we are? I shall call you Miss Hayward if you say that again."

Joyce turned upon her with a sudden flash, raising her head with an involuntary movement that looked like disdain. "See, now," she said, "you yourself! You never asked me that when I was Joyce Matheson, the schoolmistress at Bellendean. And yet you all praised me, and said I was doing a good work. I am doing no work nor anything here. I am just a cumberer of the ground. They don't know what to do with me, though they want to be very kind. And I don't know what to do with myself. But you never said *that* to me in the old time."

"Oh, Joyce!" cried Greta, with conviction and shame. She added, holding her companion's arm close, "Not that I didn't want to say it—many and many a time! You were always much better, much higher than I."

Joyce put her hand upon her friend's, but shook her head, her cheeks flushed with a transient glow of feeling, her eyes troubled and unconvinced. "We'll say nothing about that. It was all as it ought to be, and natural: anything else would have been out of place both for you and me. But you did not then; and now you would have me in a moment

change, and say Miss Greta no more, because I am no longer the schoolmistress, but Colonel Hayward's daughter. But how can I do that? that would mean a change in me. And there is no change in me."

Greta did not understand what was in her friend's face. Joyce no longer looked at her, but away into the blue distance over the river among the tufts and clusters of the soft English trees—looking but seeing not; perceiving only the mists and confusion of a change with which her own will and thoughts had nothing to do, against which she could not help rebelling, though she was compelled to acknowledge that it was all natural, inevitable, not to be resisted. It wounded her native sense of dignity to be thus elevated, to have a position given to her, even in the hearts of her friends, which had not been hers before. Mrs Bellendean's kiss, and Greta's eager affection, what were they to the real Joyce, to whom both had been so kind, so friendly, even tender, but never with this demonstration of equality? If Joyce had been embittered, she would have considered them insults to her old and true self; but she was not bitter. She was only humiliated, strangely wounded, and astray, seeing the necessity of it, and the hardness of it, and only feeling in her heart the absence of any place for her, herself, the true Joyce, who had never changed amid all these strange alterations. She put her hand upon that which was trembling yet clinging fast to her arm, and softly patted it, with something of the feeling of the elder to the younger, the superior to the inferior—which was a change too, though Joyce was scarcely cognisant of it; for in her unawakened days she had looked up

with genuine faith to Miss Greta, making a little ideal of her. Now, though Joyce did not know it, that balance had turned too, and she was keenly perceiving, pardoning, excusing that in which her ideal had failed. "I could have wished," she said, "*you* had not done it. I could have wished that we should bide—as we always were—just *you* you, and me me."

"Oh, Joyce!" faltered Greta, clinging more and more. "I have been so glad that you and I could be like sisters—as I have always felt."

"You and—Colonel Hayward's daughter, Miss Greta," she said.

By this time the two elder ladies had followed to the water's edge, and stood looking up the Thames at the sweeping willows, and the spot, which none of them cared the least about, where the poet's villa had been planted. Mrs Bellendean, who was very quick in observation, saw that Greta was disturbed, and came up, laying her hand on Joyce's shoulder. "Let me have her a little now," she said. "Norman told us about your river-side, Joyce, and how you had showed him everything. He could talk of nothing else when he came back."

"It was a beautiful day—which was all that is wanted; for you see yourself there is not much to show."

"And you," said Mrs Bellendean, "who were the first thing to be taken into consideration, perhaps. Joyce, I want to speak to you, my dear. Your—yes, I know, she is not your mother; but she wants to be as kind as you will let her. She is troubled about all this story being known."

"All what story?" said Joyce, with a catching of her breath.

"Oh, my dear, you know. And I don't wonder at it. You were a miracle in your own—I mean in

that position. But now it is very natural your parents should wish—no more to be said about it than is necessary. Mrs Hayward says very truly that it is better a girl shouldn't be talked about, even when it is all to her credit. She wanted to warn *me*," Mrs Bellendean said, with a smile at the ignorance thus manifested. She had put her arm into that of Joyce, and led her along the velvet turf, as far as the lawn extended, leaving Greta with Mrs Hayward. "As if I were likely to betray you! But I want you to promise, Joyce, that you won't—betray yourself, which is far more likely."

"Betray!" cried Joyce. She had been humiliated by Greta; she was indignant now. "What have I to betray?" she cried; "that I am a waif, and a foundling, and an abandoned creature that belongs to nobody? or that I am a trouble and a charge to everybody that has to do with me, breaking my poor Granny's heart because she wants me, and a shame to the others that don't want me? Myself! what is it to betray myself? Oh, you are kind; you are very kind. You were my dear lady that I honoured above everything. But you kiss me to-day because I'm—not Joyce, but Colonel Hayward's daughter; and you bid me not to betray myself. To betray that I am myself—is that what you mean?"

"Joyce! Joyce!" cried Mrs Bellendean.

Joyce paused for a moment to dry the sudden tears which had betrayed her, coming with a rush to her eyes—girls being such poor creatures, that cannot do anything or feel anything without crying! She had drawn her arm out of her friend's arm, and her eyes were shining, and a swift nervous movement, scarcely restrainable, thrilling through her. That impulse, as

of a hunted deer, to give one momentary glance round, and then turn and fly—the impulse of her mother, which was in all Joyce's veins, though nothing had occurred till now to bring it out,—took

hold upon her, and shook her like a sudden wind. She knew what it was, though no one else had any warning of it; and it frightened her to the depths of her soul.

CHAPTER XXII.

Notwithstanding this sense of outrage and injury, time and the hour had their usual effect upon Joyce. There are few things that the common strain of everyday does not subdue in time—few things, that is, that are of the nature of sentiment, not actual evil or wrong. She reconciled herself to the affectionate demonstrations of her old friends, which were such as they had not made in the old times, without at least saying that these were for Colonel Hayward's daughter, and not for Joyce; and she learnt to make new ones, or at least to receive shyly and respond as much as her nature permitted to the overtures of acquaintanceship made to her by the society among which she lived. The sense of strangeness faded away; she became familiar with her surroundings, and with the things which were required of her. She acquired, to her astonishment and amusement, and pleasure too, when she had become a little accustomed to her own appearance in them, a number of new dresses and ornaments, the latter chiefly presents from her father, who found it the most delightful amusement to make a little expedition into town—a thing which was at all times a pleasant diversion to him—to go to Hancock's, or some other costly place, before or after he went to his club, and bring Joyce a bracelet or a ring. These expeditions were not always agreeable to Mrs Hayward. She said, "If you would tell me what

you wanted, Henry, I could get it a great deal cheaper for you at the Stores—half the price: these Hancock people are ruinous."

"But, my dear, I bought it only because it chanced to take my fancy—in the shop-window," said the scheming Colonel, with wiles which he had learned of recent days. His wife knew as well as he did that this little fable was of doubtful credence, but she said no more. After all, if he could not give his child a bracelet or two, it would be a strange thing, Mrs Hayward said to herself with a little heat. She was determined to be reasonable, but she could not help being slightly suspicious of his meaning, when he announced his intention at the breakfast-table of taking a little run up to town, and seeing how those fellows were getting on. He meant his old cronies at the club, whom he was always pleased to see; but it always turned out that there were other little things to be done as well.

And Joyce was far from being without pleasure in these pretty presents, and in the tenderness which beamed from the Colonel's face when he stole his little present out of his pocket with the air of a schoolboy bringing home a bird's nest. "My dear, I happened to see this as I passed, and I thought you would like it." She did not know much about the value of these gifts, overestimating it at first, underrating it afterwards—and cared very little, to tell the

truth, after the first sensation of awe with which she had regarded the gold and precious stones, when she found such unexpected treasures in her own possession. But what was of far greater importance was the tender bond which, by means of all the kind thoughts which resulted in these gifts, and the grateful and pleased sentiment which these kind thoughts called forth, grew up between the Colonel and his daughter. She became the companion of a morning walk which up to this time he had been in the habit of taking alone—Mrs Hayward considering it necessary to be “on the spot,” as she said, and looking after her household. The Colonel, who never liked to be alone, took advantage one lovely morning of a chance meeting with Joyce, who was straying somewhat listlessly along the shrubbery walk, thinking of many things. “I am going for my walk,” he said—his walk being a habit as regular as the nursery performance of the same kind. “If you have nothing to do, get your hat and come with me, my dear.” And this walk came to be delightful to both, Joyce making acquaintance with those genuine reflections of a mind uninstructed save by life, which are so often full of insight and interest; while the Colonel on his side listened with delighted admiration to Joyce’s information on all kinds of subjects, which was drawn entirely from books. He talked to her about India and his old friends there and all their histories, enchanted to rouse her interest and to have to stir up his memory in order to satisfy her as to how an incident ended, or what became of a man. “What happened after? My dear, I believe he was killed at Delhi, poor fellow!—after all they had gone through. Yes, it was hard: but that’s a soldier’s life,

you know; he never knows where he may have to leave his bones. The poor little woman had to be sent home. We got up some money for her, and I believe she had friends to whom she went with her baby. That’s all I know about them. As for Brown, he got on very well—retired now with the rank of a general, and lives at Cheltenham. The last time I saw him, he was at Woolwich with his third boy for an exam. It is either the one thing or the other, Joyce—either they get killed young, or they live through everything and come home, regular old *vieux moustaches*, as the French say, with immense families to set out in the world. The number of fine fellows I’ve seen drop! and then the number of others who survive everything, and are not so much the better for it after all.”

“When I read the Vision of Mirza to my old granny at ho—at Bellendean—she said life was like that,” said Joyce, gravely,—“some dropping suddenly in a moment, so that you only saw that they had disappeared.”

“The Vision of—what, my dear? It has an Eastern sound, but I don’t think it’s in the Bible. Very likely I’ve heard it somewhere: but my memory is rather bad”—(he had been giving her a hundred personal details of all kinds of people, in the range of some thirty or forty years)—“especially for books.” Colonel Hayward added, “More shame to me,” with a shake of his grey head.

And then she told him Mirza’s vision, with the warm natural eloquence of her inexperience and profound conviction that literature was the one deathless and universal influence. The Colonel was greatly pleased with it, and received it as the most original of allegories. “It’s wonderful,” he said,

"what imagination these Eastern chaps have, Joyce. They carry it too far, you know, calling you the emperor's brother, the flower of all the warriors of the West, and that sort of thing, which is nonsense, and never after the first time takes in the veriest Johnny Raw of a young ensign. Well, but your old woman was very right, my dear. If I were to tell you about all the fellows that started in life with me—such a lot of them, Joyce; as cheery a set—not so clever, perhaps, as the new men nowadays, but up to anything. It's very like that old humbug's bridge, which, between you and me, never existed, you know—you may be quite sure of that."

Joyce held her breath when she heard the beloved Addison called an old humbug, but reflected that the Colonel did not mean it, and made no remark.

"It is very like that," he continued, musingly. "One doesn't even notice at the time—but when you look back. There was Jack Hunter went almost as soon as we landed: such a nice fellow—I seem to hear his laugh now, though I haven't so much as thought upon him for forty years,—dropped, you know, without ever hearing a shot fired, with the laugh in his mouth, so to speak. And Jim Jenkinson, the first time we were under fire, in a bit of a skirmish for no use. His brother, though—by George! he hasn't dropped at all; for here he comes, as tough an old parson as ever lived, Joyce. Excuse the exclamation, my dear. It slips out, though I hate swearing as much as you can do. We'll have to stop and speak to Canon Jenkinson. I think, on the whole, rather than grow into such a pursy parson, I'd rather have dropped like poor Jim."

Colonel Hayward directed his

daughter's attention to a large clergyman, who was walking along on the other side of the road. The Colonel had the contempt of all slim men for all fat ones; and Joyce, too, being imaginative and young, looked with sympathetic disapproval at the rotundity which was approaching. Canon Jenkinson was more than a fat man—he was a fat clergyman. His black waistcoat was tightly, but with many wrinkles, strained across a protuberance which is often anything but amusing to the unfortunate individual who has to carry it, but which invariably arouses the smiles of unfeeling spectators; the long lapels of his black coat swung on either side as he moved quickly with a step very light for such a weight—swinging, too, a neatly rolled umbrella, which he carried horizontally like a balance to keep his arm extended to its full length. When he saw Colonel Hayward he crossed the road towards him, with a larger swing still of his great person altogether. "Holloa, Hayward!" he said, in a big, rolling, bass voice.

"Well, Canon; I am glad to see you have come back."

"And what is this you have been about in my absence, my good fellow,—increasing and multiplying at a time of life when I should have thought you beyond all such vanities? Is this the young lady? As a very old friend of your father's, Miss Hayward, and as he doesn't say a word to help us, I must introduce myself."

He held out a large hand in which Joyce's timid one was for a moment buried, and then he said, "You've hidden her away a long time, Hayward, and kept her dark; but I've always remarked of you that when you did produce a thing at the last, it was worth the trouble. My wife told me you

had sprung a family upon us. No story was ever diminished by being retold."

"No, no, my daughter only—Joyce, who has been brought up by—her mother's relations—in Scotland." The Colonel had learned his lesson, but he said it with a little hesitation and faltering.

"Oh!" said the clergyman, and then he added in an undertone, "Your first poor wife, I suppose?"

The Colonel replied only by a nod, while Joyce stood embarrassed and half indignant. She was deeply vexed by the interrogatory of which she was the subject, and still more by her father's look and tone. For the poor Colonel was the last person in the world to be trusted with the utterance of a fiction, and his looks contradicted the words which he managed to say.

"Ah!" said Canon Jenkinson: and then he turned suddenly upon Joyce. "Are you a good Churchwoman, or are you a little Presbyterian?" he said. "I must have that out with you before we are much older. And I hear you are going to range yourself on the side of Sitwell, and help him to defy me. His school feast, *par exemple*, when I am having the whole parish three or four days after! You know a good deal of the insubordination of subalterns, Hayward, but you don't know what the incumbent of a district can do when he tries. He is not your curate, so you can't squash him. Miss Hayward, I take it amiss of you that you should have gone over to Sitwell's side."

"I don't know even the gentleman's name," said Joyce. "There was somebody spoke of his schools—and I am very fond of schools."

"His schools! You shall come and see the parish schools, and

tell me what you think of them. Don't take a wretched little district as an example. I'll tell you what, Hayward,—she shall come with me at once and see what we can do. I don't go touting round for unpaid curates, as Sitwell does. But I do think a nice woman's the best of school inspectors—in an unofficial way, *bien entendu*. I don't mean to propose you to the Government, Miss Hayward, to get an appointment, when there are so much too few for the men."

He spoke with a swing, too, of such fluent talk, rolling out in the deep, round, agreeable bass which was so well known in the neighbourhood, that the two helpless persons thus caught were almost carried away by the stream.

"I don't think she can go now, Jenkinson. Elizabeth will be wondering already what has become of us."

"Is that so?" said the Canon, with a laugh. "We all know there's no going against the commanding officer. Another time, then—another time. But, Miss Hayward, you must give me your promise not to let yourself be prejudiced; and, above all, don't go over to Sitwell's side."

He pressed her hand in his, gave her a beaming smile, waved his hand to the Colonel, and swung along upon his way, exchanging greetings with everybody he encountered.

"My dear," said Colonel Hayward, "there is no telling what that man might have plunged you into if I had not been here to defend you. Let us go home lest something worse befall us. I think I see the Sitwells coming up Grove Road. If you should fall into their hands, I know not what would happen. Walk quickly, and perhaps they will not see us. Elizabeth will say I am not fit to

be trusted with you if I let you be torn to pieces by the clergy. The Canon, you see, Joyce, was the means of having this new district church set up. And Sitwell has not behaved prudently—not at all prudently. He has played his cards badly. He had taken up the opposition party—those that were always against the Canon, whatever he might do. They are good people, and mean well, but—Oh, Mrs Sitwell! I am sure I beg your pardon. I never imagined it was you.”

There had been a quick little pattering of feet behind them, and Mrs Sitwell, out of breath, panting out inquiries after their health and the health of dear Mrs Hayward, captured the reluctant pair. She was a small woman, as light as a feather, and full of energy. She took Joyce by both her hands. “Oh, dear Miss Hayward!” she cried, breathless, “I ran after you to tell you about the school feast. I hope you don’t forget your promise. Austin’s coming after me—he’ll be here directly, but I ran to tell you. To-morrow afternoon in Wombwell’s field. Colonel Hayward, you’ll bring her, won’t you? I know you like to see the poor little children enjoying themselves.”

“My dear lady,” said the Colonel, “I am distressed to see you so out of breath.”

“Oh, that’s nothing. There’s no harm done,” said Mrs Sitwell. “I am always running about. Here is Austin to back me up. He will tell you how I have been calculating upon you, Miss Hayward. Dear, don’t pant, but tell her. I have told every one you were coming. Oh, don’t disappoint me—don’t, don’t!”

“I can’t help panting,” said the clergyman; “it is my usual state. I am always running after my

wife. But, Miss Hayward, it is quite true. We want you very much, and she has quite set her heart upon it. I do hope you will come—as I think you said.”

Mrs Sitwell left Joyce no time to reply. “You must, you must indeed,” she said. “Ah, Colonel Hayward, I saw what you did. You brought down the Great Gun upon her. Was that fair? when we had been so fortunate as to see her first, and when she had begun to take to us. And whatever he may say, you are in our district. Of course the parish includes everything. I think that man would like to have all England in his parish—all the best people. He would not mind leaving us the poor.”

“Hush, Dora,” said her husband. “I don’t wonder you should form a strong opinion: but we must not say what is against Christian charity.”

“Oh, charity!” cried the clergyman’s wife; “I think he should begin. I am sure he told Miss Hayward that she was to have nothing to do with us. Now, didn’t he? I can read it in your face. Austin himself, though he pretends to be so charitable, said to me when we saw him talking, ‘Now you may give up all hopes;’ but I said, No; I had more opinion of your face than that. I knew you would stick to your first friends and hold by your word.”

“You ought to be warned, Miss Hayward,” said the Rev. Austin Sitwell; “my wife’s quite a dangerous person. She professes to know all about you if she only sees your photograph—much more when she has the chance of reading your face.”

“Don’t betray me, you horrid tell-tale,” said his wife, threatening him with a little finger. There was a hole in the glove which covered

this small member, which Joyce could not but notice as it was held up; and this curious colloquy held across her bewildered her so much, that she had scarcely time to be amused by it. For one thing, there was no need for her to reply. "But I do know the language of the face," said Mrs Sitwell. "I don't know how I do it, but it is just a gift. And I know Miss Hayward is true. Wombwell's field at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon. You won't fail me! Colonel Hayward, you'll bring her, now won't you? or it will quite break my heart."

"Sooner than do that, my dear lady," said the Colonel, with his hat in his hand—

"Ah, you laugh—you all laugh; you don't think what it is to a poor little woman trying to do her best. Good-bye, then, good-bye

till to-morrow—Wombwell's field. I shall quite calculate on seeing you. My love to dear Mrs Hayward. Tell her we got the cakes this morning—such lovely cakes. I shall keep a piece for my own chicks. Good-bye, good-bye."

"Thank heaven, Joyce, my dear," said the Colonel, piously, "we have got away without any pledge. If Elizabeth had only been there! but I don't think she is very sure herself which side she is on. The Canon is the head of the parish, to be sure, and a sort of an old friend besides; but these young people take a great deal of trouble. And we were all instrumental in getting this new church built, so I think we ought to stand by them. But, thank goodness, we neither said one thing nor another. So we can't be blamed, my dear, neither you nor I."

CHAPTER XXIII.

As it turned out, they all went to the schoolfeast.

Mrs Hayward was not quite sure, as the Colonel had said, which side she was on. The Canon had a great influence over her, as he had over most of the ladies in the parish; but the Canon had a way of making jokes about India and her husband's youth, which were apt to turn Mrs Hayward sharply round to the other side. When the Colonel reported to her all that happened, and the meeting in the road, and Canon Jenkinson's questions, Elizabeth's suspicions were at once aroused. "What did you tell him?" she said.

"I said exactly what you told me, my dear. I don't quite approve of it—but I wouldn't run the risk of contradicting you——"

"And what did he say?"

"Well, my dear," said Colonel Hayward, a little flushed by this rapid questioning, "he said something about 'your first poor wife'—which was quite natural—for he knows that we have no——"

"Yes, yes," Mrs Hayward cried, indignantly. "I knew he was just the man to make references of that sort." And after a few minutes she added, "I think we'll go to the school feast. It will please the Sitwells, who have a great many difficulties, and who do the very best they can for their people; and it will show the Canon——"

"But I assure you, my dear——"

"You have no occasion to assure me of anything, Henry—I hope I know him well enough. He is just the sort of man," Mrs Hayward said. And on the next

afternoon she dressed very well indeed, as for one of the best of her afternoon parties, and went to the school feast. To see her going in at the swinging-gate, with Joyce and the Colonel following in her train, was a very fine sight. But the group was not so conspicuous as it might have been, from the fact that a great many people equally fine had already gathered in Wombwell's field, where the Sitwells, though they were poor, had gone to the expense of having a tent put up,—an extravagance which the people who shared their humble hospitalities did not forget for many a long day. It was not a school feast only, but a demonstration of the faction of St Augustine's as against the parish. Mrs Sitwell had worked for this great end with an energy worthy of the best of causes. She had not neglected any inducements. "The Haywards are coming," she said, "with their daughter, you know,—the young lady whom no one ever heard of before. I am sure there is some mystery about that daughter." This was how it was that she had been so anxious and importunate with Joyce. It was the very first occasion on which Joyce had found herself among a company of ladies and gentlemen as one of themselves, and she had not at all expected it. She had gone expecting to find children, among whom she was always at home,—poor children who, though they would be English, and talk with that accent which, to Joyce's unaccustomed ears, meant refinement almost as extraordinary as the strange acquirement of speaking French, which continues to astonish unaccustomed travellers on the other side of the Channel—would still be not so much unlike Scotch children that one used to them should not find means of

making friends. She had made sure that there would be some young woman in charge of them with whom, perhaps, she might be allowed to make acquaintance, who would tell her how she managed, and what were her difficulties, and which was the way approved in England. In short, Joyce had looked forward wistfully to a momentary half-clandestine return to what had heretofore been her life. It was disappointing to go in company with her father and his wife, who would be on the outlook to see that she did not commit herself. But then, on the other hand, she was unexpectedly reinforced by the arrival of Captain Bellendean, in whom she found a curious support and consolation. He knew—that she was Joyce the schoolmistress, not a fine young lady. That of itself felt like a backing up—just as it had been a backing up in the old times that the lady at Bellendean knew that perhaps she was not altogether Joyce the schoolmistress, but Joyce the princess, Lady Joyce, if all were known.

But when Joyce found herself in the midst of this well-dressed company, and understood that she was, so to speak, quite accidentally plunged into the world, a great tremor came over her. The scene was very animated and pretty, though not exactly what it professed to be. Wombwell's field was a large grassy space, very green and open, surrounded on three sides by overhanging foliage, and with a few trees at the upper end, where the ground sloped a little. In the flat ground at the bottom the travelling menageries which visited Richmond were in the habit of establishing themselves from time to time, whence its name. The round spot created by innumerable circuses showed

upon the grass; but beyond the turf was of unbroken greenness, and there stood the little tent within which tea was dispensed to the company. The children were at the other end of the field occupied with divers games, with a few of the faithful of the district superintending and inspiring. But Joyce found herself not in that division of the entertainment, where she might have been at her ease, but in the midst of all the well-dressed people—the people who knew each other, and exchanged greetings and smiles and polite conversation.

“Dear Mrs Hayward, how kind of you to come to our little treat! Dear Miss Hayward, how sweet of you to remember! Colonel, you are always so kind; I am sure you have been working for me,” cried Mrs Sitwell, meeting them with extended hands. She was beaming with smiles and delight. “I asked a few friends to look in, and people are so kind, everybody has come. It is quite an ovation! Dear Austin is quite overcome. It is such an encouragement in the face of opposition to find his friends rallying round him like this.”

“Why are his friends rallying round him?” said Captain Bellen-dean. “I thought it was a school feast.”

“And so did I,” said Joyce, looking somewhat piteously round her, and wistfully at the children in the distance. The Colonel and Mrs Hayward had both been swallowed up by the crowd. They were shaking hands with all their acquaintances, exchanging smiles and remarks. Joyce said to herself, with a thrill of mingled alarm and self-congratulation, What should I have done had not the Captain been here?

Norman looked round upon the company, though with different

feelings from those of Joyce. “I don’t know a soul,” he said, with a little amusement—the consciousness, so soon acquired by a man who has been for however short a time “in society”—not only that it is a very extraordinary thing to know nobody, but also that the people among whom he cannot find a single acquaintance cannot be of much account.

“And neither do I,” said Joyce, with a wistful look. Her feeling was very different. She was a little fluttered by the sight of so many people, and looked at them with a longing to see a face she knew, a face which would smile upon her. She met many looks, and could even see that there were little scraps of conversation about her, and that she was pointed out to one and another; but there was no greeting or recognition for her among the pleasant crowd. She turned round again, very grateful, to the Captain, whose society sustained her—but, alas! the Captain had been spied and seized upon by Lady St Clair, and Joyce felt herself left alone. She looked wistfully at the collection of daughters who surrounded Lady St Clair, ready to claim acquaintance with a smile if the Miss St Clair who had called should be among the array. But either the Miss St Clair who had called was not there, or else she had forgotten Joyce. She stood for a moment shy yet desolate, not knowing where to turn; then, with a little sense of taking flight, moved quickly away to where the children were.

“Miss Hayward, Miss Hayward!” cried a voice behind. She paused, glad that some one cared enough to stop her, and saw Mr Sitwell hastening after her, with a young man following closely,—a very young man in the long coat

and close waistcoat which were quite unusual things to Joyce. "You are so kind as *really* to wish to help with the children? Let me introduce my young friend and curate, Mr Bright; he will take you to them," the clergyman said.

The other little clergyman made his bow, and said how fortunate they were in having such a fine day, and what a pretty party it was. "I always think this is such a nice place for outdoor parties: not so nice as one's own lawn, of course—but if one has no lawn, what can one do? In most places there is no alternative but a vulgar field. Now this is quite pretty—don't you think it is quite pretty, Miss Hayward?"

"There is so much green, and such fine trees, that everything here is pretty," said Joyce.

"You put it much more nicely than I did; but I'm so glad you like the place; and how very gratifying for the Sitwells! It really was time that there should be a demonstration. After beguiling Sitwell here with such large promises, to have the rectory set itself against him! But there is a generosity about society, don't you think, Miss Hayward, as soon as people really see the state of affairs. It will be a dreadful slap in the face for Jenkinson, don't you think?"

"Indeed——" Joyce had begun, meaning to say she was too ignorant to form an opinion, but her new companion did not wait for the expression of her sentiments.

"Yes, indeed—you are quite right; and for Mrs Jenkinson, who, between ourselves, is a great deal worse than the Canon. Every one who comes to St Augustine's she seems to think is taking away something from her. That is the

greatest testimonial we can give to the ladies," said the little gentleman with a laugh; "when they are disagreeable, they are so very disagreeable—beyond the power of any man. But, fortunately for us, that happens very seldom." The curate glanced up for the smile of approval with which his little sallies were generally received, but getting none, went on again undismayed. "Which kind of children do you like, Miss Hayward,—the quite little ones, the roly-polies, or the big ones? I prefer the babies myself: they roll about on the grass like puppies, and they are quite happy—whereas you have to keep the other ones going. Miss Marsham takes the big girls in hand. You must let me introduce her to you. She is our great standby in the district—a little peculiar, but such a good creature. Well, Miss Marsham, how are you getting on here?"

"Very well, oh, very well. We always do nicely. We have been playing at Tom Tidler's ground. We just wanted some one to take the head of the other side. Oh, Mr Bright," cried this new personage, clasping her hands together, "what a pleasure for everybody; what a good thing; what a thorough success!"

"Isn't it?" cried the curate; and they both turned round to look down upon the many-coloured groups below with beaming faces.

"Nobody can say now that St Augustine's was not wanted," said the lady.

"No, indeed; I have just been saying to Miss Hayward what a slap in the face for the Canon," the gentleman added, again giving vent to his feelings in a triumphant laugh.

"Oh, is this Miss Hayward?" said Miss Marsham, offering her hand to Joyce. She was a thin

woman, with long meagre arms, and hands thrust into gloves too big for her. Without being badly dressed, she had the general air of having been taken out of a wardrobe of old clothes: everything she wore being a little old-fashioned, a little odd, badly matched, and hanging unharmoniously together. Even those gloves, which were too big, had the air of having had two hands thrust into them at random, without any thought whether or not they were a pair. But the old clothes were all of good quality; the little frills of lace were what ladies call "real," not the cottony imitations which are current in the present day. She had a worn face, lit up by a pair of soft brown eyes, in which there was still a great deal of sparkle left, when their owner pleased.

"I have heard so much of you," she said. "Dear Mrs Sitwell takes such an interest! it is so very kind to come and see how the children are getting on: and here they are all waiting for their game. Mr Bright, you must take the other side. Now then, children, I hope that is high enough for you. Come on."

Joyce stood by with great gravity while the game proceeded—Mr Bright and Miss Marsham making an arch with their joined hands, through which the children streamed. The curate, no doubt, would have taken this part of his duties quite simply if it had not been for the presence of this spectator, whose momentary smile died off into a look of very serious contemplation as she stood by, taking no part in the fun, which, with the stimulus of Mr Bright's presence, grew fast and furious. Joyce could not have told why she felt so serious. She stood looking on at Miss Marsham's old clothes on the one side—the thin wrist,

with its little edge of yellow lace, the big glove, made doubly visible by the elevation of the hand—and Mr Bright in his neat coat, falling to his knee, extremely spruce in his professional blackness, against the vivid green of the sloping field. Joyce thought him very good to do it, nor was she conscious of any ridicule. She compared Mr Bright with the minister at home, who would have looked on as she herself was doing, but certainly would not have joined in the play: and she thought that certainly the children were very much made of in England, and should be very happy. Presently, however, Mr Bright detached himself from the game, and came and joined her.

"I am afraid you thought me a great gaby," he said; "but at a school feast, you know, one can't stand on one's dignity."

"Oh no," said Joyce, "it was I that was the great—for not joining in. I should like to do something; but I don't know what would please them."

"Something new to play at," said Miss Marsham. "I always ask strangers if they can't recommend something new. Look, look!" she cried, suddenly clutching the curate's arm; "do you see? the Thompsons' carriage, his very greatest supporters! Dear me, dear me! who could have thought of that!"

"And Sir Sam himself," said the curate, exultantly. "Well, this is triumph indeed. I must go and see what they say."

"Sir Sam himself," said Miss Marsham, musingly. "Do you know, Miss Hayward, if you will not think it strange of me to say it, I am beginning to get a little sorry for the Canon. It is not that Sir Sam is such a great person. He is only a soap-boiler, or something of that sort—night-

lights, you know; but he is enormously rich, and the Canon has always been by way of having him in his pocket. Whatever was wanted, there was always a big subscription from Sir Sam. Yes, dear, by all means. Hunt the Slipper is a very nice, noisy—— You will think it very queer, Miss Hayward, but I *am* beginning to get sorry for the Canon. I can't help recollecting, you know, the time before St Augustine's was thought of. Yes, yes, my dear; but let me talk for a moment to the young lady."

"I know so little," said Joyce, —"scarcely either the one or the other."

"And you must think us so frivolous," said the kind woman, with a sigh. "The fact is, I was very anxious it should be a success. St Augustine's was very much wanted—it really was. There are such a number of those people that live by the river, you know—boatmen, and those sort of people—and so neglected. I tried a few things—a night-school, and so forth; but by one's self one can do so little. Have you much experience, Miss Hayward, in parish work?"

"Oh, none—none at all."

"Ah!" cried Miss Marsham, with a sigh, "that's how one's illusions go. I thought you would be such a help. But never mind, my dear, you're very young. Oh, you've begun, children, without me! All right, all right; I am not disappointed at all. I want to talk to this young lady. They think we care for it just as much as they do," she went on, turning to Joyce; "but if truth be told, I am a little stiff for Hunt the Slipper. And you can't think how good the Sitwells are. He is in the parish—I ought to say the district—morning, noon, and

night. And she—well, if I did not know she had three children, and did everything for them herself, and really only one servant, for the other is quite a girl, and always taken up with the baby—besides her work about the photographs, you know—I should say she was in the parish too, morning, noon, and night."

Joyce stood and looked down upon the people flitting in and out of the tent, arranging and rearranging themselves in different groups, and on the rush of the hosts to the swinging-gate, at which a fat man and a large lady were getting down, and listened to the narrative going on in her ear with the accompaniment of the cries and laughter of the children, all in that tone which, to her northern ears, was high-pitched and a little shrill. How strange it all was! She might have fallen into a new world. It was curious to listen to this new opening of human life; but she was young, and not enough of a spectator to be able to disengage herself, and be amused with a free mind by the humours of a scene with which she had nothing to do. She looked still a little wistfully at the little crowd, where there was nobody who knew anything of herself, or thought her worth the trouble of making acquaintance with. Joyce had not heard any fine conversation as yet, nor had she encountered any of the wit or wisdom which she had expected; but still she could not free herself from the idea that to be among the ladies and the gentlemen would be more entertaining than here, with Miss Marsham giving her a sketch of the history of the Sitwells and the church controversies of the place, and the school children quite beyond her reach playing Hunt the Slipper in the background. She was much

too young to take any comfort in the thought that such is life, and that the gay whirl of society very often resolves itself into standing in a corner and hearing somebody else's private history, not always so innocent or from so benevolent a historian.

But presently, and all in a moment, the aspect of affairs changed for Joyce. It changed in a completely unreasonable, and, indeed, altogether inadequate way,—not by an introduction among the best people, the crowd whose appearance filled the clergyman and his wife, and all their retainers, with transports a trifle short of celestial; not in making acquaintance with Sir Sam Thompson, the soap-boiler, whose appearance was the climax of the triumph—a climax so complete that it turned the scale, and made the Sitwells' hard-hearted partisan sorry for the Canon. None of these great things befell Joyce. All that happened was the appearance of a tall individual, separating himself from the crowd, and walking towards her from the lower level.

"Here is a gentleman coming this way," said Miss Marsham. "I don't think he is one of the school committee, or any one I know. But I am rather short-sighted, and I may be mistaking him for some one else, as I do so often. Dear Miss Hayward, I am sure you must have good eyes: will you look and tell me. Ah, I see you know him."

"It is Captain Bellendean," said Joyce. Her musing face had grown bright.

"Who is Captain Bellendean? Does he take an interest in Sunday schools? Is he——" Here Miss Marsham turned to look at her companion, and though she was short-sighted, she was not without certain insights which

women seldom altogether lose. "Oh!" she said, and, with a subdued smile and a sparkle out of her brown eyes, which for a moment made her middle-aged face both young and bright, returned to the children who were playing Hunt the Slipper, and though she had said she was too stiff for that game, was down among them in a moment as lively as any there.

It is to be doubted whether Joyce was conscious that her friend of ten minutes' standing had left her, or how she left her. She stood looking down upon the same scene, her face still full of musing, but touched with light which changed and softened every line. "I have been looking for you everywhere," said Captain Bellendean; "when I got free of that rabble you were nowhere to be seen. I might have thought you would turn to the children, who have some nature about them. And so I had the sense to do at last."

"Do you call them rabble?" said Joyce.

"Not if it displeases you," he said. "But what are they after all? Society is always more or less a rabble, and here you get it naked, without the brilliancy and the glow which takes one in in town."

Perhaps Captain Bellendean had not found himself so much appreciated as he thought himself entitled to be in town, and thus produced these sentiments, which are so common, with a little air of conviction, as if they had never been heard before. And indeed, save in books, where she had often met them, Joyce had never heard them before.

"And yet," said Joyce, "when educated people meet—people that have read and have seen the world—it must be more interesting to hear them talk than—than any other pleasure."

“May we sit down here? the grass is quite dry. Educated people? I am sure I don't know, for I seldom meet them, and I'm very uninstructed myself. But I'll tell you what, Miss Joyce, you are the only educated person I know. Talk to me, and I will listen, and I have no doubt it will be far more entertaining to me than any other diversion; but whether it may have the same effect on you——” he said, looking

up to her from the grass upon which he had thrown himself, with inquiring eyes.

Oh, Andrew Halliday! whose boast was education, who would have tackled her upon the most abstruse subjects, or talked Shakespeare and the musical glasses as long as she pleased,—how was it that the soldier's brag of his ignorance seemed to Joyce far more delightful than any such music of the spheres?

CHAPTER XXIV.

Norman Bellendean appeared very often at Richmond. He made what Mrs Hayward considered quite an exhibition of himself at that school feast—in a way which no man had any right to do, unless—— People asked who he was—a distinguished-looking man, and quite new to society in Richmond. It is well known that in the country a man who is really a man—neither a boy of twenty nor an aged beau masquerading as such—is always received with open arms. Half-a-dozen ladies, with water-parties, or dances, or some other merrymaking in hand, asked Mrs Sitwell anxiously who her friend was. “And could you induce him to come to my dance on the 23d?” or to my picnic, or whatever it might be. He formed in some degree the climax of that most successful entertainment; for the little clergywoman was too clever to confess that in reality she knew nothing whatever about Captain Bellendean. She replied, evasively, that she did not know what his engagements were,—that he had only come from town for that afternoon; and so got herself much worship in the eyes of all around, who knew how very difficult it was, what an achievement

almost impossible, to get a man to come from town, while still the season lingered on. It was just as well, the disappointed ladies said; for a man who could *afficher* himself, as he had been doing with that Miss Hayward, was either an engaged man, and so comparatively useless, or a dangerous man, who had better be kept at arm's-length by prudent mothers with daughters. An engaged man, as is well known, is a man with the bloom taken off him. He cannot be expected to make himself agreeable as another man would do—for either he will not, being occupied with his own young lady, or else he ought not, having a due regard to the susceptibilities of other young ladies who might not be informed of his condition. And to see him sitting on the grass at Joyce's feet was a thing which made a great impression upon two people—upon Lady St Clair, who knew Norman's value, and whose heart had beat quicker for a moment, wondering if it was for Dolly, or Ally, or Minnie, or Fanny, that the Lord of Bellendean had come; whereas it appeared it was for none of them, but for the Haywards, and that stiff girl of theirs. The other person was Mrs Hayward herself,

who, after all the trouble she had been at in making up her mind to Joyce, thus found herself, as it seemed, face to face with the possibility of being released from Joyce, which was very startling, and filled her with many thoughts. It would, no doubt, be a fine termination to her trouble, and would restore the household to its original comfortable footing. But besides that she grudged such wonderful good luck to a girl who really had done nothing to deserve it, Mrs Hayward felt that, even with Joyce married, things could not return to their old happy level. No revolution can be undone altogether; it must leave traces, if not on the soil over which it has passed, at least on the constitution of affairs. The house could never be, even without Joyce, as easy, as complete, as tranquil, as before it was aware that Joyce had ever been. Therefore her mind was driven back into a chaos of uncertainties and disagreeables. Besides, it was not in the abstract a proper thing for a man to *afficher* himself in such a way. It was wrong, in the first place, unless he was very certain he meant it, compromising the girl; and even if he meant it, it was an offence against decorum, and put the girl's mother, or the person unfortunately called upon to act in the place of the girl's mother, in a most uncomfortable position; for what could she say? Should she be asked, as it would be most natural that people should ask, whether it was a settled thing, what answer could she make? For she felt sure that it was not a settled thing,—nothing indeed but a caprice of this precious Captain's. To amuse himself, nothing but that! And yet she felt with an angry helplessness, especially galling to Elizabeth, who had hitherto commanded her husband with such

absolute ease and completeness, that this was a case in which she could not get the Colonel to act. He would not bring the man to book: he would not ask him what he meant by it. Of this Mrs Hayward was as certain as that night is not day. Colonel Hayward could not be taught even to be distant to the Captain. He could not behave coldly to him; and as for herself, how could she act when the father took no notice? This was one of the things which, even under the most skilful management, could not be done.

It kept Mrs Hayward all the more anxious that young Bellendean continued to appear from time to time without invitation, sometimes indeed bringing invitations of his own. Twice there was a water-party, the first time conducted by Mrs Bellendean, and to which a party came from town, including Greta—a large and merry party, which the St Clairs were asked to join as well as the Haywards. The gratification of this, which brought her into bonds of apparent intimacy with Lady St Clair, her most important neighbour, threw a pleasant mist over Mrs Hayward's sharpness of observation; but she was suddenly brought back to her anxieties by remarking the eagerness of Mrs Bellendean to have Joyce with her on the return voyage. Joyce had been in Norman's boat on the way up the stream, while Greta sat sedately by her elder relative; but in coming back Mrs Bellendean had shown so determined a desire for Joyce, that the Captain's plans were put out. Mrs Hayward, till that time rapt in the golden air of the best society, feeling herself definitely adopted into the charmed circle of "the best people," had forgotten everything else for the moment, when she suddenly became

aware of a little discussion going on. "Joyce, you must really come with me. I have scarcely had the chance of a word. Greta will take your place in the other boat, and you must—you really must give me your company." "What is the good of disturbing the arrangement?" said Norman's deeper voice, in a slight growl. "Oh, I must have Joyce," said the other. And Mrs Hayward, looking up, saw a little scene which was very dramatic and suggestive. The Captain, in his flannels, which are generally a very becoming costume, making his dark, bronzed, and bearded face all the more effective and imposing, stooping to hold the boat which Joyce had been about to enter, looking up, half angry, half pleading, as his glance was divided between the two ladies. Joyce's foot had been put forward to step on board, when her elder friend caught her arm; and Mrs Hayward's keen eyes observed the change of expression, the sudden check with which Joyce drew back. And the change was effected, notwithstanding the Captain's opposition. Mrs Hayward did the girl the justice to say that she did not look either dull or angry when she was transferred to the other boat; but she was subdued—sedate as Greta had been, and as was suited to the atmosphere of the elder people. The Colonel, it need not be said, was among the younger ones, making himself very happy, but not pleased, any more than his inferior officer, to have Joyce taken away. This little episode was one concerning which not a word was said. The immediate actors made no remark whatever, neither good nor bad. Mrs Bellendean held Joyce's hand in hers, and talked to her all the way with the tenderest kindness; and save that she had fallen back into more of her ordinary

air, and was serious as usual, Joyce showed no consciousness that she had been removed from one boat to another, *pour cause*. Was she aware of it? her stepmother asked herself; did she know? Mrs Hayward replied to herself that a woman is always a woman, however inexperienced, and that she must know: but did not specify in her thoughts what the knowledge was.

And in the evening, when all was over, when the visitors had departed after the cold collation which Mrs Hayward thought it necessary to have prepared for them on their return, though that had not been in the programme of the day's pleasure—she held a conversation with the Colonel on the subject, which gave much information to that unobservant man. "Did you tell me, Henry," she said, opening all at once a sort of masked battery upon the unsuspecting soldier, pleasantly fatigued with his party of pleasure, "or have I only imagined, that there was some man—in Scotland—some sort of a lover, or engagement, or something—that had to do with Joyce?"

"My dear!" the Colonel cried, taken by surprise.

"Yes, but tell me. Did I dream it, or did you say something?"

"There was a man," the Colonel admitted, with great reluctance, "at the cottage that day, who said—— But Joyce has never spoken to me on the subject—never a word."

"But there was a man?" Mrs Hayward said.

"There was a man: but entirely out of the question, quite out of the question, Elizabeth. You would have said so yourself if you had seen him."

"Never mind that. Most likely quite suitable for her in her former circumstances. But that

is not the question at all. What I wanted to know was just what you tell me. There was a man _____”

“I have never heard a word of him from that day to this. Joyce has never referred to him. I hope never to hear his name again.”

“Ah!” said Mrs Hayward, opposing the profound calm of a spectator to the rising excitement of her listener. “I wonder, now, what he would think of Captain Bellendean.”

“Of Bellendean? why, what should he think? What is there about Bellendean to be thought of? Yes, yes, himself of course, and he’s a very fine fellow; but that is not what you mean.”

“Do you mean to say, Henry, that you did not remark how the Captain, as she calls him, *affiche* himself everywhere—far more than I consider becoming—with Joyce?”

“*Affiches* himself. My dear, I don’t know exactly what you mean by that. So many French words are used nowadays.”

“Makes a show of himself, then,—marks her out for other people’s remark—can’t see her anywhere but he is at her side, or her feet, or however it may happen. Why, didn’t you remark he insisted on having her in his boat to-day, and paid no attention to the young lady from town who was of his own party and came with him, and of course ought to have had his first care?”

“My dear, I was in that boat. It was natural Joyce should be with me.”

“Oh yes,” said Mrs Hayward; “and accordingly Captain Bellendean, with that self-denial which distinguishes young men, put out his own people in order that you might have her near you. How considerate!”

“Elizabeth! not more considerate, I am sure, than you would be for any one who might feel herself a little out of it,—a little strange, perhaps, not knowing many people,—not with much habit of society.”

“My dear Henry, you are an old goose,” was what his wife said.

But when there was another water-party proposed, she looked very closely after her stepdaughter—not, however, in the way of interfering with Captain Bellendean’s attentions,—for why should she interfere on behalf of Greta or any one else? let their people look after them,—but only by way of keeping a wise control and preventing anything like this *affichageement*, which might make people talk. Captain Bellendean was a free man, so far as any one knew; he had a right to dispose of himself as he pleased. There was no reason why she should interfere against the interests of Joyce. To be sure, it gave her a keen pang of annoyance to think of this girl thus securing every gift of fortune. What had she done that all the prizes should be rained down at her feet? But at the same time, Mrs Hayward began to feel a dramatic interest in the action going on before her eyes—an action such as is a great secret diversion and source of amusement to women everywhere—the unfolding of the universal love-tale; and her speculations as to whether it would ever come to anything, and what it would come to, and when the *dénouement* would be reached, gave, in spite of herself, a new interest to her life. She watched Joyce with less of the involuntary hostility which she had in vain struggled against, and more abstract interest than had yet been possible—looking at her, not as Joyce, but as the heroine of an ever-exciting story. The

whole house felt the advantage of this new point of view. It ameliorated matters, both up-stairs and down, and, strangely enough, made things more easy for Brooks and the cook, as well as for Joyce, while the little romance went on.

All this took place very quickly, the water-parties following each other in quick succession, so that Joyce was, so to speak, plunged into what, to her unaccustomed mind, was truly a whirl of gaiety, before the day on which Canon Jenkinson called with his wife in state—a visit which was almost official, and connected with the great fact of Joyce's existence and appearance, of which they had as yet taken no formal notice. Mrs Jenkinson was, in her way, as remarkable in appearance as her husband. She was almost as tall, and though there were no rotundities about her, her fine length of limb showed in a free and large movement which went admirably with the Canon's swing. They came into the room as if they had been a marching regiment; and being great friends and having known the Haywards for a number of years, began immediately to criticise all their proceedings with a freedom only to be justified by these well-known facts.

"So this is the young lady," Mrs Jenkinson said. She rose up to have Joyce presented to her, and, though Joyce was over the common height, subdued her at once to the size and sensations of a small school-girl under the eyes of one of those awful critics of the nursery who cow the boldest spirit. "I am very pleased to make your acquaintance, my dear." The Canon's wife was a very well educated woman, but her English was not perfect. She used various of those colloquialisms which are growing more and more common

in ordinary talk. The reader will not imagine that, in reporting such dreadful forms of speech, the writer has any sympathy with persons who are capable of saying that they are very pleased.

"I am very pleased to make your acquaintance," said Mrs Jenkinson; "how do you do? I think I ought both to have had information of this wonderful appearance upon the scene and to have had you brought to see me; but that is, of course, not your fault: and though late, I am very delighted to make friends with you. She has a nice face," she added, turning to Mrs Hayward. "I like her face. No doubt she will give you a great deal of trouble, but in your place I should expect to make something of a girl with that kind of looks."

"I am sure Joyce is very much obliged to you for thinking so well of her. It remains to be seen what we are to make of each other—but I never pretended to be so clever," Mrs Hayward said.

"As for pretending, that is neither here nor there. I want you to tell me all about it now,—not for my sake, but that I may have something to answer when people bother me with questions. That is the worst of not being quite frank. When you make a mystery about anything, people always imagine there is a great deal more in it. I always say it is the best policy to make a clean breast of everything at once."

"There is no clean breast to make. I have all along said precisely the same thing—which is, that she couldn't possibly have been with us in India, and that she was brought up by her mother's friends."

"The first wife," said Mrs Jenkinson; "poor thing, I have always heard she died very young,

but never before that she left a child."

"Few people are so clever as to hear everything. You perceive that it was the case, nevertheless," Mrs Hayward said, with a sparkle in her eyes.

"And I hear you are plunging her into all sorts of gaiety, and that there is a follower, as the maids say, already, or something very like one—a Scotch officer, or something of that sort. You are not so pleased to have her, but what you would be resigned to get rid of her, I suppose."

"I can't tell what you suppose, or what you may have heard," said the Colonel's wife. "I hope I will do my duty to my husband's daughter whatever the circumstances may be."

"Oh, I don't mean to throw any doubt upon that; but we were very surprised," Mrs Jenkinson said.

In the meantime the Canon had withdrawn to the other side of the room and called Joyce to him, who had been considerably alarmed by the beginning of this interchange of hostilities. "Come here and talk to me," he said. "You have not kept faith with me. I have got a crow to pluck with you, my new parishioner. You went to that affair of the Sitwells after all."

"My father took me," said Joyce, with natural evasion; and then she added, "but there was no reason I should not go."

"Here's a little rebel," said the Canon; "not only flies in my face, but tells me there's no reason why she shouldn't. Come, now, answer me my question. Are you a good Churchwoman—they turn out very good Church principles in Scotland when they are of the right sort—or are you a horrid little Presbyterian? you wouldn't answer me the other day."

"I am a—horrid Presbyterian,"

Joyce said, with an unusual amusement and sense of humour breaking through her shyness and strangeness. The Canon was the first person who had touched any natural chord in her.

"I thought as much," he said. "Hayward, here's a pretty business. As if it were not enough to have a nest of rebels conspiring under my very nose, here's a little revolutionary with no respect for any constituted authority whom you've brought among us. But I must teach you the error of your ways. You shall come and hear me preach my famous sermon on Calvin, and if after that you find you have a leg to stand upon—but I suppose you're ready to go to the stake for your religion, however wrong it may be proved to be?"

"I was never taught," said Joyce, with her schoolmistress air, "that it was a religion at all—for them that instructed me said we were all at one in our religion, and that it was only the forms of Church government——"

"Do you hear that, Hayward! This will never do. I see she means to convert me. And that's why she sympathises with these Sitwells and their demonstrations. You were there too. And they dragged that old boy—that big Sir Sam—to their place, by way of a little extra triumph over me—as if I cared for the soap-boiler. And, Hayward, you were there too."

"Elizabeth," said the Colonel, abashed, "as they made so great a point of it, thought we might as well go."

"And fly in the face of your oldest friend," said the Canon. "Look here, I am going to be great friends with this girl of yours. I'll bring her over to my side, and she'll help me to make mince-meat

of these St Augustine people. What is her name?—Joyce—why, to be sure, that was her mother's——” The Canon's fine bass dropped into a lower key, and he broke off with a “poor thing, poor thing! Well, my dear, I don't mean to stand on any ceremony with you. I mean to call you Joyce, seeing I have known your father since before you were born. You shouldn't have taken him off to that business in Wombwell's field, and made him take sides against me.”

“I did not know—one side from another,” said Joyce; “and besides, it was not me.”

It was very hard for her not to say “sir” to him. He belonged to the class of men who are in the way of visiting schools, and to whom a little schoolmistress looks up as the greatest of earthly potentates; but she resisted the inclination heroically.

“Well,” he said, “I don't doubt both of these things are true. But you shall hear all about it. Why, I set up the man! It was I who put him in that district—it was I who got it constituted a district—you know, Hayward. They were starving in a curacy when I put them there. Not that I blame Sitwell—it's that little sprite of a wife of his that is at the bottom of it all. A little woman like that can't keep out of mischief. She runs to it like a duck to the water. And they thought they would make an end of me by laying hold of that old soap-boiler—old Sam! Soapy Sam, no doubt

she'll call him—that woman has a nickname for everybody. She calls me the Great Gun, do you know? If she doesn't take care she'll find that guns, and Canons too, have got shot in them. Why, she's got that good old Cissy Marsham away from me—that old fool that is worth ten thousand soap-boilers.”

“Oh no,” said Joyce.

“What?” cried the Canon—“not worth ten thousand soap-boilers? No, you are right; I meant ten million—I was under the mark.”

And then Joyce told her little story about Miss Marsham's regrets. And the Canon's melodious throat gave forth a soft roar of laughter, which brought a little moisture to his eyes. “I always knew I should have you on my side,” he said. “Here's this little schismatic extracting the only little drop of honey there was in all that prickly wilderness—and laughing in her sleeve all the time to see the Church folks quarrelling. But don't you be too cock-sure: for I'll have you converted and as stanch a Churchwoman as any in the diocese before Michaelmas—if that Scotch fellow leaves us the time,” the Canon said, with another big but soft laugh.

That Scotch fellow! Joyce grew very red, and then very pale. There was only one, so far as she was aware, who could be called by that name. And how completely she had forgotten him and his existence, and those claims of his! The shock made her head swim, and the very earth under her feet insecure.

THE OLD SALOON :

THREE GERMAN NOVELS.

THE immortal Goethe has declared that he might have been a great poet but for the insurmountable obstacles presented by the language, a piece of paradoxical conceit which, while it provokes a smile, sets us nevertheless a-musing and wondering whether with another grammar, and totally different system of construction, anything resembling a real novel could ever have emanated from a German brain.

We doubt it; for even while granting the "awful German language," as Mark Twain has it, to be the one most unsuited for the purpose, it seems to us that it is the whole nature and tone of German thought, rather than the language in which it finds expression that essentially runs counter to the principles of fiction. Perhaps that very depth and thoroughness which renders the German so eminently successful as a man of science or philosophy, here stands in his way, for the Teuton Pegasus is an elephant which, though admirably adapted for dragging a heavy weight, is rather apt in its ponderous march to grind to dust the airy car of fiction instead of raising it to the clouds; and even those few conjurers who have surmounted the difficulties of this involved and rugged tongue, and rendered it soft as silk beneath their skilful hand, are seldom exempt from the universal charges of tediousness and pedantry.

The Germans, essentially a laborious and hard-working race, expect their fellow-creatures to work as

well; so the German novelist having produced his book at the price of much heavy toil and anguish of spirit, sees no reason why his reader should not peruse it at the sweat of his brow. In our indolent world, however, there are many degenerate individuals who lack the taste for hard labour, consequently many who never attempt to read a German novel. Doubtless they are wrong, for honest labour always brings its own reward. After all, it is merely a question of bodily strength, and we have found by experience that, given the conditions of cool weather, robust health, and a plentiful supply of very sustaining food, it is quite possible to read, digest, and moreover enjoy a German novel, and that very frequently the recompense is in exact proportion to the effort.

One of the most formidable, and at the same time most remunerative, of current German novelists is Friedrich Spielhagen, whose rare mastery of the language, filling us with wondering admiration, makes us think of some cunning artist luring dulcet tones from out some harsh unwieldy instrument, and whose smooth, harmonious, yet vigorous style has never appeared to greater advantage than in his latest work, 'Was will das werden?'¹

This at first sight somewhat incomprehensible title is taken from the Acts of the Apostles, ii. 12, when the people, astonished at hearing the different tongues after the descent of the Holy Ghost, ask each

¹ Was will das werden? Roman von Friedrich Spielhagen. Leipzig: 1887.

other wonderingly, "What meaneth this?" And the author, here applying it to the present social disorganisation, puts the question, "What will come of this?"¹ what has the future in store for us? and what is to be the final result of the ever-increasing conflicting social interests by which our hemisphere is perplexed?

Built up with painful toil and studied care, this work stands before us like some overloaded and complicated piece of architecture, in which, despite the technical accuracy and beauty of each separate part, the general effect is not a pleasing one. The canvas is overcrowded with figures, the action often lame and unnatural, the whole story—divided off into nine books—of that intolerable long-windedness of which Germans alone have the secret. Yet for all that the book is a deeply interesting one; and while lacking most of the qualifications which go towards making up a good work of fiction, is undoubtedly far better worth reading than many first-class novels of the day.

The principal figure—and at the same time the narrator of the story—is the natural son of a small German reigning Duke, and of an actress who had hoped to become the legitimate wife of the lilliputian potentate. Disappointed in these ambitious aspirations, and spurned by her illustrious lover, she throws herself with her child into the mill-stream, but, saved and brought back to life, is tended by a noble-minded carpenter, whose wife she becomes.

No explanation is given of this incomprehensible marriage, and we are absolutely without clue as to the character of this woman, who,

wedding a man for whom she apparently feels neither love nor gratitude, is moreover devoid of the commonest maternal instincts, remaining a stranger to her son, whose secret bitterest grief it is never to have been kissed by his lovely, icy, unapproachable mother.

In the first chapter the child, lying ill in bed, has a semi-delirious dream, in which his past history is delicately indicated, though it is not very clear why the dream should have occurred precisely then, several years after the events referred to.

He is playing in a meadow in which the grass-blades, high as trees, rustle gently apart to make way for him as he runs to gather the large bright flowers growing among them, while many coloured birds—or are they butterflies?—are hovering above them; then the forest comes to an end, and he stands beside the water, in front of the mighty liquid mountain, in whose midst the dark wheel goes round with a clattering noise. A tall man, with shining blue eyes, raises him up and lays him in the lap of a woman, who covers him with kisses, while the man stands by and gazes down upon them with laughing, shining blue eyes.

"The dream changes. Again the lustrous eyes shine above me, now no longer in kindness but in anger; and the man rises from a chair in front of which my mother has lain on her knees, drawing me close to her so that I kneel alongside. I do not know how we have come hither. I also know that never before have I been in these regions, which seem endless to me, and on which I gaze around wonderingly as I lie thus on my knees with clasped hands. A lamp is on the table, and the immense space is filled with a sort of golden twilight,

¹ The text, as given in the German Bible, would mean literally, "What will this be?" which does not exactly correspond to the English version.

out of which peep faces here and there; and all around stand strange white figures of which I am afraid, so that I pull my mother's dress to make her come away from here. My mother listens not to me, and I begin to cry. She does not cry, but stands now upright with upraised arms, speaking vehemently to the man who has turned his back to her. Then we are no longer in the shining gold place with its many faces and figures peeping out of the golden twilight, but outside in the open air, and my mother sobs softly to herself as she carries me through the night, where above the stars are shining. At last we stand before the clattering water mountain. I know it though it is now dark, and I cannot see the water mountain, but only hear its clattering, and feel how it breathes upon me with cold moist breath. My mother stands with me by the rail of the little bridge, and I can see the stars dance below in the water. She bends over the rail: I begin to be afraid; I know not whether because she is weeping so sorely, or because I fear she might let me fall, and I clasp the little arms tightly round her neck. She presses me to her, and then we are swallowed up by something terrible, which is cold and dark, and which gurgles and hisses."

The first four books, which treat of the hero's childhood and youth, are perfect models of grace and refinement of style, and the many episodes and descriptions of which they are made up so many exquisite little gems, worked in with the delicate touch of a miniature-painter. The only fault is that there are a great deal too many of these perfect little pictures, and that consequently the art-lover, who gazes with delight at a moderate number, grows wearied and impatient at being dragged through a lengthy picture-gallery.

This book is essentially a *Tendenz Roman*, in which the author, discontented with the actual state of things, seeks the regeneration of society in a species of ennobled

and idealised democracy. Spielhagen is at heart a republican, though not openly confessing himself as such, and even while admitting the aristocracy to a prominent and influential position in his work. His social democrats, who are working for the regeneration of society, are mostly secretly imbued with hatred for their fellow-creatures, and envy of all such as are better dressed and situated than themselves.

In the person of his youthful hero, Spielhagen endeavours, it is true, to soften down and amalgamate these contradictions, but only succeeds in producing a personage of which we can in truth ask ourselves perplexedly, "What meaneth this?" What does this young man really want? and into what sort of character will he finally develop? And in fact up to the very end of the work he has developed into nothing particularly real or satisfactory.

Young Lothar Lorenz (as he is called from the name of his stepfather, the carpenter) is a poet, who from his earliest youth has thrown himself heart and soul into literary composition without achieving anything in particular. After various vicissitudes he comes to the ducal court, and is there received with every mark of grace and condescension. The whole world knows him to be the Duke's son: he alone is blind, and cannot comprehend the amazing goodness of the prince. He then falls in love with Frau von Trümann, a natural daughter of the Duke, and consequently his own sister, and finally takes to flight on learning his parentage, as with his democratic principles it is impossible for him to accept such relationship and the position it involves.

The scene in which the scales fall from his eyes is effective,

though slightly unnatural. His sister, Frau von Trümann, is kneeling in tears before the Duke, in order to obtain his consent to her separation from the husband she abhors, and Lothar, standing by as spectator, has a confused dreamy feeling of having assisted at a similar scene once before in these self-same precincts. The kneeling, sobbing woman, the canvas faces peeping at him from out gilded frames, the white gleam of naked marble bodies, all seem strangely familiar, and his slumbering memory is finally awakened to life when a jewelled medallion slipping from the Duke's pocket rolls to his feet, and springing open, discloses his mother's face.

Breaking loose from the hands that would detain him, Lothar rushes out from the castle into the dark night, his frenzied instinct leading him to the self-same place where his mother had sought for death twenty years before.

"Here is the bridge and there the black water mountain with phosphorically shining white stripes. Here stood my mother with me, here, just on this spot. And thus she leant over the slender rail, and just so the water boiled and gurgled beneath the bridge.

"The narrow railing, not stronger than a rod, bent under my weight. If it should break! There is more water in the stream to-day than the miller cares to see! and to swim with my disabled arm would be no easy matter, and so all would soon be over."

But a heavy hand laid on his shoulder prevents Lothar from carrying out his suicidal intentions, and turning he sees the old miller, the same who had saved his mother, and who now recognising her son draws him away from the ominous spot, and helps him to escape unseen from the Duke's pursuit. After his flight Lothar

goes upon the stage, and for several years leads the life of a roving actor at obscure provincial theatres, till he comes to the tardy conclusion that he has no talent. He now resolves to live among the people as a hand-worker, and becomes carpenter, but without faring any better. His right hand, disabled by an accident, is too weak for the labour, and he lacks the routine necessary for his profession. Nor can this idealised democrat feel at ease in the narrow surroundings of his self-chosen exile; and, though proudly spurning the Duke's renewed overtures, he would inevitably sink into abject poverty were it not for the opportune and theatrical appearance on the scene of Colonel von Bogritz, his former benefactor and Spielhagen's apostle of the democracy of the future.

The Colonel liberates our hero from the uncongenial handicraft, and appoints him as his secretary. Lothar's mother, who had vanished for a time, now reappears from America, bringing with her a magnificent fortune, as well as a new-fangled affection for her son, which surprises us hardly less than her former indifference; for whereas in bygone times she had hardly a look or word for her neglected child, she has now become so surpassingly tender, that arriving at Berlin in the middle of the night, she cannot possibly wait till next morning to clasp him to her breast, but must forthwith have him fetched from an evening party, whence he comes post-haste in dress-coat and white neck-tie, at two o'clock A.M., to receive the very first kiss of this eccentric and incomprehensible mother.

Lothar lays down the plane and chisel, his drama which had formerly been a dead failure is now at last successfully produced, and he marries the daughter of

Colonel von Bogtritz, the beautiful coquettish Elionor, with whom it seems he has all along been unconsciously in love. Retiring into a private life of ease and plenty, he takes with him, however, the resolution to fight up to the last breath for the weal of his suffering countrymen.

This young hero, who throughout the work makes surprising display of noble words and nobler sentiments, has, however, achieved absolutely nothing through his own merits, not having even succeeded in obtaining the means of independent existence, till the author is good enough to throw a wife and a fortune unsolicited into his lap, thus transforming the would-be social democrat into a commonplace, well-situated burgher.

Likewise his attachment to the fascinating Elionor fails to touch us, as being devoid of *vraie-semblance*; for though we are expressly informed that Lothar had been in love with her all along, the passion would seem to have been of a singularly somnolent nature, and the author has occasionally to remind his hero, or the hero has to remind himself, that he is secretly pining for this damsel, whom he has apparently forgotten to think of, throughout five years—and two volumes.

It is impossible in the narrow confines of a review to indicate half the characters depicted in this lengthy work: the men are in general better painted than the women, who, with the exception of Frau von Werin, the clever energetic monomaniac, are mostly drawn with halting uncertain hand.

Lorenz, the coffin-carpenter, and stepfather of the hero, is a carefully worked out and noble figure; a simple man of the people, but with an innate refinement which takes the place of education, and a

touching resignation to his thankless lot as the unloved husband of a woman he never ceases adoring.

Weissfisch, the shrewd rascally valet, and the Kammerherr, von Trechow, the cynical old *roué*, are admirable conceptions, which set off each other to perfection. Likewise the Duke is a masterly sketch, and we seem to have met him in real life before. His love for his son is deep and genuine; but while dealing patiently with the pugnacious intolerance of this youthful democrat, his august temper is not proof against the disparagement of his own poetry, which he reads in Lothar's eyes. In his dignity, noble-mindedness, arrogance, and petty vanity, he is a perfect type of some of those small German princes who would fain go on playing at being sovereigns, and while outwardly devoted to the German cause, in their inmost heart fervently wish Bismarck and the whole German unity at the bottom of the Red Sea.

One of the best scenes in the book is the final interview between the Duke and his former mistress, to whom he, now that both are free to marry again, and having ascertained her to be of noble birth, formally offers his hand, only to be refused. He regrets her decision in a speech which is a masterpiece of stately courtesy, tinged with a dash of pathos, as he alludes to the isolation which is the melancholy privilege of his rank:—

“Bending very low, he had taken my mother's hand and drawn it to his lips. How good, how touching, had that sounded!—and yet, fearful to have to think it!—terrible to have to tell one's self!—these were but words, words, words!

“My mother had risen, and we along with her. She was very pale, and while the Duke took my hand likewise in token of farewell, her beauti-

ful eyes rested on us with an expression which cut me to the heart.

"It must be so ; but yet—O God ! she were no woman had she not cruelly felt the full bitterness of this final separation.

"In the next moment, however, she had regained her full self-command.

"On a slight movement which she made the Duke had offered his arm, and led her over the marble flooring to the centre of the three gigantic door-windows.

"As I slowly followed them, my eyes wandered unconsciously over the spacious apartment, now illumined as then by the last evening rays, and the light of the lamps only just beginning to be perceptible through the fast-gathering twilight. The reddish shining reflections from the edges of broad gold frames, — the faces of bearded men and fair women, gazing down on me out of the dark background, and seeming to beckon as though I belonged to them, and they would fain have called me back. The tall figures only just now standing greyly indifferent on their high pedestals, now began to shine and glisten like beautiful luring phantoms.

"Childhood's dream ! must I dream thee once more ? for the last time ? Let it be the last ! It is a melancholy dream, and as I dream it my eyes grow moist.

"And so through the veil that hung over my eyes I looked at him as at the foot of the steps he kissed my mother's hand once more, and then went back again up the steps, slowly, bent forward as though carrying a burden over-heavy even for his powerful shoulders.

"And I knew it, the presentiment did not deceive me that this would be the last time. I should never see him again !"

Most of the other characters are social democrats of various shades of colouring and degrees of intensity, who serve the purpose of letting the author air his opinions in long-winded tirades dragged in on every possible occasion. So, for instance, the Russian Count Pahlen, in the following words :—

"I am of opinion that the revolution, the fundamental regeneration of the circumstances in which we live and suffer, cannot proceed from below—that is, from the people. It is not in the power of the indolent masses to raise themselves by their own strength, they will always require to be raised, and can only be raised by such as are in full possession of the benefits of education, who know the means and—what is, of course, the principal *conditio sine qua non*—understand how to put these means into practice, and are willing and ready to do so. Revolutions proceeding from below, like the Jacquerie, the peasant wars, even the raising of the Tiers-état in 1789, or the Irish Land League of to-day, or our present cosmopolitan Social Democracy, will always be suppressed—crushed down—shattered ; and transforming themselves into the direct opposite of what they profess to be, bring about a more or less deplorable reaction, so long as the educated classes do not take part in the movement—that is to say, becoming themselves revolutionised, take the matter into their own hands. Therefore, the constant burden of my song will ever be,—Let us revolutionise, if possible—and if not, then all revolution is vain,—let us revolutionise the higher classes, the nobility, the officers, the civil dignitaries, the upper ten thousand of science, art, and last, not least, of wealth. Let us not content ourselves with conquering and destroying the outer bulwarks, on which the enemy sets but little store, or which he can easily reconquer by a single bold stroke. Let us penetrate into his inmost citadel, let it be—as will be wiser and more feasible—by cunning, even as the Greeks entered Ilium by stratagem. Then, and then only, will Troy fall, and the suffering struggles of mankind, if not come to an end—in which I do not believe—at least to a temporary conclusion, with which we may well be satisfied. Therefore, once more, leave the soldiers as they are, it matters not ; but revolutionise the officers. The revolutionised regiment with reactionary officers will march against me, the reactionary regiment with revolutionised officers with me !"

This Count Pahlen, a distin-

guished Russian officer, and formerly special favourite of the Czar, having fallen into disgrace, is sent to Siberia, whence he escapes only to range himself on the side of the Nihilist party, whose sentiments are powerfully summed up in the following passage:—

"In Siberia there is a place—Nischnij-Kolinsk—I know not how many degrees beyond the polar circle. Eternal night reigns there, for even the feeble lustre of the midnight sun when it comes is smothered by the fetid mists which rise from the boundless swamps surrounding the place.

"There, in these regions, whose horrors would mock the imagination of a Dante, have they erected a central prison for political offenders—for men born of a mother, endowed with a heart to feel, a brain wherewith to think, and whose whole crime consisted therein. O my God! my God! Whenever there comes a moment in which I feel inclined to let tyranny run its course, and fold my hands inertly in the lap like so many others, then I only need to say to myself 'Nischnij-Kolinsk!' and I am ready to shed my last drop of blood in order that the monster of despotism, whether with open satanic countenance, or hidden beneath no matter what mask, may be destroyed from the face of the earth—with fire and sword, with every and any weapon,—that monster to whom all weapons are good, and who can always find a priest ready and willing to bless the unhallowed arms."

Many of the thoughts expressed in these ever-recurring dialogues and monologues are shrewd and profound, and afford ample food for reflection; but we cannot wholly indorse the author's assertion, which in the concluding pages he puts in the mouth of Colonel von Bogtritz, to the effect that in each and every one of us there lies the germ of a social democrat.

Not in every man, but perhaps in every poet, there lies the germ

of social democracy, if, indeed, we can apply this name to the love for their suffering fellow-creatures, and the compassion for their wounds, felt by all noble spirits; but as to that other species of social democracy, prevalent among the masses, and expounded at workmen's meetings, it has, God knows, little enough to do with either love or compassion; for while preaching the doctrine that all men are brothers, its real mainspring is envy and hatred of the upper classes, and its object the destruction of the existing order of things, without the slightest notion of what is to be substituted in their place.

If Spielhagen has entitled his book 'What will this be?' and on the last page answers this question in the following words—

"What is to be, will be; will be something high and sublime, and a new glorious phase of ever-striving mankind, if only it will take warning by the signs which, with terrible distinctness, are being manifested in the depths, and which verily are clearly enough to be seen on the heights, by all such as have eyes wherewith to see, and ears wherewith to hear,"—

so is this answer, if we take the trouble to analyse it, really no answer at all, but merely a florid locution, which clearly betrays that the author is powerless to answer his own question, and tell us what is to be; and the high-minded doctrine he preaches, that all men are brothers, as yet but a *fata morgana* of his own poetic imagination.

Nevertheless the book is one which well deserves to be read and pondered over by the high and mighty, by princes and statesmen; and if as a novel it falls short, this is perhaps solely because the subject here treated is a too serious one—too heavy and deep,

too high and broad, in order to fit in gracefully to the conventional frame of fiction ; and the questions it suggests too painful and burning to be bandied backwards and forwards by a set of puppets, however skilfully drawn.

As a work of art 'Was will das werden?' is undoubtedly a failure ; but given this stupendous subject, we are inclined to think that where Spielhagen has failed no other would have succeeded.

Inferior to the following in the matter of style and diction, yet far better deserving the name of novel, is the 'Nilbraut' (Nile-bride) by Georg Ebers¹—another of those studies of old Egyptian life which are the *spécialité* of this gifted writer.

Not that I would insinuate the 'Nilbraut' to belong to the order of light reading. Perish the thought ! This is verily no pastime to be taken up in a leisure hour, no pleasant meandering in the primrose path of fancy. Rather let the reader here regard himself as an Alpine climber, prepared to grapple with some sublime but uncompromising mountain-crest ; let him gird up his loins, set his teeth, and brace himself for the effort, as step by step he prepares to surmount the formidable obstacle, and he will find himself amply rewarded, when, having scaled the heights, he stands at the top, breathless and panting, to enjoy the view which seemed so long in coming.

This is all very well, for once in a way, but mountain-climbing is, in our opinion, too violent an exercise to be indulged in unrestrainedly ; and though the honour and glory of ascending Mont

Blanc is great, for our daily constitutional we decidedly prefer a more level road.

However, though heavily handicapped by acroamatical erudition and appalling technicalities, Ebers's stories have always one conciliatory feature, not often to be found in the over-numerous German archæological romances of the day ; a distinct poetical thread runs through and binds together the whole, leading us, even though by very tedious evagations, up to a noble climax, which may well bear comparison to the glorious view achieved by a stiff mountain-climb.

In the book which we have before us, it is the Nile, which, like the dark thread of a sinister fate, runs throughout the work ; and the author is in so far merciful in that he does not compel us to transport our fancy further back than the trifling span of twelve hundred years.

The story opens on the 10th of July 643 A.D., when, together with a caravan, we enter the town of Memphis. The land is groaning under a prolonged drought ; for, contrary to the traditions of the country, the Nile, instead of rising on the 17th of June, continues to fall, and with it the hopes of the people.

The caravan belongs to an Arab merchant come hither to offer for sale to the Mukaukas (governor) a wondrously beautiful oriental carpet interwoven with gems.

The Mukaukas purchases the carpet, and announces his intention of presenting it to the church to ease his conscience, being sorely tormented by remorse, for it is principally his doing that Egypt

¹ Die Nilbraut. By Georg Ebers. Verlags Anstalt. Stuttgart und Leipzig : 1887.

has fallen into the hands of the Mussulmans. Seeking only to revenge the death of his sons, murdered by the fanatical Melchites,¹ he has tacitly sided with the Arabs, and Egypt now owns the Caliph's sway.

A third son yet remains to him, the handsome and fascinating Orion, just returned from Constantinople, where he has been cutting a brilliant figure among the *jeunesse dorée* of the day.

Another member of the governor's household is Paula, a beautiful Greek girl and distant relation of the family, to whom Orion loses his heart at first sight.

Orion has all but declared his love to Paula, who has let him see that he is not indifferent to her, when his mother harshly cut short this youthful dream, bidding her son think no more of the cold, proud Paula,—for does she not likewise belong to the accursed sect of the Melchites who caused his brothers' death? It is Katharina, not Paula, whom he must wed; Katharina, daughter of the widow Susanna, and the richest heiress in the country, whose diminutive figure and lively movements have obtained for her the nickname of the *Bachstelze* (water-wagtail).

Orion objects to her puny size, which would mate but ill with a scion of his own stately race, but these objections are overruled, and his mother wrings an unwilling promise to woo for Katharina in his name.

Paula, becoming aware of these matrimonial projects, and indignant at Orion's faithlessness, alters

her demeanour, so that he, in truth, believes her to be the cold unfeeling creature his mother had called her.

Then comes the catastrophe on which turn the fates of most of the actors, in our opinion the weakest point of the story. Orion, secretly not over-pleased at his father's projected munificent gift to the church, is laughingly asked by a friend over a glass of wine whether he does not intend to pocket a share of the valuable gems with which the carpet is adorned? What belongs to the father belongs to the son as well, and there will always be plenty left for the priests. With such sophisms Orion stifles his qualms of conscience, as he resolves to appropriate the large emerald adorning the centre-piece, to send it as an offering to the beautiful Heliadora, his late mistress at Constantinople. Thus thinking, he steals into the tablinum at dead of night to carry out his project.

By a strange coincidence, that very same night had been selected by Paula to despatch a faithful servant in search of her father, the brave General Thomas, whom she believes to be still alive, news having just reached her that an old hermit answering to his description is residing somewhere near the holy mount Sinai. Having no money at her disposal, she bids the servant follow to her chamber, and there detaches a large emerald from a necklace which had belonged to her mother. By the time this is done the palace gates have been closed, and Paula finds to her consternation that her trusty servant is locked in. Stealing

¹ By the name of Melchites were designated the orthodox Christians in Egypt, in contradistinction to the non-united Orientals, who, however, regarded them as heretics because of the distinction they make between the human and the divine nature of the Saviour.

down-stairs to let him out, she oversees Orion coming out of the tablinum.

A startling interruption now occurs, for Mandane, a beautiful Persian slave, seduced by Orion some years previously, and who in consequence had lost her reason, has been lying in ambush to attack him as he steps outside, but the large fierce dog by which he is accompanied springs upon her and drags her down bleeding and senseless to the ground.

Paula's trusty servant Hiram escapes unseen in the scuffle, leaving his sandals behind him, and Orion returning to the scene of action, after a hasty exit to don his night clothing, and thus give himself the appearance of having just risen from slumber, finds Paula kneeling beside the wounded girl, the cold contempt which shines out of her eye telling him that she has seen through his subterfuge, and despises him accordingly.

Next day an inquisition is held on the mysterious events of the previous night, at which Paula and Orion stand confronted as deadly enemies. Orion's emerald is already safely on the way to Constantinople, but Paula's stone has been traced to the jeweller to whom it had been sold. This emerald is produced, and every one is ready to swear it to be identical with the one fraudulently extracted from the carpet; and when Paula claims it as her own, she is challenged to produce the necklace out of which it is said to have been taken. Her jewel-casket is brought, but the necklace is not there, Orion having already abstracted it by forcing the lock in approved burglar fashion; yet worse than this, he induces Katharina—now his affianced bride—to bear false witness against the

unhappy Paula, by declaring in court the stone she remembered as having seen on the necklace to have been not an emerald but an onyx.

It only wants a word from Paula to clear up matters, and stigmatise Orion as a liar and thief; but she does not speak this word, for something in her heart still clings to the faithless man; so the trusty Hiram, whose sandals have been identified, is thrown into prison and condemned to death.

Paula obtains his release, but indignant at the treatment she has received, quits the governor's house. Orion has conquered; his honour is safe in the eyes of the world, but he is wretched, for he has lost his own self-respect as well as Paula's love; and his dying father's blessing is changed into something remarkably like a curse, when his little granddaughter Maria reveals Orion to have been the culprit who has fraudulently extracted the emerald from the carpet.

Up to this point we had expected that the fascinating faithless Orion was destined to play second fiddle in the romance, and that to some nobler, stronger character was to be reserved the triumph of winning the beautiful Paula.

But no, such is not the author's intention; and after having dragged down his hero into the mire, he proceeds to raise him up, and whitewash him again, in a thorough but to us highly unsatisfactory fashion.

His dying father's curse is pronounced to have been not quite a curse; his theft not really a theft, but merely a piece of youthful folly; while perjury, burglary, and all the rest of it were but inevitable consequences of the awkward

position in which he found himself placed.

Religion teaches us never to despair of the sinner, and we trust that in real life we shall always be able to muster up sufficient charity to welcome back the prodigal son whenever he shows signs of amendment. In fiction, however, we find the effort to be beyond our strength. Our arms refuse to open, and our heart remains cold towards the convert. Luckily for him, however, Paula is more softly disposed, and after a very little fencing grants her forgiveness, and restores the penitent lover to his former position in her heart.

It would be endless to attempt following up all the threads of this very complicated narrative, or make mention of half the figures which traverse it. The conflicting interests of Egyptians, Arabs, Melchites, and other Christians alone would take up many pages. We must therefore confine ourselves to those incidents directly bearing on the final catastrophe which gives its name to the book.

Orion has accidentally learned that the Patriarch Benjamin, in concert with the Arab authorities, has determined on the suppression of a certain convent of Melchite nuns at Memphis, and on the incarceration of its abbess. Indignant at such an act of injustice, and anxious to assist those who are the friends and fellow-believers of his beloved Paula, he resolves to foil this project, and, together with some trusty friends, arranges all details for the flight of the persecuted nuns.

Meanwhile Katharina, whose engagement to Orion had long since been severed by his own confession that he has never loved her, and had only wooed her in

conformity to his parents' wishes, has changed from a light-hearted child to a hardened and embittered woman. Her pride smarts under the humiliation of having been made use of as a plaything, and she is devoured by furious jealousy of the woman who has supplanted her in Orion's heart. To injure Paula becomes henceforth the idea which takes possession of her jaundiced mind, and despite periodical fits of remorse, in which her better nature asserts itself, she is continually brooding on ways and means of separating her rival from Orion.

Anubis, Katharina's milk-brother, has by her orders listened to and overheard a conversation in which Orion unfolds his plans for the nuns' escape, and announces his intention of taking active part in the expedition. Armed with this intelligence, Katharina goes to the archbishop, who on his side loses no time in imparting it to the Arab authorities, so that a pursuit of the fugitives is promptly organised.

Orion has, however, not accompanied the nuns, for on the very evening fixed for their departure, his former love, the beautiful Heliodora, has arrived from Constantinople, in company with her relations Justinus and Martina, come hither to crave the intervention of the Arab commander-in-chief for a young kinsman pining in Saracen captivity. Orion's heart is still true to Paula, but smarting under the reserve which she still thinks necessary to maintain towards him, the self-surrendering warmth and adoration of Heliodora's affection fascinates him by contrast, and momentarily succumbing to her charms, he consents to abstain from this dangerous and compromising expedition.

The flight of the nuns down the

Nile is described with much spirit and vigour : we seem to see the long dreary stretches of river, bordered by marshes in which reeds and papyrus grow rankly to gigantic height ; and to hear the shrill cries of the pursuing Arabs, as they come in sight of their prey.

A deadly combat ensues, in which nine Christians and five Mussulmans are killed, after which the nuns are enabled to proceed unharmed on their journey.

All this time the Nile continues to fall, and the nauseous exhalations proceeding from the rotting bodies of myriads of dead fishes produce a like epidemic among the people. A pestilential disease of highly contagious nature has broken out, and already its victims can be numbered by thousands.

Orion, now anxious to shake himself loose of Heliodora's fetters, has quitted Memphis along with Justinus and Martina, in order to assist them in obtaining the release of their young relation—for Amr, the noble and humane Arab commander, is absent on a journey, having delegated his authority to the perfidious Oboda, Orion's deadliest enemy.

Oboda resolves to prosecute and punish all those concerned in the nuns' flight, as having caused the death of five Moslem subjects. Orion has already been denounced by Katharina ; and Paula, to whom suspicion likewise points, is seized and thrown into prison.

In growing consternation Katharina sees all the dreadful consequences of her rash disclosure, and trembles lest the bishop Plotinus should betray her name, and thus drag her into a compromising publicity. She has not seen the bishop for several days, and resolves to seek him out without further loss of time, in order to make sure

of his silence. It is already late at night, but that does not deter her, and finding all doors open she penetrates to the bishop's room, only to find him on the point of death. With his hot feverish hand he blesses her a last time, and then only does it occur to Katharina that the illness of which he is dying is the pestilence, and that by this act he may have conveyed the infection to her. She feels the burning touch of his hand still on her brow, and cannot shake off the impression. Going home, she orders a bath to be prepared for herself, but before taking it, a diabolical thought shoots across her brain. Heliodora, who has remained here as Susanna's guest, is lying in bed, and Katharina hates Heliodora for the same reason that she hates Paula, because she too has been loved by Orion.

Kneeling down near the young woman's couch, Katharina presses her infected forehead against the other's bosom. She has a headache, she says, and implores Heliodora to kiss her, once, twice, repeatedly, on the spot which she designates, but then starts back affrighted, for not Heliodora but her own mother has kissed her brow, having softly entered the room and overheard her child's words. What if Susanna were to fall a prey to the dreadful epidemic? and the poison intended for Heliodora destroy Katharina's own beloved parent!

The pestilence increases daily. Public prayers have been offered up in the churches, and processions organised, but all in vain ; the heavens remain obdurate in refusing the rain which alone can save the land, and the cruel sun continues to shine down on the ever-growing misery of the population. Horus Apollon, one of the most effective figures in the book,

a learned and cynical old philosopher, the last descendant of a family of pagan priests and astrologers, now comes forward. With consummate cunning he first contrives to gain the confidence of the people by the wise and judicious measures he introduces for the public health, the tending of the sick, and the burial of the dead; then only, when he feels his position to be secure, does he begin to throw out hints of what is in his mind.

“‘All recent events,’ he tells the people, ‘point to the conclusion that the heavens are wroth with the land of his forefathers. As a sign of this anger has been sent the comet, that dreadful luminary whose threatening light goes on daily augmenting.

“‘To induce the Nile to rise is not in the power of man; but the ancients had’—and now his audience listened with bated breath—‘the ancients had been more closely allied to those mysterious powers by which nature is ruled than the men of to-day, whether priests or laymen. In those days every servant of the gods was at the same time a natural philosopher; and whenever, as now, a misfortune had visited the Egyptian land, a sacrifice was offered, a heavy holocaust, something which revolted every instinct of humanity, but which had never yet failed in its object of conciliating the heavenly powers—never. Here were the proofs.’ And he pointed to the papyrus-rolls in his lap.”

When the audience, troubled and excited by these words, press the old man to explain himself nearer, and define the nature of the sacrifice to be rendered, Horus Apollon is evasive, and answers that the time has not yet come for such disclosure. He knows of

a holocaust which would assuredly induce the Nile to rise, and when this has been procured, then the people will be asked for their consent.

In his mind it is Paula whom the old pagan has already fixed upon as the victim—Paula, who is already in prison, and whom he has reasons of his own for hating. Very likely she will be condemned to death, and in that case it will be easy to obtain from the authorities their permission to kill two birds with one stone, by making use of her for the sacrifice of the Nile; and what triumph if he should succeed in persuading the Christian population to this act of pagan cultus!

Orion is shortly after brought back as prisoner to the capital, where, separated from Paula only by a stone wall, he awaits the decision of the judges. Oboda falls in readily with Horus Apollon’s ideas, and Paula’s execution is secretly resolved upon.

Using as mouthpiece a public official whom he has gained over to his cause, Horus now proceeds to unfold his plans to the loudly applauding multitude. Instead of a puny finger, such as usually was thrown into the river,¹ it is a greater and nobler holocaust which the river-god demands to-day—neither more nor less than an undefiled and noble virgin. But as no mother, no father, could be induced to surrender their child for this purpose, a happy chance has provided a ready-made victim in the person of a stranger—a Greek maiden professing the heretical Melchite faith, a noble damsel condemned this day to death by the judges.

¹ A note of the author’s, that in the fourteenth century after Christ it was still customary amongst the Egyptian Christians to throw yearly a human finger into the Nile.

“That moves you, that fills your souls with grateful rejoicing ; I see it !” cries the orator. “Then prepare for thy nuptials, noble river, benefactor of this land and of its people ! The virgin, the bride whom thy heart desires, we deck her out for thee ; in thine arms we shall lead her ; let her be thine !”

“And you, inhabitants of Memphis, fellow-citizens and fellow-sufferers”—and the speaker bent far out over the balcony towards the crowd—“when I now plead for your consent, —when, in the name of the assembled senate and of this worthy ancient, I ask you” . . .

“Then was he interrupted by the mighty to-heaven-upheaving shout of the assembled multitude, and thousands of voices cried out—

“To the Nile ! to the Nile with the virgin !”

“The Melchite maiden shall be wedded to the river ! Wreaths for the Nile-bride !—flowers to deck her nuptials !”

“Let us follow the teachings of our forefathers !”

“All hail to the wise oracle ! All hail to Horus Apollon !”

Thus shout and cry, in senseless ecstasy, the delirious populace, and only a few voices are raised in murmur against the heathen proposition. Then steps forward the Christian bishop, and, crucifix in hand, attempts to stem the frenzied torrent.

“See here the image of our Saviour !” he cries with resounding voice. “I plant it here as a barrier betwixt you and the heathen atrocity to which you have applauded in your foolish blindness.

“Faithless and treacherous ones ! raise up your hearts to Him who died on the cross to save you. Truly He lets not perish those that trust in Him ; but you, where is your faith ? Because it is night, do you howl, “The light has gone out ?” Because you are sick you say, “The doctor cannot help !” What blasphemies have been here pronounced ! Impotent is the Lord, have you said—powerless His

Church ? Then let magic, witchcraft, and pagan abominations save us !

“But just because you do not trust in the true Saviour and helper, but in heathen charms, magic, and witchcraft, will chastisement upon chastisement pour down upon you—I foresee it coming—till you sink down in the mire, and groaning, seek for the only hand which has the power to raise you up again. . . . Away ! Begone from the unhappy victim ! I cry. Away ! Remove your sinful wishes and sacrilegious hands !—”

“And fold them in the lap, or wring them bloody in prayer, till misery and sickness has carried away the last of you !” interrupted the thin, sharp, but distinctly audible voice of the old man ; and from the open market-place thousands of voices responded in applause.”

The tumult increases, and seeing the impossibility of subduing the frenzied populace, the bishop withdraws, deeply indignant, and resolved to call for the intervention of the Patriarch to stop this inhuman sacrifice.

Pending these events, the judicial inquisition has been proceeding. This time it is Orion who is brought as accused before the judges, Paula being summoned as witness ; and thus the lovers, both prisoners, meet again in the open court of justice.

The most overwhelming piece of evidence produced against Orion is a waxen tablet which Horus Apollon has discovered in Paula’s desk. It contains these words :—

“After having waited for thee long in vain I was obliged to depart, and how much had I still to say to thee ! A written farewell . . .”

“Here followed several illegible lines, after which the conclusion :

“How differently had I expected to finish this day, which has been principally taken up with preparations for the nuns’ escape ! and it has been a delight to me to be able to do something for the good, innocent, and unjustly persecuted sisters. Our best

wishes shall accompany them, but for us two let us hope for an undisturbed meeting to-morrow, and a farewell which will leave us rich in memories. As of the Egyptians, he alone whom we both mourn, so among the Arabs the noble commander Amr . . .'

"Here the letter finished, and the short space at the bottom was blank."

While this letter, which must convey death to her lover, is being read aloud, Paula's despairing face is suddenly illumined as by a ray of sunshine, and when questioned by the judge as to when she had received this missive, she answers firmly but with lowered eyes:—

"When did I receive it? Never; for the letter is from myself—I wrote it."

"Thou?" asked the Kahdi, in surprise.

"It is written from me to Orion," answered Paula.

"From thee to him? Then how comes it in thy desk?"

"In a very simple way," she explained, still with lowered eyes. 'After I had written this letter to my bridegroom, I threw it down amongst the other tablets, for he himself appeared, and so I did not require to let him read what could far better be said by word of mouth.'

Oboda is furious at this female subterfuge, which he fears will cheat him of his expected prey, and Orion himself refuses to accept this self-sacrificing devotion of his beloved; but Paula is triumphant, and succeeds in persuading the judges that only an excess of generosity has caused him to acknowledge the letter as his own. She knows herself to be lost; but life lies open before him, and his life must be saved at any price.

With frowning brow old Horus Apollon leaves the court of justice, for he has been openly insulted by the doomed maiden, who, in fiery and impassioned words, has warned all those assembled against this

perfidious old man, who penetrates into the sacred interiors of helpless families like a weasel into a dovecot, in order to purloin whatever may serve him to the accomplishment of his base purposes. From this moment the measure of his hatred towards Paula is full, and with restless energy he goes about the consummation of his sinister projects.

Headless of the burning heat, and forgetting the rest due to his advanced age and feeble body, Horus Apollon is to be seen morning, noon, and night, dressed in spotless white linen, and mounted on a white ass, haranguing the people in street and market-place, proving to them in the most persuasive language that they are all doomed to inevitable destruction unless they will avail themselves of the sole means of salvation which he has indicated to them.

Well he knows his countrymen and their passion for the noisy pomp of gorgeous pageants, therefore it is with the most brilliant colours borrowed from memory and imagination that he depicts to his willing listeners the attractions of the great festival he is planning, the nuptials of the Nile-bride to the mighty ever-restless spouse on whom depends the weal and woe of the Egyptian land.

And with what fiery eloquence the old man praised the beauty of the bride-elect! In describing her charms, the hatred which burned within him caused his eyes to glisten as brightly as ever shone the enraptured gaze of an impassioned lover!

And every one with a drop of Egyptian blood in his veins listened attentively and approved of his words; so the deed was resolved upon beyond recall, and a day already fixed for these ghastly

nuptials. Scarce two weeks since sentence of death had been passed upon Paula, on the festival of the holy Serapis, was this wonderful, auspicious, salutary ceremony to take place.

Two days before the one fixed for the sacrifice, the widow Susanna dies, having fallen a victim to the prevalent contagion, and Katharina, plunged in remorseful despair, feels herself to be the murderess of her mother.

The new bishop, Johannes, who comes to bless the corpse, speaks to her of Paula, who is to die the day after to-morrow, and whom he now has but little hope of saving. As a last effort, however, against the fanaticism of the populace, he means to publish and have distributed in hundredfold copies the pastoral letter in which the Patriarch condemns the heathen ceremony contemplated by his flock.

A copy of this letter is also given to Katharina, who reads it over first indifferently, then with growing interest, and finally with sparkling eyes and panting breath, as an idea occurs to her.

This letter, which begins by blaming the projected sacrifice of the Nile-bride, principally on the grounds that an unwilling and despairing victim can never be pleasing to the Almighty, concludes with the following words:—

“Yes,—were there to be found a pure maiden, inspired with divine love, who, following the example of Him who died to redeem mankind, were freely to cast herself in the waves, and with dying voice to cry up to heaven, ‘Take my innocent life as sacrifice, O Lord, and deliver my people from their affliction!’—yes, that would be a true holocaust, and possibly the Lord might say, ‘I accept it, but even the will alone suffices. Let none of my children cast away the life which I have bestowed on them as a most sacred and precious gift.’”

To Katharina’s fevered brain these words read like a voice from heaven, bidding her die in Paula’s place. She and no other shall be the true Nile-bride who lays down her young life in order to save her people. She has nothing more left on earth to live for, having alike lost her mother and Orion’s love. She has accomplished nothing but evil in this world, and deserved the hatred and contempt of her fellow-creatures; but this act will atone for everything, and achieve what in life she had been unable to do, for henceforth Orion will be forced to think of her, and even by the side of “that other one,” will be pursued by the image of the unhappy girl who for love of him sought her death in the cold waters of the Nile. Oh, it will be splendid! glorious! and with an admirably blended mixture of magnanimity and vanity, Katharina goes about the preparations for her self-immolation.

She makes her will, bequeathing the bulk of her very extensive property to her “beloved friend Orion,” then gives orders for the large festive bark to be got ready and adorned with flowers for the morrow, as she wishes to assist at the grand festival of the Nile-bride being wedded to the river.

At an early hour next morning all Memphis is on foot; the house-tops and river-banks are thickly thronged with spectators, for everybody wishes to take part in this wonderful pageant, the like of which had not been seen for many a year.

At great length, and with an admirable accuracy and knowledge of his subject, our author describes the decorations and procession. Gorgeous chariots, in which are seated allegorical figures representing health, sickness, plenty, and

famine; giraffes, elephants, ostriches, and even tamed lions and panthers, have been pressed into service in order to increase the show; then at last comes a chariot drawn by eight coal-black oxen, and adorned with luxuriant garlands of water-lilies, bulrushes, and other aquatic plants, in which sits enthroned the queen of the feast, thickly veiled and robed in white. By her side is seated the bishop, speaking words of hope and consolation to the last.

Already they have reached the centre of the bridge from whence the death-spring is to be made, already Paula's hands have been grasped by the two executioners who are to hurl her into the waves, and the veil torn from her face by Horus Apollon, when an unexpected obstacle retards the act.

A large barge, festively wreathed and decorated, but bearing a sable flag in its stern, has placed itself in the way close to the bridge, and now a small white-robed figure, stepping on to the roof of the low punt, addresses the assembled crowd:—

“Reverend father Johannes! and you, all people here! I—I, and not the daughter of Thomas! Not she, I, Katharina, am the true Nile-bride. Of my own free will—hear me, Johannes! freely do I lay down my life for my poor countrymen in their tribulation, and the Patriarch has said that my sacrifice will be pleasing to heaven. Farewell. Pray for me, have mercy on me, O my Saviour! Mother, dear mother, I come!”

“Then she called out to the steersmen, ‘Further away from the bridge;’ and as soon as the boat had advanced a few oars’-length into the current, she stepped lightly on to the edge, and throwing the lilies before her into the waters, let herself drop sweetly and smiling into the waves, holding her garments modestly pressed around her.

“The water closes over her, but, an expert swimmer, once more her head appears above the surface. Perhaps she still heard the thundering applause from the shore, the cries of horror or of gratitude which burst from thousands and thousands of lips, ere she plunged again headforemost and disappeared in the deep.”

A tumult ensues on the bridge, for the old pagan Horus Apollon, seeing himself baffled in his vengeance, would still insist on Paula's death, the bishop interposing between him and the victim, when in the nick of time, Orion, with blackened face and wild disordered hair, appears on the scene, and seizing his bride in his arms, with drawn sword defies any one to approach her. The treacherous Oboda had set fire to the prison, but the flames refusing to do their work, had set him free instead; and when Oboda stealing up to Orion would have stabbed him from behind, he is forestalled by another blade, which fells him dying to the ground. Horus Apollon, being upset in the scuffle, falls over the bridge and is drowned, his clenched fist being seen to shake still threateningly over the waves as he goes down.

Such is the picturesque and dramatic closing scene, which, however, would be considerably more effective if the author had refrained from taking the reader into his confidence beforehand. From the moment we are told that Katharina has resolved to die instead of Paula, we have nothing further to learn, and consequently her appearance at the critical moment falls somewhat flat.

As in all Ebers's novels, many other parts of the mechanism call for like criticism. The stage carpentry is too plainly visible throughout, the transitions often

clumsily managed, and needless minor complications introduced, which in no wise bear on the leading action of the story. Why, for instance, make the ten-year-old Maria undertake a desperate ride in order to obtain Paula's reprieve from the Arab commander, since his emissary only reaches the spot some minutes after Paula's fate has been already decided? and what is the good of making Orion's mother die of an overdose of opium, when the circumstances of her death affect no one in particular?

Paula's own father seems to us another mistake. At the beginning of the book we are led to expect that his discovery will prove one of the turning-points of the narrative; but after the theft of the emerald, we hear little more about him, and when at last he is restored in a dying state to his daughter's arms, their meeting is slurred over in a few careless lines. We are not even informed whether, when Paula is given back to life and liberty after her *manqué* execution, she still finds him alive, and cannot help feeling this extremely superfluous parent to have been solely invented for the purpose of dragging a second emerald on to the scene.

It is difficult to define the precise nature of the charm pervading all Heyse's works; his delineation of character is not remarkable for either truth or depth, neither are his descriptions nor philosophical reflections of any special value. His narrative, singularly simple and apparently unstudied, is utterly devoid of either dramatic situations or startling effects; yet he fascinates us for all that, just as we are sometimes fascinated by a

face which cannot boast of a single regular feature.

And it is not merely this author's masterly style, which for rare beauty of expression and harmony of language may almost be said to bear away the palm over Spielhagen—but something deeper than this, the very acme of that art which looks like nature itself,—for Heyse is the very reverse of Ebers, in so far as it is absolutely impossible to catch sight of the machinery by which his effects are worked out. The narrative is so studiously unstudied-looking, and the action so apparently simple, as to resemble the ungainliness of real life rather than the ingenious manipulation of a novelist's fancy, that we fall blindfold into the skilfully laid trap, and so long as we hold the book in our hands, are ready to swear that everything must have happened just as it is set down here.

Only when, the volume having been laid aside, we take to musing over its contents, do we contrive to shake ourselves free of this delusive glamour, and beginning to measure, weigh, and analyse, make the discovery that we have been fooled and hoodwinked.

Heyse's latest work, 'Der Roman der Stiftsdame'¹ (The Romance of the Chanoinesse) cannot be called a novel, but rather a somewhat extended novelette—a branch of fiction in which the German excels us as much as he falls short in the matter of full-length novels.

With very few and rare exceptions the English novelette is a clumsy and crude performance, on whose composition the author has seldom cared to expend either time or thought, so that too frequently the shorter stories even by eminent

¹ Der Roman der Stiftsdame.

Paul Heyse. Leipzig: 1887.

novelists are apt to give us the impression of having been fabricated out of the refuse of their brain, just as some distinguished artist may use up the scum of his palette for painting a signboard.

A German rarely falls into this error, for here that very thoroughness, by which he is stifled and weighed down throughout a lengthy work, comes in appropriately; and when confined to a simple subject and a very few figures, he mostly handles them with an accuracy and delicacy of touch from which our countrymen would do well to learn that a small picture demands as careful workmanship as a large one.

Heyse has been called the king of novelette-writers—a reputation fully sustained by the present work, which, written in that autobiographical form so dear to German writers, is placed in the mouth of Johannes Weissbrod, schoolmaster and theological candidate, who at the beginning of his narrative has just received an engagement as private tutor in a noble German family.

The family circle consists of the Baron—a dissolute and sanctimonious hypocrite—his invalid wife, two children, and brother Joachim, a whimsical but noble character. Luise, an orphaned niece and the heroine of the story, resides here likewise, as well as a coquettish French governess, who devotes more attention to the master of the house than to the pupils under her charge.

Luise—a tall, stately figure, with marked features and haughty brown eyes—is of reserved character and repellent manner. She is unhappy and ill at ease in her uncle's house, where her sense of probity and justice is daily outraged. Only in company of her other relative, Uncle Joachim, who

inhabits a garden outhouse, does she thaw and lay aside her proud reserve.

At first she hardly condescends to notice Johannes; and when she does so, it is only to snub him effectually for the little signs of youthful vanity he betrays. The first sermon he preaches in the village church is pronounced absurd by this stern critic; and only to his masterly organ-playing is accorded some faint eulogium. By degrees, however, a better understanding is effected between them; and though warned by Uncle Joachim against singeing his wings at this dangerous flame, Johannes falls over head and ears in love with Luise? How could it be otherwise? he says in his narrative; for the worthy old gentleman, in his well-meant caution, had not taken into account the unreasonable number of nightingales in the park, which, combined with the witchery of fair hair and brown eyes, had not left his heart a chance of escape.

But his happiness is but of short duration. A band of strolling actors comes through the village, and the manager, Hermann Spielberg, goes up to the castle to request the permission of the Baron to hold a performance. This is summarily refused by the sanctimonious nobleman, who professes a horror of playgoing as sinful; and commanding the actor to remove himself and his troop with the utmost alacrity from the neighbourhood, he so far forgets himself as to strike Spielberg with a riding-whip across the hand.

Luise, hitherto a passive spectator of the scene, now rushes forward, and seizing the ill-used hand, presses her lips upon the spot touched by her uncle's whip.

Next day, the family is dumfounded by the news that Luise

has run away to join the strolling manager and become his wife ; for having seen him act in the capital some years previously, he had already then captivated her imagination, and the ill-treatment received at her uncle's hands put the crown to her enthusiasm, exalting the actor into some glorious and persecuted martyr.

It seems almost incredible that a noble, refined, high-bred girl should thus demean herself by rushing into the arms of a vulgar strolling player, whose ridiculous self-sufficiency is but one of his many objectionable qualities ; and were it not that real life unfortunately sometimes shows us cases of like deplorable and incomprehensible infatuations, we should be inclined to tax the author with exaggeration.

Not long after this elopement, Johannes is obliged to resign his situation in consequence of the machinations of Mademoiselle Suzon, the French governess, who, wishing to mask her intrigue with the Baron, has selected the tutor as the scapegoat who is to repair her somewhat dilapidated honour. The scene in which she endeavours to inveigle him into a midnight rendezvous is the only clumsy one in the book, and, in our opinion, unnecessarily objectionable.

Johannes, being given the choice of marrying the governess or quitting the Baron's service, chooses the latter, and after an interval obtains another situation. For several years he is without news of the lost Luise, till accidentally he reads the manager's name in the papers as having arrived at a neighbouring country town. Hastening to the spot, he finds Luise a saddened and disappointed woman. Her husband is a drunkard, and were it not for her only child, the little Joachim, aged four, her

life would be a wholly wretched one.

In hopes of making her lot more endurable, Johannes abruptly resigns his situation as well as all future hopes of preferment, and joins the strolling company, the whole object of his life being henceforth to avert, as far as lies in his power, every thorn from the path of his goddess, his self-sacrificing love asking for no reward in return.

The child dies, and an infamous practical joke on the part of the drunken husband finally separates the couple. Hermann Spielberg decamps to America, taking with him the whole of their earnings ; and Luise, after having, with help of Johannes, wound up the affairs of the company, disappears likewise, in order to escape the temptation of being happy.

For ten long years he now loses sight of her. He has become a schoolmaster in a small country town, and a modest inheritance has placed him above all anxiety with regard to his future. It only depends on himself to make a suitable marriage, for more than one attractive girl is willing to become his wife. But such thought never comes near Johannes, whose heart is irrevocably fixed on the lost Luise.

Then one day, when he least expects it, he is electrified by the intelligence that she is in the town. Once more they meet, and though close upon forty she is still beautiful, hers being that sort of face which years cannot spoil.

Where has she been all these long years ? and why has she now come ? are questions which naturally suggest themselves to her lover as to the reader. She has been living as governess in a distant part of Pomerania, she explains ;

but her mistress having died, and the widower having offered her his hand, she had been obliged to quit the situation, and an irresistible longing had moved her to come hither and look again on the face of the only true friend she possesses. She, on her side, had never lost sight of him, Uncle Joachim, who had been sworn to secrecy, having kept her acquainted with everything concerning him.

Luise now takes up her abode in a species of almshouse, and soon becomes the idol of the twelve decrepit old women who are its inmates. She begins to give singing lessons, and has already become a much-esteemed and respected citizen of the little town, when her ne'er-do-weel husband turns up again, in an abject state of degradation and poverty. She gives him money, which he speedily turns into drink, and is soon afterwards found drowned dead in a ditch, with two empty bottles in his pocket.

Luise being now free, there would seem to be no more obstacle to the happiness of the much-tried lover, who, after a suitable interval, asks her to become his wife. But Luise refuses him; she is too old, she says, and has already closed her life in so far as love is concerned. She feels only friendship for him, and does not think she was ever intended by nature to love any one man deeply and exclusively. Even her first unfortunate attachment had been a delusion of the imagination, and she goes the length of advising Johannes to marry, suggesting her favourite pupil as a suitable wife for him.

Johannes, deeply disappointed and mortified, is well-nigh quarrelling with his goddess, but thinking better of it, comes back to her feet, accepting—*faute de mieux*—

the friendship which she declares to be all she has to give.

Her chest, which has long been delicate, is now seriously attacked, and she falls ill and dies, tended to the last by her faithful and devoted friend.

The closing scene is thus described:—

“A green-shaded lamp burned in the room, outside the moon in the clear sky; deep silence reigned around us, for the patient had uttered no sound since mid-day, and had now for the first time the appearance of a peacefully slumbering person.

“Then—it may have been towards ten o'clock—I was sitting beside the bed, my gaze never leaving her face for a moment—she suddenly opened her eyes wide, and with a sort of effort let them wander around till they rested on me, and said then, very gravely, but with a clear firm voice—

“‘I feel so indescribably well.’

“And after a pause, during which I hardly dared to breathe, as though I might have retarded the dawning convalescence by each articulated syllable, ‘You are here, dear friend. Have I slept long? What joy to see you here on waking!’

“She moved her hand, as though in search of something. I took hold of it timidly, and leant my burning brow down upon it. Then I felt her second hand resting lightly on my head, and while stroking my hair she continued, in the same calm voice as before—

“‘It is getting serious, Johannes; but I am glad to have wakened up once more before the long night begins. I have still something to say to you, my friend. You know my last wishes already, and that I would gladly sleep outside near to my old hospital friends. Should there be a day of resurrection I would fain rise up together with my body-guard. They have spoilt me, and I could ill do without their services. And the carpet shall be spread over my coffin, after which it is yours.

“‘Listen! come nearer to me. What I have to say is a secret between us two. I deceived you lately

in saying that I was not made to see the whole world in one man only. It cost me not a little, for my heart gave the lie to my lips. I would have been intensely happy had I dared to become your wife. I knew this long ago, ever since the day when you carried home our little Joachim in your arms. Then it was that I first said to myself—"To have this child and this man for my very own would be to have nothing more left to wish for on this earth." But it was not to be. I had to bury the child, also the love for the man, deep, deep in my heart. But it remained ever living, and now I can thank you, Johannes, for all the love and faith you have showered upon me. Raise my head a little. So—I would gaze on you once more distinctly, and it is strange how my eyes are so dim with sleep, though my soul is awake.'

"I then helped her to sit up in the pillows, and approaching my face to hers, saw her eyes fixed upon me with a strange lustre.

"'You please me, my friend,' she said. 'There is not a single grain of falsehood in your face or in your heart, but now a great sorrow in both. Be cheerful, dearest one, and think of me without tears. Am I not always near you wherever I go? As to meeting again?'—she slowly shook her head. 'If only I could be sure of meeting you and my boy again! But those other faces! No, no! We have satiated ourselves down here at the board of life—or rather, we are wise people who stop eating just when their appetite is keenest,—and now others will seat themselves on our places. But, before rising, let us wish each other "*Gesegnete Mahlzeit*."¹ Come, kiss me once, only once, as a loving husband kisses his wife, and then will I stretch myself out and take my afternoon rest.'

"My trembling lips touched her cold mouth.

"'Dear Johannes!' she breathed, clasping my hand tightly as she sank back in the pillows. Then she smiled once more, already celestially, and closed her eyes. Her hand still quivered slightly.

"An hour later it lay cold and still in mine."

This tardy deathbed revelation almost takes away our breath. "Are there really such women?" we cannot help asking indignantly, "capable of thus concealing their feelings up to the very brink of the grave, only to disclose them at the last, in what would seem to be the very refinement of cruel coquetry?"

After having spoilt the life and career of her too devoted lover, and accepted from him every sacrifice which man can make to woman, Luise had not the right to refuse herself to this faithful and enduring passion. Such is not the action of flesh and blood surely, but rather of some fabulous species of automat, and we can feel neither admiration for such frigid virtue, nor sympathy for such needless and incomprehensible abnegation.

As to Johannes, a little more manly self-assertion would have served him better, and become him infinitely more than this maundering quixotic adoration; and we lay aside the book with a latent impression that these sublimely noble-minded lovers are, in fact, nothing more than a pair of egregious fools.

¹ Literally "blest meal," a German form of salutation after meals.

EXPERIENCES OF AN ENGLISH ENGINEER ON THE CONGO.

So little is known by the mass of English readers about the Congo Free State, and the great river from which it takes its name, that a few details may not be out of place here. Before Stanley had shown it to be the Lualaba, which Livingstone took for the headwaters of the Nile, the Congo was a mere name to people not connected with the ivory or oil trade; and even now, since the opening up, under the auspices of King Leopold of Belgium, of the great waterway into the heart of Africa, the vagueness of average ideas on the subject may be inferred from those of a certain gentleman who offered his services at the Brussels Bureau de L'Etat Indépendant du Congo, without even knowing where the Congo was; and, on his arrival at Boma, finding that he was appointed to the Upper River, and would have to march some 235 miles to reach it, would gladly have returned home again.

The Congo, then—if we look upon Livingstone's Luapula as the main stream, and not rather the Lualaba or Kamolondo (heard of but not seen by Livingstone, and called by him Young's River), which has its source, according to Capello and Ivens, in Katanga, about 8° south—rises, under the name of the Chambezi, in the Chibalé Hills, in the country of Mambwé, south of Lake Tanganika. It enters Lake Bangweolo—famous in connection with the great traveller's last wanderings—and leaves it again at its S.W.

corner, as the Luapula, which flows north till it reaches Lake Moero, and then is supposed to take a N.W. course as far as Lake Lanji, where it joins the Lualaba from the S.W., but this region is still unexplored. After this—according to the curious African fashion of transferring to the main stream the name of every affluent which enters it—it is known as the Lualaba, and this name, or that of "Livingstone River," is commonly applied to its whole upper course, the changes in native nomenclature being too numerous and puzzling to follow.

From Lake Lanji the Lualaba flows (roughly speaking) first in a N.W. direction, past the Arab settlement of Nyangwé, and then due north, to the equator, where it throws itself over the seven cataracts of Stanley Falls. Here, on an island at the foot of the lowest cataract, stood the Free State station, which was attacked by the Arabs in September 1886, as shall be related further on.¹ North of the equator the Congo makes a great bend westward, crossing the line again in long. 18° E. For about a mile to the north-west of Stanley Falls, the river flows between high banks, but it then enters a large plain, some 500 miles in extent, and the width of its bed varies from 2½ to 5 miles. It is so full of islands, that only at three or four points is an uninterrupted view obtained from bank to bank. The misleading statement (without mention of the islands) that both

¹ This station is now to be re-established, with Hamed bin Mohammed, *alias* Tippu-Tib, as governor. The notes from which the above is compiled were written probably before the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition had left England, certainly before any news of it had reached the Upper Congo.

banks are seldom visible at the same time, has given rise to mistaken and exaggerated ideas of the size of the river. This great plain is covered for the most part with dense tropical jungle, abounding in rare and valuable forms of plant-life. Tree-ferns, and many varieties of orchids yet undescribed, are common, as well as the wild coffee-shrub, several kinds of plants yielding india-rubber, mahogany and other splendid timber-trees. At Iboko, on the northern bank (in lat. 2° N., long. 19° E.), is the station of Bangala (so called from the tribe inhabiting Iboko and the surrounding country), the farthest outpost of the Free State since the one at Stanley Falls was abandoned. At the equator is another Free State station (Equateurville), and also one belonging to the Livingstone Inland Mission; and at Lukolela, about 100 miles lower down, the Baptist missionaries have established themselves. About 150 miles below Lukolela, the level banks rise into hills, and the stream becomes narrower, while its volume is increased by the influx of the Lawson River, and the mighty Kwa or Kassai, nearly as large as the main stream. Near the mouth of the Kassai are two Roman Catholic mission stations—one founded by the Société d'Alger, the other under the Société du St Esprit. From here to Stanley Pool the scenery is much like that on the Rhine between Bonn and Mainz, though on a larger scale, and wanting the essential features of vineyards and ruined castles. As for the vineyards, they may come in

time, as wild grapes have been discovered near the Kassai; but for my own part, I must say I prefer the Congo to anything the Rhine can show. The hills, covered with forest, or else with tall grass, increase in height till they are almost entitled to the name of mountains, and at the same time encroach upon the river-bed till, in Kimpoko Channel, it is so narrow that the current seems to have been, as it were, turned on edge to pass through it, and runs like a mill-race. Suddenly the ranges retreat on either hand, and, curving round to right and left, enclose the beautiful sheet of water known as Stanley Pool, with the green island of Bamu in the centre. The view is bounded on the right by Dover Cliffs, and far away to the left by a distant range of mountains. Close to the entrance of the Pool, on the left or south bank, is Kimpoko, where a Methodist mission has lately taken up its quarters; and at the other end, just at the point where the river leaves it, is Kinchassa, with the stations of the Free State and the Baptist Missionary Society. Opposite Kinchassa, on the northern bank, is the French port of Brazzaville.¹

Rounding Kallina Point, we enter the Ntamo Rapids, and come in view of the blue flag of the *Etat Indépendant du Congo* waving from the top of Mount Leopold. Léopoldville stands on the slope of the hill, half-way down—or stood, as I saw it on my arrival, for the station buildings have now been transferred to Kinchassa. The hillside was

¹ Readers of Stanley's 'The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State,' will remember how M. de Brazza, hearing that the explorer was on his way to Stanley Pool, hastened up and took possession of the right bank in the name of France. The French possessions now extend along the river from Manyanga to a point opposite Lukolela, and thence to the west coast, including the basins of the rivers Ogové and Kwilu.

terraced, and planted with bananas and pine-apples—an avenue of the latter leading down to what was known as the “Port”—in reality the shipbuilding and repairing yard, with three mud huts for stores and workshops. The platform on the top of the hill commands, on a clear day, one of the finest views on the Congo.

For some 230 miles below Stanley Pool, the river is unavailable as a means of communication, and the caravan road runs along the south bank, from Léopoldville to Matadi (“the rocks”), at the foot of the rapids. The road originally constructed by Stanley (when his engineering operations earned him, as is well known, the title of Bula Matadi, the Rock-breaker), was on the north bank, but has been given up, as the ground is rougher than on the other side. There is, however, a talk of its being resumed, especially as the country on the south side is now infested by bands of marauders, mostly deserters from the service of the State; caravans are frequently robbed, and carriers almost unattainable—in fact mails seem to be the only things that reach Léopoldville in safety, and these are very irregular.

Steamers run regularly between Matadi and Banana, at the mouth of the river (a distance of 110 miles), passing various mission and trading stations, the chief of which is Boma, on the north bank, which may be termed the capital of the Free State, since the Administrator-General has his offices there.

Banana was indeed a welcome sight when I arrived there after a six weeks' voyage from England, during which the *São Thomé* had called at Madeira, some of the Cape Verde Islands, Bolama (Bissao), Princes' Island, and St

Thomas. Standing out between the sea and river, its white roofs seemed specially clear and inviting after the ill-flavoured Portuguese settlements we had been visiting. I landed in the usual fashion, being carried from the boat through the shallow water by two natives. The boat, by the by, was that belonging to the Congo Free State factory, and the “Kruboys” who manned her, dressed in neat uniforms, pulled steadily and in good time, to the tune of “One more river to cross!” This air is known to them as “Stanley song”—they or their predecessors having learnt it from Bula Matadi himself, as a “chantee,” when hauling the steamers overland between Vivi and Isanghila.

I was received by the representative of the Free State, and made comfortable for the two days I had to wait for a steamer to take me to Boma. I spent them in looking round the various trading houses established here. Besides the Free State, there are English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese factories—the oldest being that of MM. Daumas, Berand, & Co., of Paris, which dates from 1855, and gave the place the name of “French Point,” by which it is sometimes known. I was agreeably surprised by the fact that the living here was by no means so bad as I had imagined; for, though it is true that most of the food consists of tinned goods from Europe, I discovered that a little ingenuity in cooking them would produce dishes greatly preferable to the tough goat and the everlasting fowl. The steamer arrived on the third day, and in a few hours I found myself at Boma, where, on reporting myself to the Administrator-General, I was directed to proceed to Léopoldville, and place myself under the orders

of the chief of that station. Accordingly, next day I went on board another steamer, and reached Matadi (opposite Vivi) in the evening. Though I was to start from Matadi on the march to Léopoldville, I was obliged first to cross to Vivi in order to be supplied with tent and provisions for the journey. I was unable to do this till next day, and was kept there three days by my preparations, and detained still further, on my return to Matadi, owing to the local chief's failure to fulfil his promise of procuring the necessary carriers.

Vivi Station—the native town from which it takes its name is mentioned by Captain Tuckey as Banza Bibbi—is now, like Léopoldville, a thing of the past. Its situation, on the corner of a jutting hill, which at first seemed eminently healthy, has been found to be the reverse; cold winds blow with extreme force down the confined gorge of the Congo, at the entrance to which it is placed; and chills are, on that river, as fruitful a source of fever as malaria. Matadi has taken the place of Vivi, so far as a starting-point was necessary for the caravan road, and the buildings of the station have mostly been transferred bodily to Boma.

My first care after securing my stores—consisting of two boxes of “chop” (the technical name for all provisions out here), cooking utensils, tent, camp-bed, and lantern—was to get rid of all European trunks and portmanteaus, and have my worldly goods made up into packs of some 60 lb. each: 65 lb. is the regulation load for a “pagazi,” but it is better to be on the safe side, and the lighter the

load, the less chance is there of its being suddenly dropped—most likely in some inconvenient place, such as the middle of a stream. I had some things soaked and spoiled in this way.

At last my men were mustered—seven carriers, and two native soldiers to serve as escort, besides my interpreter and gun-bearer, a Zanzibari who had crossed Africa with Stanley. We started at 7 A.M. on the 10th of June 1886, and then my sorrows began.

Two other white men, a Swede and a German, started at the same time, with their respective carriers, but owing to the nature of the country we soon got separated, and had to shift each for himself. The so-called road was a path about nine inches wide, bounded on either side by a dense jungle of cane-like grass that was never lower than my shoulders, and sometimes rose to a height of 16 or 20 feet. After leaving Matadi, it passes over two hills, which looked to me almost vertical; indeed it does not deserve the name of a path, being only the bed of a torrent, which affords the pedestrian the pleasant exercise of hopping from one huge boulder to another. It was a marvel to me how the carriers contrived to keep their footing; but they walked bolt-upright, carrying their loads on their heads with seeming ease. However, I looked after them as sharply as I could, having been warned that they would attempt to practise on the ignorance of a “Mundeli”¹ new to the country; and accordingly, it was not long before I saw a burden cast down, and its bearer afflicted with a most conspicuous and demonstra-

¹ White man.

tive shivering fit. I had to walk up to him and remonstrate by means of the long staff which every white man in the country carries, and which certainly, on every application, effected a marvellous cure. It was the only thing I could do at the time, as I had no power to stop their pay; and, had I yielded, and allowed them to rest, they would have remained on the spot till their provisions were consumed, and then decamped, leaving their loads and me alone in the wilderness.

We did not march above ten miles on the first day. I made the mistake of walking at the head of my caravan, which, from the nature of the path, had to proceed in single file; and, as a consequence, had every now and then to walk back, say a quarter of a mile, to cure an attack of sickness somewhere in the rear. By the time I caught sight of the Livingstone Inland Mission Station at Palaballa, it was 5 P.M., and I was so exhausted with heat and thirst, that I left to the soldiers the task of bringing up stragglers, and made for the house at once, where I received a hearty welcome. By 6.30 my carriers had not arrived—this was serious, as my tent, bedding, and “chop-boxes” were in their hands. I had tea with the missionary and his wife, but they had not a room in the house to offer me, and I was fain to seek the hospitality of the black potentate of the district, one Nozo, who has built a hut, rather more elaborate than most of the dwellings in those parts, for the entertainment of travelling whites. His Majesty presented me with the key, and ordered one of his subjects to show the way with a lantern. I found two beds, but only one of them furnished with

a mosquito-curtain, and that occupied by one of my companions of the morning—so that I was forced to make myself as comfortable as I could in the other. By 6.30 the next morning, the men had dropped in by twos and threes,—having lain down to sleep here and there by the roadside, and I got them all started an hour later. This time, taught by experience, I made them all walk in front of me—so that no one could be taken ill without getting directly under my feet,—keeping my interpreter close beside me with my rifle and revolver. I was greatly disappointed, however, in my hopes of shooting, as, with the exception of a couple of good-sized birds, and a distant view of two elephants (which it was no use attempting to stalk, as I had just broken the spring of my rifle), I saw nothing worth wasting cartridges at. I reached Léopoldville in about three weeks, without any adventures more exciting than a difference of opinion with my carriers (which was ultimately arranged in a satisfactory manner) at the crossing of the Inkissi river—and an attack of fever, which delayed me four or five days.

At Léopoldville I received orders to go to Bangala on board the A. I. A. (*Association Internationale Africaine*), a launch of ten tons, to which I was appointed as engineer. She had lately been repaired and greatly improved by the engineer of the State, who had transferred to her the engine and boiler of the old Royal, now reduced to the rank of a lighter. Her speed had been much increased, and a sun-deck put up from stem to stern, which enabled us to travel with a great degree of comfort during the heat of the day. This work was done under great diffi-

culties for want of tools, the nearest lathe being at Boma. The small turning was executed by means of a drilling-machine, while the larger articles had to be chipped and filed true by hand. The *En Avant* was just then out of water undergoing like repairs; and should Stanley return to the Congo now, he would hardly know his steamers for the same boats in which he ascended the river to found the Free State.

Every one on the Congo rises early, breakfast being served at 6 A.M., after which all proceed to their work till 11, when lunch is ready. After lunch comes the siesta, and till 2 P.M. the station is as quiet as the City of London on Sunday. At 2 we turn to again till 5.30. Dinner comes on at 6 P.M. And thus the routine goes on day after day, varied only by the arrival and departure of caravans or steamers. I was kept pretty busy; but owing to a delay of the caravan in bringing up stores for Bangala, I did not start for the latter place till nearly a month after my arrival at Léopoldville, and in this time I contrived to visit Kinchassa, and have a look at Stanley Pool—a splendid sheet of water for pleasure-sailing, if any one out here had time for that. At last all the stores arrived, and I left Léopoldville on the morning of July 18th, not without a sigh of regret at going out of the world entirely, so to speak; for, though I had my wish in being appointed to the Upper Congo, I had just heard from Dhanis, who was going with me to Bangala, that we were only to have a mail once in six months.

The captain of the A. I. A. had been nearly three years on the Congo, and was well up in all “dodges” for getting along; so

we not only made good progress, but managed to be very comfortable, on the whole. He had only five months more to stay in the country, and talked nearly every day of his return home. Poor fellow, he was never to see his home again!

The little A. I. A. was heavily loaded, so I was very glad to find that we only had one passenger, Lieutenant Dhanis; the rest of the officers appointed to the upper river were to follow next day by the Stanley (a stern-wheeler, and the largest steamer owned by the State on the Upper Congo). The crew consisted of Captain D—— and myself, nine Zanzibaris, and two boys. We also had four native passengers, but these remained forward with the crew. Our voyage was very pleasant as far as Bolobo, where the river widens and the banks become level. Here the many intricate channels and shifting sandbanks, as well as floating islands and loose trees, make navigation a hard task even for Mark Twain’s Mississippi pilot. No lead-line is used, but a native is stationed in the bows of the boat with a twenty-foot pole, with which he feels for soundings; and unless accurate measurements are wanted for purposes of survey, this method answers well enough. When all was going smoothly, and the unassisted efforts of the fireman and greaser were sufficient to keep the engine right, I amused myself with “hippo” shooting; but, though I killed more than one, they sank, and could not be recovered. I thought myself sure of one who was standing in the shallows, and indeed mortally wounded him, but he sprang into deep water and disappeared at once.

We had been out about six days, when we stopped for the

night not far from Lukolela. As wood is the only fuel used in these steamers, a party of men (who rest by day) are sent ashore every night to cut the next day's supply, while the boat is anchored till morning. Having landed the woodcutters, and made everything right, we then—the captain, Lieutenant Dhanis, and myself—sat down to dinner, and soon after it was over I turned in, being very tired. I should explain that there are no cabins in the A. I. A. Our sleeping-places were at the stern of the boat—the captain's being farthest aft; our mosquito-curtains were fastened up to her sides, and our camp-mattresses reached right across her, as she is only about six feet in the beam. Captain D—— was in high spirits, and kept playing tunes on a melodeon we had with us; talking, in the intervals, of his home at Brussels, and his delight at soon seeing it again. Presently he poured out three glasses of Portuguese wine, and handed one to Lieutenant Dhanis, and the other (under the mosquito-curtain) to me. I tasted it and passed it out again, with the remark, "It's too strong; put some Congo in it!" He added a little water, and said, "Hang it, man, it's pure water!" and I never heard him speak again; for, soon after, I turned over and went to sleep, with the strains of "Myosotis"—which I had asked him to play—ringing in my ears. Next morning, instead of being called by him as usual, I slept on till roused by Lieutenant Dhanis, who came to me with a white scared face, asking, "Where is the captain?" "I don't know," I replied. "I believe he's in the Congo," said Dhanis. Of course I was up like a shot. Sure enough, there was the captain's bed—his clothes, boots, hat, all

lying beside it; his mosquito-curtain untorn showed that nothing unusual had taken place; and he could not have got ashore without awakening either Dhanis or myself, as the boat was anchored with her bow to the bank. We questioned the men, but none had seen or heard anything save occasional splashes in the water—which no one on the Congo ever heeds, as the crocodiles and hippopotami may be heard splashing all night long. How it happened will never be known till the day of judgment; we could only come to the conclusion that he had got up in the night, fallen over the stern of the boat, and gone down (being unable to swim) without a cry—perhaps never even rising to the surface a second time, as the current is very strong. We searched the sandbanks for miles down the river, and promised large rewards to the natives for finding the captain's body or any traces of him, but in vain. The sea may, but the Upper Congo never gives up its dead.

We were compelled at length to proceed, as we had orders to reach Bangala before the Stanley, but should have been unable to do so had we not had on board a Zanzibari who was well acquainted with the river, and able to act as pilot, Dhanis and myself being both new to the country. We reached Bangala fifteen days after leaving Léopoldville without being overtaken by the larger boat—rather to my surprise, as after the loss of our captain we could not, of course, make the same progress as before.

My first view of Bangala was not enchanting. All I could see before me in the dusk of an African evening when I stopped the boat was a steep mud-bank, with a house of the same material at

the top. I was tired, hungry, and ready to fall asleep on my feet, and it was not particularly cheering to find that not a spare room was to be had in the station; however, I slept soundly enough, in spite of the mosquitoes, wrapped in my blanket, on a native mat under the mess-room table.

The Stanley arrived next day, bringing, among other officers, Captain Coquilhat, under whose orders, as chief of Bangala station, I was to be for the future. He was warmly welcomed by the Bangalas, with whom he is a great favourite, and who got up a grand dance and *malafu*-drinking that night in his honour. Three days after, the steamer left for Stanley Falls, and it was then only that I really had time to look round and gain a better impression of the station than I had received on the night of my arrival. Two new houses were being built, in one of which I was to take up my quarters; but till they were finished, I was forced to make myself at home in the gun-room, while Lieutenant Dhanis was relegated to the provision-store. For more than a month I slept on a bed formed of two planks supported at either end on a barrel, which, on examination, I found to contain charges of powder for the two mountain Krupp guns; while boxes of cartridges, cans of turpentine, and every variety of explosive were in close proximity. Reading in bed was of course out of the question, and even taking a light into the room would have been a hazardous experiment had I not made myself acquainted with the position of the various items. Indeed, one night while a regular tropical thunderstorm was raging, Captain Coquilhat rushed in, in a state of the greatest alarm, entreating me

to come and share his room, as he feared I might be shot by the igniting of the cartridges. But as the danger was about the same in any part of the station—since the barrels of powder would have blown the whole building into the middle of the Congo—I could see no advantage in a change of quarters, and thanked him, but remained where I was, and went to sleep.

Captain Coquilhat was the founder of the station in 1883, and the house does him great credit, considering the limited means at his disposal, for it has successfully resisted all the attacks of the natives—the cannibal river-pirates, whose fleet of war-canoes tried to bar Stanley's passage in 1877. It is built of "wattle and daub," the woven branches supported by firm upright posts, being plastered over with the clay of the country, which becomes extremely hard when baked in the sun, and renders the whole fireproof. The ceiling is formed of logs laid right across from wall to wall, with an eight-inch layer of clay spread all over them, and over all is a roof of palm-leaves, supported on pillars standing at a distance of eight feet from the walls, and forming a verandah all round. This roof can be set on fire and burnt right off—indeed, I believe this has happened—without injuring the rest of the building in the slightest degree; and thus the great native weapon—fire—is rendered harmless. The windows are small, iron-barred, and placed very high; and so long as ammunition lasted, three or four white men could hold the place against all the tribes on the Congo. The two doors are the weak point, but could, in case of need, be defended by the mountain Krupp guns.

The new houses have been built on the same principle, but are stronger and better in every way, as the chief of the station was well supplied with tools, and had a working force of sixty men, whereas Captain Coquilhat planned and executed the original building with ten men, half-a-dozen axes, and one saw.

"December 31, 1886.— . . . I have plenty to do, as the station is but half finished; a circular saw is coming up by the Stanley; bricks are being made, and twelve Bangalas employed by the State bring in a big log of mahogany every day. These are piled in the station-yard to season, and when the saw is set going, the two mud-houses now here will come down, and four smaller ones of brick and plank will be built in their places, and every man will have a house to himself." Bangala, as I have already stated, is situated in the middle of the plain which extends from Stanley Falls to Bolobo. The Congo is here choked with constantly shifting sandbanks and islands, which are under water every rainy season; indeed, the low shores between Bolobo and Lukolela, and also between Mobeka and Upoto, are flooded for miles on either side of the river. Even in the dry season this land is a swamp, so that Bangala, standing between Lukolela and Mobeka, is practically cut off from communication with other places except by water. As an instance of the continual change to which an alluvial plain, with a large river flowing through it, is subject, I may mention that on my return from a trip to Léopoldville, after an absence of three or four weeks, I found that about an acre of land had been

sliced off one of the banks by the current. The station itself stands on some high ground in the middle of the native town of Iboko. It is the healthiest post on the Congo, and will, I believe, improve still further as the rice-fields behind it are extended, and the rank tropical vegetation cleared away. Mountain rice flourishes here, and so, I believe, would Indian rice, if sown on some of the higher islands, which are only covered to the depth of three or four inches during the rains, though more or less swampy all the year round.

Life in one of the up-river stations is very monotonous. There is, of course, plenty of hard work, as in all new countries, but it soon acquires a certain sameness, particularly when, as is the case at Bangala, one is confined to the station, or at least the village, from one month's end to another. As there are seldom more than three white men at Bangala, without counting myself, who, being attached to the steamer, and frequently sent on trips up and down river, enjoy more variety, the chief of the station is, so to speak, *adscriptus glebæ*, and cannot leave the place; while of other two officers who were there with me for some time, one had not been outside the station in six months, and the other only indulged in the daily recreation of inspecting the rice crops, and shooting hawks while doing so. There is so much work to do that, even for those who are not tied to the spot, shooting, the only practicable amusement of the country, is unavailable—more especially elephant-hunting, which, to be successful, requires at least a month.¹ So that, when the contents of the last mail have been

¹ Elephants are always on the travel, eating as they go, and a man who sets

exhausted, work, eat, and sleep is the routine of our days till the arrival of the next steamer.

There are, however, two reasons why the up-river stations are preferable to those on the Lower Congo: firstly, the climate is better; secondly, "chop"—in the shape of fowls, goats, and fish—is more plentiful, and we are not compelled to depend on supplies from Europe. But, unluckily, it has been proved at Léopoldville that this state of things cannot last. The Europeans of that station have several times been reduced to *chikwanga*¹ (the native substitute for bread, prepared from manioc) and yams, all the goats and fowls in the district being consumed, and the supplies from Europe delayed *en route*.

At the time of my first arrival in the country, a like difficulty was anticipated in a certain station (which I will not name), owing to a scarcity of carriers, and the chief thought it better to put every one on short allowance. Among other rations, Portuguese wine was issued at the rate of half a bottle per man per day. Each man had to send his "boy" to the store with his bottle every other day, and, of course, there was a rush for the big bottles.

The storekeeper, instructed by the chief, refused everything larger than a champagne-bottle; and as the second officer in charge of the station superintended the issuing of rations in person, there was no chance for any man to get more than his share. This did not please the engineers, who decided, at a council held in the mess-room of the Stanley, that half a bottle per day was not enough; and forthwith a collection of empty bottles began to accumulate in the engineers' store, and experiments were instituted to find out whether the capacity of any one of them exceeded that of the rest, but with very unsatisfactory results. At last some one suggested the device of blowing out the bulge in the bottom of the bottle, so as to leave it nearly flat. No sooner said than done. Not only was the bottom flattened, but it was found possible by means of heat to slightly stretch the bottle itself, so that, though it appeared very little larger than an ordinary champagne-bottle, it would hold nearly half as much again. The trick remained undiscovered till the engineers had all finished their term of service, when the ingenious deviser of the same, being the last to depart for Europe, left his

out to follow their tracks is considered lucky if he comes up with them in three weeks. There are elephants in the cataract region, between Vivi and Stanley Pool, but the natives do not hunt them, buying their ivory from tribes farther inland. At Lukungu (on the road to Léopoldville), I was told that the elephants, knowing that the annual grass-fires destroy their food, never see a light by night without making for it, and attempting to tread it out if possible; and was warned for this reason never to keep a light in my tent, or let my carriers make their fire too close to it. I never had an opportunity of proving the truth of this statement—

"I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

¹ This was written, of course, before the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition had arrived on the Congo, or had even been heard of there. It will be remembered that a famine, similar to those here described, was prevailing at Léopoldville when Mr Stanley arrived there.

bottle to the second in command, with a hint to keep his eyes open for the future.

When I arrived at Léopoldville, the white men there numbered from twelve to fifteen. There were, besides, from 300 to 400 blacks (chiefly from Zanzibar and the Gold Coast) in the service of the State; and at the two mission stations some six white men, with their servants and native workmen, whose numbers I do not know. At Kinchassa, seven miles distant, is another State station with two or three white men, a Dutch trading house with two, and another mission station with four or five. Opposite Kinchassa is the French station of Brazzaville, with at least three or four more, and their workmen and servants. All these have to be supported by goats, fowls, &c., purchased from the natives, and naturally the supply gave out under so enormous a drain—the people of the district having taken no pains to provide supplies to meet this extra demand. At last things reached such a pitch that work had to be stopped, and the men sent out with supplies of beads, cloth, and brass wire to scour the country in search of food. Some of them have told me how they would watch the natives preparing their manioc (which is a work of time, as it has to be steeped for some weeks after digging to get rid of the poisonous juice), track them to their huts, and watch day and night outside the doors till the *chikwanga* was baked and ready, when they would at once begin to bargain for it. The whites fared somewhat better, as long as the supplies of tinned goods from

Europe lasted; but at length they too began to give out, and every one was prophesying a return to the good old days of *chikwanga* and yam, when a small caravan arrived and staved off the evil day.

As far as provisions go, Bangala is pretty well off at present; but should a large station like Léopoldville, besides trading and mission settlements, be established here, the same difficulty would soon arise, as the natives live mostly on dried fish, manioc, and bananas. They do not, as a rule, eat goats or fowls themselves, and would not, I conclude, care to take the trouble of breeding them in sufficient numbers to supply a flourishing European colony. Rice has so far proved a success—1 lb. producing in eighteen months enough to sow three acres; and it is to be hoped that all the stations will in time become self-supporting.

The Bangalals are a fine race physically, being tall, powerful, and splendidly formed, with features by no means of the negro type; the women are the handsomest I have seen in Africa. Their dress is scanty, consisting for the most part only of a waistcloth for the men and a short kilt of woven grass for the women; but men of high degree often wear mantles of dressed goat or other skins. They cicatrise their arms, shoulders, and busts in patterns by cutting the skin and injecting some irritant. Sometimes the result looks very well; but in other cases the process is not successful, and raises huge unsightly lumps of flesh. The chief of Iboko,¹ when I arrived, was an old man over eighty—his age was reported by

¹ This was Mata Bwyki, the "Lord of many Guns," described by Stanley, who met him in 1883, in 'The Congo.'

some to be eighty-four, by others eighty-six—who had lost one eye in battle and possessed fifty wives. He was over six feet high, with a fine well-developed figure, and, but for his dirty white hair and shrivelled skin, would have passed for a man of half his age. He was much attached to Captain Coquilhat (named “Mwafa” or the “Eagle” by the natives), and never undertook anything without consulting him. The scene just after our arrival at Bangala, when, “Le Roi des Bangalas”—being announced as we were all sitting over our after-dinner coffee, Mata Bwyki entered, wearing his royal hat of leopard-skin, and attended by several of his wives—and enfolded Captain Coquilhat, gold-spangled uniform and all, in an ample bear’s hug,—was really worth seeing. Having released “Mwafa,” his Majesty made the circuit of the table to shake hands with the rest of us, and then ordered “mesdames les sauvagesses” to bring in the *malafu* (palm-wine), which he thereupon helped the company to drink. He was a tremendous toper, consuming quantities of that comparatively innocuous beverage which would have killed him ten times over had it been anything stronger and more civilised.

His death, which took place some three months after I first saw him, was an occasion of great excitement among the Bangalas. As it is their custom on the death of a chief to kill and eat as many men as the deceased had wives—

one to be supplied by the parents of each wife¹—the whole town was anticipating a big feed; but, alas! how uncertain are the joys of life! That big feed never came off; for the officer in command, hearing of Mata Bwyki’s death, prepared a coffin lined with red cloth, and telling the Bangalas that, as the late king had been “a big friend of the white men,” the “Mindeli” would bury him with appropriate honours, had him safely boxed, nailed up, and buried seven feet deep before any one could interfere. The disappointment was great; for it is the custom to cut the dead man in two lengthwise, make up an entire corpse with half of him and half of one of the men killed at the funeral, and bury this. The remaining half is made into a stew with manioc and bananas, and eaten along with the rest of the sacrifices. I do not know how they put up with their loss, as I was absent at the time (on the expedition to be described presently), and only heard on my return that Lieutenant Baert had stopped the slaughter in the manner described, and that he had kept the station ready to act on the defensive for some time after, as it was feared that the natives might attack it.

When the Stanley returned to us after her journey to the Falls, her captain brought word that the station (then under the command of Mr Deane) had been attacked by some Arab slave-traders encamped in the neighbourhood,² but that they had been beaten off and quiet was

¹ This seems to point to a time when the wives themselves were sacrificed, the men being probably slaves or captives furnished by the parents as a ransom for their daughters. The latter part of the account seems almost too ingeniously horrible to be true; but it is not worse (though it may seem nastier in detail) than some of the things described by Cameron in ‘Across Africa.’ According to him, in Urua the chief’s wives were actually buried alive.

² It seems that a woman kidnapped by the Arabs had escaped from them and

restored. Captain Coquilhat said that they would probably attack again as soon as the steamer had left; and circumstances proved him to be right, for two days later I was aroused at midnight by the barking of all the dogs in Bangala. I thought at first it was only some nigger stealing fowls; but when I heard the watch present arms, and the chief leave his room, I was up in a moment and standing, six-shooter in hand, behind Captain Coquilhat at the front door. It turned out that a canoe had arrived, bringing some Gold Coast men who had formed part of the garrison of the Falls, and who said that the station had been abandoned, and that the white men (Deane and Lieutenant Dubois, his second in command) would arrive next day. It was discovered in the morning that these men (along with forty Bangalas, who had been working at the Falls on a three years' agreement) had deserted; and as Deane's fate was quite uncertain, Captain Coquilhat and I started as soon as possible on board the *A. I. A.* to find out the real state of affairs. As we approached the Falls, we discovered plenty of traces of the East Coast slave-raiders—whole villages burnt to the ground, and the natives living in canoes hidden along the wooded banks or on the islands in the river; besides the tales told us everywhere of the cruelty of the Arabs—tales of wanton murder, and women and children flogged to death in sheer brutality. Higher up, we came across an Arab encampment, and were saluted with a shower of shot; but as we were quite out of range, it took no

effect, and, being in haste to reach the Falls, we reserved our reply for a future occasion, and passed on. We had now got beyond the forest-covered plain; and, shortly after passing the Arabs, came to a village as yet untouched by them, where Captain Coquilhat stopped to buy goats and fowls, and on leaving made the chief a present of cloth and beads. Two days after this we steamed round the last bend in the river, and came in sight of Kiusi Katini, or Wana Russari—the island on which Stanley Falls Station once stood—when our worst fears were at once realised. The blue flag with the golden star no longer floated above it, and blackened patches of ground were all that remained to show where the “white man's house” had been. Owing to the shallow water and rapids we could only take the *A. I. A.* within 500 yards of the station; and besides, we did not know the strength of the Arabs, who had now begun to “pot” away at us from both sides of the river, while our force consisted only of Captain Coquilhat, myself, and thirty Accra soldiers. So we returned down stream, and finding some natives in the woods, learnt from them that, four or five days after the departure of the Stanley, some of the soldiers and forty Bangalas (the same who had brought word of the disaster to Iboko) had seized the canoes and deserted, and the rest of the garrison had fled into the woods, leaving Mr Deane and Lieutenant Dubois alone. They said that the station had then been blown up and abandoned, that Dubois had been drowned in try-

taken refuge in the station, where Mr Deane refused to give her up when claimed. This led to the first attack, after which a palaver was held, and matters were (seemingly) settled in a friendly way—till after the departure of the Stanley.

ing to escape, and that Deane was hiding in the woods and islands waiting for a steamer to come up and rescue him. We tracked him for a whole day with the help of some natives, but almost despaired of coming up with him, when, to our great joy, we heard on the following morning that he had been found by the chief of whom we had bought provisions on our way up, and taken to his village, where he was now awaiting us—"alive, but very sick." We steamed down as fast as we could and took him on board—he was indeed alive, but that was all! For thirty days he had been living in the woods, with no shelter, no clothes but a piece of an old blanket tied round him, and no food but manioc and an occasional banana; besides which, he was suffering from a severe spear-wound in the leg, having been attacked by some hostile natives while camping out. When I saw him carried on board, "weak as water" and wasted to a skeleton, I thought he could not live out the day; but fortunately we had wine and other necessaries with us, and he soon began to recover under Captain Coquilhat's care. Before we reached Bangala, he was able to tell us his story, and confirmed the report we had heard from the natives of poor Dubois's death. It seems that the latter fell into the river while they were escaping. Though Mr Deane sprang in after him, knowing that he could not swim, and brought him up to the bank, he was so much exhausted that he sank immediately, when his comrade was obliged to let go his hold for a moment in order to land. He had left Europe only four months before, and had been but nine days at the station—a brave young fellow, much liked by every one who

knew him, swept away without leaving a trace, like poor D— of the A. I. A.

On our way down we steamed in close to the Arab village which had saluted us before. They opened fire long before we were within range; but we soon let them have enough, and they disappeared behind trees, whence they kept up a pretty hot fire, while all we could do was to watch till a head or arm emerged, and then "draw a bead on it." We had about reached the middle of the village (which, like all the native towns, had a long river frontage) when the man at the wheel got a shot (apparently) through the jaws, and letting go, fell to the bottom of the boat with a tremendous outcry. The A. I. A. swung round, end on to the shore, and received a raking fire fore and aft, which wounded Captain Coquilhat and twelve others, and would have been still more destructive, had not our commander seized the helm and brought her round again. I cannot help adding—as people are so fond of saying that there is no pluck or manliness in these days—that, not to speak of the wound just mentioned, he was ill when we left Bangala, and grew so much worse just before we reached the Falls, that I thought he was dying, but he suddenly recovered when we came in sight of Kinsi Katini, and had kept up ever since. We had too many men disabled to attempt storming the village (which, as nearly as we could judge, contained about 200 Arabs), so, after firing a few more rounds of cartridge as a parting salute, we steamed away. None of our men were killed, and the wounds received were not very serious; indeed, the man at the wheel, as I found to my great disgust, when he came to me to

get his chin dressed, had nothing the matter with it, except that the skin was scratched by a splinter of lead. We had no means of knowing the loss of the Arabs, but I am certain that several were killed and a good many wounded. We reached Bangala without further adventures, and after a stay of two or three days, we took on board the deserters (who had been confined here in the meantime), and started for Léopoldville. Captain Coquilhat, once the excitement was over, fell ill again, and was ordered home. I fear we shall not see him on the Congo again; but it will be long before he is forgotten there, and the natives of the district above Bangala often ask "when Deane and 'Mwafa' are coming back?"

All this happened in September 1886, and some of the events, at least, have been noticed in English papers.

A word or two on the climate, and I have done. A great deal has been said and written on this subject, and I do not wish to dwell on it at length, only to mention that, so far as my experience of the country goes, it coincides with the statements made by Stanley in 'The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State.' The country is far healthier than Sierra Leone or the Gold Coast, and, with ordinary care, need be no more deadly than Jamaica or Singapore; but it is often blamed for illness brought on by a man's own folly or carelessness. The fevers of the country, *if treated in time*, are not dangerous, and may generally be avoided by care, though the newcomer generally has to pay the toll of one or two. But as in all tropical illnesses—especially in the case of a bilious fever—the all-important point is, that it must

be attended to *at once*; which, indeed, any one who has felt the first symptoms of an attack, will scarcely be disinclined to do. Malarial fever is not common on the Upper Congo; but chills, which have the same effect, have to be guarded against with the greatest care. The nights are chilly and even cold, and almost the first thing that was ordered me, when suffering from an attack of fever just after my arrival at Bangala, was—two more blankets.

As to the liquor question, there is no doubt that many men out here ruin their health by excessive drinking; but I think that many others, chiefly missionaries, ruin theirs by a mistaken and exaggerated abstinence. Stanley recommends two or three ounces of good wine every evening *after sunset*, and I find that most men who have passed any time on the Congo agree with him. Every one becomes more or less anæmic after a short residence in this climate; and a man who feels himself getting unaccountably weak, with a strong desire for stimulants, may injure himself by frequent use of them—and, as a matter of fact, many do so on the lower river, where liquor is plentiful. A teetotaler, on the other hand, will most likely be prostrated by sickness, when the timely use of a little wine would have kept up his strength. As a friend of mine, who has passed some years out here, puts it, "A cocktail every night before dinner, if it does not save you altogether from anæmia, will enable you to get through your term of three years, and leave you in good health at the end; but if you take to drinking, in any quantity, at any hour of the day, you will soon have to clear out of the country, if you wish to keep

alive!" The effect of brandy drunk under a hot sun is to cause a burning pain in the region of the liver; and I have seen men, who had spent some two years out here, choking and gasping for breath after less than half a wine-glassful of neat brandy taken in the middle of the day.

I believe that, when the country is opened up a little more, and Europeans are able to bring out home comforts, &c., they will be able to live here with as much ease and safety as they now do in India; and as a company is being formed to construct a railway from Matadi to Léopoldville, it is to be hoped that day is not far distant.

Feb. 24, 1887.—We had a most tremendous tornado the night before last, the thunder lasting for full ten minutes by my watch, one peal beginning before the last had stopped. The wind was some-

thing awful—palm-trees bent like fishing-rods when a twenty-pound salmon is hooked; and I expected to see the whole station fly away bodily, but it held on. The lightning and thunder were something grand; the whole business lasted from one and a half to two hours. [There had been another tornado on the 16th.]

Feb. 26th.—I have consoled myself for the loss of my monkey (which I believe I told you I gave away to —) by buying a young crocodile, three feet six inches long, chaining him to a palm-tree, and digging him a tank. As he will, I suppose, grow too big to keep, I shall shoot him when he gets troublesome, and keep his skin and bones as curios. Meanwhile he will be useful as a watch-dog, for as he is near my door with a pretty long chain, niggers will be afraid to prow round in the dark to steal, for fear of losing their toes.

ALFRED, THE HERO KING.

A HISTORICAL BALLAD.

I WILL sing of Saxon ALFRED—
 Alfred, king, and clerk, and bard ;
 Triple name, and triple glory,
 By no stain of baseness marred.

Blood of Cerdic, blood of Ine,
 Blood of Egbert in his veins ;
 Reaper of the past, and sower
 Of the future, Alfred reigns.

Mighty England, queen of peoples,
 Slept well-cradled in his breast,
 Grew to world-wide reach of lordship
 From the Saxon of the West.

'Mid the leafy wealth of Berkshire
 Oak and beech in breezy play,
 'Mid green England's gardened beauty,
 Up he shot into the day.

Shot and rose, and grew to youthhood,
 'Neath a mother's gentle care,
 Osburh, with a soul as kindly
 As the balmy summer air.

And he sat and breathed her sweetness,
 And he drank with greedy ear
 Tales of old ancestral glory,
 When no plundering Danes were near.

And his heart did beat accordant,
 And his eye with joy did swell,
 When with mother's love she mingled
 Matin chant and vesper bell.

Keen to learn and quick was Alfred,
 From a song or from a book ;
 Never slow to catch the meaning
 Of a gesture or a look.

Like wise bird that flits about—
 Linnnet, finch, or crow, or sparrow—
 Pecking seed with lively beak,
 From brown track of hoe or harrow ;

Or like fruitful honey-bee
 In bright glow of summer weather,
 Wise the thorny spray to plunder,
 Or the tufts of purple heather.

Mild was Alfred as a maiden ;
 But with soul untaught to fear,
 He, in Hubert's craft the foremost,
 Lanced the boar and chased the deer.

Nor in breezy forest only
 Grew, and kind embrace of home,
 But with wondering eye young Alfred
 Saw the pomp of mighty Rome.

And with wider view grew wider,
 And more wise with sifting ken,
 What to shun and what to gather
 From the works of diverse men.

Thus the youth ; but storms were brewing
 From the rude sea-roving clan,
 Storms to front with manly stoutness,
 When the youth should be a man.

Drifting as a grey blast drifteth
 From the sharp and biting East,
 Growing with the greed of plunder,
 Ever as their spoil increased,

Came the Northmen. Where the waters
 Of the Ouse, ship-bearing, sweep
 Round the palace of the Cæsars ;
 Where on Durham's templed steep

Learnèd Bede and saintly Cuthbert
 Slept in keep of holy men ;
 Where the toilful monks of Croyland
 Clave the clod and drained the fen,—

Honest work and sacred uses
 Trampling under foot profane,
 Revelling in blood and murder,
 Lust and rapine, came the Dane.

On the sunny slope of Bury,
 Where the fruitful fields are spread,
 From its trunk the savage Ingvar
 Severed Edmund's holy head.

Westward then the sea-kings drifted ;
 Thames with gentle-flowing water
 Shrank perturbed, and castled Reading
 Wept o'er fields of crimson slaughter.

Fear smote bravest hearts ; but Alfred,
 With the young man's pride of daring,
 Scaled the bristling steep of Ashdown,
 Fined them there with loss unsparing.

Bravely he ; but as in spring-time,
 Big with ever new supplies,
 Widely spread the snow-fed waters
 O'er the green embankment rise,

So the Vampires of the North Sea,
 Self-recruited more and more,
 Sweep with swelling devastation
 All the vexed Devonian shore.

But the hunted beast finds shelter.
 Alfred fled, but might not yield ;
 In a tangled maze of marshes,
 Westmost Somerset did shield

England's saviour. Lurking lowly
 With the lowliest in the land,
 There, a cowherd with the cowherds,
 And a scanty faithful band,

Feeding pigs with roots and acorns,
 Wandering in poor harper's guise,
 For God's hour of sure redemption
 Alfred waits with faithful eyes.

With his mother's saintly lessons,
 With King David's holy psalm,
 'Mid the swell and roar of danger
 He doth keep his spirit calm.

God-sent visions cheered his slumbers ;
 Holy Cuthbert, from the Tyne,
 Came and filled with bread his basket,
 Filled his scanted cup with wine.

Fenced with bristling wood and marshes,
 In the isle of Athelney,
 Where the creeping stream disputes
 Its doubtful border with the sea :

There he lurked ; and there he waited
 Till the favouring hour ; and then,
 At his call the golden dragon,
 Over forest, moor, and fen,

To the reborn strength of Wessex
 Spread its wing.¹ With heavy loss,
 At Ethandune, the savage Viking
 Bit the ground, and kissed the cross.²

¹ The golden dragon was the ancient banner of Wessex.—Pauli, *Life of Alfred*, p. 51.

² Guthorm, the Danish king, actually embraced Christianity.—*Ibid.*, p. 182.

Alfred now is king indeed—

King as few great kings may be ;
He hath gained his crown by labour,
He hath set his people free.

With a heart that never fainted,
With a faith that never failed,
With an eye that watched and waited,
With a strong arm that prevailed,

He hath fought and conquered. Now,
What remains for him to do ?
What the great man ever doeth—
From the old to shape the new :

Not by forceful harsh uprooting,
But with gently guiding hand,
As a father guides his children,
Spreading union through the land.

Stern decree and kindly caring
Turned rude souls to loyal awe ;
Christ and Moses, nicely blended,
Swayed his soul and shaped his law.

If a poor man feared a rich man,
He might knock at Alfred's gate ;
If a rich man wronged a poor man,
He must fear a felon's fate.

If you hung a golden bracelet
By the road in Alfred's time,
No rude hand might dare remove it,
Such sure vengeance followed crime.

Nor alone with finely-feeling
Touch he swayed the pulse of home,
But leagued with kings beyond the channel,
And the sacred state of Rome,

Eastward far to broad-streamed Indus
Saxon Alfred's greeting came,
And the remnant of St Thomas
Hailed the omen of his name.

But not like the Macedonian,
Alfred triumphed with the sword ;
O'er the scholar's book of learning
He with pious patience pored.

Well he knew that of all noble
Doing, Thought is rightful lord ;
And the pen indites the wisdom
That gives honour to the sword.

With a ring of learned clerics
He embraced his kingly throne,
And their wisdom, freely subject,
Paid rich tribute to his own.

As a wise physician gathers
Healing herbs from field and shore,
So from Saxon books and Latin
Alfred swelled his thoughtful store.

Seeking far and searching deeply,
Everywhere he culled the best;
Gospel grace and Stoic sentence
Warmed his heart and mailed his breast.

From the Pope and from the Pagan,
Greekish school and monkish college,
Where the seed of truth was scattered,
Alfred reaped the crop of knowledge

Reaped the lore of all that hated
Darkness, all that loved the light,
All that called him England's darling,
Champion of the Saxon right.

But the sky of kings is never
Long from troublous clouding clear;
Evermore some gathered thunder
Taints the summer joy with fear.

Once again the sea-marauders
Dashed his cup of bliss with bale,
And the Viking oared his galleys
Up the tide of Kentish Swale.

Westward by sun-fronting Devon,
Where the Land's End flouts the main,
Up fair Bristol's tideful channel,
Winged with ruin came the Dane.

Strong-walled Chester knew their terror,
High-ridged Cambria bowed her head,
Where in pride of devastation
Hasting came with iron tread.

But as some old oak-tree grandly
Stands amid the crashing wood,
Rooted in the strength of Alfred
Stout old Wessex bravely stood.

He who wars with foxes, fox-like
Must devise the needful wile;
On the sea to meet the sea-king
Alfred knew by Vectis' isle.

Sixty-oared he made his galleys,
England's navy in the germ,
And the sea-king's wingèd pinnace
With unwonted swift alarm

Fled from Vectis. England now
Breathed with full lungs free from fear;
Nor again in face of Alfred
Might the plundering Dane appear.

Eastward where old Thames majestic
Laves the fort of stout King Lud,
Westward where the bluff-faced granite
Mocks old Ocean's fretful flood,

Alfred looked: and all around him—
Once a field of wasteful strife—
Saw the land redeemed from wildness
By the labour of his life.

Saw, and thanked his God; then laid him
Down to sleep, and down to die—
Finished with the earthly, ready
For new launch of life on high.

J. S. B.

PAUL JONES.

I.

It is curious how very few of this generation have any knowledge of the history of Paul Jones. A naval commander of no small attainments, of extraordinary resolution and splendid courage, his name, with the fame of which only a hundred years ago both the New and the Old World rang, has died away till it has become but an echo of past times.

A Scotchman by birth, an American by choice, and a buccaneer in feeling, he served under more than one flag with the distinction that such qualities as his must always command. The brilliancy of his deeds, however, was dimmed by the grave and weighty imperfections of character that constantly marred his career as a successful commander. The place in history that has been allotted to him is that of a pirate and adventurer; and though he fairly earned the latter designation, it is doubtful whether he should be classed with the former, inasmuch as he at no period sailed without a properly authorised commission from the country in whose service he fought at the time.

The only act that can justly fall under the category of piracy was his extraordinary and impudent descent on St Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk—a proceeding which, in spite of all that has been written in its defence, even by the victims themselves, appears to have been one of blustering vanity, condoned quite unaccountably by the persons chiefly concerned, as may be seen by Lord Selkirk's inconceivably acquiescent and even laudatory reply to Paul's

bombastic and ridiculous effusion, written more in explanation of than in excuse for his plunderous visit.

Paul Jones was born in 1747 at Arbigland, in the parish of Kirkbean, in Kirkcudbright. He was the fifth son of John Paul, a native of Fife, who was a gardener in the service of Mr Craig of Arbigland.

Why he assumed the name of Jones appears to be doubtful, but he adopted it pretty early in his career. Born and bred by the sea, he imbibed that passionate desire for a sailor's life that has shaped the course of many brave men, and at twelve years old he was bound apprentice to Mr Younger, of Whitehaven, who owned a trading vessel called *The Friendship*. In this he made his first voyage to Rappahannock in Virginia, and on the shores of this river he landed, having a brother a settler there, and with him while *The Friendship* remained in port he lived.

In the course of a short time Mr Younger's affairs became embarrassed, and this led to Paul's indentures being cancelled. Released from his obligations, he obtained the appointment of third mate on board the *King George* of Whitehaven, a vessel belonging to the slave-trade. From this he in 1766 passed into the brigantine *Two Friends*, engaged in the same traffic. The intervals of leisure he employed in studying the different branches of his profession. He states that he quitted the *Two Friends* on account of his hatred for the cruelties practised in the business, and he returned to Scotland in 1768.

On this voyage it happened that both the captain and the mate died of fever, and there being no one on board so capable of navigating the ship, Paul assumed the command, bringing her safely into port.

So well satisfied were her owners with the skill and judgment he had displayed, that they at once appointed him master and supercargo. It was on board this vessel that an incident occurred of which there are several accounts. What appears to be the truth is, that the ship's carpenter, one Mungo Maxwell, was so severely punished by Paul for some trivial offence that he died. It is reported that soon after this event he engaged in the smuggling trade; but he always denied this with an indignation which, considering all things, seems superfluous.

Afterwards he obtained the command of the *Betsey*, of London, a West Indian trader; and he remained for some time in those islands engaged in commercial speculations, which were probably successful, as he is said to have been possessed of considerable funds in Tobago. He remained for about a year and a half unoccupied as regards the active part of his profession, but probably employing his time in educating himself; for in those days the son of a working man, and moreover one who went to sea at twelve years old as a cabin-boy, could hardly have attained to the proficiency of Paul Jones's style of writing without more learning than could be had at a parish school; for though his phraseology is boastful and ridiculous to excess, it is certainly not that of an illiterate man, and it displays considerable power of description.

The revolt of the American colonies was at this time (1775) in full progress—political feeling

ran very high; but whether Paul really embraced the principles he so loudly applauded, or whether—which appears at least as likely—he saw his way to distinction more surely by denouncing the land of his birth, is a moot point.

At any rate, Paul, now twenty-eight years old, watched with growing interest and anxiety the ever-increasing bitterness of the struggle between the two countries, and no sooner saw that the contending parties were coming to blows at sea, than he threw in his part with the rebellious colony, and was—when the time came that his name became famous throughout the world—very naturally branded by England as a rebel and a traitor.

“I was indeed born in Britain,” he wrote some years later, “but I do not inherit the degenerate spirit of that fallen nation, which I at once lament and despise. It is far beneath me to reply to their hireling invective. They are strangers to the inward approbation that greatly animates and rewards the man who draws his sword only in support of the dignity of freedom. America has been the country of my fond election from the age of thirteen, when I first saw it. I had the honour to hoist with my own hands the flag of freedom the first time it was displayed, and I have attended it with veneration ever since on the ocean.”

Such loud reiterations of high motives and disinterested zeal in the cause of liberty, such ostentatious asseverations of purity of principle, might cast doubt on the sincerity of men far above Paul Jones in the moral scale.

Joseph Hawes, a member of the newly formed Marine Committee of the United States, appears to have befriended him at this time, and thus patronised he entered the American service. His capabilities had been in all likelihood

pretty shrewdly gauged, and they assuredly proved in many ways of great advantage to the infant navy then struggling for existence.

His first commission, dated December 1775, was that of first lieutenant to the *Alfred*, then lying before Philadelphia; and it was on board this ship that Paul Jones with his own hands hoisted the Stars and Stripes for the first time in the naval history of the States—the flag under which he fought with so much valour and success.

The whole of the American naval armament consisted at this time of five ships of sorts, and though there was much difficulty in obtaining the services of properly qualified officers even for these, thirteen other frigates had been, in view of the coming struggles, ordered to be built. This adventurous and presumptuous little fleet was put under the command of a man named Hopkins, whose merits do not appear to have been great.

Paul was restrained by no respect for the commander-in-chief; and the voyage, which was made for the purpose of harassing British ships, was a series of quarrels, recriminations, accusations, and retaliation between the two. Paul was unquestionably the more capable of the two men, but discipline was the last virtue dreamt of by him as regarded his own relations with the commander-in-chief, and this latter was either not invested with the necessary power to quell his rebellious subordinate, or lacked the necessary decision.

Paul, however, cherished the strictest and most severe opinions relative to naval discipline as regarded others, and his own behaviour is a ludicrous example of his overweening and extravagant opinion of his own merits.

Every one of these expeditions, which lasted from 1776 to 1778, was marred by his disputes with the commander-in-chief. Each party complained to the Marine Committee, who strove to smooth matters over with the least possible injury to the pride of both; but the condition of the navy must have been almost chaotic, for Hopkins not only acted, as regarded Jones, independently of the Marine Committee, but these last reappointed him to fresh commands as fast as Hopkins superseded him, while the object of so much discussion heeded no one's will but his own. In the intervals of employment he gave himself up to the study of modelling and organising the navy, urging upon the authorities, as before mentioned, the strictest discipline as indispensable for its successful development, and also suggesting the adoption of the examination system to secure properly qualified officers for the service, besides the formation of a Board of Admiralty to adjudicate in all naval matters.

His energetic appeals to Congress had their due effect. No officer, in spite of serious faults, had shown such ability and courage as Paul had; and as diffidence formed no part of his character, he duly impressed the fact on the authorities; and so, after endless correspondence, innumerable appeals, and several visits to Boston, he was appointed to a ship called the *Ranger* at the end of 1777.

America had declared her independence in 1776, and hostilities between the two nations continued with ever-growing bitterness. The British arms had met with many defeats on land in America; while the maladministration of the navy, with Lord Sandwich as First Lord, had been the cause

of grave and ominous occurrences at sea.

While these events were agitating Great Britain, Dr Franklin, Silas Deane, and Arthur Lee had been publicly received at the French Court as ambassadors and commissioners from the United States; and Paul Jones in the *Ranger* slipped across the Atlantic, bearing with him a letter from Congress to the ambassadors at Versailles, charging them to give him the command of a frigate, the *Indien*, then being built at Amsterdam for their service.

Arrived at the port of Nantes, he was at once summoned to Versailles, the object being to concert with him a plan of operations for the maritime force of the Comte d'Estaing; for although war had not been declared between England and France, the two nations were in a state of smouldering hostility—and while indirectly supporting the cause of America, France eagerly desired to harass and damage the British fleet. He received his final instructions from the commissioners, and sailed to Quiberon, where, after some altercation and objections raised by the French admiral, this latter was compelled to salute the American flag.

Paul had been the first to unfurl it, and by his firmness and address he was thus the means of establishing its place among the nations. It must be acknowledged that he had some reason to be proud. For some time Paul had cherished, among other audacious schemes, to be alluded to hereafter, a favourite one for the destruction of Whitehaven. He had passed much of his time there when in the service of English traders, and probably had many friends and acquaintances among the inhabitants. This consideration does not, how-

ever, appear to have had the least influence in hindering him in his purpose. Franklin's orders were discretionary and unlimited, and he acted entirely in accordance with the dictates of his own will. Vanity being his ruling passion, he was presumably actuated as much by the desire of flaunting his name and deeds before the eyes of those who, so far from having injured him, had done him many an act of kindness in the days of his boyhood, as by the wish to revenge the British cruelties perpetrated in America.

Between the coasts of England and Ireland he hovered for some days. Wind and weather were boisterous and unsuitable for his project. He had come out of the harbour of Brest on the 10th April, and it was not until the 21st that, beating about Carrickfergus, he descried a ship lying at anchor in the roads. A fishing-boat coming alongside the *Ranger*, he detained it, and ascertained that the vessel in question was the *Drake*, an English war-ship of twenty guns. The weather increasing in turbulence forced Paul to run for shelter under the south coast of Scotland; but on the 22d it fairied, and midnight found him lying-to before Whitehaven.

Having laid his plans, he despatched one boat with ten volunteers and two officers with combustibles, and orders to set fire to the ships lying in the harbour on the north side of the pier—he himself commanded another boat and party, and landed on the south side in order to secure the fort. Scaling the wall, he crept through one of the embrasures, and stealthily arrived at the guard-room, inside which the sentinels were profoundly sleeping. Promptly locking them in, he spiked all the guns in the fort, and hurrying

round to the other side, joined the other boat's crew.

By some means or other one of the men—an Englishman named Freeman—probably conscience-stricken at finding himself engaged in an incendiary expedition against his own countrymen, contrived to escape, and ran down Marlborough Street, knocking at the doors as he went, to rouse the inhabitants and give the alarm, bidding them wake, for the shipping was being fired and the town would soon be in flames. Meantime Paul arrived on the quay only to find that his men had failed to carry out his instructions. Hastily placing a guard over the ship he designed to fire, he procured a light from a house close by, and dashing back to the quay and on board the vessel, kindled it in the steerage.

By this time day was beginning to break; and the inhabitants, who had been terrified by Freeman's shouts, came crowding down to the quay where "I stood," says Paul, in his subsequent account to the commissioners, and with his accustomed swaggering mendaciousness, "between them and the ship, pistol in hand, and ordered them to retire, which they did precipitately; the flames caught the rigging, and we re-embarked."

Had this account even approached the truth, nothing could have saved the shipping in the harbour. Over one hundred and twenty ships—nearly three hundred, says Paul himself—lying one against the other at low tide, unsurrounded by water, could not have escaped had the rigging of one of them, as he asserted, caught fire, and had the inhabitants, as he states, been prevented from extinguishing the flames. "I stood alone on the pier," he proceeds, "and gazed at the amazed in-

habitants, who dared not attempt to extinguish the flames." His departure from Whitehaven, he would have had the world believe, resembled the transformation-scene of a modern pantomime; for he retired, by his own account, wrapped in a blaze of splendour and illumined by the flames of the burning ships, whereas the prosaic truth is that he failed in a dastardly attack on the home of his youth, and a considerable doubt arises in reading his boastful narrative as to whether his own retreat was not as hasty as he described the "precipitate retirement" of the Whitehaveners. Thoroughly unsuccessful in their undertaking, Paul and his men made the best of their way back to the Ranger.

In the despatch in which he relates the details of this affair, Paul accounts for his failure—which he has, at all events, partially to acknowledge, inasmuch as he could not assert that the town was burnt—by complaining of the backwardness of some of those under his command, and explains with much detail how it would certainly have been laid in ashes but for this cause. He assigns in that document as a reason for his attack upon Whitehaven the outrages in America of which the English had been guilty, adding that his object was an exchange of prisoners in Europe, and to stop "by one good fire" the British cruelties.

How the commissioners received this rodomontade we are not told.

His vanity was to receive ample amends in his next adventure. Sailing away from Whitehaven in the early morning of the 24th, he wended his way towards Scotland, and entered the Solway Firth. Whether the extraordinary act that followed was the result of a resolution long made, or whether

it was the impulse of the moment, does not appear.

A raid upon a solitary country-house, dependent upon its own inhabitants for its protection, is not, however, a very valorous or chivalrous deed, nor one that can inspire any one with admiration for its gallantry, or indeed with any feeling but surprise at its audacity.

Owing to the situation of St Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk, which is a peninsula at low tide, and an island at high tide, he was obliged to lay to at Little Ross, a mile from the house. Twenty-six men entered the long-boat of the *Ranger*, and Paul, delegating the command to Lieutenant Simpson, accompanied them himself to the extremity of St Mary's Isle, where they landed, Paul remaining with the boat. The house stands below the town, amid the lands which are flooded at high tide.

The marauders stepped ashore at once. They had received orders to seize Lord Selkirk's person, and carry him back with them. Passing by the gardens, they met several of the *employés*, and although the appearance of so large a body of men created some surprise, no one seems to have experienced any alarm, the impression being that it was a press-gang party, and for this reason they probably gave them a wide berth. Arrived before the house, the word of command was given to surround it, and to keep a sharp look-out, and the two officers advanced to the entrance to announce their intentions. Somewhat nonplussed by the information given them by the servant, that Lord Selkirk was in London, they requested to see Lady Selkirk, adding that they had important business with her.

Apprehending no danger, Lady

Selkirk desired that they should be ushered into a chamber on the ground-floor, and at once joined them. She had evidently adopted the same opinion as the people who met them on their way, and assumed that their object was to press men. She did not believe, she said, that they would find any one on the island suitable for their purpose. Upon this the officers threw back their surtouts, displaying the American uniform of green coats, faced with white, and trimmed with silver braid, saying it was no longer needful to conceal their purpose, for they were no press-gang, but officers belonging to the ship *Ranger*, commanded by Paul Jones. Their orders, they said, were to carry off Lord Selkirk; but as he was absent—and this was probably an inspiration of the moment—they should requisition all the plate, and their orders must be executed forthwith.

Quick as thought Lady Selkirk realised the situation, and seeing how useless must be any resistance to so formidable a band of men, she, with infinite dignity and perfect calm, consented at once. She trusted, she said, that no insult would be offered to herself or any of her household. To this the officers replied, that provided they were obeyed, they had orders only to surround the house, and permit no one to leave it. Lady Selkirk quietly gave the necessary instructions, while the officers, with the arrogant flourish always adopted by Paul, and probably acquired from him by his subordinates, assured her that they did not regret Lord Selkirk's absence, as their captain knew him well, and had a high opinion of him. It seems strange that this patronising view of his character expressed by one known as a rebel and execrated

as a pirate, should have done ought but anger Lord Selkirk when he came to learn these strange events.

Paul left the paternal roof at twelve years of age, and appears to have returned there no more till he burst like a bomb on the unoffending mansion of his father's master; but it will be seen that Lord Selkirk not only condoned, but indirectly acquiesced in, the act of robbery described.

I have seen no description of this doughty deed in Paul's own words, but there is a letter addressed by him to Lady Selkirk on his arrival at Brest, whither he went a day or two later, and after his battle with the Drake the following day. There is also that which he addressed to Lord Selkirk six years later, on the occasion of the restoration of the plate, together with Lord Selkirk's reply. The first is dated May 1778, and speaks in bombastic terms of his raid on St Mary's Isle, and alludes to himself as a "man of fine feelings and real sensibility," and to the act itself as one of which he disapproved, but had been forced into in spite of himself; while he adds that his desire was, by means of his abduction, to make Lord Selkirk the "happy instrument" of alleviating the miseries of the American prisoners—a wish which it is highly improbable that Lord Selkirk shared. In flowery language he recounts the previous day's events at Whitehaven, and finishes a ridiculous and fulsome eulogy on Lady Selkirk by pointing out his own forbearance and consideration, announcing that his seamen had "accepted the plate offered" in lieu of Lord Selkirk's person, and adding, with the only genuine touch of nature in the whole fanfaronade, a reproach that the quantity fell far short of that expressed in the inventory.

The next, six years later, he wrote to Lord Selkirk concerning its restoration, and explaining why it had not been returned sooner. Although it is not likely that Lord Selkirk desired at any time to be a vicarious sufferer in any one's behalf, he wrote Paul a letter, "which," says his biographer naively, and apparently with the fullest confidence in the buccaneer's veracity, "was some indemnity for his trouble and anxiety." Lord Selkirk replied by apologetically explaining the reason of the delay in answering, but says that, though the plate met with delays, it had at last arrived, and that he had intended putting in the newspapers a high testimonial regarding the behaviour of Paul's men on the memorable occasion.

The cheerful acceptance of and amiable acquiescence in the views set forth in Paul's bombastic effusions baffle comprehension and exhaust patience. Paul's letter to Lady Selkirk is perhaps the most presumptuous (and successful) attempt to account for an impudent robbery by claiming chivalrous motives on record—moreover, it carries falsehood on its face.

The plate was requisitioned on finding that the object of their search was absent—Paul was not on the spot moreover, therefore that he carried off the plate against his will and to alleviate his men's discontent is clearly untrue. He besides expressed his disappointment that there was so small a quantity of the booty, and it is a fact that but for the insistence of Franklin, it would not have been restored at all. The latter was doubtless unwilling that such an act of piracy should stain the American cause.

It is somewhat difficult to understand that such a deed—even

though effected without violence, a result due to Lady Selkirk's courage and presence of mind alone—should excite the warm feelings of almost apologetic admiration and gratitude that appear to have animated Lord Selkirk's breast, and dictated his reply when he wrote to acknowledge the receipt of the plate—absent without leave for six years. If Paul had a sense of humour, he must have been infinitely amused at being taken so exactly at his own valuation.

We must now go back to the Ranger, which immediately on the return of Paul and his band, who, of course, carried with them the spoils of their adventure, set sail for the Irish coast. Arriving in Belfast Lough, they found the Drake, the object of their quest, preparing to come out of Carrickfergus. "No time," says a contemporary account, "could have been more unfortunate for the Drake for such an encounter. Captain Burdon was up in years, and very ill at the time; the lieutenant and boatswain had just died, and no one had as yet replaced them."

Lieutenant Dobbs had just been appointed to the Defiance, but happening to be at Belfast, and seeing the dilemma in which Captain Burdon was placed, gallantly went off to the Drake, as she was in the act of quitting the harbour.

The Drake, as she neared the Ranger, hoisted the British colours; the Ranger responded with the Stars and Stripes. The Drake then hailed, demanding what ship she was. The Ranger's reply was a broadside, and the battle began.

The sun was just setting over Carrickfergus when the Ranger's guns thundered forth their challenge. For sixty-five minutes, during which period the contest lasted, the Drake made the most gallant and strenuous efforts to over-

come the superior strength of the enemy. Long before the end Burdon was entreated to yield and strike, but he refused, and continued the struggle with the most obstinate courage until a musket-shot killed him on the spot. Without a moment's delay, Lieutenant Dobbs sprang to the place of the fallen captain and promptly assumed the command, but in a very short time he too fell mortally wounded, and was carried below, only to die in a few hours.

Meantime the rigging was shot away, the ship entirely disabled, and darkness fell upon the scene as the Ranger, master of the situation, finished her work. And so the gallant Drake struck her colours, and Paul Jones was victor. Three fishermen of Carrickfergus were on board the Ranger during the action. Six men had come out in response to Paul's signals for a pilot. He sent three back, but he detained the other three. At the conclusion of the fight he sent them ashore in a boat belonging to the Drake, bidding them "*take a piece of the mainsail to the Governor to make him a pair of trousers.*" Paul states his losses to have been two officers and eight men, and the following day he re-entered Brest harbour, after an absence of twenty-eight days.

It is worthy of record that Lieutenant Dobbs had only been married three days when he so gallantly volunteered, and fell during his patriotic act of duty. He was a native of Lisburn, near Belfast, and the following inscription was placed on a marble tablet in the church:—

"This Marble is sacred to the memory of Lieutenant William Dobbs, a naval officer, who terminated his career of virtue by an illustrious display of valour on board one of his Majesty's Sloops of War, while endea-

vouring to snatch victory from fortune in opposition to superior force. He fell, a self-devoted victim to his country. His body rests in that element on which Great Britain has long rode triumphant by the exertions of men like him. His afflicted fellow-towns-

men, by strewing laurels over his empty monument do honour to themselves—they can add nothing to his fame. He was born at Lisburne, on 22d day of September 1746, and died of his wounds on board the *Drake*, April 26th, 1778."

II.

Paul Jones, roving unchecked about our own home seas, could not have been a very edifying spectacle for patriotic Englishmen, and none the more that the hero of these brilliant and audacious actions—the doughty, ubiquitous, and presumptuous Paul, was himself an Englishman, not having the plea even of being an American colonist; but it is to be observed that it was a time of exceptional difficulty and misfortune in Great Britain. Our struggle with America had been unsuccessful, and disaster had overtaken our arms there. Overjoyed at our humiliation, France and Holland took advantage of our weakness and declining prestige to supply the enemy with material for war, and France concluded a treaty of defensive alliance with America, the cementing of which convention had been the special object of Franklin and his brother commissioners' visit to the French Court.

But what was more grievous for England than even this, was the effete condition into which the navy had sunk. The incapable administration of the Admiralty, with Lord Sandwich as First Lord, had reached such a pitch that many officers of high professional rank refused to serve in any responsible post; ships were sent unseaworthy to sea, ill equipped and worse provisioned; insubordination amongst officers and men was rife—in short, nothing could be more distressing to a lover of his country than to

witness the disgrace that was settling down on that branch of the service that had done so much to make England respected and feared by other nations. Needless to say then that France was, no less than America, delighted beyond measure at the success of Paul's encounter with the *Drake*; it was then that, on the verge of war with England, she had publicly received the American plenipotentiaries. The French ambassador had left St James's, the treaty was signed, and the French squadron was ready for sea.

Paul had captured many vessels and made many prisoners during his expeditions, and the commissioners, being very short of money, experienced great difficulty in defraying the necessary expenses. Much correspondence ensued upon this and upon the subject of the command of the *Indien*. Incessant quarrels and disputes with all in authority, whether over or under him, must have made Paul quite as great a trouble to his employers ashore as he was an aid to them at sea. His importunity was endless. Haughty, self-willed, and inordinately vain of his prowess, he obviously believed that the American cause was made for him, and not he for the cause; and useful as he had proved himself in attacking, harassing, and capturing British vessels, there can be no doubt that in many ways he was a most embarrassing and unmanageable instrument in their hands.

Franklin wrote him that the

ship Indien, which had been promised him by Congress, had been presented to the King of France, and that he was to repair to Versailles for further orders. In reply to this, Paul answered haughtily that while thanking the commissioners for their communication, he begged to say that he expected from Congress the first command of the first squadron destined for an expedition, and that it was as an admiral that he expected to sail, and proceeded at once to unfold his plans for the coming campaign. These included the destruction of Whitehaven; the seizure of the bank at Ayr, together with the subsequent destruction of that town; the burning of Greenock and Port-Glasgow, together with the shipping in the Clyde; London was to be distressed by cutting off the supply of coal from Newcastle, and many towns on the coast of England and Scotland laid waste and burned. The destruction of the Baltic fleet was included in the programme. These projects were seriously propounded by Paul Jones.

Time went by, but still the wished-for appointment came not. At the desire, or with the approbation, of the King of France, M. de Sartine, the French Minister of Marine, had the intention of employing him in the French service. Day after day Paul pressed his services on both countries. Unable to control his impatience, he had applied to De Sartine for "an unlimited command"; but France had many candidates for employment, and De Sartine must have regretted a promise he was unable to fulfil, at all events with the rapidity expected by this impatient and undisciplined young candidate. Promises, however, came thick from both Franklin and De Sartine; and at last, after

ceaseless importunities, in the month of September 1779 he once more journeyed to Versailles, and was rewarded by the Minister purchasing for him a frigate called the Duc de Duras.

He obtained leave to change her name to the Bon Homme Richard, observing that his success was an illustration of the truth of the saying of that character of Franklin's imagination, "Qui veut va, qui ne veut pas—envoie." The Alliance, a new American frigate, to the command of which a Frenchman named Landais had been nominated, was to be one of a force to be placed under Paul's orders. This force consisted of the Pallas, the Vengeance, and the Cerf, with two privateers, the Monsieur and the Grandville, all well equipped and manned. It was originally intended that Lafayette, with 700 soldiers, was to be on board. Well acquainted with Paul's imperious and overbearing temper, Franklin wrote and besought him to avoid all misunderstandings with his companions in arms. The squadron, he assured him, was to be entirely under his command; but Lafayette, being a major-general, was entitled to a step in rank, and he must be supreme over the land-forces.

Paul's reply was couched in terms of high-toned chivalry. "Where men of fine feelings are concerned," he said, "there is seldom any misunderstanding. Your noble-minded instructions would make a coward brave."

Early in September 1779, then, they sailed. For some reason or other, however, Lafayette and his soldiers did not accompany them. The squadron beat about the coast of Scotland till the 13th, by which time, and in consequence of some quarrel or misunderstanding, the Alliance, together with the Cerf

and one privateer, had chosen to separate herself from her fellows; indeed, Paul seems to have been quite unable to enforce the obedience that was his due. Nothing can illustrate the unformed and consequently undisciplined condition of this incipient navy better than the fact that the commodore was not endowed with sufficient power to make such conduct next to impossible. It was at this time that he determined to make an effort to carry out his design of destroying Leith.

The squadron sailed up the Firth of Forth, and created a perfect panic, the coasts being entirely undefended, and the stories of his attack on Whitehaven and his raid on St Mary's Isle having reached these parts, probably in a greatly exaggerated form. The country was filled with alarm, and the peaceful inhabitants of the towns and villages by the shore were terrified and paralysed. Pausing in Leith Roads, he wrote a letter to the Provost of Leith, calling upon him to pay the sum of £200,000, those being the terms upon which he would consent to spare the town; observing, that he should consider this as their contribution towards the reimbursement owed by Britain to the much-injured inhabitants of the United States. This document, which I believe still exists, contains, however, the subjoined not wholly unimportant postscript, written in his own hand: "*N.B.*—The sudden and violent storm which arose in the moment when the squadron was abreast of Keith Island, which forms the entrance to the Road of Leith, rendered

impracticable the foregoing project."

The 17th September, the day he approached Leith, was on a Sunday. Crowds from the towns and villages flocked to the beach to gaze at the three ships (for Landais and the Alliance, and the other two before mentioned, had temporarily abandoned the little fleet) which were causing so much excitement and agitation. At one time the *Bon Homme Richard* was within a mile of the town of Kirkcaldy, and the alarm there was general. Divine service was being conducted in the kirk when the approach of the vessels was whispered amongst the congregation, who, followed by their minister, the Rev. Mr Shirra, hastened to the shore.

The interrupted prayer was resumed by the sea—a picturesque incident in this curious scene—when the earnest petition that the schemes of the "piratical invader" should be defeated were, in the words of a member of the congregation, instantly answered: "for even as he prayed the clouds gathered, the sky darkened, and this was shortly followed by a violent gale from the west," which stopped all Paul's plans.¹ The conclusion of this abortive undertaking may be given in his own words:—

"We continued working to windward of the Firth," he says, "without being able to reach the Road of Leith till the morning of the 17th, when, being almost within cannon-shot of the town, and having everything in readiness for a descent, a very severe gale came on, and being directly contrary, obliged us to bear away, after having in vain for some time endeavoured to withstand its violence. The

¹ An addition to this story appears in a recent number of this Magazine, to the effect that when Mr Shirra seeing, with the experienced eye of a dweller on the east coast, that the sky and sea boded a change of wind,—"*Weel dune, Lord!*" said he, approvingly; "*gie us anither puff.*"

gale was so severe that one of the prizes taken on the 14th sunk to the bottom, the crew being with difficulty saved.

"As the clamour had by this time reached Leith, by means of a cutter that had watched our motions that morning, and as the wind continued contrary, I thought it impossible to pursue the enterprise with a good prospect of success, especially as Edinburgh, where there is always a number of troops, is only a mile distant from Leith. Therefore I gave up the project."

Thus Paul rather naively acknowledges that he warred by preference against undefended towns, though, to do him justice, discretion was not the portion of valour that he most affected.

Emerging, then, from the Firth of Forth, he coasted southwards till he arrived off Scarborough, where he lay in wait watching for the merchant fleet that he knew was expected from the Baltic under the convoy of H.M.S. Serapis, Captain Pearson, and the Countess of Scarborough, hired armed ship, Captain Piercy. These two carried 64 guns and 380 men, protecting a fleet of which the cargo was valued at £600,000. Paul Jones's squadron consisted of four ships, 126 guns, and 1100 men.

In the afternoon of September 23d (1779) he descried the fleet, with their escort, advancing north-east. He at once hoisted the signal for a general chase, whereupon the two English frigates stood out from land in battle array, while the merchantmen, crowding all sail, succeeded in taking refuge under the lee of the guns of Scarborough Castle; and Pearson, making all the sail he could, managed to get between the enemy and the merchant fleet. Signalling the latter to make the best of their way, he brought the Serapis to, to allow the Countess of Scarborough to come

up, and cleared his ship for action. Night was coming on when the two ships, the Serapis and the Bon Homme Richard, neared one another, and in a short time lay black upon sea and land; but presently a streak of gold appeared upon the horizon, and the harvest moon, slowly climbing the sky, lent her aureate light to the actors of the bloody drama. So near to land was the scene of action, that it was watched by thousands of spectators with breathless and agonised interest.

Neither vessel can have been said to have begun the battle, for each fired a broadside simultaneously. The two ships, after some fierce fighting, became entangled in each other's masts and sails. "The enemy's mizzen-shrouds," says Pearson, "took the Serapis's jib-boom, which hung him (the enemy) up till at last it gave way, and the ships dropped alongside one another head and stern, while the muzzles of the guns touched one another."

At this juncture some old 18-pounders of the Bon Homme Richard exploded, killing and wounding several of Paul's crew. The flow of blood on board the two ships but increased the fierceness of the fight, and from deck to deck of the entangled vessels the combatants rushed to and fro like demons, smeared with blood and gunpowder, and fighting with cutlass, pike, and pistol. The Bon Homme Richard was struck by many heavy shots below water, and seemed in imminent danger of sinking. Paul, who is described as dressed in a short jacket and long trousers, his pistols slung in a belt round his middle, shot seven of his men for deserting their quarters, and he is said to have shot also at his nephew's legs, as he thought him "*a little dastardly.*"

That this comparatively gentle act of expostulation took so mitigated a form must, we suppose, be ascribed to the tender ties of consanguinity. We are unfortunately uninformed as to the ultimate results to the young man, who but for his relationship would probably have shared the fate of the other seven.

The bowsprit of the *Serapis* coming athwart the poop of the *Bon Homme Richard*, Paul with a hawser made the two ships fast together. "If my ship sinks, by — she shall not sink alone," he said. He was omnipresent, now directing the gunners, now urging the musketeers in the tops, everywhere in the thickest of the fight. Pearson, thus locked with the enemy, did terrific work with his guns on the under part of the *Bon Homme Richard*, while his own decks were literally swept by the musket-shot and hand-grenades that were fired and thrown with murderous effect by the enemy. Ten times was the *Serapis* on fire by the action of these combustibles, and she suffered considerably by the necessity of the crew having to extinguish the flames, a result that was effected with great difficulty. The *Alliance*, which had now rejoined the squadron, sailed round and round the *Serapis*, plying her with shot, and killing every one on deck. At nine an accident set fire to a cartridge on board the *Serapis*, and the flame running from cartridge to cartridge all the way aft blew up all the officers and men abaft the mainmast, thus rendering all the guns useless for the remainder of the fight.

Exhausted with his almost superhuman exertions, Paul sat down on the hencoop of his vessel, panting, sinking, almost spent. At this moment his carpenter, wounded

and half mad with excitement and terror, called out that the *Bon Homme Richard* was sinking.

A gunner, catching the infection, ran to pull down the American colours, but a round-shot had done the work long before.

"Quarter! for God's sake, quarter!" shouted the gunner. Pearson, but a few feet distant, rose to the sound.

"Do you cry for quarter?" he exclaimed.

"I have not yet *BEGUN* to fight," responded Paul, and with an oath he sprang from his short repose.

"Strike!" Pearson answered. "Strike, or I will sink you!" But the victory was not to Pearson, and the conflict was resumed with greater desperation than ever. At 10.30 the *Bon Homme Richard* was pouring broadsides into the *Serapis* without any possibility of reply. Further resistance was useless. The end had come. The English colours were struck, and the mainmast at the same instant went by the board.

Rendering up his sword with the bitter remark that Paul had fought with a halter round his neck, Pearson, together with his lieutenant, was escorted on board the *Bon Homme Richard*, where, in addition to the crew, were 300 prisoners, captured by Paul during his cruise, many of whom had rendered important service during the battle in extinguishing fires. Pearson describes the ship as being in the utmost distress, her guns dismantled, on fire in two places, with seven feet of water in her hold. Nor did she long survive the desperate encounter; for the next day she sank from injuries she had received—sank with many of her wounded, unrescued by her inhuman commander, who, together with his crew and some of his

prisoners, went over to the *Serapis*. The loss on board this ship was not accurately ascertained. Pearson estimated it at 49 killed and 68 wounded, out of a crew of 170 men.

The carnage on board the *Bon Homme Richard* was almost unprecedented. At the end of the engagement the deck was literally streaming with the blood of three-fourths of the whole crew, who were killed and wounded in the action. The Countess of Scarborough had engaged the *Pallas*, 32 guns, while the other conflict was proceeding.

The weather was very boisterous, and Paul's squadron and prizes drove about the North Sea for some days, until the 3d October, when they came to anchor in the *Texel*. The engagement was one of the most desperate and obstinately contested in the records of naval warfare.

Pearson and Piercy were transferred, by exchange of prisoners, to London, where they were received by the King with marks of great favour. The former was knighted by his Majesty, and the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, who had £20,000 underwritten on the ships that were under their convoy, and that had been rescued at such a cost, presented each of those officers with a piece of plate in token of gratitude, and to show their appreciation of their gallantry.

Pearson became eventually Governor of Greenwich Hospital, and died there at an advanced age.

The news of this disaster to the British ships rang through Great Britain. Paul Jones's name was in every mouth; his deeds, his prowess, his daring, the universal theme. Franklin wrote at once, congratulating him in the most flattering terms, and assuring him

that the conduct of Landais, of whom Paul had written in the most indignant and bitter terms—accusing him of dastardly and treasonable actions—should be punished, and that he should be ordered to render himself up at once to give an account of himself to the commissioners.

But his arrival in the *Texel* and at Amsterdam was a by no means welcome incident to the Court of Holland, and was fraught with much annoyance to himself and all concerned.

Franklin had ordered him, when he had finished his cruise, to take shelter there, possibly with a view to hustling the Dutch out of their political neutrality. The United States, supported by France, Spain, and Holland, would, he believed, prove more than a match for Great Britain in her present demoralised condition. And now began a sharp altercation between the English ambassador, Sir Joseph Yorke, and the Dutch Government. The latter had already committed several virtual infractions of the treaty of alliance with England, by supplying both America and France with maritime and warlike stores; but the outward and visible sign of their disloyalty, displaying itself in the unopposed arrival in the Dutch waters of the triumphant American commodore red-handed from the fight—exulting in his complete and brilliant victory, with his magnificent trophies, the two English frigates, in his wake—was one step beyond what could be endured by Great Britain.

Sir Joseph Yorke presented a memorial couched in the most peremptory terms, requiring that the English ships "taken by one Paul Jones, a subject of the King of Great Britain, who, according to treaties and the laws of

war, falls under the class of rebels and pirates," should be detained in the Texel.

The Dutch knew not how to extricate themselves from this most perplexing dilemma. They were not yet prepared for war with England, but they were very unwilling to offend France and America; so they tried to evade it by declaring that they gave shelter to all ships whatsoever in stress of weather, but compelled armed ships with their prizes to put to sea as soon as possible. This was entirely unsatisfactory. Protecting Paul was in effect a recognition of the independence of America, and so far as that they dare not go. Sir Joseph, however, gave them no peace; in their turn they assailed the French ambassador, while this last retaliated on Paul, who was placed literally between the devil and the deep sea,—for there were English ships at the entrance of the Texel lying in wait for him at his exit, while light squadrons cruised about to prevent his giving them the slip, and gaining any French or Spanish harbour should he contrive to avoid them.

The controversy went on till December. At last the French ambassador bethought himself of a plan. He persuaded Franklin to consent that the captured frigates should be placed under the French flag, and that Paul should be removed to the Alliance, the only American ship in commission there, which, as Landais had been ordered to Paris, had no commander; and after a long altercation with him, Paul was compelled to yield and quit the Serapis—at once the theatre and manifestation of his glory—and translate himself on board the Alliance; and the French squadron sailed gaily away, leaving Paul smarting with

indignation under the insulting epithets bestowed upon him by Sir J. Yorke, and a prey to bitter and humiliating reflections. He had been received at Amsterdam on his arrival with the wildest enthusiasm by the populace. Crowds followed and huzzaed him. The Amsterdam press—strongly in sympathy with America—praised him in the most fulsome terms. He was spoken of as the brave, the intrepid, the generous. When he appeared on 'Change on 14th October, all business was temporarily suspended to gaze at and follow him. He was attired in a blue frock-coat, metal buttons, and white cloth waist-coat and breeches, and carried a broadsword under his arm. Quitting 'Change, the crowd followed him to his lodging, cheering him all the way home.

Several of his seamen deserted him in the Texel, but some of the Dutch people betrayed them. They were retaken, and cruelly maltreated by their commander, who put them in irons, reduced their allowance of food, and severely flogged them. One midshipman was so harshly treated that his life was despaired of.

He was styled "the terror of the English." While at Amsterdam he put into American agents' hands bills to the amount of 80,000 guineas, for them to procure payment—and he had more in his possession. A letter describes him as of middle height, thin and strongly built; strong-featured; usually wearing a *roquelaure* over his uniform, with a large cape edged with gold lace.

"He has enjoyed himself on land," it says, "without showing the least compassion to his wounded crew or his prisoners; but some surgeons were sent on board, it not being permitted in neutral ports to land the

wounded. There is one De Nau, a merchant, who expects to be agent for the Americans. He has been very polite to Paul Jones, who lives in his house. He sent a vessel to this self-styled admiral in the Texel, loaded with provisions."

After the departure of the French fleet, Paul's position became still more unpleasant; and having a good deal of time upon his hands, he drew up a "Memorial" to the King of France, setting forth his merits and his services; and he also indited the following insulting and flippant letter to Lord Sandwich, which, as far as I know, has not been printed in any of his memoirs:—

"October 9, 1779.

"MY LORD,—I should think myself the most ungrateful of men living, were I not to take the earliest opportunity of expressing the great obligations I am under to your lordship in permitting me for so long a time to seize, plunder, and carry off the vessels of the merchants in the British and Irish seas; and I am perfectly sensible, my lord, I should not have done so but by your lordship's kind permission. It was a favour, my lord, which much exceeded my warmest expectations, and as it has made my fortune and raised my reputation as a gallant seaman, I most heartily thank your lordship for it. At the first I was something puzzled to account for your lordship's favour to me; but upon a little consideration I became sensible that a similarity of principles, lives, and circumstances, generally begets a mutual affection between men, and there appears to be a very strong and striking likeness between your lordship's principles, life, and circumstances, when compared with my own. To be like so great a man as your lordship flatters my vanity much, and therefore you will excuse me, my lord, if I mention some of the features of our similarity.

"Your lordship and I do both of us heartily despise all the musty rules of religion; your lordship and I do both agree that speaking truth is vulgar and disgraceful; your lordship and I

think it an honour to procure riches by any means whatsoever. You and I, my lord, have both of us plundered the British nation, and are therefore become opulent; you and I, my lord, are both of us hated and dreaded by the people of England; and as our principles, lives, and circumstances are so very similar, it is great odds that our deaths will be the same. Having thus indulged my vanity by showing the great likeness between your lordship and myself, which was doubtless the cause of your permitting me to plunder the merchants so long in your seas, I think it my duty to inform your lordship that I am now got safe into port to refit and victual my fleet, where I shall be (*sic*) retained for some time, but flatter myself with the hopes of paying your lordship another visit in the British seas before the winter is over, when I make no doubt your lordship will again repeat the same favour to a man who is so perfectly like yourself as

PAUL JONES."

To Paul's intense mortification and indignation, a commission was now tendered to him by France of a description that roused his most indignant remonstrances. He received the offer of a letter of marque. Penetrated as he was with a sense of his own genius, importance, and dignity, it can be imagined how he received this proof of the disesteem with which he was regarded by France. His resentment knew no bounds, and resulted in a letter addressed to the French ambassador at the Hague—the Duc de Vauguyon—through whose medium the offer had been made, which is couched in a more dignified tone than any other composition of his that is extant.

There were men, he said, who might feel honoured at the offer of such a commission; but the navy of America knew no superior in rank to himself, and he could accept no appointment of equal, or

even superior, rank to that he bore, unless authorised by Congress. It was matter of astonishment to him, he added, that the Court should suppose him capable of disgracing his present commission in such a way.

This letter drew from the ambassador some soothing words, which had more or less the desired effect; but Paul quitted the Texel, disappointed, mortified, and humiliated. Eluding the vigilance of those on watch for him, he gained L'Orient, having passed, unrecognised and unsuspected, through the Straits of Dover in full view of a portion of the British fleet, then lying in the Downs. Next day he ran the Alliance past the Isle of Wight, in view of the enemy's fleet at Spithead, and in two more days got safe through the Channel, and with little delay arrived at Groix on the 10th February. The middle of April (1780) found Paul under orders to proceed to America; but, with the defiant independence which characterised him, he went to Versailles, he asserted, to obtain the prize-money for his crew. The American commodore—the conqueror of the English—insulted at Amsterdam by the offer of a letter of marque from the French ambassador, was received in Paris with open arms, and speedily became the lion of the day—*fêté* and caressed by the highest of the land.

He was welcomed at Court with the utmost graciousness by the King and Queen. The former presented him with a golden sword, with the following legend engraved upon it—"Vindicati maris Ludovicus XVI. remunerator strenuo vindici." The Military Order of Merit was bestowed upon him, and he received an official letter from M. de Sartine expressive of the

highest esteem and approbation. Intensely delighted with his reception and success in society, Paul forgot the insult of the letter of marque, and fairly revelled in the atmosphere of flattery which surrounded him. "I received," he says, "the most flattering applause and public approbation wherever I appeared. Both the great and the learned sought my acquaintance in private life, and honoured me with particular marks of friendship. At Court I was always received with a kindness which could only have arisen from a fixed esteem."

Confident of success, he solicited and obtained the Ariel frigate to accompany the Alliance to America, with stores for Washington's army; and in high spirits he quitted Versailles and returned to L'Orient.

During his absence, the Alliance had broken out in mutinous revolt. The delay of the payment of the prize-money and non-payment of seamen's arrears had caused serious discontent amongst the crew. Landais, following Paul's example, had failed to obey official orders to return to America; and he had determined to reassume the command of the Alliance, which he had been compelled to forego. Franklin seems from some cause or other to have been incapable of insisting, and only remonstrated. Paul had accused Landais and the crew of the Alliance of fringing into the Bon Homme Richard during the affair with the Serapis, and the crew were naturally furious with their traducer, and refused to serve under him. Officers and men unanimously resolved to defend Landais should Paul, as he threatened, attempt to seize him; and they made every preparation to repel force by force. Paul demanded of the authorities 400 men to quell the revolted crew; but

taking advantage of the darkness of night, Landais caused himself to be towed to Port Louis—a most daring enterprise—and set sail at once for America.

Thus foiled, Paul became temporarily as great a nuisance to the French Government as he had been in former days to the American. The *Ariel* was laden with military stores, which it was of the highest importance should be at once transported to America; but still he dallied, in hopes of extracting more ships from France to add to the importance of his command. At last he set sail, but was the very next day overtaken by so violent a gale, that he was compelled to put back to refit and make good the injuries he had sustained. Reckless as to expenditure, and regardless of Franklin's earnest exhortations to be more careful on this point, he proceeded to the most lavish outlays on the ship. No remonstrance had the smallest effect on this disobedient commander; and after many weeks' procrastination, he could find no further excuses, and sailed in earnest, arriving at Philadelphia in February 1781.

An official inquiry as to the cause of the retarded delivery of the stores was instituted on his arrival, but he satisfied his inquisitors, and the Admiralty delivered a most flattering report of his services, concluding by "recommending some distinguished mark of approbation from the United States in Congress assembled;" and he received their solemn thanks for his services.

Washington wrote him in approving terms, and at this moment there seems to have been nothing wanting to fill his measure of gratification.

To complete his triumph, Congress resolved "that a gold medal

should be struck and presented to Chevalier J. Paul Jones, in commemoration of the valour and brilliant services of that officer while in command of a squadron of French and American ships, under the flag and commission of the States of America."

Peace being soon after declared, Paul solicited an appointment in Europe as prize-agent, for there were still large sums due to his crews. With his usual flourish, he called this "an embassy," and it proved a vexatious and troublesome undertaking. For several years he lived in Paris, where he extended his former social connections, and took a prominent part in fashionable society. He repeatedly had his portrait painted and his bust executed, giving these away amongst his acquaintances; he also handed about the journal of his campaigns, receiving—and keeping—all the letters of adulation with which it was acknowledged.

An adjustment of the prize-money was arranged in 1787, and Paul returned to America. Congress, whose attitude towards Paul bears some resemblance to that of the judge in Scripture towards the importunate widow, received at this time an application from him to give him a letter of recommendation to the French king for employment. In this he called their attention to all his services and successes under the American flag, alluding to the gold-hilted sword as "an honour which his Majesty had never conferred on any other officer," and making large personal pecuniary claims on them. The claims were allowed; and thus Paul—a living example of the wisdom and astuteness of the policy of self-esteem and importunity—triumphant over his enemies, exulting in his honours

sailed away from the land of his adoption in search of a fresh field for his genius and his sword.

Arrived in Paris, Mr Jefferson, the American envoy there, informed him that some correspondence had passed between himself and M. de Simolin, the Russian ambassador, on the subject of Paul serving the Russians. Disaster had fallen on the imperial fleet the preceding autumn, and it had been suggested that Paul's experience and talents might be of much service. It is difficult to form an opinion as to whether the proposal really emanated from Russia, or whether Paul, in some previous correspondence of his own, had paved the way for his path into the service of the Empress Catherine II. In any case, he was beyond measure dazzled and delighted at the dawning possibilities of further laurels thus opened up, and deferring the delivery of the letter to the French king, set out immediately for Copenhagen. He was furnished with letters to the French ambassador, and gives a most flowery and elaborate account of his intercourse with that functionary, and of his reception by the Danish king and queen.

Negotiations with the Russian ambassador were at once commenced, and a commission in the Russian navy of captain-commandant, with a command in the Black Sea, under the orders of Prince Potemkin, was offered to him. Paul, however, demurred. He requested, and indeed insisted, on the grade of rear-admiral being accorded to him; but difficulties being made, he resolved to seek an interview with the Empress, and with the energy and determination that characterised all his actions, he left Copenhagen for St Petersburg. His journey was performed under the most difficult and trying circumstances.

Arrived at Stockholm, he proceeded to Gravöe, where the ice presented an insuperable obstacle to his crossing the Gulf of Bothnia. He made several unsuccessful efforts to get to Finland by the islands; but being baffled, he left Gravöe early one morning, in an undecked boat, 30 feet long, followed by another half that size. This last was for dragging over the ice and passing from one piece of ice to another to gain the coast of Finland. All day they kept along the coast of Sweden, experiencing great difficulty in passing between the ice and the shore. Towards night, being nearly opposite Stockholm still, he forced the unwilling boatmen, by threats, to enter the Baltic, and steer for Finland. They ran near the coast, and the wind being fair all day, they hoped to land the following, but the ice did not permit them to approach the shore. It was impossible to regain the Swedish side; the wind increased in force, and turned contrary, so they were compelled to stand for the Gulf of Finland. They lost the small boat; but the men saved themselves, and entered the larger one, which with difficulty escaped the same fate, and at the end of four days' hardships they landed at Revel. Paying his men for their services, Paul arrived, four days later—on the 23d April 1788—at St Petersburg. Catherine received him graciously; the coveted rank was accorded, and on the 7th May he left the Russian capital, carrying with him a letter from her Imperial Majesty to the Prince-Marshal Potemkin, at St Elizabeth's, where he arrived on the 19th. Paul was probably unaware of the character of the despot into whose iron grip he was about to be resigned. Potemkin was one of the most extraordinary men of the time, and played a conspicu-

ous and important part in the history of the Russia of the eighteenth century. An inconceivable mixture of barbarism and civilisation, pomp and satiety, brilliancy and vandalism, devotion to the Empress and of iron self-will; no design was too preposterous, no action too extravagant for him to accomplish. He suffered no hindrance to, or interference with, his arbitrary will, and thus it is hardly matter for surprise that Paul should be in a sense unequal to the position assigned to him.

He was at once despatched to assume the command of a portion of the naval force stationed in the Liman, to act against the Turks who were defending Oczakow. It would be impossible and tedious to follow him through this campaign, which appears to have been, as far as he was concerned, one uninterrupted series of disputes. Failures in enterprises were the logical results. Paul charged the Prince of Nassau, who was associated with him in his command, with incapacity, cowardice, falsehood—in a word, with every crime and folly that could disgrace an officer. Faults there were, doubtless, on both sides, but Paul's insufferable arrogance and insolence made matters intolerable to all who had dealings with him. He attempted to assume both commands; and although he may have been the abler man of the two, the fact could hardly be acted upon, even had it been satisfactorily demonstrated. Nor was it reasonable to expect that the Prince would quietly permit Paul to reduce him to a cipher. Paul's refusal to obey orders was the cause of many mishaps; and although his tactics and knowledge of war may have exceeded those of his equals, yet his insubordination gave right to the other side. The flotilla of which

the Prince of Nassau was in command got all the credit of some actions to which Paul laid claim. Catherine had sent out orders, medals, and some golden-hilted swords to be distributed at Potemkin's pleasure to those who had taken part in the different actions; but to his mortification Paul only received the Order of St Anne, while the officers of his squadron were passed over. The Prince of Nassau received an estate, a diamond-hilted sword, and the Order of St George, second class. There were five orders of knighthood in Russia: three instituted by Peter the Great, and two—those of St George and St Vladimir—by Catherine II. The Order of St Anne was a Holstein and not a Russian order. The Empress never conferred it herself. She left it to the Grand-Duke Paul, as Duke of Holstein, and from him Paul received it. It was, of course, less valued than those of her own institution bestowed by herself, hence Paul's mortification.

At this time Potemkin issued an order, couched in language that so offended Paul that he lost all command of himself, and replied in such terms that he was at once recalled, and was superseded by Admiral Morduruoff, who assumed the command of Paul's squadron and the Prince of Nassau's flotilla. He was, however, invited to headquarters to take leave, and he appealed to Potemkin to reinstate him. Potemkin refused, and he was ordered to St Petersburg. It was hinted to him, however, that he might receive the command of the fleet in the North Sea. He journeyed to the Russian capital, and obtained an audience of the Empress. It is asserted that the English officers who were serving in the North Sea with the Russian

fleet refused to fight if Paul were appointed. Whether or no this is true, it is at any rate a fact that Paul received neither that nor any other command from the Empress. He fell into disgrace, and was accused of scandalous conduct towards a young girl: his friends indignantly denied the truth of the statement, and asserted that the story was got up by his enemies.

Hitherto Catherine had countenanced him so far that she permitted him to present himself before her, but after this she commanded him to appear in her presence no more. He wrote an explanation and justification of his conduct, and so far exculpated himself as to be again permitted to go to Court, but it was merely for the ceremony of taking leave of the Empress, and he was virtually dismissed from Russia. From St Petersburg he went for a short time to Warsaw, where he became intimate with the Polish patriot Kosciusko. Sweden was at this time in the heat of war with Russia, and Paul secretly intrigued to take service under Gustavus III., his project being eagerly supported by Kosciusko. He was at the same moment, it may be added, making efforts to obtain pardon from Russia and employment in her navy, so that his desire to fight for Sweden was looked upon by him only as a *pis aller*. His efforts failing, he returned to Amsterdam, and there remained till the spring of the following year, 1790, when he went for a short time to England, and on landing at Harwich was threatened with the vengeance of the populace. He escaped from their fury and got to London, and after remaining there a short time he went to Paris. His health was broken, and he became subject to sudden and severe attacks of in-

disposition, but he still clung to the hope of serving Russia. He addressed the Empress, he wrote to Potemkin. His letter to the latter is full of invective against his "enemies," of self-praise, of assertions that any successes of the campaign of the Liman were due to him and to him alone. He requests that the Order of St George shall be accorded to him; he enumerates his merits and his claims.

Whether Potemkin replied to this appeal or not we are not aware. We do not think that he did; but Catherine caused a letter to be written, telling him that there were prospects of a speedy peace; but should her prognostications not be verified, she would let Paul Jones know her intentions regarding him.

Here Paul's active career ended; here terminated alike his hopes and his health. There is little doubt that disappointment and mortification contributed to hastening his end. He died in Paris in July 1792, having suffered shortly before an acute attack of jaundice, which was followed by dropsy.

The American ambassador did not claim his remains, nor did the United States pay any honours to the dust of one from whom they had derived so much glory. The National Assembly of France sent a deputation to attend his funeral, and a fulsome oration was made at his grave. He was buried in Père la Chaise.

Of his personal appearance, save that he was short and thick-set, with bushy eyebrows and swarthy complexion, there is not much to learn, and I have been unable to find any print of him, although I believe some exist. A bold and skilful seaman, fertile in expedients, of iron will and dauntless valour, there is ample evidence of

his violent and implacable temper, and of his jealous and tyrannical disposition. He was hated by both officers and men, and during his whole life he does not appear to have formed a single friendship. His determination and indifference as to the means by which he compassed his ends, were his chief characteristics, together with a certain brutal inflexibility which was discovered early in life by the murder of Mungo Maxwell.

In all the accounts of his adventures and his battles, we never hear of his being overcome by any softness of feeling, or melted to pity by any suffering. We hear of no friendship formed, no generous deed done.

Jealous of all who were associated with him in his profession, he invariably and revengefully quarrelled with them, and endeavoured to deny them any praise or merit in any undertaking in which he took part.

Singularly capable, with great powers of endurance, his powerful will and unscrupulous temper swept all obstacles from his path, and made him a leader of men. He was a living contradiction of the commonly received belief that all brave men are generous-minded ones, and all bullies cowards. He embraced the cause of America because it suited his ambition to do so; but when he saw the chance of distinguishing himself in the Russian service, he quickly abandoned the democratic principles that he had so loudly applauded, and proclaimed his devotion to the imperial cause.

In spite of all his conciliatory and commendatory letters to Paul, Franklin was too keen a judge of human nature not to discover what manner of man he was; but Paul possessed too many of the qualities needed in such a struggle as that in which America was engaged for Franklin to be fastidious. His object was to deliver his country, and when this incisive and efficient instrument was placed in his hands he made use of it, but found it was not cast out of unalloyed metal. Intensely vain, Paul's boastfulness and swagger must have been, together with his want of truth, a sore trial, as well as an obstruction and an offence, to the upright Franklin's dealings and feelings.

We are so accustomed to see chivalry and generosity go hand in hand with courage, that we are amazed when we see so much that is contemptible and mean united in the person of any one so distinguished for his valour and achievements.

He has left but a very slight mark in history; his deeds are not remembered, his prowess is forgotten, his name has nearly died out.

He had great qualities and extraordinary strength of will; and to such as are acquainted with the history of that perturbed period, there may perhaps occur a little thrill of gratification at the reflection that America, our rebellious and victorious offspring, owed her first naval triumph to an Englishman, even though that Englishman was a renegade and a time-server.

MILLCENT ERSKINE WEMYSS.

THE VEILED STATUE AT SAIS.

BY FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

A YOUTH, who had to Sais in the land
 Of Egypt come, by thirst of knowledge driven,
 To learn the secret wisdom of the priests,
 Had quickly passed through many a stage of lore,
 But still his curious spirit urged him on
 To fresh inquiry, not to be appeased
 By all the sage hierophant might urge.

“What have I, if I have not all?” he’d say,
 “Is it a question here of Less or More?
 This truth of yours, is it, like sensuous joys,
 Only a sum of items, one may hold,—
 This man of greater, that of less amount,—
 And keep, curtail, or add to, till he dies?
 Is truth not one and indivisible?

Take from some harmony a single tone,
 Take from the rainbow one of all its tints,
 And all that’s left of the fair whole is nought,
 If lacks its perfect tale of tints and tones!”

Whilst thus conversing, ’neath a dome they stood,
 That o’er the Temple’s hushed recesses rose;
 Where, as he looked around, the young man’s eyes
 On a veiled Statue rested, giant-high.

Turning in wonder to his guide, he said,
 “What is it, that behind yon veil is hid?”

“Truth,” came the answer. “How!” exclaims the youth;
 “Truth, only Truth, is all for which I strive,
 And is it this, you shroud up from my ken?”

“That you must settle with the Power Divine!”

The hierophant replied: “No mortal hand,
 He hath declared, shall draw this veil aside,
 Till I myself shall lift it up, and he,
 Who with unhallowed fingers ere that time
 Shall raise yon holy interdicted veil,

He, says the voice divine”—“Well! What?”—“Shall see
 THE TRUTH.” “A strange oracular saw! And thou,
 Hast thou, then, never lifted it thyself?”

“No, of a truth, nor ever felt the wish.”

“How! Never felt the wish? If this thin veil
 The only barrier be ’twixt me and Truth”—

“This, and a law!”—the holy man strikes in.

“Of mightier force, my son, than thou surmisest,
 Is this slight web,—light to thy hand, ’tis true,
 But to thy conscience weighted as with lead.”

Home went the young man brooding, deep in thought,
 No sleep for him, so burns he with desire
 To know, but tosses on his bed, with brain

On fire; then about midnight up he springs.
 Borne on by steps he can no more control,
 He gains the Temple, scales the boundary wall,
 One venturous leap—how easy seemed it now!—
 And he is in the inmost holiest shrine.

Here now he halts, and, standing there alone,
 The lifeless hush clings round him like a pall,
 A hush unbroke, save that his tread awakes
 A hollow echo in the mystic vaults.

Down through an opening in the arching dome
 The moonlight streams, a pale and silvery blue,
 And, awe-inspiring, like some present God,
 Through the dark shadows of the vaulted shrine
 In its long drooping veil the Statue gleams.

With tottering steps he makes his way to it;
 Now is his impious hand about to touch
 The Holy Thing, when, hot and cold by turns,
 Through all his limbs a something runs, that seems
 As with invisible arms to thrust him back.

“Unhappy man! What wouldst thou do?” He hears
 An inward voice that whispers—“Wilt thou tempt
 The dread All Holy One? No mortal hand,
 So spake the voice oracular, must draw
 This veil aside, till I myself shall raise it.”

“Yet said it not, that same oracular voice,
 That whoso lifts this veil shall see the Truth?
 Be what there may behind, raise it I will!”
 Loud rang his voice, “See it I will!” “Then see!”
 A long derisive echo shrilled again.

Even as he speaks he tears the veil aside,
 And now, you ask, what there he saw revealed?
 I know not. Senseless, cold, and deathly pale,
 The priests next morning found him stretched along
 Beside the base of Isis’ statue. What
 He had beheld, or what befell him there,
 His lips would ne’er divulge. But from his life
 All cheerfulness was gone for evermore,
 And deep grief brought him to an early grave.

“Woe to the man!” These were his warning words,
 When pressed by those who would not be denied,
 “Woe to the man, who makes his way to truth
 Through guilt! It ne’er will gladden him again.”

THEODORE MARTIN.

THE GLOVE.

BY FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

INTENT on bloody sport,
King Francis sat before his lion court ;
His grandees near were set,
And, ranged around them, ladies fair
On a high balcony were there,
A lovely carcanet.

He waves his hand, and straight
Wide open flies a gate :
With pace deliberate
Forth stalks a lion, looks all round,
Uttering no sound,
And yawning, as he to sleep were fain,
He shakes his mane,
Stretches his limbs, and then
Lies down again.

The king, he waves his hand once more ;
Back flies a second door !
With furious bound a tiger dashes
Forth from his lair.
Seeing the lion couching there,
He rends the air
With roarings deep,
And lashes
His tail around with frantic sweep,
Out his red tongue he flashes,
Snarling, in wary prowl
Doth round the lion stride,
Then with a muttered growl
Lays him along by his side.

And the king waves his hand again.
Two other doors fly open wide,
And straightway from the den
Two leopards leap, and, all
Aflame for fight, on the tiger fall.
Clutched in his terrible claws, at last
He pins them fast ;
Whereon the lion, with a roar,
Gets up, and all is hushed :
And the wild cats, crushed,
But mad athirst for gore,
Draw off, and settle round
Upon the ground.

Then from the balcony above
A dainty hand lets fall a glove,
Which, as it fell, midway
Between the lion and the tiger lay.

To the knight Delorge turned the fair Cunegonde,
And bespoke him thus in a mocking way :
“If your love be as deep, and as ardent, and fond,
As you tell me it is, every hour of the day,
Belike you will bring me back my glove!”
And the knight, at the word of his lady-love,
Uprose, and, fast as a man might go,
Made his way to the dread arena below,
And picked, where 'twixt tiger and lion it lay,
The glove nimbly up, and bore it away.

The knights and the noble ladies fair
Look on, with wonder and fear aghast ;
He brings back the glove with a listless air,
And his praises from lip to lip are passed.
Her face aglow with love's tender light,—
Sure promise this of her crowning grace,—
The fair Cunegonde receives her knight :
He tosses the glove in the lady's face.
“Madam, no thanks! I desire them not!”
And he left her there, from that hour unsought.

THEODORE MARTIN.

THE RECONSTRUCTED WAR OFFICE.

THE country is much indebted to Mr Stanhope for the gallant effort he is making to introduce something like order and consistency into the working of the department of the State over which he presides. The theory of his plan, as far as it goes, is excellent. He aims at throwing all responsibility in strictly military matters upon military men, and reserving for himself and the civil branch of the War Office absolute control in all matters purely of finance. He does not pretend to promise that out of the changes he is about to introduce any serious diminution of expenditure will arise; but he persuades himself, and seems to have carried the House of Commons along with him, that once his scheme has been brought into working order, an end will be put to that process of straining through successive committees after efficiency, which, though constantly promised, has never as yet been attained. He will, we are sure, pardon us if, readily accepting the first limb of this proposition, we venture to express some doubts respecting the last. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. If we expect less than its author does from the plan of War Office reform now before us, it is through no dislike to the principle which underlies it, but simply because there are wanting, to render it complete, details the omission of which can easily be accounted for. Mr Stanhope is hampered by a desire not to infringe too suddenly upon the prejudices of a democratic House of Commons. He has a model before him, yet shrinks from working more closely up to it than seems to him consistent with the supremacy of

Parliament. Surely this excessive regard to what Mrs Grundy would say is out of place in dealing with a subject on the right settlement of which the very existence of the empire may depend. There are some features, no doubt, in the model, the acceptance of which in the work he has in hand cannot be thought of for a moment; but there are others, a close imitation of which might, in our opinion, be accepted, without any risk of provoking the jealousy of the most sensitive of constitutional politicians. Let us endeavour to justify this view of the case, writing not for his instruction, but for that of an ill-instructed public, by describing in detail the peculiarities of the systems which prevail respectively in Germany and in England, as well as the causes which have contributed to bring about the relation in which they stand to one another.

It is now, as nearly as possible, a hundred years ago since the British army took its first lesson from that of Prussia in a not unimportant branch of the military art. In 1787 Sir David Dundas published the quarto edition of his 'Principles of Military Movements, based on the manœuvres of the Prussian Army in the Campaign of 1757.' Dealing chiefly with infantry tactics, though not altogether neglecting other branches of the service, the work in question culminated in the well-known eighteen manœuvres, which held their ground unchanged as the text-book of the British infantry down to the times within the memory of men still alive. How, prior to the appearance of this book, three or four battalions could

have been brought to act harmoniously together on parade, we find it difficult to conceive. No two of them, in all probability, had gone through the same routine of drill, or were accustomed to the same words of command, because, having no authorised treatise to refer to, every officer at the head of a regiment followed, in both instances, the bent of his own fancy. The acceptance of the eighteen manœuvres put an end to this state of things, and led, not long afterwards, to the compilation of cognate manuals for the use of cavalry and artillery.

At the period to which we allude, Prussia stood towards other nations pretty much in the same relation in which she stands at the present moment. She might not be then, as she unquestionably is now, the foremost military power in Europe; but the excellency of her system was universally admitted, and, as far as circumstances would allow, adopted by all her neighbours. No doubt Prussia fell, after a while, from her high estate. Her great king died, and the soldiers trained in his school looked no farther ahead than to keep things exactly in the state in which he had left them. But as time moves on there is no standing still in the art of war more than in any other art, and the wild rush of troops, improvised amid the hurricane of the first French Revolution, and directed by the genius of Napoleon, swept aside, on the fatal field of Jena, the well-dressed lines which continued to move with as much precision and deliberation as if Frederick himself had been there to dress them. Prussia's fall was, however, temporary only. The military instinct of her sons was never more clearly manifested than by the skill wherewith, in the darkest hour of her humiliation,

she prepared herself for a renewal of the struggle; and now once more victorious in two great wars, she stands forth the model on which, in all that appertains to the constitution and management of armies, other Powers endeavour to build up their systems of military administration.

Among the Powers which profess to hold the Prussian system in profound respect England is conspicuous. Some thirty years ago or thereabouts, as we showed in a former article, she took France as her model. This was natural enough. She thought of Prussia at that time only as the Power which, fighting single-handed, had gone down before the might of France, and which never could have retrieved the disaster of Ligny but for the stubborn valour of British troops at Waterloo. British troops, moreover, had fought side by side with those of France in the Crimea; and though not indisposed to think of her own soldiers as individually superior to those of her ally, she was induced, by contemplating the absolute muddle into which her own system of administration had fallen, to regard that of her ally as perfect. Hence her imitation of the Intendance and other institutions which France had matured under the First Empire, and which under the Second became utterly worthless, because of the corruption which prevailed in every department of the State. But the war of 1870 effectually dispelled this illusion, and sent England back a more devoted admirer than ever to her first love. Once more Prussia became to her a military model to be copied, and the constitution of her army, as settled by the great Duke of Wellington, underwent a change. Short service, followed by a fixed term in the reserve,

took the place of enlistment for twelve years, with the right to serve on for a pension. Infantry regiments lost their time-honoured numerical designation, and linked by pairs, with militia battalions superadded, became territorial regiments, to feed which with recruits some sixty or seventy depot-centres were called into existence, with their expensive staff and altogether inadequate barrack accommodation. That these changes, superinduced upon the abolition of purchase, cost, and must continue to cost, the country vast sums of money, cannot be denied; yet as little, in our opinion, can it be denied that the most important of them, as recently modified, are changes for the better. Unfortunately, however, their practical effect for good has been considerably marred by the apparent determination of successive Governments not to follow the Prussian lead in higher matters. There, every man who has a share, whether high or low, in military administration, is master of the part assigned to him. Here, it is scarcely too much to say that in the constitution of the office wherein the business of military administration is carried on, every square man seems to have been thrust into a round hole, and every round man into a square hole.

When we call to mind under whose auspices the reorganisation of the British army was originally taken in hand, our wonder ought perhaps to be rather that the blunders committed were so few than so many. Not a member of Lord Palmerston's Administration knew anything whatever of military matters. They had tried their hands in various offices connected with military administration, and having shamefully failed, were ready to act on the sugges-

tions of any one who appeared to know more of the subject than themselves. If it were not almost too absurd to be possible, we should be inclined to say, that the Committee to whom was intrusted the duty of drawing up a plan, took for their guide certain letters which appeared in the 'Times,' under the signature of "Emeritus," and grossly misapplied them. Be this, however, as it may, the tax-payer knows to his cost to how many choppings and changes the product of the Committee's labours was subjected, before the army could be landed in the administrative mess from which, let us hope, it has now some chance to be delivered. What could statesmen like Lord Panmure know of the constitutional relations between the Crown and the Parliament in connection with the army? How could better-informed men than he—Mr Sidney Herbert, for example, and Lord Cardwell—be expected to subordinate to the military necessities of the country the exaggerated notions of the privileges of Parliament in which they had been brought up? The constitution, as successive reforms in the constituency had remodelled it, was constantly before their eyes, and they shrank from exciting the jealousy of the House of Commons by the faintest appearance of seeming to place the military above or on a level with the civil element, even in the War Office itself. The removal of the Commander-in-Chief and his staff from St James's Park to Pall Mall was the practical illustration of a boast which one of Lord Cardwell's successors was heard to utter when a question relating to some newly acquired privilege by the Horse Guards came under discussion: "Let them keep it. They are

nothing more now than a branch of my office. I can easily stop them if they venture to abuse it."

Having thus shown how the close relations between the Prussian and English armies originated, and the use to which the framers of our present military constitution turned their knowledge, we go on to describe the military arrangements in which they respectively culminated. And first, as to the conditions under which standing armies exist in the two nations. Both profess to be, and to a great extent are, constitutional countries. The head of the State is in each, nominally, the head of the army, and the elective chambers in both vote the supplies necessary for the army's subsistence. But here the parallel between them comes to an end. The British House of Commons requires a detailed account of the purpose to which each separate sum is to be applied, and accepts or reduces, or it may be, in some instances, refuses one or another altogether; and above all, limits the time over which the grant shall run to a single year. The Prussian—or rather, let us say the German—Parliament exercises no such controlling power. Whatever the executive may pronounce necessary for keeping the army efficient, that the House of Representatives cannot refuse to grant. It tried not long ago to fight a constitutional battle on another ground, avowedly with a view to establish a principle still more stringent. It refused to accept a budget which should hold good for seven years, though ready to vote the amount required of it for a single year. The refusal served no other purpose than to settle the term of its own existence. The Parliament was dissolved; and the electors, having no Bill of Rights to appeal

to, sent back to Berlin representatives by whom the supplies were immediately voted in the terms laid down for their guidance by Prince Bismarck.

We come next to the means by which in the two countries the armies are recruited—viz., conscription in one, and voluntary enlistment in the other. And here we may as well give the reasons which induce us to notice at some length this well-beaten subject. Our countrymen in general, and an able contributor to this Magazine in particular, speak of conscription as an arrangement hateful to all who are liable to it, and to the country in which it prevails more expensive than voluntary enlistment. Such is not the opinion of the writer of this paper on either limb of the problem. Doubtless the Germans, like every other civilised people, would rejoice if an age of universal peace could be inaugurated; and individuals among them may, and probably do, grudge the interruption to private business which the sudden call to perform a public duty may occasion. But every German knows that to serve a stated time in the ranks is what his country requires at his hands, and he accepts the situation, and never more cheerfully than when war is either impending or in progress. Moreover, the universal incidence of the burden, if such it must be called, alike on rich and poor, on the great as well as on the lowly, gives to it a character which cannot attach to such a system as ours. The German, when he puts on the imperial uniform, becomes at once a representative of the greatness of the fatherland. His garb is a dress of honour which, whether it be worn by a field-marshal or a private, commands for him public respect wherever he

goes. It gains for the wearer ready access to theatres and other places of public amusement, and to the best places in them, if he can afford to pay for them. So likewise, in private life, his uniform is a sure passport into the best of the social circles to which he naturally belongs. Now let no one undervalue the importance of these privileges. The charm of life does not consist in the possession of wealth and station. The man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, assuming the bread to be sufficient, is just as happy in his own station, if respected and esteemed by all who know him, as the doctor of his village, or, it may be, his own employer.

And so it is with the peasant German soldier. His position may bring with it certain inconveniences to which his friends in civil life are not exposed; but for these, compensation is made by the respect in which he is everywhere held, and the privileges which his uniform commands for him. Now look to what occurs under similar circumstances in England. Whatever may be the immediate motive of his enlistment, whether a momentary caprice, or some less creditable cause, the act itself is looked upon in his own circle as a degradation. We are not, indeed, quite so unreasoning in this matter as our fathers were. The boy's parents still, it is believed, regard their soldier-son as a lost creature, and for a while at least are ashamed of him when he comes home on furlough, even if the breast of his tunic be adorned with a medal. But they get no encouragement in their delusion now, as was formerly the case, from those who ought to have known better, and learn by degrees first to submit to the inevitable, and by-and-by, perhaps, to be

proud rather than otherwise of their young hero. Whether the Queen's uniform ensures for its wearer creditable associations in his native place we cannot pretend to say, but this we do know—that elsewhere it operates in a decidedly opposite direction. It is not very long ago since a non-commissioned officer in the Household Cavalry, who presumed to enter the coffee-room of a Windsor hotel wearing the uniform of his regiment, was ordered by the innkeeper to withdraw, his presence being distasteful to the travelling bagmen by whom the house was chiefly frequented. And simultaneously a private in the Foot Guards was told at the door of the National Gallery that admission to such places as that “was not for the likes of he.” We hope and believe that a change for the better is beginning to manifest itself among the lower order of our middle classes. We read in local newspapers of friendly intercourse carried on between the families of tradesmen in country towns and those of the non-commissioned officers quartered among them: and without doubt the more generous spirit in which discipline is maintained in the ranks will in time break down the prejudice which has too long cut off the private from seeking his companions in civil society elsewhere than among the most degraded of its members. But how long will it be before the voluntarily enlisted man shall hold his head as high as the conscript, who, whether he hail from the cottage, or the shop, or the mansion of a Von, is treated, wherever he goes, as one of the *élite* of Prussia's sons?

Another reason why the conscription is not regarded in Germany as the intolerable nuisance which Englishmen assume it to be

is this. The Imperial Government reserves for meritorious soldiers every civil function in the State of which the retired veteran is competent to discharge the duties. The War Office, the Post-Office, the entire railway system, of which it has cleverly managed to secure the monopoly, are manned—the two former largely, the last exclusively—by soldiers of good service. No doubt the veterans thus provided for make up but a fraction of the thousands who pass through the ranks; but the moral effect upon the embodied force is excellent, and by no means the least so on the great majority who return, on the completion of their three years in the ranks, to the trades or other occupations into which they had previously been initiated. For no difficulty stands in the way of their taking the place in civil life which naturally belongs to them. Where all alike are subject to the same conditions, neither his temporary absence from the trade or the shop, nor his liability while in the reserve to be called out again, stands in any man's way to employment. If he be sober and trustworthy, his old employer is well pleased to see him take again his former place. If he be the reverse of this, he falls back into the throng of discontented loafers from which the conscription had for a brief space withdrawn him, and of whom there are in Germany, as well as in England and elsewhere, a great deal too many.

Look now to the position of the English youth whom the recruiting-sergeant has persuaded to take voluntary service in a crack regiment. During the seven or eight years in which he follows the colours he is, so far as physical comforts are concerned, perhaps better off than the German soldier. His pay is better, his food is better,

his lodging and clothing are both better; and though liable to be sent to India or to one or other of the colonies, his condition in either, barring the chances of climate, is quite as agreeable, perhaps in some respects more agreeable, than at home. But the day comes when, regardless of the future, he claims to be passed into the reserve; and into the reserve, with four or five and twenty pounds to his credit, he goes. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this sum of money, which he was expected to lay out in setting himself up in some respectable line of business, is spent in drink. He then, and only then, begins to look about for employment, and finds every door at which he knocks closed against him. Nor is his more prudent comrade in much better plight. Employers of labour in this country are shy of taking up with reservists under any circumstances. The drunkard they reject at once, on the obvious grounds that he cannot be trusted. The sober man, however excellent his character, is under engagements which may at any moment carry him back to the ranks, and the thrifty capitalist considers that this incident is just as likely as not to occur at the moment most inconvenient to himself. He therefore declines to take into his service one whom he would otherwise be delighted to engage, and so the good man, like the bad, is thrown upon his own resources, for no other reason than that he had given eight of the best years of his life to the service of an ungrateful country. For not to him, because of his merits as a soldier, are places in our public offices or on railways open. If he aspire to reach the former, he must submit to a competitive examination on subjects with which in his boyhood he may have been famil-

iar, but which years spent in camps and quarters have blotted from his memory. If he apply for the latter, he must keep dark concerning those portions of his past life, which in any other quarter of the globe than England would most surely tell in his favour.

The result of all this is to retard, if it do not positively put a stop to, the growing respect for the army as an honourable calling, which had begun of late to be discernible. When the young peasant sees the man whom as a child he remembers to have come back to the village covered with decorations and flush of money, reduced, even if it be through his own misconduct, to beggary, and everywhere looked down upon, he naturally thinks twice before he can make up his mind to put faith in the Government advertisements which meet his eye in the local newspaper. And to this, according to official reports, the great bulk of our reservists come. For admirable as is the commissionaire movement, which the army owes to the zeal and energy of Sir Edward Walter, its influence is not, we fear, felt where it is most needed. Pensioners and men discharged, whether by purchase or through failing health, find under him the means of an honest livelihood. For the thousands whom the handling of reserved pay lured into the reserve he cannot find openings; and elsewhere, as we have just shown, they look for openings in vain.

But granting all this to be the case, is it not the fact that the withdrawal from remunerative labour of four or five hundred thousand able-bodied men costs Germany a great deal more than England spends on the voluntary enlistment of something like two hundred thousand? Were Germany a thinly peopled country in which

the working classes were at a premium, the case might be so; but the population of Germany is not only not scant, it is excessive. Of this we need no more conclusive proof than is afforded by the prevalence of socialism in the great towns, the frequent strikes among the operatives, and the general condition of the peasantry. The Government therefore, which, by a judicious distribution of taxation, relieves the labour market of half a million of superfluous hands, so far from impoverishing the state, takes the only course open to governments, of contributing to its general well-being by distributing more equally than could by any other means be done, the aggregate wealth of the nation among all classes. The British Government arrives, no doubt, at the same end, though by a somewhat different process; and so we come at last to a comparative estimate of the moneys actually laid out by Germany on the one hand, in the enrolment of her army by conscription—by England on the other, in her system of voluntary enlistment. And in spite of such high authorities as General Brackenbury and our brother contributor, we are convinced that Germany will prove to be the more economical manager of the two.

Are we, then, contending that the Minister of War would do well in trying to substitute conscription for voluntary enlistment in this country? Surely not. Whatever we may think of the comparative merit of the two systems, as they affect both the public and individuals, we know too well the force of English prejudice ever to commit ourselves to any proposal of the kind. Indeed, the conditions of England and Germany are in all respects so dissimilar, that the adoption of the German method

of recruitment, except in a very modified form, would with us be improper, were it even possible, which for the present it is not. Wherefore, till we meet with some terrible disaster—which may heaven avert—we arrive at the conclusion that in this respect also, the lines of our model cannot be even partially followed.

Having settled these points to our own satisfaction, we proceed to consider what the two countries respectively do with their soldiers in time of peace, in order to ensure that as an army they shall be ready for war, let it come when it may.

What Germany does with her soldiers in time of peace, in order to be ready for war, is this. She divides the empire into military districts or provinces—such as Brandenburg, Würtemberg, and so forth—within the territorial limits of each of which she establishes an army-corps, an epitome in every respect of the collective force of the empire, when called upon for any reason to concentrate. The army-corps consists of two divisions of infantry, the division of two brigades, the brigade of two regiments, and the regiment of one depot and two active battalions. To these are added in due proportions cavalry, artillery, engineers, and chasseurs, as well as commissariat, medical, and other necessary non-combatant staff.

The privates of the army-corps are all levied from the district or province after which it is named, with the solitary exception of the newly acquired district of Alsace-Lorraine. Every batch of recruits is regimented as much as possible, on joining, with men of their own town or village, and never, except in time of war and a possible muster elsewhere for annual manoeuvres, are carried beyond the limits of their own province. The peace

establishment of the corps numbers, roughly speaking, rather more than one-half of what it amounts to in war. Thus the company, which in quiet times comprises one hundred and twenty-five rank and file, expands, when danger threatens, into two hundred and fifty. Four of these companies make up a battalion, which is officered by one lieutenant-colonel, one major, four captains, all mounted, and eight subalterns; while the regiment with its three battalions has a full colonel at its head. The third or depot battalion serves, on the breaking out of hostilities, to keep the other two complete—the Landwehr or militia, consisting of men who have served both in the active army and the reserve, being at the same time, if necessary, embodied.

The military district contains within itself all the appliances required to fit the army-corps for taking the field. The guns necessary to raise the batteries of artillery to a war strength are all stored and at hand. So are waggons, harness, small-arms, clothing, ammunition, medical stores, accoutrements—everything, in short, which is necessary to make an army efficient; while of horses belonging to farmers and others, a register is kept, in order that, when the need arises, as many may be requisitioned as circumstances shall demand. It is worthy of note that in such necessities as uniforms and shoes, each regiment keeps itself complete. The cloth and leather are supplied in bulk by the central authorities, and are made up at the regiment, each of which has a competent number of tailors and shoemakers enrolled in the several battalions. Helmets are purchased from private firms, and shirts and other under-clothing are sewn by the wives of non-commissioned officers and privates.

An army-corps equipped for war consists of from thirty-five to forty thousand men in all. The combatants rarely exceed thirty-five thousand, and here and there fall below that strength. In peace, twenty-four or twenty-five thousand may be taken to represent the entire command, of which the affairs are managed by the following functionaries: First comes the commandant—a full general, with a colonel as chief of the staff; next two staff officers,—majors or captains answering in some respects to our deputy-adjutant and quartermaster-general; then three aides-de-camp, likewise captains or majors, who wait upon the general, and carry his orders; and finally, an intendant—or, as we should say, a commissary-general—either a civilian or a military officer *en retraite*; four commissaries, similarly situated; one lawyer, or deputy-judge advocate; two medical officers; and one chaplain.

The divisions, of which there are two, are officered respectively by a lieutenant-general, having under him one staff officer, one aide-de-camp, one medical officer, one lawyer, and two chaplains—to whom a third is added, if Roman Catholics be numerous in the division. The commander of a brigade has only one staff officer to assist him, and with him, as well as with his superiors, the establishment which suffices in time of peace is not enlarged in time of war.

Of the combatant staff of the regiment we have already spoken. The gentlemen composing it manage all the ordinary details of paying and subsisting the men, and send in their accounts to be audited at the central office in Potsdam, which audits and controls all public expenditure in Prussia, whether for military or

civil purposes. If indeed the gross sum allowed for regimental purposes prove for any reason insufficient, the War Office, which settles that point, is applied to, and either grants or refuses an increase according to circumstances. But it has nothing to do with revising and checking pay-lists, and suchlike, all of which are dealt with in the central audit office in Potsdam.

The medical staff of the regiment—for every regiment has its own doctors—consists of four surgeons; one having military rank as captain, and three as lieutenants. The captain-doctor superintends and is responsible for the health of the whole regiment; the other three are attached, each to a separate battalion. But besides these, there is in every garrison a doctor whose special business it is to look after non-regimental patients. These all alike draw their medicines from the garrison hospitals in time of peace. In war-time, medicines follow the progress of the field force.

It will be seen that an organisation of this kind enables military business to be carried on with great regularity, and at comparatively moderate expense. We look next to the constitution of the body on which rests the responsibility of seeing that nothing shall be wanting to render perfect the efficiency of every army-corps, whether acting alone, or in conjunction with others. And we are thus carried to Berlin, where we find the following machinery in full work.

First we see the Emperor the acknowledged *generalissimo* of the entire military force of Germany. He gathers round him a sort of military cabinet, of which Count von Moltke is the chief. It is composed of a certain number of officers, all

trained under Moltke's eye, and, except in financial matters, is entirely independent of the War Office. The council in question, corresponding in many respects to our Intelligence Department, has nothing to say directly to the discipline, the military training, or supply of the troops. These, as we shall presently explain, are matters attended to by the War Office. Nevertheless, no orders referring to them, or to strategy or tactics, though signed by the War Minister, is ever issued without being first submitted to Moltke for consideration. In few words, Moltke, in time of war, is the adviser in strategy and tactics of the Emperor. In time of peace he trains officers for service on the staff, of whom every commander of a corps and of a division, every inspector-general of artillery and of engineers, has one or more placed under him. The residue, consisting of the most experienced and intelligent of the body, constitute the war council, which, amid other duties, has it in charge to work out plans of mobilisation and campaigning, besides keeping the Emperor conversant with all that goes on in the way of war preparations in every country of Europe.

We come now to the War Office, properly so called, which is told off into two branches—one the military, the other the administrative branch. The military branch deals with recruiting, organisation, mobilisation, military education, religion, law, artillery, engineering, arms, and ammunition. It concerns itself with these items only thus far that it determines the scale on which they are generally to be provided, and the amount of money to be laid out upon them. The working out of all details connected with this central scheme is left to the staff of the several *corps d'armée*. The administrative

branch attends in like manner to the pay, the clothing, and the horsing of the army, to hospital necessaries, to barracks, to the providing in stock of guns and small-arms—to everything, in short, which connects the office with the trade and manufacturing industries of the country. For the bulk of her artillery, Prussia contracts with the house of Krupp. Her small-arms, and the ammunition required for them, are mainly turned out in three Government factories—one in Spandow, another in Dantzig, the third in Erfurt. There, and wherever else technical skill is necessary, civilians are at the head of the concern. The duty of inspecting and passing into the service the articles when completed devolves on military officers.

As the military Cabinet advises and reports to the Emperor, so the staff officers attached to corps' commanders and the other generals, advise with their chiefs, and report regularly to headquarters. By these means uniformity of system is maintained in the several army-corps, while the Emperor and his council are kept acquainted with all that goes on in every province of the empire. Thus the council is enabled to make arrangements for mobilisation at the shortest notice, and having a thorough knowledge of the state of preparation in which neighbouring countries happen to be, settles the line of action to be taken, whether it be offensive or defensive, as soon as war is declared.

It is worthy of remark that, except where purely civil business is transacted—such as barrack accommodation, the discussion of legal questions, the issue of pay, the providing of rations for the men and forage for the horses, law and religion—every department of the German War Office is presided

over by a soldier. The chief clerks are almost all military officers; the junior clerks or writers, non-commissioned officers. The Minister of War himself, and his representative at the head of the military branch, are both general officers of recognised experience and ability, and though nominally responsible to Parliament, are neither of them subject to removal on a change of Ministry. In a word, the first object of Prussian policy is to provide the country with an army thoroughly organised in time of peace, and capable of rapid development on a threatening of war—having every appliance needful to efficiency ready at hand, and the entire railway communication of the country at the absolute disposal of the Government. To the minutest particular, the example set by Prussia in these respects has been followed in all the confederate States which make up the Empire. Munich and Dresden have each its War Office modelled on that which has its seat at Berlin. Their army-corps, divisions, and regiments are constructed and managed on similar lines with those of Prussia; and the staff-officers connected with them, as they are trained in Von Moltke's school, so they report, as their Prussian comrades do, to the great military council in Berlin. It is the most perfect military system the modern world has seen, to the perfection of which the war of 1870 and its results largely contributed. For with the enormous indemnity wrung from France, Germany was enabled to put all her fortified places in a complete state of repair, to fill her arsenal with guns, carriages, and ammunition, and her stores with all things needed for supplying whatever else her great army might require; so that now, the drain to which she is exposed goes no further than to make good

whatever deficiency the wear and tear of peace consumption may occasion.

To one or two comparatively unimportant points we have made no reference, and we refer to them now, only because of the evident disinclination of our own War Office to give military rank to other than combatant officers. The medical department in Germany is differently dealt with. The chief medical officer at headquarters has the substantive rank of lieutenant-general. The head of the department in an army-corps ranks as colonel; of a division, as lieutenant-colonel; of a brigade, as major. Prussia has likewise its chaplain-general in Berlin, who is at once the King's chaplain and a Superintendent—a rank, as we need scarcely state, corresponding, as far as circumstances will allow, with a bishop among us. It is not quite clear to us how in this respect intendants are dealt with; but that they, too, have a place in the military hierarchy can scarcely be doubted, though in speaking of them as either civilians or military officers *en retraite*, we may have led our readers to arrive at a different conclusion.

Our readers, we trust, will have been able to follow the necessarily condensed account which alone the space at our disposal enables us to give of the German system of military administration. Of our own system as it was, and as, at the moment of our writing, it still is, it would be the merest waste of time were we to attempt a description. All that is necessary to say about it has been well said already by the witnesses whom the several committees appointed to inquire fragmentally into its *modus operandi* called upon to enlighten them. A War Office in London, presided over by a civilian minister, who comes and goes with every

change in the *personnel* of the Cabinet, wherein the military element is scarcely recognised as having any voice in the decisions at which it may arrive, undertakes to provide an army which shall suffice, not only to make Great Britain respected on the Continent, but to guard against attack on any one of her transmarine dependencies which lie scattered over every sea and under every climate in the world. That she has thus far escaped the many dangers which from time to time threatened her can be attributed, under God, to two causes, the lapse of either of which would be followed by the immediate disruption of her empire. First, she is the richest nation in the world, an advantage which less wealthy nations are prone to overestimate; and next, her navy is, or was, the most powerful navy afloat, and is still held in profound respect in every quarter of the globe. Now riches proverbially make wings for themselves and flee away. Let the fiscal policy for which she is indebted to Mr Cobden continue a few years longer, and Mr Gladstone's efforts to set up independent legislatures in Dublin and Edinburgh prove successful, and Britain, if she still retain the name, will become the poorest country in Europe. Then of what use to her will be a navy, no matter by what glorious traditions surrounded, which she cannot afford to put in line of battle, because she knows very well how incapable she has become of either following up a great success or repairing a disaster? These are, indeed, contingencies to which we do not care to look forward, yet they are not impossible. But whether possible or not, it is, in our opinion, well that Mr Stanhope has taken in hand the task of remodelling his department; and if we offer for his con-

sideration a few suggestions calculated, as we conceive, to render his plan more complete, he will not, we trust, regard the proceeding as either hostile or uncalled for.

The division of the office into two branches — which may be taken as in line with the administrative and military branches of the War Office in Berlin—is good, as far as it goes. And his proposal that from time to time the heads of the several departments shall meet, under his presidency, for purposes of consultation, is in theory excellent. It was thus that the old Ordnance Office, when Masters-General like the Duke of Wellington and Sir George Murray presided over its destinies, used to embue their civilian subordinates with military knowledge, and so kept the machine in thorough gear, without any unnecessary extravagance. Unfortunately, however, we have no Duke of Wellington now, nor even a Sir George Murray, to preside over the consultative meetings which are to decide all doubtful questions; and however able as a statesman the civilian chairman may be, his decisions will carry no moral weight with them, if by any chance they run counter to the opinions of his military advisers. Surely, then, it is desirable, having gone so far side by side with our recognised instructor in the military art, to take yet another step, and since we are determined not to have a War Minister who has any knowledge of war and its requirements, to help him as far as we can by converting our present Intelligence Department into some such military cabinet as exercises so much and such valuable influence in guiding the general course of military affairs in Berlin. And do not let it be said that this arrangement has actually been effected in the scheme as explained

by Mr Stanhope to the House of Commons. As we read his speech, it appears that on the Adjutant-General, already the most hard-worked official in the War Office, is to be thrown the control of a body which, to be of real use, ought to work under the guidance of a special chief, who, being master of his art, can, besides advising the War Minister, superintend the professional education of officers ambitious of serving on the staff. If, indeed, the present Adjutant-General prefer the office held by Von Moltke in the German army to that which he now holds in our own, there is no good reason why the post should not be conferred upon him. But to force upon him the two, looking to the extent and variety of the duties which as Adjutant-General he is called upon to discharge, must inevitably end in one of two ways. Either he will muddle both functions in the vain attempt to master their details, or he will subside into a mere figurehead of a ship, which an officer inferior in rank to himself practically directs. Besides, what has an adjutant-general in the field to do with the work of gaining intelligence of the enemy's dispositions, or the choice of routes to be followed in an advance or a retreat, or the nature of the ground to be taken up for attack or defence? All these are matters in which the Quartermaster-General is concerned, and all these come precisely under the control of the officer who aspires to become the English Moltke.

It is not, however, exclusively for these reasons that we venture to press upon the Secretary of State for War the further expansion of his scheme of War Office reorganisation. Lord Palmerston saw further into the future than the world gave him credit for, when he proposed to bring the Crown into

more direct connection with the army than was the case even in his day. He erred in suggesting the revival of the office of King's Secretary; but he clearly foresaw, what we now recognise to our regret and disgust, the undue interference with the minutest details of army matters by a House of Commons elected by manhood suffrage. In like manner we now see the wisdom of the great Duke's proposal, that Prince Albert should take his place at the Horse Guards and become Commander-in-Chief. The proposal was declined, and perhaps wisely declined, taking into account the state of public opinion at the time. But the times are changed, and a better-advised move in the direction contemplated both by Lord Palmerston and the Duke of Wellington would now, we believe, be hailed with satisfaction by every well-instructed politician, whether Whig or Tory. It is in favour of this move that we recommend to Mr Stanhope's notice the creation of a great Military Council, qualified to give advice to the Secretary of State for War, which shall form a component part of neither branch of the reformed War Office, though subject, of course, to himself.

In Germany, where the council works so well, the salique law prevails. The great council is thus the direct adviser of the Crown, as the Crown is the direct Commander-in-Chief of the German army. With us a special Commander-in-Chief, intermediate between the Crown and the army, is a necessity, so long as the crown is worn by a lady. And because of this necessity it is most desirable that the office of Commander-in-Chief should always be held by a prince of the blood. But we will go a little further. When the day comes, as come it must, when the present popular Commander-in-

Chief shall vacate the office, the heir-apparent to the Crown ought at once to take his place. He will take it, however, not merely as representing a sovereign whom the accident of her sex incapacitates from heading her troops in the field, but as the nearest in succession to that place in the social arrangements of the republic to which the constitution has intrusted the command of the forces of the realm, whether by sea or land. It is not necessary that a Commander-in-Chief so circumstanced should be a master in the art of war. The brave old German Emperor, though he has seen much fighting, never pretended to be a general. He fought in the war of liberation against France as a subaltern. He left to Moltke the strategical and tactical arrangements which crushed the might of Prussia's hereditary enemy, while sharing personally in the latest contest of the two great Powers for ascendancy in Europe. So likewise it might, and perhaps generally speaking would be, with the head of the British empire. He need not be, like the Crown Prince of Prussia, a born leader of men. But with such a council to advise him as directs the military policy of the German Emperor, the interference of the House of Commons in petty details would be put a stop to, while the absolute control of Parliament over all questions of finance would, through the responsibility of the Secretary of State for War, remain exactly as it does at present.

The creation of such a council need not interfere in any way with the practical working of either branch of the War Office. The Commander-in-Chief's personal staff would carry on the routine business committed to it, each member in his own department, while in the civil branch the work of adminis-

tration was carefully and systematically attended to. We deceive ourselves, however, if changes in the organisation of the army itself, tending more or less to decentralisation, and the consequent diminution of labour at headquarters and consequent expense everywhere, would not soon follow. At present every requisition, be it for ever so trifling an article, comes to Pall Mall from all parts of the empire, India alone excepted. All the details of expenditure, whether on men or material, pour in to the same place, there to be examined over again and audited. Now we are not prepared to say that with an army like ours, at once numerically so weak and so widely scattered, it is possible to adopt in wholesale the organisation which prevails in Germany, yet some move forward in that direction might surely be attempted, if not nearer home, at all events in Ireland, and such foreign garrisons as Gibraltar and Malta. Indeed we do not see why an attempt should not be made to render Portsmouth and Plymouth, and possibly Edinburgh, the headquarters of army-corps for administrative purposes. To be sure the constant shifting of regiments and batteries from one home quarter to another must seriously interfere with such an arrangement, if the practice be adhered to. But why should it be adhered to? Long years ago there were some good reasons for frequent moves. We had no police in those days, and the troops being called upon to interfere as often as disturbances arose in the manufacturing districts, it was considered unwise to leave any portions of them too long exposed to either the hostility or the blandishments of the mobs against which they might be called upon to act. Imprudent marriages were likewise evils to be guarded against,

in spite of the teaching of experience, that soldiers, if they marry at all without leave, usually do so within a week or two of their first arrival in a new quarter. But we have changed all that now. In every large town, and even in the rural districts, there is an efficient police—quite competent, except in very rare cases, to preserve the public peace; and the combined influence of short service and improved education makes the young soldier more wary than he used to be of woman-traps. It would seem, then, that by the simple process of leaving regiments quiet, each in its present district, for three or four or even five years, some approach might be made to that system of organisation which works so admirably elsewhere. Perfect army-corps you would not, it is true, attain; but by judicious management you might easily so conduct the general business of the command as to render unnecessary those constant appeals to headquarters, in attending to which a considerable portion of the clerical staff in the War Office finds constant occupation.

One effect of this arrangement would doubtless be the immediate suppression of more than half of the expensive depot centres, on the establishment of which Lord Cardwell and his advisers greatly plumed themselves. With here and there an exception, they never fulfilled the expectations of their framers, and when they did promote recruiting a little, the measure of success achieved seldom if ever counterbalanced the money thrown away in achieving it. As nurseries for young soldiers they are notoriously worthless: first, because the accommodation provided for recruits, if they come in, is miserably deficient; and next, because without an adequate number of trained men to teach them

what to do, no adjutant, however smart, can change a batch of country bumpkins into trained soldiers. You may, however, turn to good account the best of these abortions by selling all the rest, and, with the money so procured, rendering such as remain capable of accommodating a strong battalion. For of this every experienced officer is aware, that the best of all recruiting agencies is a well-dressed regiment, with all its attractions of band, bugles, colours, and brilliant field-days.

What! we shall be asked, do you seriously propose to provide in three or four districts of Great Britain huge arsenals, in which shall be stored away all the material necessary to put as many army-corps fully equipped into the field? We answer, Not so. For England and Scotland, so long as we retain mastery of the sea, no such multiplication of arsenals is needed. It would be well, indeed, if elsewhere than to Woolwich troops about to embark for active service abroad might look for the appliances without which they could not enter upon a campaign. And as a measure of precaution, the old proposal might be acted upon, to establish a second arsenal on a considerable scale at Weedon or in the Forest of Dean. The principle of the army-corps organisation need not, therefore, as far as England and Scotland are concerned, be carried farther than by allowing to general officers in command of districts larger discretion than is now awarded them in matters affecting both discipline and finance. In Ireland the case is different. There the commander of the forces ought to be invested with the full powers of a corps-commander, and everything necessary provided for enabling him to act independently of either supplies or instructions from England. Nor will the rev-

enue suffer if in all our foreign garrisons the sums necessary to meet the exigencies of the day be dispensed by the commissary in charge from the military chest, on requisitions duly signed by the governor or officer in command of the troops.

Lord Wolseley, we are aware, has set his heart on getting ready two army-corps complete in all their requirements, and therefore ready, in the event of sudden war, to be thrown upon any theatre of operations which may present itself. It is a soldier-like aspiration, and well pleased shall we be if he succeed in attaining his object. But he must not forget that for England the first requisite to be aimed at is, that she shall be secured against attack—not on her own shores alone, but wherever throughout the extent of her enormous empire a serious blow might be struck at her. Her home ports, her coaling-stations, her Australasian colonies, are all alike unguarded; and till their pressing demands are complied with, he can hardly expect that the less urgent, though by no means unimportant, end at which he is aiming will be attended to. Indeed there are those among us—and some of them no mean authorities—who believe that, come what will, England can never again play any part worthy of her old renown in a Continental war. We ourselves are not of that opinion. There are extant treaty obligations which must compel us to do as our fathers did, unless, like our fathers, we begin the expected war by subsidising one or more Continental Powers to fight our battle by land, while we content ourselves by sweeping every sea of our enemy's ships. The consequences of such a policy we are still experiencing, and must

long continue to experience, in the enormous national debt which encumbers us. Let us take care lest we be drawn by unwise counsellors into a repetition of this mistaken policy—convinced, as we ought to be by the lessons of the past, that a purely naval war has never yet been brought to an end till the contending parties met on dry land, and there fought their quarrel out, as the French and we did in the Peninsula and at Waterloo.

And now having said our say, not without a suspicion that we shall be described as visionaries by those who do not know what they are speaking about, we shall conclude as we began, by thanking Mr Stanhope for the first serious effort that has been made to redress the grievous wrong that was done to the army by the empirics who for the last thirty years have been experimenting upon it. Much more in connection with the subject now before the public demands to be considered. The object of military education; the process by which regiments and batteries are supplied with officers; the reasons why a British army must always be more expensive than a Continental army; the possible rearrangement of our force now under arms, so that the reliefs of foreign stations shall be less costly,—these and many other matters on which we cannot now venture to touch, all require to be dealt with. Perhaps at some future time we may set ourselves to the task. Meanwhile it will be satisfactory if we can learn, first, that those to whom what we have written must have some interest are disposed to take a few hints from it; and next, that we have not too largely drawn upon the patience of the general reader by striving to fix his attention on a purely tactical subject.

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THE BALANCE OF MILITARY POWER IN EUROPE.

III.—GERMANY, RUSSIA, AND AUSTRIA.

It happened to the present writer to be in Paris almost immediately after the fall of the Commune in 1871. Both then and at a rather later period, whilst M. Thiers was still the ruling power in France, he was staying with French friends who had means of knowing what the private views and private conversation of that veteran statesman were. Again and again he was assured that M. Thiers was bent upon preparing France to be ready for two events—the death of the present Emperor of Germany, and the death of the then Tzar. There is surely something pathetic in the case. The one factor of which elderly men seem never to take account is the uncertainty of the space within which they can expect to exercise a determining influence on events. M. Thiers, in the course of nature, has gone to his rest; Alexander the emancipa-

tor has been removed by a violent death; but the great German ruler still survives, seventeen years from the time when M. Thiers was counting upon his great age as an element of hope for France. Nevertheless the soundness of M. Thiers's analysis of the European situation is vindicated by the relation to one another in which the Powers stand to-day. It is on the life of the present Emperor of Germany that the peace of Europe hangs.

It remains to be seen how far M. Thiers's calculation will prove itself true, that the personal antagonism between the present Tzar and the Crown Prince of Germany may be securely relied upon to bring about a Russo-German war. The present Tzar has at least shown clearly enough, in his dealings with Prince Alexander of Battenberg, that such personal considerations profoundly affect his policy. Again, it is at least certain that, anxious

as the German statesmen are for permanent peace, if that be possible, it is to the securing of peace during the lifetime of the present Emperor that all their present efforts are directed. A truce dependent on the life of a man of the Emperor's age can scarcely be one of great length, as time is reckoned in the history of nations. It can hardly, therefore, be without interest, even as a question of the immediate future of European policy, to consider the conditions under which the two great empires must engage if they should ever meet in arms. For reasons on the face of facts, on which we shall have occasion to enlarge presently, the matter is one of vital importance to ourselves. We have spoken of the characteristics of both armies already. We propose, therefore, now to consider the nature of the operations which the frontiers of the two Powers will impose upon either army in defence or offence.

I. The German and Russian frontiers.—The superiority of the German military frontier on the Russian side is much more obvious than it is on the French. It has been elaborately discussed; and we do not know, at all events, any opinions which have been given, unless it be in some Chauvinist Russian newspaper, in favour of the superior advantages of the Russian frontier over the German, so long, that is, as Austria and Germany are in alliance. The importance, however, of the Austro-German frontier to Germany, in

the event of a war with Russia, is so great that, if it were on that account alone, it would seem to be a certainty that Germany must fight to save Austria from destruction.

During the last seven years, Russia has certainly done rather more than Germany to improve her position on her eastern frontier. She has made Warsaw into a great intrenched camp. She has greatly increased the defences of Ivangorod (or Demblin), of Modlin (or Novo-Georgievsk), of Goniondz (Sperfort), of Kovno, and of Lutzk. She has increased the number of her railways running into Poland, and has made lines running towards Kholm and Rovno, which would facilitate the supply of an army on the Austrian frontier. Meantime Germany, beyond completing what she had been engaged upon since 1870, and in addition, what may be looked upon as ordinary fortress repairs, has only perfected her railway system along the Polish frontier, where it was defective before. But nothing has been done on either side substantially to alter the balance of advantage as to the frontiers which existed in 1879. At the end of that year, two papers, giving each an elaborate study of the military frontiers of the two countries, were published, one by a German officer, under the title of 'Die Befestigung und Vertheidigung der Deutsch-Russischen Grenze der Deutschen Armee dargestellt von einem Deutschen Offizier'¹ (The Fortification and Defence of the

¹ Of which a new edition has been published this year. We refer in the text to these only, because they are probably the most accessible and most complete statements of the facts. The number of articles that have appeared on the subject is legion. A very elaborate and careful study of the Polish theatre of war, 'Skizzen aus dem europaischen Russland,' has been published by Captain Janki, professor at the Metz War School. It is, however, too full of detail for general readers. Among periodical papers, two interesting articles appeared in the 'Augsburg Gazette,' 21st and 22d March 1882, and another in the 'Golos,' 8th

Russo-German Frontier, reviewed for the benefit of the German Army, by a German Officer)—and another by an Austrian officer, Captain Kirchhammer, 'Deutschlands Nordost-Grenze' (The North-Eastern Frontier of Germany). The substance of both of them was translated in 1880 by Sir Lumley Graham, and appears in the *Journal of the United Service Institution*, vol. xxiv. Any one who desires to make a fuller study of the subject, and to understand in detail the grounds we have for the opinions we expressed in our first article as to the superior strength of the German frontier, cannot do better than refer to that paper. The substantial facts of the case have not been changed in any material degree, except as to the section on Russian fortifications, which requires the modifications we have given, and except, further, that a certain number of the Russian lines which were then single have been doubled. The discussion is so sound and able that it would not be easy to improve upon it. Naturally the Austrian officer is rather more anxious than the German to insist on the importance to Germany of the alliance of Austria; but the German admits this also, and there can be very little question that substantially Captain Kirchhammer's views are correct.

We should observe, to begin with, that the Russian railways which have been added since 1880, as well as the old ones, are very different from the German lines. If as many as four trains travel

over the most important lines in the day, it represents their full number. Bradshaw does not acknowledge some of the smaller lines, and gives only two trains a-day for others. Curiously enough, for a country like Russia, few of the railways belong to the Government. Altogether, the staff that is kept up on them is in no way adapted to undertake the charge of great movements of troops by rail, and their entraining and detraining arrangements are naturally on a scale proportioned to their normal wants. Railways under these circumstances are amazingly slow in the despatch of great numbers of men. On the other hand, it must be recognised that Russia maintains permanently during peace an enormous body of troops in Poland at all times. Her doing so, however, seems to suggest that she has some fear lest, if she did not sit pretty heavily on the supposed corpse of poor Poland, it might give signs of having been prematurely buried. For our own part, we are disposed to believe, with Sir Charles Dilke, that no great Polish forces will ever again fight in arms against Russia. Nevertheless, those who most nearly watch the ancient kingdom are convinced that a hostile army would find within it a population by no means so patriotically disposed to resist attack upon Russia, as, let us say, the inhabitants of Moscow. If Warsaw is ever set on fire to expel an army engaged in the invasion of Russia, the fire will not have been ignited by the citizens.

November 1880. A scheme of invasion of Russia by "Sarmaticus," and a review of this in the 'Novoe Vremia' of April 1886, are among the most recent. We have been indebted to Captain A'Court of the Rifle Brigade, who has been for a long time a careful student of the Russian army, for drawing our attention to these. The most valuable study of the Austro-Russian frontier was that of the late General Haymerle. Marga's study, to which Sir C. Dilke refers, seems to have been based on Haymerle's lectures.

A very interesting paper, by Karl Blind, which appeared in the 'Fortnightly Review' for August, offers striking evidence against the current theory to which Sir Charles Dilke has given his support, that the anti-Russian element in Poland is purely that of a small aristocratic class. It would be scarcely possible to have evidence which throws more light from within the revolutionary circles on a very obscure part of history. Karl Blind distinctly alleges that the last Polish revolt was essentially a popular one. He further shows that the agrarian arrangements, which are assumed by Sir Charles Dilke to have made revolt against Russia for the future impossible, were, in fact, initiated by the National Junta, were at first opposed by Russia, and were only accepted by her as ultimately inevitable. If the popular memory of these facts is as vivid as popular tradition is apt to be, they are an element that must not be ignored in the political balance of Eastern Europe. Furthermore, Karl Blind offers some evidence to show that even in 1864 the Poles themselves recognised that Prussian Poland had become essentially German. Prussia has no longer any interest in checking Polish discontent against Russia.

These considerations are of importance, because, throughout almost its entire length, the frontier of Russia, which marches with that of Germany, is the frontier of Poland. In all discussions on the invasion of Russia by Germany, it is assumed that Poland will be the object of German attack. In the discussion of Russian invasion of Germany, in addition to that of advance from Poland, there is another possible line, the existence of which is of great importance to England, because it shows how, in

the event of actual war between the two great empires, England might afford the most material assistance to Germany. We do not think that our military judgment is affected by this fact; but it has always seemed to us that the line of invasion which would be most advantageous for Russia would be that across the Niemen, and by the line of the Baltic. For, as the "German officer" says, "the Russian fleet would completely command the sea, and would have access to numerous good harbours."

The powerful defences which have been erected by Prussia in the extreme north angle of the kingdom along the Baltic, would be very difficult to take by a Russian army which was not supported by a fleet having complete command of the sea. For the works of Memel, Pillau, and Königsberg, together with the two arms of the sea known as "Haffs," and the rivers which run into them, form together one vast fortress of which Königsberg is the key. Königsberg cannot be invested till the invader has forced the entrance of the "Frisches Haff," which enables Königsberg to maintain the communication with Danzig. Supported by a powerful fleet, the advance could ultimately be made. So advancing, a Russian army would be striking straight for the line of communications of any German army that should attempt to invade Poland. It would be directly covering its own communications, and could fall back at once if menaced by superior force. Nevertheless, even by this line the difficulties that it would have to encounter in the fortresses we have named, and in Danzig, Graudenz, and Thorn, on the line of the Vistula, are sufficiently serious.

We have spoken first of this

line because it is to some extent external to the question of attack against or from Poland, which would, we believe we may say with certainty, be the direction taken by any German invasion of Russia.

The general form of the frontier of Poland "at first sight would appear to give Russia great offensive power." We purposely quote these words from Sir Lumley Graham, because we cannot help believing that they exactly represent the semblance of advantage which has, in our judgment, deceived Sir Charles Dilke as to the relative power for offence and defence represented by the two frontiers. We can hardly put the matter better than Sir Lumley has done in these words :—

"No one can look at the map of Europe without being struck by the extraordinary configuration of the Russo-German frontier, which is identical with that established in 1815 between Prussia and Russia, and the outline of which was determined by historical rather than by geographical considerations. The old kingdom of Poland, which has since 1815 formed part of the dominions of the Czar, is driven like a huge wedge (200 miles in thickness) into the body of Germany within 200 miles of its heart (Berlin); whilst the advanced provinces of Germany enfold Russian Poland like two mighty arms: the left and longer one (East Prussia) extending some 200 miles; the right one (Silesia) some 70 miles behind its foremost point, the latter arm being prolonged for a further distance of nearly 200 miles by the Austrian province of Galicia. The extremity of Germany's longer arm is, however, not less than 500 or 600 miles from the heart of Russia, whether you consider that heart to be St Petersburg or Moscow."

But long before "Prussia" had become "Germany," her statesmen had fully realised the danger which thus existed for them. Humble

as Prussia was to Russia, her deliverer, for many years subsequent to 1815, she steadily pursued the course of securing her frontier by every means which art could devise. Of late years her plans have been carried out so systematically that it is not surprising that since 1880 she has rested content with things as they were, only completing characteristically enough her railway system.

For essentially, as on her western so on her eastern frontier, it is on the threefold power of rapid mobilisation, of rapid and perfect railway transport, and of fortresses which would enable her active army in the field to manœuvre in every direction with advantage, that she depends. As against France so against Russia, she possesses the advantages of a natural frontier so fortified by art that her army can at pleasure rapidly develop its force for striking into the heart of the enemy's country, or can fall back upon a powerful river of which she commands all the passages, with the option of holding or destroying those she pleases. As against France so against Russia, her striking offensive point is pushed far out beyond the great defensive fortress river-line.

To make clear the nature of these positions, let us now go rather more into detail. The province of East Prussia, which is wedged in between Poland and the Baltic, is covered all along its southern frontier, which faces Poland, by a series of lakes and marshes. Movement is here, as in Poland, much restricted by the nature of the country, which makes transport very difficult, except by the best roads. The two great highways are held by Germany at Lötzen and Osterode;

though, acting on the same principle as she has adopted on her French frontier, she no longer maintains Osterode as a fortress. Thorn on the Vistula, just inside the Prussian frontier, was, by works completed in 1880, made into a great intrenched camp, with five great forts on the right bank and three on the left. Thorn commands not only the Vistula, but its tributary the Drewenz, which runs from the lakes to fall into the Vistula just south of Thorn. The Drewenz forms for a considerable distance the frontier line. Behind all this frontier, Prussia has now a complete railway line covered by the Drewenz, the fortresses, and the lakes. Four great railways converge on Thorn, giving communication with the interior of Germany, forward along the frontier into East Prussia, south-westward around the western frontier of Poland, and northward behind the Vistula. Thorn also covers one of the only four Russian railways which meet the German lines. Only one Russian railway crosses the Vistula at Warsaw; thence one branch crosses the German frontier near Mlava, one as above towards Thorn, while the third runs completely south towards Myslovitz, at the extreme south point of the common Polish and German frontier. The fourth line over the frontier is that from Goniondz to Lötzen. On the other hand, Germany has complete communication from the interior to that part of the Vistula which forms the border line of the province of East Prussia, and her railways pass thence into the province from Graudenz and Marienburg, two fortified bridge-heads, while Thorn and Danzig are the great fortress barriers which secure it on right and left.

Looking now along the frontier

south-westwards from Thorn. Posen on the Wartha has been converted since 1870 into a great intrenched camp of the first class, with eleven detached forts. It is about forty miles from the point of the Russian frontier which juts farthest into Germany. Six lines of railway unite here. Next to Posen lies Glogau, a strong bridge-head on the Oder. These form the advanced German fortresses towards Russia. Behind them lies Küstrin, commanding the junction of the Oder and the Netze, the favourite type of site for a great German fortress, because an enemy cannot invest such a one without dividing his army into three sections, each liable to separate attack.

The whole of the country to the south of Thorn, Posen, and Küstrin is interlaced with very numerous railways, which would permit the transfer of Prussian forces in any direction along the frontier; but as a direct advance eastwards upon Poland would never, for reasons we shall presently note, be the most favourable direction for German attack, hardly any of these railways have been led up to the frontier line.

Let us now look across the border at the condition of Poland itself. The peculiarity of the ground lies in this, that it is a vast plain, cut off from the great mass of Russia by the enormous Pinsk Marshes. Of the defence of the kingdom, and of its general military power, Warsaw is the centre. Unquestionably, the recent adaptation to modern war of the Warsaw works, and the fortifications of Novo-Georgievsk, have added greatly to the merely defensive strength of this base. The position at Ivangorod makes the whole of this line of the Russian Vistula strong, so far as the completeness

of the fortresses is concerned; but the defect of the base as such is well expressed by the "German officer" when, after speaking of a number of Russian railway projects, which, though their proposal was already of old standing seven years ago, have not been carried out, he adds:—

"All these additions, however, will be of little effect from a military point of view upon the utility of the railways west of the Vistula, as long as the passage of this river, and consequently the connection of the railways on its left bank with those from the interior of Russia, is only to be effected by the one bridge at Warsaw. It will be absolutely necessary to build several railway bridges over the river before you can calculate upon concentrating a Russian army on the central and southern portions of the German frontier with the speed demanded by the present style of making war."—United Service Institution, vol. xxiv. p. 137.

Now, no fresh bridges have been constructed over the Russian part of the Vistula, and the want of manœuvring facility which this implies, marks the typical difference between the Russian power and the German. Furthermore, a direct advance upon Germany westwards would be necessary to take advantage of the position which, from the point of view of what Sir Charles Dilke rather happily calls "map-makers' war," looks so valuable for Russia. Of course, if mere distance on a map determined military movements, the thrusting forward of Poland into the heart of Germany ought to give Russia a great opportunity of attack. Direct advance from Warsaw westwards is, however, prohibited by the fact that there are no railways in that part of Poland to facilitate supply. Furthermore, the country is so difficult to traverse, that the army

that began the march would have dwindled into very different numbers before it had accomplished it. Finally, from East Prussia Germany could, from an amply supplied base, aided by every kind of railway facility, strike across the communications of the invader.

It is rather significant that even the "German officer," though he naturally does not enlarge on the subject, assumes as a *sine quâ non* the friendship of Austria, which he regards as an absolute datum. That granted, any attack from the Russian base on the Vistula, passing to the south of Silesia, which must in any case be very eccentric, would be impossible till Austria was conquered. Undoubtedly, on the other hand, with Austria at the feet of Russia, invasion of the southern portion of Silesia would be relatively easy; simply because Prussia, knowing the practical impossibility of direct invasion westwards from Poland, has no fortified place in this district south of Glogau, itself little more than a strong bridge-head. Neisse and Glatz, her two southward fortresses, would be completely out of the line of advance.

Hence Russian attack from Poland is virtually limited either to a movement upon East Prussia directly northward, which would encounter all the difficulties of the line of the lakes, and be met by a far more rapid German concentration; or along the line of the Vistula, which would have the advantage of that stream for a highway, and be to a large extent assisted by two of the lines of railway which run towards the frontier.

But it is as against this movement along the Vistula that the German defences are strongest. The advance along the right bank

would meet the defences of the Prussian Vistula. Against the movement by the left bank, between Thorn and Posen, a distance of 80 miles, there spread at intervals great swampy forests, which would impede movement and restrict the invader very closely to the neighbourhood of the fortresses themselves; while the facilities in rear for Prussian concentration and action are ample—and here, as always, the counterstroke from East Prussia would be an element of danger. The “German officer,” rather cynically we think, suggests for Russia a double movement—part along the Vistula from Poland, on either the right or left bank, and part by the line we have already referred to as what seems to us the best, that altogether independent of Poland, moving upon Königsberg and the north from the great Russian depot of Dünaburg and from Vilna. Such an attempt to move in two separate columns, unless each column was in overwhelming force, which, from the nature of the country, would not be easy, must give opportunities to a German general for dealing blows right and left against either army while separated by the lake region of East Prussia. Thus an attack by Russia upon Germany appears to be one which offers every kind of advantage to the Germans, either for a prolonged resistance with inferior forces, or if in approximately equal numbers, for striking deadly blows against the invader.

Unquestionably the character of the Polish region and the neighbouring provinces is of a kind that offers also many facilities for pure defensive action to Russia. But it presents none of those combinations which give to the defender the opportunity for counterstrokes

against an invader which the German frontier supplies. The province is dependent upon its artificial communications by railway with Russia for any rapid reinforcement, because of the difficult country which separates it from the interior. As Captain Kirchhammer says—

“The value of these communications as a whole is much weakened by the fact that the two northernmost lines are much exposed in consequence of their situation in close vicinity to the German frontier. The Russian base is certainly not well adapted to military requirements. First of all, it is too narrow in proportion to the extent of the German theatre of war; moreover, it is outflanked from the very first; in a word, it is weak.”

In rear of the main defensive line of the Russian Vistula stands the very important fortress of Brest Litewsk, which protects the connection of a vast number of railways, and is on the Bug, about 110 miles east of Warsaw. It is intended to cover the concentration of the Russian forces coming from the various quarters of the empire, whose movements are separated by the great Pinsk marshes. It seems, however, to us that it would be almost as difficult a task for the Russians to protect from Prussian cavalry the lines of railway which connect Brest Litewsk with Warsaw, as it would be difficult for the Russian cavalry to disturb any of the railway lines which are needed for the German concentration. This is the more remarkable, because the Prussian railways run much more conveniently near to the frontier than the Russian.

So far as the immediate attack of Germany upon Russia is concerned there are no other fortresses that need be taken into account. For of all countries in

the world Russia is the last which can safely be attacked by plunging into the depths of "her large and almost impenetrable stretches of marsh and of forest imperfectly supplied with roads."

"Germany must," as the German officer puts it, "while standing on the defensive, on the eastern frontier of East Prussia, at once take possession of such a large portion of Poland as to cripple the action of Russia on that side.

"The kingdom of Poland is the most densely populated portion of the Russian empire, and is well adapted, from the nature of the country, for operations on a large scale.¹ The task, therefore, which would devolve upon a German commander would not be impossible; and its successful completion, entailing as it would a prolonged occupation of the conquered country, might well lead to the attainment of the object of the war. Otherwise it would remain for the German leader to proceed with his further operations according to circumstances, his chances of success being much increased in every way by the preliminary occupation of Poland."—*Journal of the United Service Institution*, p. 145.

For this purpose, in a war in which Germany could afford to employ her troops in an attack upon Russia, without troubling herself about another enemy, it seems to us that, from the nature of the Russian communications with Poland, Germany ought almost with certainty to be able, for a time, to isolate the force in Poland before it could receive material reinforcements. That force is undoubtedly large, probably more than twice as large as the army which Germany has in the neighbouring provinces ready to bring against it. But the conditions of the frontier would make

it impossible for it to act against Germany before her mobilisation was complete. Any premature advance westward or northward would only tend to separate it more from the main Russian army, and to expose its communications more completely to the enemy. Moreover, Russia has taken a precaution which, while it certainly indicates that she is more afraid of attack herself than hopeful of a rapid success from sudden invasion of her neighbours, would seriously interfere with her throwing her Polish army so quickly across the frontier as to interfere with mobilisation. She has taken as the gauge of her railways 5 feet instead of 4 feet 8½ inches, which is the common gauge of Germany, Austria, and the Continent generally. Both she and her neighbours have shifting axles provided to overcome the difficulty, but the extent to which they would practically facilitate transport is very uncertain, and they are likely to be better managed by German than by Russian railway engineers. Therefore, under such conditions, the contest would not and could not be between the army of occupation of Poland and the German peace army. It would be the mobilised German army which would be able to throw itself upon the army in Poland. If that takes place, we are of the opinion of Captain Kirchhammer, that

"The overlapping form of the German base will make any line of operations, having for its objective Russian Poland, strategically safe, and will give the commander-in-chief considerable facilities, should he wish to change that line.

"The want of cohesion between Poland and the remainder of the

¹ An expression which we must admit seems to us not to take adequate account of Napoleon's great enemy, the Polish mud. Still he certainly did conduct there operations on a large scale.

Russian empire will naturally suggest to the German general the idea of slipping in between the two, of completely isolating the regions of the Vistula, of overwhelming its garrison, and of preventing the arrival of reinforcements from the interior.

"Whether the main German operation should be directed from Posen-Thorn against the triangle Warsaw, Novo-Georgievsk, Serotsk, or from Königsberg-Lötzen against Brest-Litewsk—whether to play a safe or a bold game—whether to aim at the Russian army or at its communications,—he who has to decide this question must go beyond mere geographical considerations; he must take account of a great mass of circumstances, and above all he must reckon up the armed force which Germany can hurl on Russia. Our rapid survey satisfies us that the north-eastern frontier of Germany forms an excellent base both for offence and defence.

"The strategist will find in it almost an ideal theatre of war, a field for numerous and varied combinations."—Journal of the United Service Institution, p. 148.

An almost similar result would occur if Poland had been so far denuded of troops by the consequences of war elsewhere as to leave to a portion of the German army the opportunity of striking against it, though the main body of the German forces were otherwise engaged.

We mention these several cases because it is highly improbable, in the present condition of European politics, that a war will ever take place in which Germany and Russia will be engaged against one another without allies on either hand. Not only the Prussian frontier but the heart of the German Empire would be open to an attack directed from Russia in possession of a secured hold upon Galicia. This fact, and the isolation in which Germany would be left if Austria was crushed, make it scarcely possible to conceive that Austria will be allowed

to be seriously defeated before Germany takes the field. We cannot believe, as Sir Charles Dilke thinks, that Russia would be allowed to wrench Galicia from Austria. Similarly, the very existence of Austria depends on the support of Germany. For though we do not believe that Austrian force is *une quantité négligible*, we certainly do not think that, taken alone, she is equal in power to Russia; and she knows well that, in the long-run, no terms that she can make will prevent Russia from feeling her to be an obstacle in her path, while one most powerful section of her people will resent all terms made with Russia. On the other hand, it needs no prophet to predict that "the Chassepots," or rather now the Lebel, "will go off of themselves," if ever Germany is at war with Russia.

II. *Austria*.—Here, therefore, it becomes important to consider what contribution Austria can at present offer to the resistance to Russian aggression. The sketch which Sir Charles Dilke has given of the present weakness of Austria appears to us to be defective in this, that while most that he has said is true as a bare statement of fact, it ignores all the elements which compensate this weakness, and it does not take account of the special character which Austrian resistance to Russia would assume. There is no story in the history of the world more remarkable than that of Austria. It is the history of the triumph of diplomacy over war, and yet of a diplomacy dependent always for its power on a certain kind of military strength. To us it seems that though undoubtedly the heterogeneous character of the monarchy, which has always weakened its armies, is more apparent on the surface than ever, yet that, in a

contest with Russia which should take place a year or two hence, Austria would be practically stronger than she has been at any time in her history. The Austrian armies have probably sustained more defeats than any other troops in Europe, yet over and over again she has become the decisive Power, whose influence, thrown into the scale, has determined the issue of victorious war. It was her union with the Allies that proved fatal to Napoleon in 1813. Her union with us during the campaigns of Marlborough is connected with some of the most glorious periods of our own military history. The power of recuperation which she has again and again shown after defeat has been marvellous. It is no doubt due to the fact that her population, almost entirely agricultural, has always furnished a vast supply of hardy healthy soldiers; while the masses of her rural folk have, despite the socialism of the towns, been less disposed towards revolutionary changes than any others in Europe.¹ Patriotism, except in Hungary, is no doubt difficult for the inhabitants of the agglomerate empire. It is hard to know towards what nation their patriotism should be felt. Nevertheless the loyalty of many races—the Tyrolese, for instance—and generally a certain attachment to the Royal house, if it does not supply all the motive power which armies need, saves Austria from many of the risks which some of her neighbours run. It is of no small consequence that all the heterogeneous population feels the Emperor's authority to be essential to them. Certainly those who have most recently been

studying the people of Austria are not disposed to think that Russian propagandism has made any way even in Bohemia or among the Slave populations. No doubt it is true, as Sir Charles Dilke says, that the difficulties of such an empire are aggravated by the adoption of popular forms of government which tend to give play to jealousies within the empire. But on the other hand, it is well to remember that as long ago at least as the campaign of Blenheim, the weakness of Austria against which her enemies directed their efforts, was the hostility of the most warlike section of her people to the Imperial Government. It was precisely in order to give scope to the possible effects of Hungarian insurrection that Louis XIV. planned the scheme of war which was defeated by Marlborough's famous march, of which the great purpose was to save the empire from destruction. Prussia hoped to secure the same advantage in 1866. To-day, amid all the efforts which have been put forth by Austria to prepare for the coming fray, those who have most enthusiastically responded to the call have been the Hungarian subjects of the Kaiser. The enthusiasm which in Hungary has greeted new arrangements of the Landsturm, which have vastly added to the numerical forces at the disposal of the Austrian generals, has led to officers and men of the army, and to members of the Hungarian Parliament, patiently submitting this year to the drudgery of special military courses, designed for developing the warlike power of a race apt beyond most others in the art. The

¹ The tremendous shock which she sustained in 1848 was far more due to a conflict of races than to any insurrectionary tendencies among the masses of the people.

change which is thus represented, cannot fail to show itself in fighting efficiency. Never before will Austria have entered upon war, with Hungarians passionately enlisted on her side, without Italian regiments ready to lay down the arms of a hated service the moment an opportunity presented itself. Tyrolese and German loyalty is not less than of old.

Of the fourteen chief races which are included in the Austrian monarchy, it appears to us that a war against Russia will unite at least twelve in more enthusiasm for the cause than has ever been felt in an Austrian struggle before. Only two, the Serbs and the Ruthenians, are both Slaves and of the Greek Church. It is tolerably certain that the bitter persecution of alien religions in Russia will have estranged, among several of the other Slave races, such as the Czechs and Croats, any sympathies which race affinities or Slave propagandism may have produced; while, on all accounts, German, Jew, Magyar, Saxon, and Italian have their own special and bitter feud with the Tzar. Therefore, so far as it is possible to judge of such matters by any other test than that of trial, the inner moral weakness which has always hitherto made the magnificent presentments on parade of the Austrian armies a deceptive indication of their strength, seems at least likely to have disappeared. No doubt the discrepancies of language will remain a difficulty; but that is, as compared with the other, a secondary matter. It is not a little remarkable that one of the earliest protests against the Metternich

system in 1848, came from the army, in the form of a pamphlet by an officer, Karl Möring, entitled 'Die Sibyllinische Bücher,' in which, declaring that "the Austrian has no fatherland," he pointed out the increased power which would be given to the Austrian army for war if a more liberal system were introduced. For a very interesting account of this incident and its effect, as well as of the several races of the Austrian empire in tabular form with their religions, and for another matter which we shall next mention, we may refer our readers to a volume just published on 'The Revolutionary Movement of 1848-49 in Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Germany.'¹ The same author brings out a fact which is of no little importance to our present purpose. It appears that the Bohemian historian Palacky was asked to join the Revolutionary Assembly at Frankfort as representative of Bohemia. He, speaking in the name of his countrymen, protested against their being called upon to send such representatives at all, on two grounds: one, the necessity of an independent Austria as a barrier against Russia; the other, the fact that "Austria, which must necessarily remain an empire, could not consent to a close union with" a republican "Germany without breaking to pieces." We venture to commend this statement from a brother historian, who may be supposed to know something of the several races of the empire in which he lived, to Mr Freeman, *apropos* to his letters to the 'Times' of September 17th and October 15th.

¹ By C. Edmund Maurice. London: George Bell & Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, 1887. Marga gives a more complete account of the races, but it is not so easily seen at a glance. Oddly enough, the Jews, who number, according to Marga, 1,400,000, are omitted from the book we have referred to in the text.

It has not been from lack of producing great generals, skilled officers, a perfect discipline, or hardy soldiers, that Austria has so often failed. Wallenstein, Prince Eugene, the Archdukes Charles and Albert, have been leaders of the highest class. But again and again in the past, Court intrigue has kept the genius from command, and left to the pedant or the *beau sabreur* the opportunity to destroy armies that in better hands might have given a different account of their enemies. Both Court intrigue and the exclusiveness of aristocratic privilege are likely to play a much less dangerous part in the future than they have done in the past of Austrian history. No doubt it is true, as Mr Freeman says in the letters to which we have referred, that the Croats and others of the various peoples ruled over by the Hapsburgs are conscious of claims which have been by no means dealt with in the Austro-Hungarian compact. But, so far as we have been able to ascertain from those who have most recently studied the feeling of these nationalities, they are conscious of the danger of allowing the empire to become a loose bundle of sticks such as Mr Freeman would desire it to be. They cherish, no doubt, certain sentimental grievances; but these are by no means at present likely seriously to affect the zeal of men in the ranks.

Meantime the efforts that have been recently made towards developing the numbers and improving the fighting efficiency of the army have been vigorous. It is not easy to ascertain how far the fortresses have been completed. Austria is always in financial difficulties, and fortresses of the modern type are costly luxuries.

Cracow (or Krakem) and Przemysl, Olmutz, Komorn, and Pola¹ in Dalmatia, have all lately been receiving attention, as well as, for southern war, Mostar¹ in the Herzegovina. It is impossible to say how much may be done, before a war, to render them fit for use under modern conditions, as the works, so far as Austria is able to afford the expense, are now in progress. It is certainly not a little remarkable that Austria, which secured her hold in Italy by one of the most powerful combinations of fortresses ever devised, has never succeeded in completing her defence system as worked out by her own engineers. There is no story to tell of carefully planned artificial improvements of the natural frontier such as we have given for Prussia. On the other hand, few countries have a more commanding situation naturally than Austria possesses towards Russia. The great range of the Carpathians forms for her a kind of natural citadel, of which Galicia is the glacis. From them she can strike northward into Poland even more easily than Germany can strike south; while her position as against any Russian movement to the south of her empire is so commanding that Russia has never yet ventured to attack Turkey without coming to an understanding with her. As against attack, she has the enormous advantage that the Russian troops, which are now said to be collecting in Poland and the south, could not attack her from these quarters without giving her the opportunity of dealing with each of them separately. Any movement of the Russians from Poland, as long as Austria and Germany are in alliance, is seriously affected by

¹ Both Mostar and Pola are beyond the limits of our frontier map.

the difficulties of passage across the directly western frontier of Poland, which we have described. She must, to attack either Power, move north or south, and therefore expose herself to the risk of attack from the one which is not immediately assailed.

According to a French officer, who has, in the columns of the 'Revue Militaire de l'Étranger,' been devoting nearly a year to a statement of the present organisation of the Austrian army, the results of which were summed up in the issue for August 30th last, the total infantry of the Imperial Hapsburg army, including standing army, Landwehr, and Landsturm, but excluding depots of recruits and untrained men, is now 32,600 officers and 1,380,000 men, the cavalry 3358 officers and 88,263 men. They have also been increasing the *personnel* of their artillery by some 28,000 men. Probably, therefore, including artillery, the numbers may be reckoned at something considerably exceeding a million and a half. For a population of 39 millions odd that is certainly not as formidable a result as either France or Germany have produced; but, thanks to the recent political action of Russia, very considerable armies may now be reckoned as added to those which Austria would employ, if the quarrel arose about Russian interference with Bulgaria. It is hardly too much to say that Bulgaria, Roumania, and Servia might all in that case be reckoned on to give any support they could to Austria. The Roumanians

showed their efficiency in 1876 by saving the Russians from ignominious disaster, and were rewarded with a treachery which they have not forgotten. The Bulgarians have also shown that they could fight, and the support of a large disciplined army would probably make valuable troops of them all. Together, it is believed at present that they could put eight army-corps, or say 240,000 men, into the field, without counting their troops of second line, the organisation of which is by no means complete.

The Austrian army, as organised for war, would be probably raised to forty-nine divisions of 18,000 each, by help of the new organisation. The discrepancy between these figures and those which are represented by the million and a half of trained men whom we have mentioned above, exists in all the armies, whether of Russia, Germany, or France, in greater or less degree. Thus, out of the German total of two millions, 1,265,746 constitute the field army; and of the 2,721,000 of the French, 1,211,000 constitute the field army.¹ An addition to the 882,000 of the forty-nine Austrian divisions of the 240,000 men of the three minor states, would raise the Austrian field army, which compares with these, to about 1,120,000 men.

It is impossible to estimate what proportion of the Russian nominal grand total of seven millions could actually be moved to attack Austria; but considering the enormous extent of her almost roadless territory, and the proportion which has

¹ The whole character of the French organisation has, however, been changed since our first article was written. By a law introduced on June 25th of this year by General Ferron, 45 battalions have been added to the forces actually with the colours. This has been gained by a sacrifice of all available cadres to such an extent that French critics themselves believe that the mobilisation of all but the first line will be reduced to hopeless confusion. The law took effect from October 1st.

always hitherto existed between the paper numbers of the Russian army and the force it was possible to place in the field, there does not seem to us any reason to believe that the forces which she would actually deliver in the area of war would be practically greater than those which Austria and the minor states would be able to maintain in action. On one side and on the other it will become a question of the numbers that can be fed and supplied with ammunition. That, though it is in part a question of money, is by no means altogether so. The numbers that could be supplied from Germany and fed in France afford no means of judging of what would be possible for armies dependent upon such railways as Russia possesses. Moreover, the connection across the border is even more slender than it is with Germany. Already there are clear indications that the Russians are finding it impossible to provide for their nominal army sufficient numbers of non-commissioned or commissioned officers of even such quality as have hitherto supplied her forces. At this moment the Russian infantry has probably the best breech-loader possessed by any army; but by the end of next year, the Austrian infantry is to be armed throughout with magazine rifles. It may or may not be the case that in all respects magazine rifles are a great improvement on effective breech-loaders for fighting purposes. What is certain is that the army which does not possess them, and finds itself in the presence of those that do, will be at a great disadvantage as to the *morale* of the troops.

We have already in a former article given so fully our reasons

for distrusting the effect upon the efficiency of the Russian cavalry of the changes which the present Tzar has introduced, that the value of our estimate of the Austrian cavalry must depend on the soundness of that statement, based as it was on authorities taken from every country in Europe. If that contention be right, then we have no hesitation in saying that the Austrian cavalry is second to none in Europe. The Austrian artillery has unfortunately been the subject of so many experiments and failures that we confess we are entirely unable to judge of the power it would actually show in war. So far as peace manœuvres furnish means of judging, it is in a high state of efficiency.

In discussing the position in which Austria stands to Russia, Sir Charles Dilke has evidently misunderstood Captain Marga. He says: "As a great foreign military writer, Marga, has consolingly observed of Austria-Hungary, in that which is the first of all the military works of the day, 'After several defeats she can retire into the wooded Carpathians;' but he adds, 'The road to Vienna is thus uncovered.'" ¹ But Marga, p. 142, vol. ii., says this, not in the least in order to show that the Austrian army is likely to be defeated, but in order to defend a proposition that Austria has a much more effective defence against one particular line of Russian attack than that of retiring by the line of the Carpathians. "C'est en s'appuyant sur les principaux cours d'eau, ainsi que sur les places de Cracovie et de Przemysl, que l'Autriche cherchera à couvrir la Galicie," is the previous sentence. Then he shows that for an Austrian army to fall back on the

¹ The Present Position of European Politics, p. 189.

Carpathians in case of defeat would have the disadvantage of uncovering Vienna, and probably of allowing the Russians to break her army in two. This, however, is only to lead up to the argument that, by falling back instead on the San, the Wysloka, and the Donajec, whilst guarding the carriage-roads across the mountains by field fortifications, the Austrian army would completely cover both Vienna and Pesth, and oblige the Russian army to follow its excentric movement. He had already shown that Russian attack by the left of the Vistula, and so on Cracow, would expose the Russian army to the danger of being cut off from Russia by an Austrian army acting along the right bank. The discussion throughout tends to give the advantage to Austria because of the formidable Pinsk Marshes, which tell more in favour of Austrian than even of German action. But there is a yet more telling sentence of Marga's, saying that, in order to carry out a march on Vienna, Russia "must be very sure of the neutrality of Germany." Sir Charles thinks he has disposed of this awkward phrase, which he does not quote, by adding, "Neither can Germany be trusted to defend Vienna by menacing the long line of the Russian advance, because when Germany ceases to be neutral, the neutrality of France in turn will cease, and Germany will have enough to do to defend the Rhine."¹ Is that so? That is just what we propose to consider next. We may, however, observe in passing, that the number of troops is not very great that are required to cause the collapse of an army which has committed itself to a long line of advance,

which is open to attack throughout its length by fresh forces acting at right angles to it. Russia learnt that both in Asia and in Europe in 1878. It seems hardly conceivable that Sir Charles Dilke will lull her into repeating, by a march on Vienna exposed to the possible attacks of a hostile Germany, even though engaged against France, the mistakes of the march on the Balkans and the march on Erzeroum. We may safely assume that Bayazid and Plevna are names too deeply burnt into Russian souls for that. If that is so, Sir Charles Dilke's whole theory of the political balance, with Austria *forced* to rest on Italy, tumbles like a house of cards touched at its base.

III. *The position of Germany in a war with both Russia and France combined.*—We now propose to consider the circumstances of vantage and of disadvantage which the two frontiers of Germany and of her neighbours, and the nature of her whole defensive and offensive strength, present to an alliance against her of France and of Russia. That she would stand alone, we disbelieve; that it is in our interest, or in that of Europe, that she and Austria should together stand alone against Russia and France, it will be one of the special purposes of our next article to deny. But it is important to realise what the forces will be that will be brought into the issue by the Power against whom the Franco-Russian alliance, if it ever becomes a fact, will be in the first instance directed.

Undoubtedly an examination of the German methods of national defence must, we think, leave one impression at least upon any of our readers who have realised them as

¹ *The Present Position of European Politics*, p. 189.

we have laid them before them. They are pre-eminently bold. On both frontiers alike her most effective defence depends on her power of being able to strike offensive blows at the outset of a campaign. Has she the strength, and dare she attempt, to strike offensive blows on both sides of her great empire at once against two such adversaries as Russia and France? We answer that it is morally certain that her rulers will be much too wise to carry on two long offensive campaigns at both ends of her empire at the same time. But there are offensive strokes like that which Napoleon attempted against the Anglo-allied and Prussian armies during the Waterloo campaign, which are only intended to knock out of time one assailant before another can come on. It appears to us that the central position of the German Empire, guarded on either frontier by the fortified rivers of the Rhine on one side, and of the Vistula and Oder on the other, with the advanced post of Metz thrust out beyond the mountain-barrier of the Vosges on one side, and the arm of East Prussia stretched out along the kingdom of Poland on the other, offers opportunities to a great strategist that are even more "ideal" than those which Captain Kirchhammer has so described. War nowadays has indeed come to be waged on a colossal scale; but there are possibilities involved in the possession by Germany of a middle position covered with a most perfect and carefully devised railway system, and a telegraph network as complete, which stagger one as to the terrible grandeur of the drama which may be enacted by their means almost under our eyes. In a time far shorter than it took Napoleon to transfer his force from Boulogne to Ulm and

Austerlitz, far shorter than it took Marlborough to carry out that magnificent campaign from which Napoleon, in all probability, took the idea which rolled up the map of Europe for ten years, a German army might be nowadays transferred from the Rhine to the Vistula, or from Königsberg to Metz. Under given conditions, such a transfer of men from one side of Europe to the other might be made without any knowledge of the movement reaching either of the hostile armies, until one that had been advancing triumphantly was crushed by the new and overwhelming power suddenly thrown into the field; and till the other had lost the opportunity afforded by the diminution of force. For, though the two frontiers of Germany are specially fitted for offensive action, both are adapted also to afford means to a comparatively inferior force for imposing delay on one very superior. The difficult country of Western Poland, the lakes and the shallow *haffs* of East Prussia, the swampy forests between the Wartha and the upper Vistula, the marshy region of the Obra in the province of Posen, the Polish mud which bothered Napoleon, the strong defences of Thorn and of Posen, the broad Vistula directly intercepting a Russian march through Prussia, as it does not intercept a Prussian stroke against the Russian communications with Poland, will be inconvenient obstacles for those Russian generals, "who," as the "German officer" has it, "after sharing many a disillusion during the late Russo-Turkish war, may wish to satisfy their ardent thirst for glory at the expense of Germany, but who might possibly find out by experience that it is more difficult to gain their object in a war against that Power than even

in one against Turkey." The difficulties of the Vosges, the passage of the Rhine, the siege of Metz or Strasbourg, may delay the picking up of the field-marshal's baton by a French general, even when the flash of guns in Poland had set the Chassepots or the Lebel's going off of themselves.

It would, of course, be vain to speculate on which side the blow of the central force would, in such a case, be first struck. If, in order to give Austria breathing-time afterwards, it were thought better to join her in overwhelming the force in Poland, then the French might be allowed to advance into positions in the Vosges, where a stroke delivered from the north at their communications would be easier work than a dash at the fortress-forest of the frontier; or the French might be tempted to raise up foes in their rear by a violation of Swiss or Belgian neutrality. Or to take the other side of the theatre of war,—if the decision were to anticipate the French mobilisation, to strike a blow that might induce the French for some time afterwards to hug their fortresses, Austria might then be left for a time to hold her own as best she might, and the stroke at Poland might be subsequently delivered whilst the Russian forces were employed in the Carpathians, or the advance on Vienna might be made disastrous by an even easier movement upon Galicia. Such speculations are only of value in so far as they suggest the possibilities which are offered by her position to Germany. The decision will of course depend on the circumstances of the hour, largely upon the belief in Berlin as to the efficiency of the French mobilisation and the condition of the Russian forces in Poland, the state of the Austrian army,

of other political alliances, the time of year, and the probable nature of the weather. We have, however, we think, said enough to explain why, neither as to her frontiers nor as to her military situation, do we believe that as a power in Europe, Germany, though she has before her a tremendous task, has ceased to be the mightiest empire on the Continent. That she is now an essentially conservative and peaceful nation we firmly believe. That most assuredly she has no temptation to go to war, and that if her most skilful statesmen can save her from that dire calamity they will do so, we are well convinced. Unfortunately no one who studies the present situation believes any more than Sir Charles Dilke that their success can be more than temporary.

At the present moment there are in the world two "fretful realms"; and it is of vital consequence to us to estimate accurately the forces that exist for keeping them in awe. Of those forces we are convinced that Germany must always be the mighty nucleus. We disbelieve that she is in a position scornfully to reject any alliance for the purpose on whose loyalty she can depend. We are certain that it is contrary to the whole policy of her statesmen to do so. For us the great necessity is to realise that which Sir Charles Dilke has earnestly pressed upon us, that, now that our frontier virtually marches with that of Russia in Asia, and that we certainly know that her progress towards India is no accident brought on by over-zealous servants, but part of a deliberately designed plan, all the particulars of which are known, we must face the facts like men, and prepare for the inevitable attack. We differ from him as to the means by which we ought to meet it. But we are sure

that we cannot do wrong in pressing home this, that no reply has been made to the challenge given in the 'Quarterly Review' of last January, to those who know, to deny that they have had *indisputable* evidence before them that Russian action on India is and has been for years deliberate, designed, carefully planned, and that it is hourly approaching the period of overt action.¹ We cannot think that enough has been done to bring this fact home to our people. With our great enemy the case is different. The whole resources of the State are at the disposal of the Tzar, before whom silently the facts which serve as motives for action can be laid. Year after year a policy can be steadily pursued, the results of which are only obvious to us when they are about to be secured. Sir Charles Dilke has himself admirably exposed the reckless indifference to solemn pledges, the ingenious subterfuges, the false analogies which have been used as cloaks to cover from English eyes the steady purpose with which her march proceeds.

Now it is not possible that we should meet that deliberate scheme as long as our people are halting between two opinions as to whether Madame Novikoff and her faithful henchman are not honest friends of England, instead of being, as in fact they are—one consciously, the other blinded by flattery, by gratitude for favours

received, and by personal vanity—the agents for throwing dust in the eyes of Englishmen. We are sure that Sir Charles Dilke has done good service in endeavouring to persuade our statesmen that great as were the diplomatic facilities of the days of Castlereagh, those days are in fact for England no more. Our people must know things which in those days were wisely for the national good kept from them. Secrecy has, in war, still overwhelming advantage. We believe, as we have already urged, that it is a very great mistake to discuss in public the precise point at which our blow at Russia should be aimed. Such a public discussion as led to the movement on Sebastopol in 1854 would, in these days of completed railways and telegraphs, bring disaster upon the expedition which attempted the advertised attack. But there are many questions of politics as to which we attempt to carry on the old system of playing their own game against nations which can secretly exert all their power when we cannot develop ours, or maintain a constant policy unless the country at large understands the true facts. We entirely agree with Sir Charles Dilke that—

“If it were possible to conduct the foreign relations of a democratic country, such as England has now become, with secrecy as well as with firm devotion to a fixed line of con-

¹ The wording of the passage we refer to deserves to be given: “To those who would fain believe that this rapid advance is the result of accidental circumstances, we would, *with full knowledge of the subject*, reply by challenging any high official, either Liberal or Conservative in either India or England, to say that he had not had absolute proofs before him that the Russian advance is the result of a well-matured design to dispute our empire in the East.”—Article “Constantinople, Russia, and India,” Quarterly Review, January 1887. For our own part, we cannot doubt that this was an authorised attempt to draw public attention to this vital truth. Sir C. Dilke obviously is not among the officials referred to; the information was probably obtained subsequently to his leaving office. In any case, he knows nothing of the matter.

duct, no doubt it would be better to leave the consideration of many questions until they actually arise; but at the present moment we suffer from the disadvantages of both systems. We do not fully discuss foreign relations in advance, and make up our minds as to our best course; we do not even take steps to inform ourselves thoroughly as to the facts; but at the same time we encourage our public men to make rash and hasty statements founded upon imperfect knowledge, and we 'go wild' from time to time in various directions."—*The Present Position of European Politics in the United Kingdom*, p. 285.

It would be very easy for us to show that Sir Charles Dilke has offended against his own canons; that he has misinterpreted the meaning of the surrender to China of the station at Port Hamilton; that he has similarly misinterpreted the meaning of the present Government scheme for adding power to our army. It has been precisely because he has not been behind the scenes in these matters that he is not aware that they have been attempts to secure many of the very objects which he himself most earnestly desires. He has struck wild blows, hitting those who have been steadily working to secure real efficiency. Nevertheless, in so far as he has brought before the country the necessity for not shutting our eyes to undoubted facts, and before our statesmen the necessity for keeping the nation informed of the dangers to be faced, he has rendered a great service.

There are not a few of these dangers which he has ignored. He has, for instance, touched far too lightly on the risk to our trade round the Cape of the French occupation of Diego Suarez, the magnificent harbour to

the north of Madagascar, and of the Comoro Islands,¹ which together command the Mozambique Channel. This case is the more curious because he has rightly judged that the Cape route, and not the Suez Canal, must necessarily be that on which we chiefly depend during war-time.

We must confess that we have found it extremely difficult to be sure of the exact impression which he has wished to leave by his statements on many of the subjects he has handled. He certainly appeared to us, as he did to many others of his critics, to wish us to believe that Russia was a Power fully a match by herself for Germany and Austria combined. We by no means have committed ourselves to disputing his assertion that, on the whole, Austria is not so strong a Power, if she stands alone, as Russia. Yet, in the "Conclusion" to his now published volume, he appears almost to limit himself to that assertion. We are not aware that that position has been anywhere assailed. He has, however, in no wise modified his views as to the value, under present conditions of war, of the Russian infantry or of the Russian cavalry as newly organised. In our first article we cited from almost every country in Europe high authorities against his opinion. We do not, indeed, know where those authorities are to be found to whom he constantly appeals as decisive. The opinions of those whose names ordinarily carry weight are everywhere against him. It seems to us that, in order to support his statement on this subject, he must have inquired either among those who have not been tried, or among those who have been tried and

¹ Not mentioned at all.

failed. On other questions, as, for instance, when he appeals against Colonel Malleson to high Indian authorities "whom Colonel Malleson would be the first to respect," there is this difficulty, from his habit of citing without naming men, that he evidently is not aware what a conflict of opinion exists as to the question of the proper defence of India among the highest Indian authorities, nor does he quite realise how very intelligible that conflict is. So far as we have been able to ascertain, among those who, without any circumstances which tend to obscure their vision, base their opinion upon pure military grounds, and upon the advantage to England of the course to be pursued, there is no dispute as to the facts which we pressed home in our former article. On the one hand, so far as the fighting on the actual Indian frontier is concerned, the farther we can fight Russia away from her base, and therefore the nearer to our Indian frontier, unless we can strike through Persia from an altogether independent base, the stronger we are. On the other hand, though we cannot safely advance upon Herat from India, it is vitally necessary to us to forbid Russia to possess herself of Herat and the Heri Rud. Therefore it is also vitally necessary for us to put pressure upon Russia elsewhere than at Herat in order to protect Herat.

Undoubtedly, if the Afghans were a united people, who could be trusted to adhere religiously to contracts made by a central Power, advance upon Herat would be a question of their friendship or hostility; but that is just the element on which we cannot count. The Afghans are, in fact, a congeries of fierce tribes, who, no matter what bargains we had

made with them beforehand, would be apt to break out in our rear after the first check we received in our front. Therefore, advance far beyond the Indian frontier becomes for us most dangerous. Our position there is strongest when it is strictly defensive.

But all the world over human nature is human nature, and the clearest military vision may be obscured by the temptations of a brilliant campaign. The matter may be plausibly put: "We are all agreed that Russia must be stopped from advancing upon Herat,—why should not the campaign to achieve that end be carried out from India itself?" It is not therefore difficult to guess why some of the highest authorities—whose names Sir Charles has not produced, but of whom we will give Sir Charles the benefit of declaring that, as we know their views, we know also that their names would add much weight to his words—should be tempted, against their better judgment, to persuade themselves of the wisdom of a course which would for England be very dangerous. If the question as to the proper course to be pursued by another country and another army under analogous conditions could be submitted to their unbiassed judgment, we have no doubt at all as to the value of their military opinions. The analogies of military history are now sufficiently numerous, and we say unhesitatingly that they all preach—"Strike by all means. Do not wait to be struck, when you know that your enemy is only waiting for the moment which will be best for him to strike you; but do not strike him at the point where he is strongest and you will be weakest."

Sir Charles Dilke, who has not had the means of knowing what,

in England at all events, have been the proposals of "the highest authorities" for some time past, puts forward a series of statements, dogmatically given without support of any kind, to the effect that we cannot attack Russia in Europe. He treats the question as though we had nothing to offer in exchange for those facilities for "getting at her in Europe" for which we unquestionably require the aid of other Powers. What he has not told us is, that the great power which Russia has shown in her Asiatic conquests, is that of gaining strength as she goes forward—of assimilating the tribes she has conquered there, as he shows that she has now assimilated the tribes of the Caucasus. The omission in his calculations which Colonel Malleon pointed out in these columns in April¹ is the central point of the whole question:—

"What, then, I may ask, has become of the survivors of the defeat of Geok Tépé in January 1881? Of the many thousand Turkmans who fought, some thousands at least submitted. What, too, has become of the Turkmans of Merv? The whole of these yielded without striking a blow, and we may be sure that Russia did not slaughter them in cold blood. It cannot be that they have no trained horses. The testimony of many travellers, from Burnes down to Vambéry, proves that there has ever been an abundance of horses among the Turkman tribes—horses ready to do the work of the desert, hardy, stout-hearted, full of endurance. No; in those nomadic countries it is safe to assert that history repeats itself. From the earliest days, from Mahmoud of Ghazni down to Nadir Shah, the Turkman cavalry

have invariably taken service with the conqueror of their desert homes, more especially when they have realised the fact that that conqueror designs to lead them to pastures rich in booty. As light cavalry they can scarcely be surpassed; they are accustomed to Eastern warfare; they make war support war. With such men Russia could ill dispense, and we may be sure that she has not dispensed with them. There are, at this moment, not hundreds, but thousands, of them at the beck and call of Russia."

He has taken no notice of this,² except by a casual admission that it is the manifest interest of Russia to absorb Northern Persia, "as Russia alone of European Powers can absorb an Eastern country." He quietly proposes to hand over Herat to Russia, because in the "race for Herat Russia has undoubtedly beaten us," ignoring what Colonel Malleon has unanswerably urged as to the vital importance of our preventing Russia from securing all the advantages "of the marvellous fertility of the Heri Rud," as a base for acting against India.

We are to yield every sort of advantage to Russia for the attack on India, because "the highest authorities" have decided that we cannot attack Russia in Europe. We assert emphatically, that just as the "highest authorities" in relation to cavalry action mean, for Sir Charles Dilke, as we showed in our first article, "those who agree with me," and do not mean the men of European reputation, or the men whose arguments have been laid before the military opinion of Europe, and have been universally accepted as

¹ "The Fortnightly Reviewer and Russia"—Blackwood's Magazine, April 1887, p. 576.

² See the answer to Colonel Malleon, pp. 329, 330, of the now published volume, 'The Present Position of European Politics' (Chapman & Hall).

sound by those whose judgments decide it, so in relation to this far greater question, the "highest authorities" do not mean the men who have been tried and have proved their value, but do mean either those who have not been tried, those who have failed, or those who have had no opportunities for knowing the evidence on this question. It is naturally not the business of *Indian* authorities, however high, to obtain information as to the best points for attacking Russia in Europe.

It is because the power of attacking Russia in Europe is vital to us that the question of the "Balance of Military Power in Europe" is a matter that concerns us so nearly.

So far as we have gone at present in discussing that question, our purpose has been to show—

1. That the reform of our military forces which is at present in progress, is of the kind which will enable us most economically to utilise the strength we possess and to defend our empire:

2. That we cannot keep India in economical and tranquil security, even if we can defend it at all, without the power of striking effective blows against Russia elsewhere than from India.

3. That we at present do not spend upon our forces sums incomparably greater than foreign Powers do, but that on the contrary our monetary sacrifices are much less than those of foreign Powers, although we have a far more vulnerable and a vastly more extended empire than any other Power whatever, and though we do not make any of those personal sacrifices which are involved in compulsory service.

4. That unless this be recognised, it is hopeless to attempt to provide an army relatively econo-

mical and efficient, because our actual deficiencies, as to which all men are agreed, are so very serious that only by increased expenditure can they be remedied.

5. That our present system of expenditure has not been an economical one, because it has been heedless, unreasoned, inorganic, haphazard—designed to furnish War Ministers with effective speeches for the House of Commons, and not designed by any men who could really and effectively combine power and responsibility; because power and knowledge have been hopelessly divorced, because every department has catered for itself, and no one for all.

6. That in the present condition of the Continent, the great central and conservative Power of Germany is undoubtedly still, by position, by organisation, by military training and force, the strongest in Europe. That to her Austria is a necessity; and that, though Austria is not as strong as Russia, her forces would have probably many elements of strength in such a contest which she has often lacked in former wars. That France is undoubtedly immeasurably stronger than she was in 1870, but that there are elements of uncertainty in her military organisation such as there are not in Germany. We may add now that those uncertainties have not been removed by her recent very limited and long-prepared mobilisation, and that the new military law has at least introduced a new element of uncertainty as to her strength. That Russia, from the enormous numbers of her population, and from the extent to which she devotes all her resources to preparation for war, must always be a great military Power; but that she has not gained, but

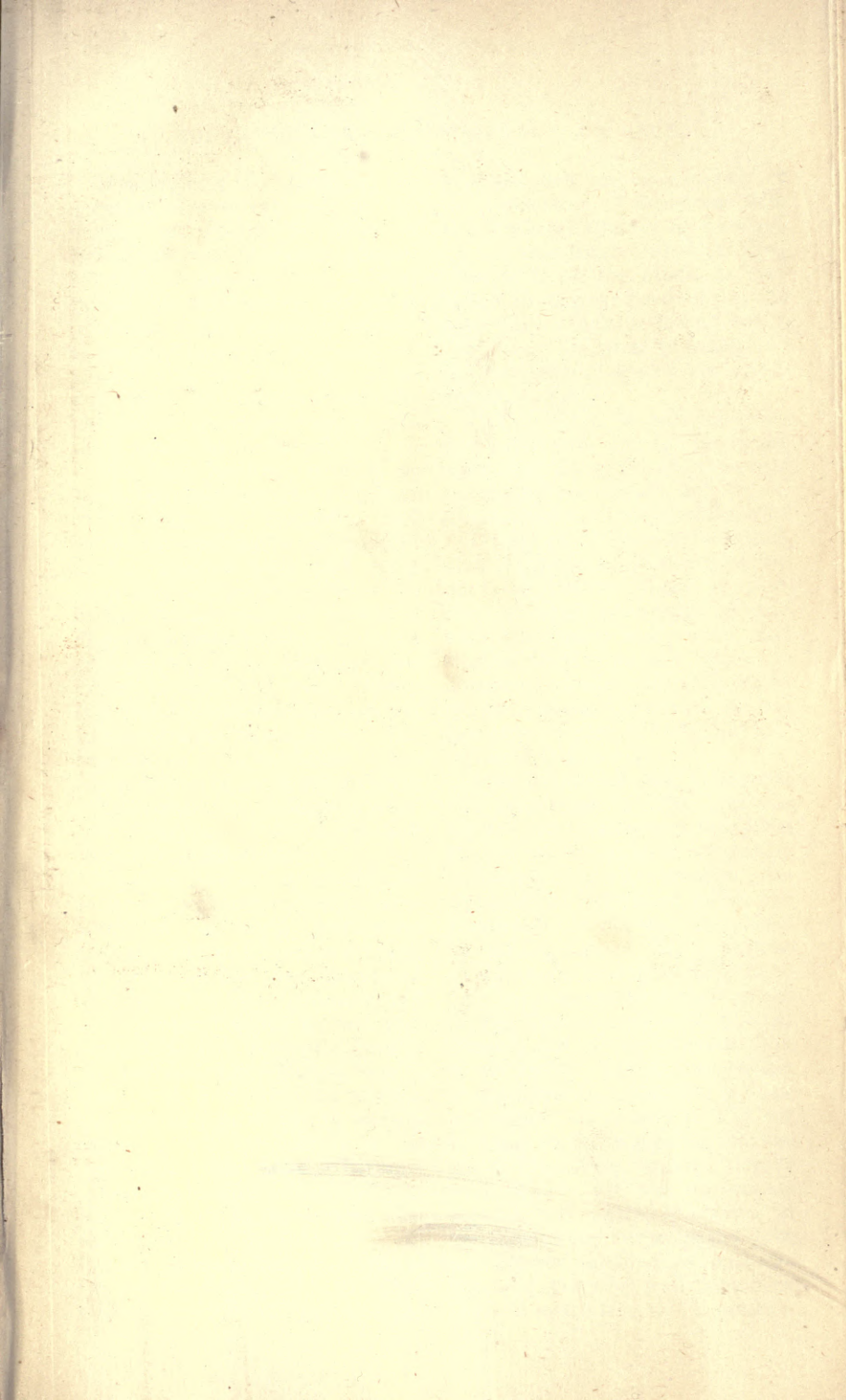
lost very heavily indeed, by the changed conditions of modern warfare. That, till she has again had to fight with a European Power, it will be impossible absolutely to estimate her military strength; but that, though she has been actively engaged since 1877 in perfecting her military organisation, yet the weaknesses which she showed in the Turkish war were due not merely to temporary defects, but to conditions inherent in the nature of her people and her Government. That, nevertheless, her special aptitude for assimilating an Eastern people, and so rolling up her strength as she advances towards India, is a real power and a real danger to us. That that advance is no result of accident, or of such causes as those which have, in the teeth of every sort of effort of the Home Government to restrain the tendency, led to the extension of our Indian empire. That the notion that that is so is simply the result of ignorant, cosmopolitan, easy-going pseudo-liberality of mind in England. That the advance has been designed from St Petersburg, and has been concealed by every artifice.

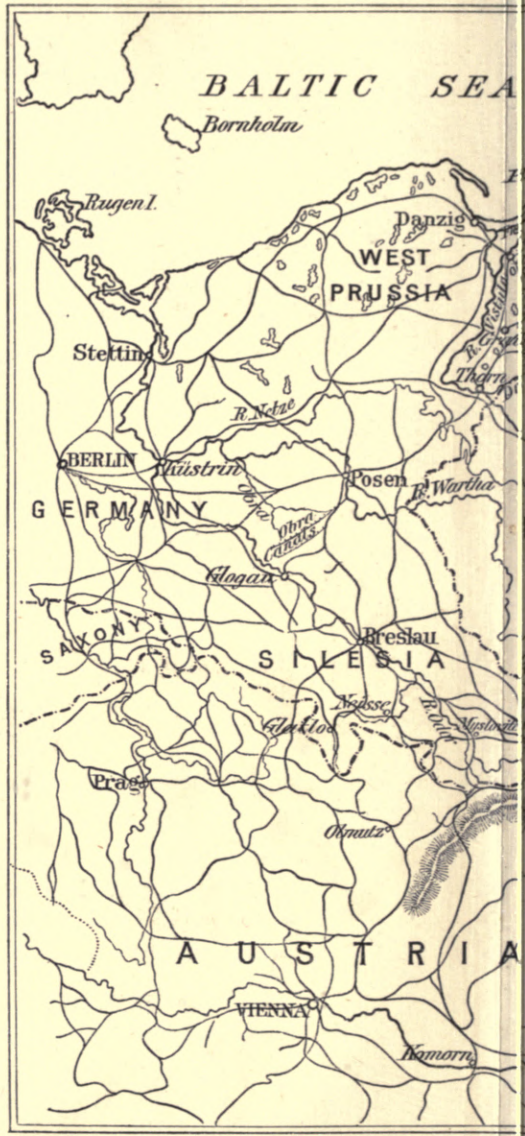
7. That under those circumstances our interest lies, not in insular exclusiveness, but in joining

hands with those who have as much interest as we have in opposing the designs of Russia. That for us, therefore, the central point of the balance of power in Europe lies in the relations of other Powers to Russia.

8. In our last article we examined the counterweights, Germany and France. Incidentally we there showed why we do not believe that there is any reason for fear lest either of them will be greatly tempted to violate the neutrality of Belgium, provided Belgium performs her duty; that we shall earn no gratitude either from Germany or France by not fulfilling international obligations to Belgium to which we stand distinctly pledged; and that certainly no one has had authority to declare that we intend to break our word.

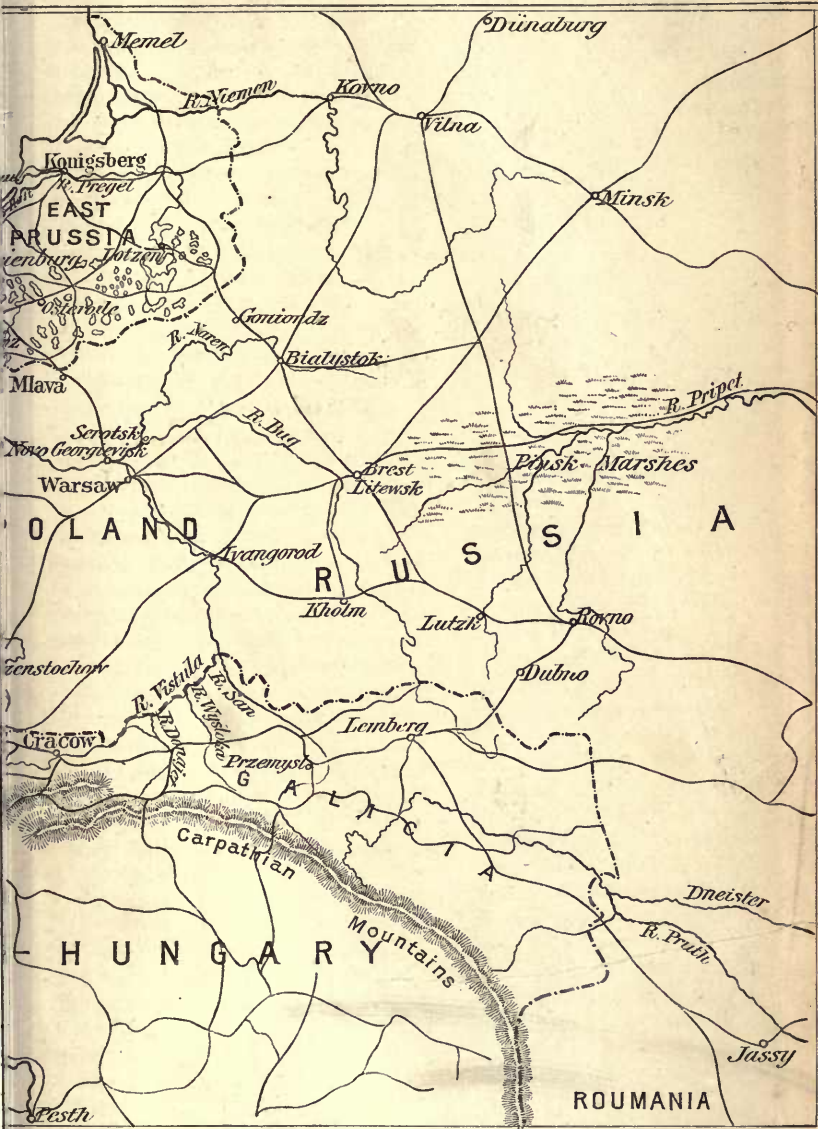
In our next and final article, we propose to examine certain questions as to our own possible alliances, and more especially to consider the effect upon the European balance of the rise of the young and vigorous Power of Italy, and the condition of Turkey, and to say a few words about China. We shall then be able to lead up to our general conclusion as to our future policy based upon the considerations we have urged.





Blackwood's Magazine—Nov. 1887.]

OF GERMANY, RUSSIA, AND AUSTRIA.



[To face p. 606.]

BANTON

MONTROSE AND THE COVENANT OF 1638.

HER Majesty the Queen, on the occasion of a recent visit to the ancient church of St Giles in Edinburgh, was graciously pleased to express surprise that it contained no memorial of the great Montrose. The reproach implied is happily in course of being removed, and ere long the name and fame of Montrose will be adequately commemorated in the place where he is buried.

The fact, however, is very remarkable, that from the 11th May 1661, when his mutilated and scattered remains having been diligently collected were with great pomp and ceremony interred, down to the present time—a period of more than two centuries—no stone or inscription of any kind has been placed to mark the spot. Surely this singular omission requires and admits of some explanation. The explanation is to be found in the entire failure of the great majority of his countrymen to form an accurate conception of the career and character of Montrose.

By some he has been worshipped as the champion of unlimited monarchy—of the royal prerogative absolute both in Church and State. By others he has been denounced as a traitor to the Covenant and the Church of which he had professed himself a devoted adherent. He has been represented as bloody, cruel, and vindictive—an intriguing courtier, fired by an unholy ambition and by jealousy of all who did or might stand in his way. These irrational notions and prejudices ought to have been dispelled ere now by such painstaking and impartial historians as Burton and Gardiner; but much of the old misconception still prevails, and

justifies such an examination of the connection of Montrose with the National Church of Scotland on the one hand and with King Charles I. on the other, as may define to unprejudiced minds the true place which he is entitled to hold as a historical personage in the troublous years of the seventeenth century.

But if there be misconception and confusion as to Montrose, what shall be said of the Covenant which he subscribed, and is accused of having afterwards broken?

It may well be doubted whether, among otherwise conscientious students of history, there is more than a small percentage of persons who have really read and studied that important historical document, or are quite clear which of the various Covenants it was that was adopted in 1638 and subscribed by Montrose.

The earliest of the Covenants was subscribed in 1557, and was drawn up and presented to the Queen Regent for the purpose of stating and explaining the essential principles of the Reformers, before the Reformed Church was recognised by the Legislature. It is comparatively short, and is chiefly occupied with vehement denunciations of the false doctrines of the old Church, and of the immoral lives of its clergy; but the exposition of the Reformed doctrines is terse and clear. And here it may not be amiss to say in passing, that the fierce invectives against Popery with which all the Covenants abound, and which, if uttered in the present day, must appear to be nothing but an offensive anachronism, may yet very well have been in their own times the expression

of righteous indignation uttered by men who were fighting against powerful and unscrupulous enemies, not for life only, but for what they valued far more, their dearly bought religious liberty.

The "King's Covenant," which is the second in order of time, was framed in 1580, and was subscribed not only by the King himself, and by all the members of his Court, but by great multitudes of people of all ranks and degrees. As this Covenant is, with some additions, the same as that afterwards subscribed in 1638, it is unnecessary at present to advert to its terms. But the occasion of its renewal in 1638 would hardly be intelligible without reference to some of the events of the intervening fifty-eight years.

In 1580 James VI. was a boy of fourteen. His early preceptor, Buchanan, was on his deathbed; and his influence was gone, and was replaced by teaching of a very different kind. At that early and impressionable age, the young King was taught to believe that instead of the kingdom of Scotland being a constitutional and limited monarchy, as in former times no one had been heard to dispute, the sovereign derived from divine authority the right to govern his people according to his arbitrary will. This insidious lesson he greedily absorbed, and it was the chief business of his after-life, so far as he could, to act up to its principles.

But James, with all his foibles and failings, was a shrewd man of the world, and knowing that an immediate high-handed policy would be resisted to the death by his Scottish subjects, he proceeded with caution, and secured by stratagem what he could not obtain openly and directly. Absolute monarchy, he soon found, could

not coexist with a Reformed Presbyterian Church; and with the National Church, therefore, he was perpetually at war—not openly declared war,—a war of chicanery and deceit—of promises freely made and lightly broken—persecution of obnoxious individuals—favour and flattery of the more feeble and obsequious.

By these means he procured the restoration of the bishops; and when he succeeded to the throne of England, he availed himself of the advice and assistance of English Churchmen in his great scheme to bring the National Church of Scotland into conformity with that of England. But he did not follow the advice he thus received, when he thought it rash or mistrusted the adviser.

Finding after some years' experience that the presence of the restored bishops in the Parliaments and General Assemblies, and the other means which he had employed for reducing many of the representatives of the Church at these meetings to a state of subjection to his will, had greatly increased his power and influence, the King, after much deliberation, proposed in 1616 five distinct innovations (afterwards well known as the Five Articles of Perth), borrowed entirely from England, requiring the Communion to be received by the people kneeling, authorising the Communion to be administered to dying persons in private, permitting baptism in private houses, enjoining the keeping of certain festivals as in the Church of England, and providing for the confirmation of children. These new observances he knew well would be most distasteful to the great body of the ministers and of the people of Scotland—so much so, that he distrusted even the General Assembly, con-

stituted as it now was. He was therefore sorely tempted to promulgate and enjoin observance of the Articles by his own royal authority alone. To this course he was encouraged by some English ecclesiastics. But he preferred the wiser counsels of Archbishop Spotswood,¹ who objected that the Articles "had at no time been mentioned to the Church, nor proposed in any of their meetings." This ground of objection to the proposed exercise of the royal prerogative had great weight even among those churchmen who were not indisposed to the innovations on their own merits. Patrick Forbes of Corse, a moderate and enlightened churchman, afterwards Bishop of Aberdeen, touched the point very shrewdly in a letter to Spotswood, dated February 16, 1618:—

"If wherein our Church seemeth defective, his Majesty would so far pity our weakness and tender our peace as to enforce nothing but which first in a fair and national council were determined, wherein his Highness would neither make any one afraid with his terror, nor pervert the judgment of any with hope of favour, then men may adventure to do service. But if things be so violently carried as no end may appear of bitter contention, neither any place left to men placed in rooms; but (instead of procuring peace and reuniting the hearts of brethren) stir the coals of detestable debate, for me, I have no courage to be a partner in that work."²

Influenced by the prevalence of these views among those whom he counted as his friends, King James was saved from committing such an unconstitutional invasion of the rights of the National Church, as in the subsequent reign contributed perhaps more than

any other single event to the loss of his unfortunate son's throne and life.

But the King, though thus constrained to pause, had by no means abandoned his Five Articles, or the policy in furtherance of which they were propounded. While on a visit to Scotland the following year, he endeavoured to persuade the Parliament to pass an Act giving him power, "with advice of the archbishops and bishops," to make ecclesiastical laws on what he called "matters of external policy," including, of course, all forms connected with the celebration of public worship and the administration of the sacraments. The prelates suggested that "in making of ecclesiastical laws, the advice and consent of presbyters was also required." To meet this difficulty, the King "consented to add to the archbishops and bishops" a "competent number of the ministry." But the proposal, as thus slightly amended, created such an outcry among the general body of the ministers, and produced such a formidable protest, that he withdrew the intended enactment altogether, "as a thing no way necessary, the prerogative of his Crown bearing him to more than was declared by it."

Notwithstanding this boast, with which he sought to cover his defeat, James was too prudent to justify it in action. But in the Assembly convened at Perth in 1618, he was so far successful in the practice of his usual devices, as described by Patrick Forbes, making some "afraid with his terror," and "perverting the judgment" of others "with hope of favour," that the Articles were carried by a majority of 86 to 41,³ and

¹ Spotswood's History, p. 529.

² Calderwood's History, vol. vii. p. 295.

³ Lyndesay's Narration of the Perth Assembly, p. 72.

were subsequently ratified by Parliament in 1621, a sanction of most exceptional occurrence; for, as Dr Burton has observed, this "is the only statute on the face of the records of the Scottish Parliament which either authorises or dictates on matters of religious ceremonial."¹

If reliance may be placed on the report of a conversation between James and Archbishop Williams contained in Hacket's life of that prelate (p. 64), the King had no desire to carry his efforts at conformity between the two National Churches beyond what he had achieved in 1618-1621, and resisted sternly suggestions by Laud to impose on the Church of Scotland the English Canons and Liturgy. The statement receives some support from a declaration made by the King's commissioner in the Parliament by which the Articles were ratified, assuring the Church and people of Scotland that if they acquiesced, "his Majesty should not in his days press any more change or alteration in matters of that kind without their own consents."²

But the Church and people did not acquiesce, partly perhaps because they had not much confidence in the King's promises, but still more because the innovations were repugnant to their cherished sentiments and traditions.

The attempts to enforce compliance with the Articles, which were incessant during the remaining years of James's reign, were by no means successful,—how unsuccessful is perhaps best shown by the fact, that having in the last year of his life ordered by proclamation that the Communion should be celebrated in all the churches of Edinburgh on Christmas-day

1624, and received by the whole people kneeling, the King was prevailed on by the representations of the corporation of the city and of some of the bishops, to issue another proclamation conceived in his grandiose style, "following his accustomed gracious inclination, rather to pity nor to punish the errors and faults of his people," by which he withdrew the offensive order. This was one of the last acts of James's life, and one of the occasions, not too frequent, on which his sagacity and prudence were permitted to overcome his vanity and obstinacy.

At the period of James's death, the condition of the Church of Scotland was very unsettled. The restoration of the order of bishops was vehemently resented at the time (1606); but the ground of the Church's dislike to this order was not so much that it was unscriptural, or in itself inconsistent with Protestant institutions, as that it was associated in the minds of the people with the age of Popery, and that the act of restoration was carried with a high-handed disregard of the feelings and wishes of the Church generally. The effect was that the government of the Church was of a mixed and most anomalous character; for while bishops were appointed, the distinctive marks of the Presbyterian polity still remained in the various judicatories of kirk-sessions, presbyteries, and provincial synods, which were left undisturbed. How far moderate and conciliatory measures might have ultimately reconciled the Church and the people to what in the language of the day was called a "limited prelacy" cannot be confidently affirmed; but such a result was by no means impossible.

¹ History, vol. vi. p. 329.

² Spotswood's History, p. 543.

The Perth innovations created a more serious difficulty; but even here, lapse of time, the rise of another generation, and a farther consideration of the substance of these observances, might have gradually brought about that general acquiescence which violent proclamations, tyrannical orders, and harsh penalties had failed to secure.

The adoption of the English Liturgy was another difficulty, but one which has been a good deal exaggerated. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that the Reformed Church of Scotland had any repugnance to the use of settled forms for the conduct of public worship. So far back as 1557, the year of the first Covenant, the Second Book of Edward VI. had been recommended, and was freely used in the parish churches¹ till it was superseded by the Genevan Book of Common Order, the universal adoption and use of which by the National Church is proved by the number of editions published in Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and other places within eighty years immediately after the Reformation—not less than twenty-seven separate editions, besides many printed to bind up with Bibles²—and by the unimpeachable contemporary authority of Alexander Henderson in his interesting tract on the Government and Order of the Church, published in 1641.

In James's time, therefore, the difficulty was not about the use of a liturgy—for a liturgy there had been from the beginning of the Reformation—but about the acceptance of the Liturgy of the English Church, which was resisted

chiefly because it was English, and because people generally were quite satisfied with the Book of Common Order. But if the aspirations of such men as Chillingworth and John Hales of Eton could have been realised, and public forms of service so framed as that they "contained only such things as in which all Christians do agree,"³ that might probably have been an eirenicon welcome to the Church of Scotland in King James's time. "If matters had been allowed to take their course, it is not impossible that the Church of Scotland would have been the first to give an example of that comprehensive tolerance which was the ideal of Chillingworth and Hales."⁴ Such is the well-considered opinion of one of the most judicious of modern historians.

If this be in any degree a correct representation of the state of feeling in the National Church at the dawn of a new reign, there was surely a promising field for compromise and conciliation. The alternative open to King Charles was moderation or "Thorough," and all the world knows what was his choice, and what fruits it bore.

It is the custom of a certain class of writers to stigmatise the Covenanters as fanatics; but as regards the period now under consideration, this is an unjust charge. Individuals of course there were meriting the appellation, who, however, formed the exception and not the rule; and later on, the name of Covenanters was usurped by a party of very different principles and aims, who were as blindly fanatical as the King himself. But surely there never lived

¹ Sprot's Introduction to Book of Common Order, p. xiii.

² Sprot, p. 237.

³ Tract on Schism. Hales's Works, Glasgow ed., vol. i. p. 126.

⁴ Gardiner's Fall of the Monarchy, vol. i. p. 99.

a more intense fanatic than Charles I. He had chalked out for himself a line of action in all matters, both civil and ecclesiastical, quite inconsistent with a limited monarchy. He conceived that the task was imposed on him by divine authority to guide the destinies of both England and Scotland according to his own judgment and will, without any consideration of the opinions, desires, or judgment of his subjects or of their representatives; and the inference was clear enough, that to shrink from asserting his absolute rights would be a dereliction of the duty he owed to the Almighty.

The strength and thoroughness of his convictions need not be questioned. His whole life goes to prove that he firmly believed he was acting under the guidance of his conscience. But fanatics forget that conscience may be blinded and misled by passion and prejudice quite as much as by self-interest and other baser motives. It is this very forgetfulness that makes them fanatics, and that leads them on in a downward career, till reason is completely silenced, and everything is sacrificed to the one great object—not only all considerations of propriety and expediency, but all regard for truth, honour, and justice. Such is the sad picture which history has painted of the public life of Charles.

For the present purpose it is not necessary to dwell on the course of events which led up to the inevitable crisis.

The Canons and Service-book which had been prepared by Archbishop Laud under the instructions of the King were not submitted to

the consideration of the National Church. It was not even pretended that in any form the assent of the Church had been asked or obtained. As little had they received any legislative sanction.

“Whoever,” says Dr Burton, “may have given personal help in their preparation, they were adopted by the King, and were as much his sole personal act as if he had penned them all alone in his cabinet, and sent them as a despatch to those who were to obey their injunctions. On no record of ecclesiastical council or other deliberative body is any trace of their formation or adoption to be found. . . . What in practical business the issuing of the Canons most nearly resembles, is the issuing of a general order by the commander-in-chief of an army. . . . A complete code of laws for the government of a Church, issued by a sovereign without official consultation with the responsible representatives of that Church, is unexampled in European history.”¹

If any one should hesitate to adopt this language as extravagant or inappropriate, he will find in the contemporary history of the parson of Rothiemay, a sober-minded man of a Cavalier family, who rather favoured the bishops, quite as strong a denunciation of the unconstitutional manner in which this new form of government and worship was sought to be thrust on the National Church.²

No constitutional lawyer or jurist has ever been found seriously to defend the legality of the King's letters patent prefixed to the Canons, dated 23d May 1635, or of the proclamation of 20th December 1636, prefixed to the edition of the Liturgy published in 1637. The lawyers of the day were practically unanimous on the question;

¹ History of Scotland, vol. vi. pp. 397, 398.

² Gordon's History of Scots Affairs, vol. ii. p. 92.

and the King's Advocate, Sir Thomas Hope, a man of integrity and loyalty, expressed his opinion that the "supplicants" against the enforcement of the letters patent and proclamation were acting within their rights.¹

It was very soon brought home to the minds of the King's advisers in Scotland that a great blunder had been committed, and the only effectual mode of repairing it was the withdrawal of the Canons and Liturgy. But nothing was farther from Charles's thoughts at this time than a surrender. He professed that there was no intention to do anything "against the laudable laws of this his Majesty's native kingdom." But—

"Scotsmen had made up their minds, with almost complete unanimity, that those laudable laws had been broken. And it must be settled, once for all, whether it was in accordance with the law of Scotland that a king could change the forms of worship without the sanction of any legislative assembly whatever."²

This was the momentous question on which the King was at variance with the Church and nation; and the manner in which the question was brought before a court of law for determination, if it was in legal and constitutional form, which nobody doubted, was almost conclusive of the question itself. To the proclamation of 20th December 1636 was appended a warrant for letters of horning, clearly showing that the King anticipated determined resistance to the introduction and use of the Liturgy, and that he and his legal advisers saw no way of enforcing his orders except by adopting the ordinary form of execution by

which obligations among subjects are enforced.

If letters of horning can be shown to proceed on insufficient or illegal grounds, the remedy for the person charged is, to present to some competent court a bill praying for suspension of the letters and charge; and if his reasons of suspension be well founded, he will obtain judgment, freeing him of all their consequences. This was the course adopted by three of the ministers (of whom Henderson was one) who had been charged to buy and use the new Prayer-book.

The chief reasons adduced by the suspenders against the charge to buy and use the Service-book, are stated in their formal application to the Privy Council, before which, as one of the ordinary law courts, the case came to be tried. They have been very fairly summarised by Rothes:—

"Because this said Book wanted the warrant of the General Assembly, the representative Kirk of this Kingdom, which hath only power and was ever in use to give directions in matters of God's worship; and wanted the warrant of Parliament, which hath ever been thought necessary in such cases; because the liberties of the Kirk of Scotland and form of worship received at the Reformation are established in General Assemblies and ratified in Parliament and in continual possession since; and because the Book enforced departeth from the worship and Reformation of this Kirk, and in points most material doth draw near to the Kirk of Rome, which in superstition, heresy, idolatry, tyranny, is as anti-Christian now as ever she was."³

The result of the litigation was not altogether satisfactory to either party, though the general impression was that it was unfavour-

¹ Burnet's Lives of the Hamiltons, p. 53.

² Gardiner's Fall of the Monarchy, vol. i. p. 122.

³ Rothes's Relation, p. 5. See the document *in extenso*, *ibid.*, pp. 45, 46.

able to the King. The Council did not find it necessary to determine whether, it was within the power of the Crown and the Executive to enforce the proclamation prefixed to the Service-book, being of opinion that the letters of horning extended only to the buying of the book, and not to its use.¹ The reluctance of the Privy Council to decide the main question plainly arose from this consideration, that if they had read the proclamation according to its natural meaning, and held that the charge extended to the use as well as the purchase of the book, they must then have decided whether the proclamation was within the King's constitutional power or not; and whichever way that question might be decided in the particular case, the very fact that one of the courts of ordinary jurisdiction could lawfully entertain the question would have proved, not to educated lawyers only but to the general public, that the King was not the absolute monarch he claimed to be, but was liable to be restrained in his excesses by an appeal to the fundamental laws of the kingdom, as administered by established judicatories.

The startling events of the year 1637-38, the riot in St Giles's Church, the showers of proclamations in the name of the King and the equally numerous protestations by the Church party, the picturesque and pathetic scene in the churchyard of the Greyfriars at the renewal of the Covenant, are familiar to all readers; but the important inquiry is, What was the position taken by those who subscribed the Covenant on this occasion, and of the vast majority of all classes and ranks of Scotsmen who afterwards followed their

example? This must be determined by an appeal, in the first instance at least, to the text of the document itself, which is no mere outpouring of religious enthusiasm, but a well-conceived and temperately, though forcibly, expressed exposition of the principles which the subscribers bound themselves to maintain at all hazards.

The first part of the document is a simple repetition of the King's Covenant of 1580, which, as has been frequently observed, is almost entirely of a negative character, renouncing and condemning in some detail the errors of Popery, concluding with this protest and promise:—

“And because we perceive that the quietness and stability of our religion and Kirk doth depend on the safety and good behaviour of the King's Majesty as upon a comfortable instrument of God's mercy granted to this country for maintaining of His Kirk and ministration of justice amongst us, we protest and promise with our hearts, under the same oath, hand-writ, and pains, that we shall defend his person and authority with our goods, bodies, and lives, in defence of Christ his Evangel, liberties of our country, ministration of justice, and punishment of iniquity, against all enemies within this realm or without, as we desire our God to be a strong and merciful defender to us in the day of our death and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom, with the Father, and the Holy Spirit, be all honour and glory eternally.”²

The second part of the Covenant of 1638 contains a somewhat lengthy recitation of all the Acts of Parliament passed at and since the Reformation in favour of the Reformed Church. The third, being the operative and obligatory part, requires the closest attention.

¹ Burton, vol. vi. p. 449.

² Large Declaration, p. 59.

But the substance of it may be thus summarised: the noblemen, barons, gentlemen, burgesses, ministers, and commons subscribing, agree and resolve to adhere to and defend the true religion, as expounded in the former Covenant or Confession, forbearing the practice of all innovations already introduced in the matter of the worship of God, and all corruptions of public government, "till they be tried and allowed in the Assemblies and in Parliaments;" and believing that the innovations and evils complained of have no warrant in the Word of God, are contrary to the previous Confessions of the Church and to the above-recited Acts of Parliament, and tend to the re-establishment of Popery, they declare that the Confessions are to be interpreted as applying to the recent innovations as much as to the errors therein expressly renounced, and promise and swear to continue in the profession and obedience of the true religion, and defend the same, and resist all contrary errors and corruptions:—

"And in like manner with the same heart we declare before God and men that we have no intention nor desire to attempt anything that may turn to the dishonour of God or to the diminution of the King's greatness or authority. But on the contrair, we promise and swear that we shall, to the uttermost of our power, with our means and lives, stand to the defence of our dread sovereign, the King's Majesty, his person, and authority, in the defence and preservation of the foresaid true religion, liberties, and laws of the kingdom; as also to the mutual defence and assistance, every one of us of another, in the same cause of maintaining the true religion and his Majesty's authority, with our best counsel, our bodies, means, and whole power,

against all sorts of persons whatsoever; so that whatsoever shall be done to the least of us for that cause shall be taken as done to us all in general, and to every one of us in particular. . . . Neither do we fear the foul aspersions of rebellion, combination, or what else our adversaries, from their craft and malice, would put upon us, seeing that what we do is so well warranted, and ariseth from an unfeigned desire to maintain the true worship of God, the majesty of the King, and the peace of the kingdom, for the common happiness of ourselves and the posterity."¹

Whatever may be said of this Covenant in other respects, it is certainly entitled to the merit of candour and straightforward statement. The complaint on which it is mainly based is the unconstitutional attempt to override, by royal authority alone, the established constitution of the Church as defined by Acts of Parliament and of Assemblies. The distinct professions of loyalty which it contains have been sneered at as entirely hypocritical and insincere; and no doubt the loyalty which the subscribers profess is not the kind of loyalty which would give satisfaction to King Charles, because it is not a profession and undertaking of passive obedience, but only such loyalty as may be conscientiously felt and professed by an independent nation to a constitutional monarch. This is the only loyalty that was ever professed by the people of Scotland to any of their kings. Never was a king more beloved by his people than Robert Bruce, and never were the Scottish people more enthusiastically loyal than after his first successful expulsion of the English; and yet when another invasion was threatened, apparently with the approbation of the Pope, it is thus (in addressing

¹ Large Declaration, p. 65.

a remonstrance to his Holiness) that this most loyal people speak of their beloved king :—

“Divine Providence, his right of succession, and the well-earned assent of us all, have, according to our laws and customs, made him our Prince and King. To him, by reason both of his right and his merits, we are bound and are most willing in all things to adhere. But if he depart from his undertakings and be willing to betray us and our kingdom to the King of England or the English, we shall forthwith endeavour to expel him as our enemy and the subverter of our rights and his own, and make another King, able to defend us ; for so long as a hundred of us remain alive, we shall never submit to the dominion of England ; for we fight not for glory, riches, or honours, but for liberty only, which no good man loses but with his life.”¹

Loyalty was always a deep-seated sentiment and an active influence among the people of Scotland, but it was not inconsistent with their passionate love of personal and political freedom and national independence. It seems very strange now, looking back to the history of the seventeenth century, that in Scotland—free and independent Scotland—which never had any equivalent of the English *Magna Charta*, because nothing of the kind was needed,—where there were no Forest Laws, no writ of Extent, none of the trappings or appendages of absolute monarchy, and where, before the union of the Crowns, the very name of prerogative was almost unknown—where the true legislative authority was vested in the estates of the realm, without whose sanction the King was powerless to alter one jot or tittle of the constitution or of the statute law,—so outrageous an attempt should have been made

to subvert the existing constitution of the National Church by royal proclamation. Surely no candid and well-informed student of the history and constitution of Scotland can dispute that the nation were left without any alternative, and were bound to rise, as they did in such strength of numbers and influence, in defence of their constitutional rights.

It is the more necessary to insist on the true significance of this chapter of national history on account of the ignorance existing even in the present day as to the nature of the Covenant of 1638, its design and effect. Professor Masson, who has made himself master of the whole materials for the history of this period, thus forcibly expresses himself :—

“Though the Scottish Covenant and the Scottish Covenanters have been spoken about and written about abundantly enough, there is no subject on which, even within Scotland itself, there is a greater amount of ignorance and misconception arising from contentedness with mere phrases and perverse confusion of dates and things. There was to be a subsequent and totally different Covenant common to Scotland and England, and the name of Covenanters was to be applied in a special manner, and by a kind of historical prolongation, to the humble and vexed residue in Scotland of the persevering adherents of both documents in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. ; but this original Covenant of March 1638 was a purely and exclusively Scottish document, and the real Covenanters of that date, the first properly historical Covenanters, were no humble or persecuted fraction of the community, but were simply the whole flower and strength of the Scottish nation, from the highest peerage to the lowest peasantry, banded in defiance to Laud and to the political and ecclesiastical absolutism of Charles the First.”²

¹ Acts of Parl. of Scot., vol. i. p. 114; Fordun & Goodal, vol. ii. pp. 275, 276.

² Life of Milton, vol. i. p. 728.

Within the space of about five years, a marked and most unfavourable change took place in the spirit and conduct of the leaders of the Church party; and that two such manifestoes as the Covenant of 1638 and the Solemn League and Covenant of 1643 should stand so near to one another in point of time and differ so widely in their whole scope and purpose, is one of the most remarkable facts in the history of the troubles. The one was constitutional and conservative. It was a defence of the National Church, of its principles, its rights, and its liberties, and its end and aim was the maintenance and preservation of that Church. The other was aggressive and revolutionary. Instead of being directed to the defence of the National Church of Scotland, its obvious and undisguised object was the subversion of the National Church of England, the abolition of its government, worship, and discipline. The one was a vigorous, manly, and perfectly legal declaration and protest in favour of liberty. The other preached a crusade of intolerance.

This contrast affords the true key to the conduct and career of Montrose.

The prevailing ignorance of the nature of the Covenant of 1638, and of the character and motives of those by whom it was supported, has led some writers to hunt about for reasons to account for Montrose's adherence to the Church party at this time, which they conceive to be irreconcilable with his natural tendencies and with his subsequent conduct. It has been ascribed to a feeling of resentment on account of a supposed coolness of his reception at Court upon his return from foreign travel in 1636. The fact of the ungracious reception seems to rest chiefly

on the authority of Heylyn, the chaplain and biographer of Laud; and, though adopted by other writers, it is probably nothing more than a piece of Court gossip, which, even if true, would not be of much consequence.

Mr Napier has taken as his text a line in one of Baillie's letters, in which, speaking of the first meeting of the Church party at which Montrose was present (15th Nov. 1637), he says, "The canniness of Rothes brought in Montrose to our party;" and on this text he discourses at great length, convincing himself, and probably many of his readers also, that in subscribing the Covenant Montrose was not exercising his own judgment, or, indeed, applying his mind at all to the momentous question which then agitated the whole intelligent population of Scotland, but suffered himself to be seduced by the representations and importunities of a skilful and experienced leader. This is not a little inconsistent with Mr Napier's worship of his hero; but what is of more consequence, it is inconsistent with the evidence which, as a patient and diligent inquirer, he has honestly produced. The charge thus made against Montrose, for it is nothing less, of reckless indifference to his country's and his sovereign's interests, of course involves the imputation, that at this period of his life he had never turned his thoughts to public affairs and was altogether unacquainted with the political history of his own country. But Mr Napier has recovered and printed in full two letters which most effectually refute all such suggestions. The first is written to some person unknown, and is rather an essay on civil government than a familiar epistle. In speaking of the power essential to supreme government, whether monarchical,

oligarchical, or republican, the writer says:—

“This power is strong and durable where it is temperate, when it is possessed (with the essential parts fore-said) with moderation and limitation by the law of God, of nature, and the fundamental laws of the country. It is weak when it is restrained of these essential parts; and it is weak also when it is extended beyond the laws whereby it is bounded; which could never be at any time endured by the people of the Western part of the world, and by those of Scotland as little as any. . . . There is a fair and justifiable way for subjects to procure a moderate government incumbent to them in duty; which is to endeavour the security of religion and just liberties, the matter on which the exorbitancy of a prince’s power doth work; which being secured, his power must needs be temperate and run in the even channel. But it may be demanded, how shall the people’s just liberties be preserved if they be not known, and how known if they be not determined to be such? It is answered, the laws contain them; and the Parliaments, which have ever been the bulwarks of subjects’ liberties in monarchies, may advise new laws against emergent occasions which prejudice their liberties.”¹

When this letter was written, Montrose had to some extent lost confidence in the leaders of the Church. He had been dissatisfied with the way in which they had received the King’s surrender, as it may well be called, in September 1638, when he sent Hamilton to Scotland with full instructions to proclaim that he absolutely revoked the Service-book, Canons, and High Commission, discharged the practice of the Five Articles of Perth, consented to the repeal of the Act of Parliament requiring their observance, and signified his intention, along with the Lords of the

Privy Council, to subscribe the Covenant of 1580.² The older and more experienced leaders of the Church suspected and distrusted this apparently absolute surrender; but Montrose, with the natural impulse of a generous disposition, would not permit himself to doubt the honour of his sovereign. We know now whose forecast was the more accurate; but it is certainly not to be visited on Montrose as a moral delinquency that he was misled by the craft of Charles. It was not the last time that he was to be so deceived.

This letter or essay is a very remarkable production, and enunciates with precision the constitutional doctrine on which the Covenant of 1638 is based. It reads almost like a direct defence of that Covenant in some of its parts, and evinces a calmness of judgment and a depth of thought which are not reconcilable with the popular estimate of Montrose’s character, and show him to be capable of such moderate and conciliatory views as, if adopted in time, might have saved the country from civil war.

The other letter is addressed by Montrose to the King in 1641, and after mentioning the “distemper” prevailing in Scotland, thus proceeds:—

“The cause is a fear and apprehension, not without some reason, of changes in religion, and that superstitious worship shall be brought in upon it, and therewith all their laws infringed and their liberties invaded. Free them, sir, from this fear, as you are far from any such thoughts, and undoubtedly you shall thereby settle that State in a firm obedience to you in all time coming. They have no other end but to preserve their religion in purity and their liberties en-

¹ Napier’s *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 283-285.

² Burnet’s *Lives*, pp. 72, 73; Burton, vol. vi. p. 507.

ture. That they intend the overthrow of monarchical government is a calumny. They are capable of no other, for many and great reasons; and ere they will admit another than your Majesty, and after you your son and nearest of your posterity, to sit upon that throne, many thousands of them will spend their dearest blood. . . . Satisfy them, sir, in point of religion and liberties, when you come there, in a loving and free manner, that they may see your Majesty had never any other purpose, and doth not intend the least prejudice to either. . . . Suffer them not to meddle or dispute of your powers. On the other side, aim not at absoluteness; it endangers your estate and stirs up troubles. The people of the Western parts of the world could never endure it any long time, and they of Scotland less than any."¹

From such specimens of his habits of thought and methods of reasoning, one may easily determine whether, in choosing his side at so momentous a crisis, Montrose was more likely to succumb to the wiles of an old parliamentary hand like Rothes, or to be guided by his own independent judgment and by sympathy with the feelings and aspirations of men of his own age and station. And who were they? Professor Masson, in a few words, furnishes the answer:—

“The noblemen who signed the Covenant on the 1st March 1638 were the Earls of Rothes, Montrose, Cassilis, Sutherland, Eglinton, Wemyss, Home, and Lothian, with Lords Balmerino, Loudon, Lindsay, Yester, Burleigh, Melville, Johnston, Forrester, Cranston, Boyd, Sinclair, and Cupar; and to these were added so many more, when copies of the Covenant had got duly about, that positively, with the exception of the Lords of the Privy Council, and four or five others (one or two of them Roman Catholics), the whole peerage of Scot-

land stood pledged to the Presbyterian side.”²

Of all the men of the time, the one most likely to influence Montrose was his brother-in-law and former guardian, Archibald, Lord Napier. The confidential friendship which subsisted between the two men was constant and uninterrupted. All are agreed that Napier was distinguished by great practical sagacity, and also by unswerving loyalty. He was much esteemed and trusted both by James and Charles. But his loyalty was of that reasonable and constitutional kind, that while he would uphold the right of the sovereign to rule according to the laws, he was utterly opposed to absolutism. Like Montrose, he had been educated in the principles of the Reformation, disliked Episcopacy, and remained through all change of circumstances sincerely attached to the Presbyterian form of government and worship. He had subscribed the King's Covenant, but not the Covenant of 1638; yet he was understood to be a zealous adherent of the great Church party, formed in 1637-38, and was described by Montrose himself, in the General Assembly of 1638, as a “true Covenanter.”³ There can therefore be little doubt that Montrose's subscription of the Covenant, if not advised by Napier, at least met with his approval.

These various considerations lead irresistibly to the conclusion that Montrose's choice was made deliberately, with full knowledge, and neither rashly nor ignorantly, and that he subscribed the Covenant *ex animo*. If this be a legitimate conclusion, it would seem to place in an awkward dilemma those eulogists of Montrose

¹ Napier's Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 311, 312.

² Masson's Drummond of Hawthornden, p. 256.

³ Burton, vol. vii. p. 20.

who claim him as a supporter of the King's absolute prerogative, and seek to disconnect him from the Church party. For if he subscribed the Covenant deliberately, and in the exercise of his own judgment, then the more they run down and condemn the Covenant, the more they disparage Montrose; and the more they admire and praise Montrose, the more they exalt the Covenant as the exposition of his principles and opinions.

It remains to be seen whether Montrose was faithful to the engagements thus undertaken; or whether, as has been alleged, in changing sides, he abandoned his principles.

The Bond of Cumbernauld is one item of importance in the general charge afterwards brought against Montrose by the extreme party under the leadership of Argyll. It was prepared and signed by a small number of distinguished Covenanters, relations and friends of Montrose, in August 1640. In the meantime he had been showing his zeal for the Covenant (to some extent excessive and intolerant) by his military expedition to Aberdeen and the adjoining districts, which ended in the pacification of the north, and its reduction to acquiescence in the settlement effected by the General Assembly and the Parliament. The Convention of Berwick, which occurred simultaneously with Montrose's successes in the north, was also calculated to induce a belief—which indeed was very common—that the great question had been fought out and determined, and that there no longer existed any obstacle to a return of amicable relations between the Church and the King.

"He" (Montrose) "was still under the delusion," writes Gardiner, "that it was possible to establish an orderly, constitutional, and Presbyterian Government, with Charles at its head. Whether this notion were wise or foolish, it was shared, at least in theory, by a large majority of his countrymen; and when he entered into a bond with eighteen other noblemen and gentlemen to protest against the particular and direct practising of a few, and to defend the Covenant within the bounds of loyalty to Charles, he only said plainly what few of his countrymen would care openly to deny."¹

The state of feeling and expectation in the army assembled at Dunse Law immediately before the Pacification of Berwick, as described by Baillie, is strongly corroborative of Gardiner's statement:—

"We knew at once the great advantages we had of the King, yet such was our tenderness to his honour that with our hearts we were ever willing to supplicate his offcoming; yea, had we been ten times victorious in set battles, it was our conclusion to have laid down our arms at his feet, and on our knees presented nought but our first supplications. We had no other end of our wars: we sought no crowns; we aimed not at lands and honours as our party; we desired but to keep our own in the service of our Prince, as our ancestors had done; we loved no new masters. Had our throne been void and our voices sought for the filling of Fergus's chair, we would have died ere any other had sitten down on that fatal marble but Charles alone."²

It is interesting to note the great similarity here, both of sentiment and language, to parts of Montrose's letter to the King, above quoted.

The Cumbernauld Bond contains nothing inconsistent with the object and principles of the Covenant

¹ Fall of the Monarchy, vol. i. p. 404.

² Baillie's Letters, p. 215, Laing's ed.

of 1638 ; on the contrary, the latter document is expressly confirmatory of the former. But it was kept secret, and it was thought to violate one of the implied, if not expressed, conditions of the Covenant, in creating a new obligation binding only on some of the subscribers of the Covenant to the exclusion of the rest. Its historical importance lies in the evidence it affords of a certain divergence of opinion among the Church party, the subscribers of the Cumbernauld Bond representing the more loyal portion of that party ; while the loyalty of those who followed the Earl of Argyll was by this time waxing cold, and he was himself credited with an ambition to become dictator, as if the throne were vacant, or the King incapacitated from ruling, at least for a time.

When a political or religious party is wholly or partially broken up by dissensions, the dissentient minority are invariably denounced as traitors who have abandoned their principles. But this does not decide the question who are the real traitors. Majorities are not necessarily in the right and minorities in the wrong. It is the province of posterity, speaking with the voice of scientific history, to decide between them ; to judge of the purity of motives, of the wisdom of actions, of the tendency and effect of the course pursued by each. The establishment of an orderly, constitutional, and Presbyterian Government, with Charles at its head, may have been a delusion ; and as the King's personal character became more developed and better understood, that opinion may have received, year by year, fresh support : still, though a delusion, it was a loyal and patriotic aspiration, frustrated only by the fanaticism and faithlessness of the King. On the other hand, the extreme

party in the Church, if judged by the results of their policy, cannot escape condemnation ; for the authors and supporters of the Solemn League and Covenant brought ruin on the Church, and subjected the kingdom to the absolute sway of a usurper. Scotland was delivered from the latter scourge at the Restoration in 1660 ; but it was not for thirty years more that the National Church emerged from its trials and persecutions, and reappeared in the native simplicity and completeness of its proper government and order.

Among the various materials of history, contemporary writers necessarily rank high in value. It must be borne in mind, however, that they are almost invariably partisans, more or less zealous or bigoted, and very apt, because very willing, to treat the scandal and gossip, and even the wilful calumny of the day, when these tend to promote the cause they have embraced, as matter of established fact. But when the chief actors in any great historical epoch leave behind them written accounts of their own actions and motives, particularly if these take the form of public documents submitted to the judgment and criticism of their contemporaries, the modern historian finds his feet on firmer ground, not because he would be justified in accepting as truth everything that such writings contain, but because he has the means of analysing the writer's estimate of himself and his conduct, and testing its accuracy in the light of all the undisputed or ascertained circumstances by which he was surrounded.

Most fortunately, in the case of Montrose, evidence of this description is abundant, and has been made easy of access by the diligence and enthusiasm of his loving

biographer. Probably most impartial critics will in the end agree that the best criterion by which to judge of the honesty and honour of Montrose will be found in the original documents printed by Mr Napier in his two important works.

The question to be solved is, whether Montrose, in espousing the King's quarrel, and putting himself in opposition to the greater number of his former allies, was abandoning the principles of the Covenant of 1638, or was faithful to those principles, and opposed only to the extreme and unconstitutional courses adopted by the majority of the Church party.

When he raised the King's standard in Scotland in 1644, he issued a manifesto or proclamation of the reasons which induced him to take the field, in which he, in his Majesty's name and authority, solemnly declares :—

“That the ground and intention of his Majesty's service here in this kingdom (according to our owne Sollemnne and National Oath and Covenant) only is for the defence and maintenance of the true Protestant religion, his Majesty's just and sacred authority, the fundamental laws and privileges of Parliaments, the peace and freedom of the oppressed and thralld subjects; and that in thus far, and no more, doth his Majesty require the service and assistance of his faithful and loving-hearted subjects, not wishing them to continue longer in their obedience than he persisteth to maintain and adhere to those ends.”

For himself personally, he adds :—

“I do again most solemnly declare that, knew I not perfectly his Majesty's intention to be such and so real as is already expressed, I should never at all have embarked myself in this service. Nor did I but see the least appearance of his Majesty's change from those resolutions or any of them,

I should never continue longer my faithful endeavours in it.”¹

In the following year, 1645, he published a remonstrance against the sentence of excommunication pronounced against him by the General Assembly, which is conceived in so bold and vigorous a style, and breathes such a spirit of undisguised defiance, that if the main facts alleged could have been controverted, this would have been promptly done :—

“It cannot be denied,” he says, “neither ever shall be by us, that this our nation was reduced to almost irreparable evil by the perverse practices of the sometime pretended prelates, who, having abused lawful authority and not only usurp to be lords over God's inheritance but also intruded themselves in the prime places of civil government, and by their Court of High Commission did so abandon themselves to the prejudice of the Gospel, that the very quintessence of Popery was publicly preached by Arminians, and the life of the Gospel stolen away by enforcing on the Kirk a dead Service-book, the brood of the bowels of the whore of Babel; as also to the prejudice of the country, fining and confining at their pleasure, in such sort that trampling on the necks of all whom conscience could not condescend to be of their coin, none were sure of life nor estate till it pleased God to stir up His own instruments both in Church and police for preventing further and opposing such impiety. In which, it cannot be denied, we did pray for, and by all lawful means seek, redress of those evils by supplications, declarations, and protestations. All so little prevented, that we were constrained to renew our Covenant as the only safest and fairest way for preservation of religion and liberty, which was so opposed by the prelates and their adherents that, by misinformation, they moved our dread sovereign to threaten us on both sides with arms, . . . whereby we were constrained to

¹ Napier's Memorials, vol. ii. p. 146.

put ourselves in a posture of arming for our defence, till it pleased God that the King's Majesty, being informed of the lawfulness of our proceedings and honest intentions, for the most part was graciously pleased to accept of our petitions and grant us a lawful General Assembly, to be held at Edinburgh, whereon the Acts of the Assembly at Glasgow were ratified, without so much as a show of opposition, by his Majesty's Commissioner, conform to the conference and capitulation at the camp of Berwick."

But the more ardent and extreme Covenanters being still unsatisfied, he represents himself and his friends as

"Wrestling betwixt extremities, and resolved rather to suffer with the people of God for the benefit of true religion than to give way to his Majesty in what there seemed doubts over, and being most unworthy to divide from them we were joined with in Covenant, did still undertake with them, till having obtained our desires to the full, conform to the conference had with his Majesty's peers at Rippon, with many other points alleged appertaining to the liberty of the subject (unheard of till his Majesty was present in Parliament), all which his Majesty was pleased to ratify in Parliament with his own presence, till they could ask no more. Thus far we went on, till having obtained all which by our National Covenant we could ask or crave—all which we are resolved to stand by to the uttermost of our power. But finding the prevailing party to intend more than they did pretend, which we do perceive tends greatly to the prejudice of our reformed religion, ruin of lawful authority and liberty of the subject, contrary to our National Covenant—we were constrained to suffer them to deviate without us, with the multitude misled by them, whose eyes they seal in what concerns religion, and hearts they steal away in what concerns loyalty. And thus we left them."¹

It is, of course, necessary to read the whole of this paper to appreciate fully its spirit and force. There is a ring of honesty about it which it would be very difficult for any one to resist. Mr Napier, however unwilling he may be to have his hero represented as a Covenantanter by sincere and thorough conviction, yet, looking to the fact that this emphatic adherence to the Covenant is contained in a paper issued by him when he had for the time subdued the extreme party by arms, and held the King's command to call a Parliament, is forced to the conclusion that Montrose was "not a mere loyalist."²

To these important documents must be added the reports, sufficiently authenticated, of what Montrose said when in expectation of death, and in the full knowledge that whatever he might say could have no effect in avoiding or mitigating the brutal sentence which awaited him. In his interview with some of the bitterest of his clerical enemies, who were appointed to confer with him in prison, and in answer to their charge that he had broken the Covenant, he said:—

"The Covenant which I took I own it and adhere to it. Bishops, I care not for them. I never intended to advance their interest. But when the King had granted you all your desires, and you were every one sitting under his vine and under his fig-tree, that then you should have taken a party in England by the hand, and entered into a League and Covenant with them against the King, was the thing I judged it my duty to oppose to the yondmost."³

Again, in his last speech in Parliament, before receiving sentence, he thus expressed himself:—

¹ Napier's Memorials, vol. i. p. 215.

³ Napier's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 787.

² *Ibid.*, p. 220, note.

“My care has always been to walk as became a good Christian and loyal subject. I did engage in the first Covenant, and was faithful to it. When I perceived some private persons, under cover of religion, intend to wring the authority from the King, and to seize on it for themselves, it was thought fit, for the clearing of honest men, that a bond should be subscribed [referring to the Cumberland Bond] wherein the security of religion was sufficiently provided for. For the League, I thank God, I was never in it, and so could not break it. How far religion has been advanced by it, and what sad consequences followed on it, this poor distressed kingdom can witness.”¹

No one can fail to be struck with the wonderful harmony and consistency of all these utterances of Montrose throughout the eventful period between 1638 and his death in 1650, regarding the principles of the Covenant which he adopted and to which he faithfully adhered, the grounds of his difference with the extreme party who formed the Solemn League, the course of events and the condition of public affairs, his own duty as a loyal subject of a constitutional monarch, and his no less sacred duty to his Church and his country.

The results of the inquiry may be fairly summed up in these propositions:—

1. The Covenant of 1638 was no act of rebellion, but a lawful protest against, and engagement to resist, a thoroughly unconstitutional invasion by the King of the rights and liberties of the Church and nation.

2. It was adopted and supported by practically the whole people of Scotland, of every rank and degree, not as a mere outburst of religious enthusiasm, but deliberately, and with full appreciation of its true significance.

3. Montrose, who had been born and bred in the bosom of the Reformed National Church, and was all his life attached to the Presbyterian form of government and worship, embraced the principles of this Covenant, not rashly or on mere boyish impulse, but with full knowledge and understanding, and in sympathy, not only with those of his own order, but also with those of other ranks and degrees whom he had learnt and been accustomed to respect.

4. Throughout his whole career he maintained his adherence to this Covenant and its constitutional principles both by word and deed.

5. But he repudiated the Solemn League and Covenant as unconstitutional and rebellious, and on that ground broke away from the extreme party in the Church, and supported the King against the combined forces of the Parliamentary party in England and the party in Scotland who had by that time arrogated to themselves exclusively the name of Covenanters.

6. He was deceived and beguiled by the false professions of the King, and devoted himself to his service under the erroneous impression and belief that his Majesty was above all things desirous of effecting a reconciliation with the National Church, and that the sole obstacle to this happy result was the obstinacy and unreasonableness of the extreme Church party.

7. He never supported or encouraged the King's claims to absolute power, but recorded on many occasions his firm attachment to the doctrine that the King of Scotland's only title of sovereignty was to rule according to the laws of the realm and the settled constitution in Church and State.

¹ Napier's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 795.

If these propositions are historically sound, lovers of constitutional liberty and limited monarchy must rise from the study of Scottish history in the seventeenth century, with a lively hatred of King Charles's absolutism, and of the means by which he sought to support it; with a feeling of strong disapproval both of the principles and the practices of the intolerant and bigoted party who latterly usurped the name of Covenanters; and with an impression of Montrose and his character and career very different from the popular estimate.

That Montrose was a man of great force of character is demonstrated not less by the part he played in civil affairs than by his military exploits. Integrity and constancy were perhaps his most distinctive virtues. He was as unwavering in purpose as he was

prompt in action. In him "the native hue of resolution" was never "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with his might. Firm in his religious belief, he was equally stanch in defence of the constitution in Church and State. He was generous and chivalrous to the verge of romance, of indomitable courage, and endowed with a vigorous intellect, by whose aid alone he might have achieved greatness in less troublous times. Faults and failings he had like other men, and sins to be forgiven, as which of us has not. But the grand mistake of his life was exuberant confidence in the honour of the two sovereigns whom he served successively. He was deceived and betrayed by both; and by his death he paid the penalty of this egregious and fatal error.

JOYCE.

CHAPTER XXV.

THERE had been great exultation in St Augustine's over the demonstration. At the lively supper-party which was held in the little house which the Sitwells occupied, *en attendant* the parsonage which had been promised them (it was one of their chief grievances that no steps had been as yet taken towards carrying out this promise), on the evening after the school feast, the parson's wife had been more animated, more witty even, than usual. She had made quite a little drama of the possible scene going on in the rectory, where the Canon and his wife were supposed to be discussing the matter. She walked about the room to represent Mrs Jenkinson panting with rage, demanding, "Canon, what were you doing that you let it be? Why didn't you stop it? Why didn't you interfere? I'd rather have written to the bishop, and had them turned off on the spot—that man: and that woman! The woman is far the worst, in my opinion. I am very surprised that you didn't interfere!" Then Mrs Sitwell puffed herself out so that you would actually have believed her to be Canon Jenkinson, and made her small voice into something as like his softly rolling bass as was possible to so different an organ. "If you will consider, my dear, there was nothing to go to the bishop with. The most contemptible of creatures, even a curate, is committing no crime when he gets up a school feast; and he may even be so abandoned as to give a garden-party, and still his bishop would not interfere. Bishops have too little power—

their hands are dreadfully tied. If ever I take a bishopric, I hope they'll be good for something more —" "I should hope so, indeed!" cried the imaginary Canon's wife, in asthmatic pants. "The Thompsons too—poor Sir Sam, who is too good-natured for anything. You will see that odious little woman will turn him round her finger. He'll build their parsonage—he'll back them up in everything. He'll get them a grant for their schools, Canon; and it will be your fault if you let him slip through your fingers. Austin, dear!" cried little Mrs. Sitwell, suddenly becoming herself, with her little ingratiating look, and her voice a little thin, high-pitched, and shrill—"Austin, dear! will you turn upon me if I let him slip out of mine?"

Austin dear had laughed until he had cried over these sketches of his ecclesiastical superiors, and so had the Rev. Mr Bright, and even good Miss Marsham—for they were well done; and the cleverness with which this small person made herself into the semblance of two large people was wonderful. But afterwards Mr Sitwell shook his head a little. "I hope he will do what you, or rather Mrs Jenkinson, thinks," he said. "I shan't mind how much you turn him round your little finger: but these fat men are not so easily influenced as you would suppose," he added, with a sigh.

"And, my dear," said Miss Marsham, nervously pulling out the little bit of yellow lace round her wrist, and keeping her eyes upon it, "though you make me

laugh—I can't help it, it is so funny to hear you do them—yet, you know, if they feel it as much as that, I am sorry. I want you to get your parsonage, and I want St Augustine's to get on. I am sure, if I had money enough I should like, above all things, to give it you for all your schemes; but I don't want *them* to suffer—I don't, indeed," she said, making a little hole in her lace, and then trying with nervous efforts to draw it together. Miss Marsham was of opinion, ever after, that this hole in her old Mechlin was in some way judicial,—a judgment upon her for having participated, however unwillingly, in the ridicule of her old friends.

"As for Sir Sam, if he resists Mrs Sitwell, he will be the first who has done it," said Mr Bright, admiringly. He was not aware that she called him "Angels ever Bright and Fair" when he was not present, and sang that sacred ditty with all his little airs and graces, so that the circle permitted to see the performance nearly died with laughter—or so at least they said.

But the demonstration was over, and nothing more happened. The sudden stop which comes to all excitement when it has been stirred up to a boiling pitch, and afterwards has just to subside again and nothing happens—is painful. The Sitwells went on from day to day expecting a letter from Sir Sam, in which he should propose to build the parsonage (he could so easily!—it would not have cost him a truffle from his dinner, of which the doctor said he ate far too much), or to start the subscription for it with a good round sum, so as to induce others to follow—or, at the very least, inclosing a cheque for the schools. But nothing came, not even an invitation to dinner, which would have afford-

ed an occasion to the parson's wife to turn the fat gentleman round her finger, as she had almost engaged to do. Nothing came except, in a fortnight's time, an invitation to—a garden-party! Mrs Sitwell cried with anger and disappointment when this arrived. She took it in to her husband in his study, after she had calmed down a little. "Look what I have got!" she said; "an invitation to Alkaleigh—to a garden-party—next month. What shall I say?"

"A garden-party! is that all it has come to?" cried the parson; and then he added, angrily, "Say we've no time for such nonsense—say we never go to garden-parties—say we're engaged."

"I don't think we should do that. I was very angry too, for the first moment; but when I came to think of it, I felt sure it was *her* doing. Women never want their husbands to give away their money. And at a garden-party, you know, Austin, there are such opportunities—when you have your wits about you, and can make use of them."

"It doesn't seem as if we did much when we had him in Wombwell's field—at your command," the parson said.

This change of pronouns was very significant, and the sharp little clergywoman perceived it instantly. Austin did not like the idea of wheedling a soap-boiler—especially when it was entirely unsuccessful. He did not want it to be supposed, even by himself, that he ever countenanced such unworthy ways. A man cannot (notwithstanding all Biblical and other warrants for it) control his wife, or get her to refrain from using her own methods; and so long as it is clearly understood that he is not responsible for them—Adam did not object to the apple,

—rather liked it, so far as we have any information; but he wished it to be known that it was his wife's doing, not any suggestion of his. Unfortunately, however, he could not slide out of the responsibility, as Mr Sitwell, among a community always disposed to think it was *her* doing, was not unhopeful of being able to do.

"I gave in to you about making a demonstration," he said. "It cost a good deal of money, Dora, and I can't say I ever heartily approved of it; but I gave in, thinking you knew more of society than I did, and that you might be right. And it was a great success, you all said. No; I don't say anything against that. I daresay it was a success; but what has come of it? Nothing at all—except twenty pounds for the schools, counting that ten of Cissy Marsham's, which we should have had anyhow."

"Twenty pounds is always something, Austin," said Mrs Sitwell, ignoring the drawback. "And it is a great deal to have made it so fully known. Sow your bread, don't you know, by all waters, and it will return to us after many days."

"That's all very well, my dear," said the parson, a little subdued—for how is a man of his cloth to answer when you stop his mouth with a text? He added, however, somewhat dolefully, "And not a move about the parsonage; and if we are to stay here another winter, when not a single door or window fits, and the rain is always coming in through the roof—"

"We must stay here another winter, and there is an end of it!" cried his wife. "If the subscriptions were full and money to spare, they couldn't build the parsonage in four months. You must see the landlord, Austin, and get him to do something. And we must think

of something else to get up the money; we haven't tried half the things we might. Why, if the worst comes to the worst we can have a bazaar. There's always money to be made in that way: and private theatricals, and a concert—and——"

"Dora, you know I hate bazaars."

"Everybody says so," said Mrs Sitwell. "But everybody goes, and everybody buys, no matter what rubbish it is. People that won't give a shilling will spend twenty in materials for making up some trumpery or other, and twenty more in buying other trumpery that other people have made. Bazaars must respond to some need of human nature, Austin, which it has been left to this generation to find out."

"It looks like it," says the parson. "But don't talk to me about it, Dora. If it has to be, I suppose I shall find philosophy enough to tolerate it when the time comes."

"Oh, tolerate it! You will be out and in ten times a-day, making pretty speeches to all the ladies," cried little Mrs Sitwell, with a laugh. "Depend upon it, you will find a bazaar responds to some need of your nature too." She said this, though he did not find it out, so exactly in her husband's own tone, and with his manner, that she had to laugh herself at the double joke of her own fun and his unconsciousness. "And 'Angels ever Bright and Fair' will enjoy it above all things. He will wonder how we never thought of a thing so delightfully calculated to bring people together before."

This time it was the parson who laughed, recognising the voice of Mr Bright and all his ways, and even his appearance evolved as if by witchcraft.

"You are really incorrigible, Dora," he said, turning back to

his sermon with a mind amused. But he did not know altogether how incorrigible she was, and that he himself, all innocent and unsuspecting, had been a victim too.

"And I'll go and see whether I can't get Joyce to make her father do something," cried the parson's wife.

Joyce had been plunged in spite of herself into this new and strange current of life. The Miss St Clairs, notwithstanding the momentary intimacy of the boating party, made few advances towards friendship; and Mrs Sitwell was very eager to secure her society, and also her help in the many activities which absorbed the clergywoman's busy life. And there could be no doubt that it was very convenient to Mrs Hayward that her stepdaughter should have a friend who would relieve herself from the duty of tolerating Joyce's constant companionship, and providing for her entertainment. Joyce, with a singular impartiality and fairness of mind, herself perceived the advantages of this, and what it must be to her father's wife to be now and then free of her presence, and able to act as if no grown-up daughter, no unexpected much-claiming personage had ever been in existence. She had a certain sympathy even with Mrs Hayward—and she allowed herself to be drawn into the other current, with wistful yet genuine understanding of its expediency. Indeed, Joyce went on day by day making discoveries, learning fully only now when she seemed to have settled into her place in her father's house, all the difficulties, the almost impossibilities of it. She felt her disjunction from her past growing day by day, and that was perhaps the worst of all. The very climax of disquietude and distress came

upon her suddenly one day when she was sitting in her room writing her usual letter to Janet, the long journal-letter which had been her safety-valve in her early troubles. In the midst of her writing, while she was giving that minute account of herself and of all her actions, which was everything to her old grandmother, Joyce suddenly awoke as from a dream, with a burning blush, and threw away her pen out of her hand, as if it had been *that* that was in the wrong. That little implement, which one way or other does so much for us, betraying us, expounding us even to ourselves, seemed to her for the moment like a tricky demon drawing out of her things which it was against her honour to say. She got up suddenly, pushing away the table and the letter—things that were in the conspiracy! and with a great deal of agitation walked about the room to subdue the beating in her heart. How was it she had never felt, never recognised till now, the difference? Not Janet's child, free to secure in everything the sympathy of those old people who belonged to her, but Joyce Hayward, her father's daughter, bound by a hundred ties, bound above all to betray his household to no one, not to those who were dearest to her. Joyce was very miserable for a time over this discovery. It stopped not only her letter but the whole course of her thoughts. When she resumed her writing, it was with a poignant sense of unreality, a feeling that her letter was fictitious, written not to reveal but to conceal, which took all the comfort and pleasure out of it. She felt that Janet would read between the lines that it was no longer her Joyce that was writing, but Colonel Hay-

ward's daughter. Their relationship seemed to change in a moment, to become a thing unreal, no longer full of solace and confidence, but fictitious, strained, and untrue. For a time she did not care to write at all, making excuses, finding that she had not time—that to put off till to-morrow was a relief. The change made her heart sick. She felt as if she had been cut adrift from what she loved best. And yet it had to be. Hers was not the hand to lift any veil from the doorways of her father's house, or hand over its household manners to remark, or take refuge from it in another. She wrote a longer letter than usual to Janet after that abrupt awakening, and kissed and cried over it when she sent it away, redoubling the tender words in which she was usually shy of indulging, and writing protestations of affection which had been unnecessary, and which she felt to ring untrue. But how could she better it? It was her first false letter, yet so loyal—the first little rift within the lute, and the music was mute already. She accompanied it with many an anxious, wondering thought, but never knew what Janet thought of it, if Janet had perceived. If Janet did perceive, she never let her nursling suspect it. And not a word was said between them; but it is scarcely to be believed that the acute and keen intellect of the old woman, and her tremulous sympathy with every movement in the mind of her child, could pass over that change which to Joyce's consciousness was so complete.

To say that the letters to Andrew Halliday grew few and rare would be to say little. Joyce began to feel the writing of them as the greatest burden of her life.

She did not know what to say to him—how to address him. His very name made her tremble. Her heart, which had never beaten two beats quicker for his presence, sank now into depths unknown at the thought of him. What if he were to come to claim her! That he would do so one day, Joyce felt a terrifying awful conviction. And would she be bound to arise and go with him—to leave everything that she was beginning to love? Joyce knew nothing else that could be done. She had pledged him her word. To withdraw from it because—because, as she had said, she was Colonel Hayward's daughter—how should she do that? He was the inevitable, standing at the end of all things—a sort of visible fate. Joyce shuddered and turned away from the thought. To escape from it, to hide her face and not see that image in her pathway, became more and more a necessity as the days went on. And this was another reason for finding refuge in what was close to her, though it was so perplexing and unfamiliar. Anyhow, it was more comprehensible than garden-parties and lawn-tennis, which, to the spirit of the Scotch peasant which was in her, were inscrutable pleasures regarded with awe. Joyce did not understand these rites. She understood Mrs Sitwell's schemes a little better, though still with wonderment and many failures in comprehension. And it took her a long time to find out that the parson's wife intended to employ her for the furtherance of her own purposes, and that it was the novelty of her and her unlikeness to other people which made her attractive to her new friend. Mrs Sitwell wooed Joyce with flattering pertinacity. She showered invitations upon her.

She took the girl into her confidence, telling her how much she wanted, how little she had, and unbosoming herself about her pecuniary concerns in a way which horrified her listener. For Joyce had the strong Scotch prejudice against any confession of poverty or appeal for help. She had been trained in the stern doctrine that to starve or die was possible, but not to beg or expose your sorrows to the vulgar eye. When the parson's wife told of her poverty, which she was quite willing to do, to the first comer, Joyce listened with a painful blush, with a sense of shame. She was very sorry—but horrified to see behind the scenes, to be admitted thus, as she felt, to the sanctuary which ought to be kept sacred. But for the woman who had bestowed upon her this painful confidence, Joyce felt that she must be ready to do everything. It could not be for nothing that such a confidence was bestowed.

Mrs Sitwell, for her part, did not care at all for what poor Joyce considered this exposure of her circumstances. She told her tale with a light heart. She was not ashamed of being poor. "It's very nice of you to be so sorry," she said. "And, my dear, if you would just say a word to the Colonel, and get him to set things agoing. He could do it quite, *quite* easily. If you were to take an opportunity when you are walking with him, or when you have him alone. But I don't doubt you would have done that, you kind thing, without being asked——"

"Oh no," said Joyce; "I would not have betrayed your confidence, nor said a word——"

"Oh, my confidence! It is only rich people that can hope to keep their affairs to themselves. I didn't want you to make any secret of it. Just say to your father, who is so kind—whatever you please, my dear. I can trust you. Say, 'Dear daddy, those Sitwells are so poor! don't you think you could do something for them?' or any other thing that will please him and make him think well of us."

"Oh!" said Joyce, with a low exclamation of fright and horror. The suggestion that she should say "dear daddy" put a final crown upon the extraordinary mission confided to her. But Mrs Sitwell thought it the most natural thing in the world.

"Don't do it when Mrs Hayward is by, that's all. Oh, she's an excellent woman, I know; but it's always the women, you know, that hold back. But for the women, we should have had the parsonage long ago; they won't let people be liberal. I often say, if there were no ladies in the parish—oh, what a difference! I shouldn't be a bit afraid even of the Great Gun himself."

"You seem to think that it is women who do everything—especially everything that is bad," said Joyce, with a gleam of amusement.

"And so it is," said Mrs Sitwell, with a sigh. "If one could only get hold of the gentlemen by themselves. I should like to be the one woman to make them do all I wanted," she continued, with a laugh. She was the product of a very advanced civilisation, much beyond anything which her untrained companion knew.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Joyce, being so untrained, had, however, but a poor account to give of her intercession. The Colonel could do nothing without Elizabeth, and his promise to consult his wife and see what steps could be taken did not convey much comfort to the parson's wife. She listened to Joyce's account of the manner in which she had fulfilled her commission with a lengthening face. At the end she jumped up and gave the girl a kiss which took Joyce very much by surprise. To this inexperienced Scotch peasant-girl the ways of the English were extravagant and full of demonstration, as are to English persons the manners of "foreigners" in general, both being disposed to believe that to show so much was rather an indication that there was little feeling to show.

"I am sure you meant it as well as possible," she said, "but you should have seized an opportunity and spoken to the dear Colonel when there was nobody there. Oh, I am sure you are as good as gold—and perhaps if they will really get up a movement— But I've been promised that so often, I have not much faith in it. I thought you might just whisper a word to your dear father, who thinks all the world of you, and the thing would have been done." "It is the women," continued that oracle, "as I told you before, who hold back. If we had only the men to deal with, it would be much easier to manage. But the women calculate and reckon up, and they say, 'It will be a loss of so much on the year's income;' or, 'There is so and so I wanted to buy; if I let him give the money away, I shall have to do without it.' That is how they

go on. Whereas the men don't think; they just put their hands in their pockets, and the thing's done—or it isn't done," she added, with a sudden smile, looking up in Joyce's face. "Never mind," she continued, "don't let us make ourselves unhappy about it. Come and see what I am doing." She returned to the corner from which she had sprung up on Joyce's entrance. "Come and I'll show you my workshop, and how I keep the pot boiling," she cried.

The room was divided into two, a larger and a smaller portion, with folding-doors, as is usual in such small habitations; but these doors were always open, and Mrs Sitwell's corner was at the farther end, commanding the whole space. Joyce saw with amazement a quantity of small photographs ranged upon the ornate but rather shabby little desk at which her friend worked, and which was covered with sheets of paper, each containing a piece of writing and a number. Mrs Sitwell took up one of the photographs and handed it to Joyce.

"Now tell me," she said, "what would you think was the character of that gentleman, supposing that you were going to marry him, or to make him your friend, or to engage him as your butler? What would you think of him from his face?"

"I think," said Joyce, bewildered, "that I should not be—very fond of him: but I don't know why."

"Oh, you dreadful little critic! why shouldn't you be fond of him, as you say? He is quite nice-looking—better than half the men you see. Now here is what he really is," said Mrs Sitwell, lifting one of

the pieces of paper and handing it to Joyce, who read with amazement: "No 310.—This face is that of a man full of strength and character. The brow shows great resolution, the eyes much courage and judgment. The mouth is sensitive, and the nose expresses shrewdness and caution. He will be very decided in action, but never rash; very steady in his affections, but slow in forming any ties. There is a great but suppressed love of art and music in the lines about his eyes."

"Well, dear, do not stare at me so; don't you think, now you look at him again, that it's all true? or perhaps you would like this one better." The second was the photograph of a simpering girl, in that peculiar combination of stare and simper which only photographs give. "Now, don't commit yourself," said Mrs Sitwell, with a laugh. "Look at the account of all her perfections before you say anything. 'No. 603.—Ethelinda is a young lady of many qualities. Her eyes show great sweetness of disposition. She will be very true, and when she gives her heart, will give it altogether. The lips show a highly sensitive and nervous disposition, feeling too strongly for her own peace. There are also signs of much musical power, and of great constancy in love.'"

Joyce put down these two extraordinary literary compositions with something like consternation. "It is perhaps stupid of me," she said, "not to understand."

"Oh no; it is not stupid at all. Perhaps you have never seen the 'Pictorial'? It has quite a great circulation, and is very popular. This is a new branch of the answers to correspondents that made the 'Family Herald' such a success. Don't you know the Answers to Correspondents in the

'Family Herald'? Oh, you must indeed have been brought up out of the world! But the 'Pictorial' is quite in advance of that. If you send your photograph to the editor, you receive next week a description of your character from Myra. Now Myra is me."

"Then those—are going into a newspaper," said Joyce, looking at the pieces of written paper with a mingling of curiosity and shame.

"Those—are going into the 'Pictorial,' and they are going to give a great deal of pleasure to various people, and to put a little money into my pocket, which wants it very much," said the parson's wife. "Now, what is there to object to in that?"

"Indeed," said Joyce, "I was not thinking of objecting. I was only taken by surprise."

"Ah!" cried Mrs Sitwell, with a little moisture enhancing the keen sparkling of her eyes, "that is what you all say, you well-off people, who never knew what it was to want a sovereign! You are surprised at the way we poor unfortunates have to take to make a little money. Why, I would simply do anything for a little money—anything that was not wrong, of course. You don't know what money means to us. It means clothes for the children and a nursemaid to take care of them, and good food, which they require, and a hundred little things, which you people who never were in want of them never think of."

"But I was not accustomed to be rich. I know what it means to have nothing. No," Joyce added, hurriedly, "perhaps that is not true; for when I had nothing I wanted nothing, and that must be the same thing as having everything. I find no difference," she said.

"Then you don't know anything

about it, just the same. The dreadful thing is to have nothing and want a great many things—and this is the case of so many of us. How could we live upon poor Austin's little pay? People think a clergyman ought to have private means—but where are we to get the private means? We have a little something in my family, but my mother has it for her life. I don't want my mother to die, who is always so kind to the children, that I may get my little share. It would only be a few hundred pounds, after all. And Austin's people thought they did enough for him when they gave him his education, as they call it—sending him to Oxford to learn expensive habits. A great deal too much is made of education," said the parson's wife. "I don't think I shall take any trouble about education for my children. They get on better without it, in my opinion."

This dreadful assertion made Joyce gasp with horror. Not take any trouble about education!—which was the only thing in all the world to take trouble about. But she did not trust herself to say anything, and indeed Mrs Sitwell did not leave her time.

"But they *shall* be comfortable and have things as nice as possible while they are babies," cried the parson's wife; "and when I found out that I could do this, I was as pleased as Punch. One goes upon rules, you know—it is not all guess-work; and my opinion is, there is a great deal in it. Austin says that supposing these people had everything in their favour, no bad influences or anything of that kind, then what I find in their faces would be true. Let me see, now. Let me read yours. You have a great deal that is very nice in you, dear. You are

of a most generous disposition. You would give anything in the world that you had to give. But you are apt to get frightened, and not to follow it out. And you are musical—I can see it in your eyes."

"Indeed I don't know anything at all about music."

"That has nothing to do with it," said Mrs Sitwell. "You would have been if you had known. And you are *very* sensitive, dear. You put meanings upon what people say, and take offence, or the reverse, when none is meant. You are full of imagination; but you haven't much courage. You love people very much, or you dislike them very much. You are devoted to them, or else you can't endure them."

"I don't think I ever do that," said Joyce, sedately, taking it all with great gravity.

"Oh, of course you have been modified by education, as Austin says. Nobody is just as nature made them; but that is what you would be if you had been left alone, you know. I'll write it all out for you when I have a little time. Give me back Ethelinda and No. 310. I have a kind of idea these two simpletons are going to be married, and they want each to know a little more of the other—that is, you know, they want the prophet to agree with them, and say this is the sweetest girl that ever was—and this is the nicest man. And you may be sure that the better you speak of any one, the more you will agree with what they think of themselves. When you say they are musical and intellectual, and all that, they think how wonderful that you should understand them so well! though they may be the stupidest people that ever were seen."

"But——" Joyce said, with timidity.

"I don't want any buts. You would never let any one do anything if you were to carry a 'but' with you everywhere. If you heard me say to Sir Sam the soap-boiler what excellent taste he had, and how beautiful his house was, you would think it was wrong perhaps, and put in that 'but' of yours. But why? Gillow, who did it all, is supposed to have excellent taste, and poor dear Sir Sam thinks it perfection. And it pleases him to be told so. Why shouldn't I please him? If I were of his way of thinking, I would admire it too; and don't you see, when you sympathise with a man, and want to please him, you *are* of his way of thinking—for the moment," the little lady added. "Now just wait a minute till I finish off my people," she said.

Joyce sat in a bewilderment which had become almost perennial in her mind, and watched the woman of business before her. Mrs Sitwell took up photograph after photograph, examining each with every appearance of the most conscientious care. She would put down the little portrait, and write a few sentences, looking at it from time to time as a painter might look at his model,—then pausing, biting her lips as if some contradictory feature puzzled her, would take it up again and follow its lines, sometimes with the end of her pen, sometimes with the point of her finger, knitting her brows in the deepest deliberation. "I wish people wouldn't be so much alike," she said. "I wish they wouldn't all show the same traits of character. I can't make all the ladies affectionate and musical, and all the men determined and plucky, can I?—but that's what they expect, you know. Now here's one," she cried, selecting a photograph,

"upon whom I shall wreak my rage. She shall be everything she wouldn't like to be; that will make the others laugh who have got off so much better. I'll put it as nicely as I can, but she won't like it. Listen!—'The brows denote much temper, verging upon the sullen, against which I warn Arabella to be on her guard. There is a tendency to envy in the lines of the nose; the thinness of the lips shows an inclination to the use of language which might develop into scolding in later life. The eyes show insensibility to love, which might make her very cruel to her admirers if she has any. Arabella ought to take great care to obtain a proper command of herself, so as to keep these dangerous qualities under. There is a strength in all the lines, which probably will assure her success if she tries; but she will have much to struggle against. There is something in the form of her chin which I suspect to mean love of money, if not avarice; and there seem some traces of greed about the mouth, but of these last I am not quite sure.' There! what do you think of that as a foil? It will make the others more delighted than ever with their own good qualities."

"And do you see all that in the face?"

"Look!" cried Mrs Sitwell, placing the photograph before Joyce with a triumphant movement. It was a heavy, unattractive face, such as hang by dozens in the frames of poor photographers, and are accepted by the subjects with that curious human humility which mingles so strangely with human vanity, and teaches us to be complacent about anything which is our own. The parson's wife snatched it back and threw it among the little heap on the

table. "Now I have done for to-day," she said; "and you know you are going with me round my district. Don't look so miserable about Arabella; I have sacrificed her to the satisfaction of the others—the greatest happiness of the greatest number, don't you know? But all the same, it's all there—every word's true. I've no more doubt she's a nasty, ill-speaking, ill-tempered toad, than I have that you are the nicest girl I know—only it doesn't always do to say it. If there were many unfavourable ones, inquirers would fall off. I give them one now and then to show what I can do when I think proper. Come along. We'll take a look at the children first, and then we'll go—and forget that there ever was a cheap photograph done. Oh, how I loathe them all!" Mrs Sitwell said.

They went up-stairs accordingly to see the children, of whom there were three, the youngest being a baby of some seven or eight months old. "They are not fit to be seen," said the nursemaid, who was maintained by those photographs.

"They have got their nursery overalls on, and not very much underneath," said their mother. "We keep our swell things for swell occasions. But look at those legs!" Joyce was not deeply learned in babies' legs, her experience lying among elder children. But there are few women to whom the round, soft, infantine limbs—"the flesh of a little child," as the Old Testament writer says, when he wants to describe perfect health and freshness—have not a charm, and she was able to admire and praise to the mother's full content. "Little Augustine—we give him his full name to distinguish him from his father, and also because of the church—is really wonder-

fully clever, though I say it that shouldn't," said Mrs Sitwell; "and little May is the most perfect little mother! You should see her taking care of baby! Do you know, I was at my Characters two days after that boy was born. I couldn't afford to lose a week! I sat up in bed and did them. Don't you think it was clever of me?" she said, with a laugh, as they went down-stairs,— "and never did me the least harm." The rapid succession of aspects in which this little person disclosed herself took away Joyce's breath. Her mind was of slower action than that of her new friend. She had not been able to settle with herself what she thought of the photographs and the 'Pictorial,' and the sacrifice of the ugly Arabella, when her companion flashed round upon her in the capacity of the devoted and admiring mother, which softened her sharp voice, and lit up her face with love and sweetness. Joyce had further surprising experiences to go through in the district, to which she now accompanied the parson's wife, and where everything was new to her. She thought within herself, if the minister's wife had fluttered into her granny's cottage in the same way and stirred up everything, that the reception Janet would have given her would have been far from agreeable. Yet probably the minister's wife had more means of help than Mrs Sitwell, and the poor women whom she visited more actual money in the shape of wages than Janet had ever possessed. Joyce felt herself retire with a shiver, feeling that quick resentment must follow, when the charitable inquisitor put questions of a more than usually intimate character—but no such result appeared. And there could be no doubt about the practical advantage and thorough

sympathy of the visitor. She had a basket in her hand, out of which came sundry little gifts, and her suggestions were boundless. "I have some old frocks of my boy's that would just do for that little man. Are you sure you can mend them and make them up for him?"

"Well, ma'am, I could try," the poor woman would say, with a curtsy.

"Oh, I don't believe in trying unless you know how to do it," said the parson's wife; "come up to my house at six, and bring the child, and I'll fit them on him, and show you how. You ought to go to the mothers' meeting, where they will show you how to cut out and put things together. It would be so useful to you with all your children." "Well, Mrs Smith," she ran on, darting in next door, "I hope things are going on all right with you. Now he's taken the pledge, you ought to be so much more comfortable. But, dear me! you are in as great a muddle as ever."

"He's took the pledge, but he's not kep' it," said the woman, sullenly.

"I don't wonder, if he has only a house like this to come home to. Why, if I were in a cotton gown and a big apron like you, I'd have it all spick and span in an hour. I wish I could turn to this moment," cried the little lady, quivering with energy, "and show you what sort of place a man should come home to. Poor Mr Smith, I don't wonder he's broken the pledge. Why, that poor child makes my heart ache. When did it have its face washed?"

"I haven't the heart to begin," said Mrs Smith, subsiding into feeble crying—"I'm that ill and weak. And I don't never get on with anything."

"Poor thing! is that so? I

thought you couldn't be well, you're so helpless. I'll send the mission woman to-morrow morning to put all straight for you, and you'd better go to the doctor to-morrow and let's get at the bottom of it. If you're ill we must get you set right. I'll come and see what the doctor says, and I'll send you something down for the man's supper. But for goodness' sake wash the baby's face and get the place swept up a little before he comes in. That can't hurt you. Come, you mustn't lose heart—we'll see you through it," said the parson's wife.

There could not be a better parson's wife, Joyce acknowledged, strange though to her the type was. She petted and humoured the sick children as if she had been their mother. She sat by a bedridden woman and listened to a long rambling story about her illness and all its details, with every appearance of interest and unquestionable patience. And when the round was got through, she skipped out of the last house with the satisfaction of a child to have got its task over. "Now let's have a run down to the river to see the boats, and then home to tea. You are going to stay with us for tea? I want a good fast nice walk to blow all the cobwebs out of my head."

"But you must be tired. And it must make your heart sore."

"You say that *sore* in such a pathetic way," said Mrs Sitwell, laughing and mimicking Joyce with her soft, low-toned, Scotch voice—an action which Joyce only detected after a minute or two, and which made her flush with a troubled sense of being open to ridicule. The sensation of being laughed at was also a thing to which she was entirely unaccustomed. "But you can't help them unless you see what they want," the

parson's wife went on. "And as half of them will cheat you if they can, and you must find out the truth from your own observation, not from what they tell you, you must simply put your heart in your pocket, and think nothing of its being *sore*. And as for being tired, I'm never tired, I have so many different things to do. If they were the same, I should die of it. We are going to have some fun to-night—we are going to have 'Angels ever Bright and Fair' to meet you. Oh! don't you know what

I mean by 'Angels ever Bright and Fair'? I mean Mr Bright, our curate. He is the best little man in the world, and he is so pleased you agree with him, only putting it so much more nicely." Then the little mimic changed her tone, and was more Bright than Mr Bright himself. "He shall sing that song of his for you, and he will try to make a little mild love to you, and it will all be great fun. But first let us go on to the bridge and have a look at the boats."

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was the afternoon of a brilliant summer day, and the Thames was full of water-parties going home, full of frolic and merriment, and pretty ladies in fine dresses, and men in flannels, in that *négligé* which Englishmen alone know how to make agreeable and pleasant to behold. The sight of all that pleasure had a pleasurable effect upon the parson's wife, though she had no share in it. And the charm of the scene,—the river, struck full by the level sunshine which made it blaze, the colour and movement of the continually passing boats, the more tranquil river-people about—fishermen in their punts, who had sat there all day long, and looked "as steadfast as the scene," immovable like the trees that overhung the water,—was delightful to Joyce, who had so soon acquired associations with that river, and to whom her two expeditions upon it were the most delightful of her life. She was leaning upon the bridge, looking over, watching the measured movement of the oars, as a party of small boats together swept down the stream, and thinking, not of them, but of her own water-party,

and the strange enchantment in it—when she suddenly saw in one of the passing boats a figure which made her heart jump with sudden excitement. It was Captain Belvedere, who was standing up in the stern of the boat behind a gay party of ladies, steering, which was a difficult operation enough at that moment. He was too much absorbed in his occupation to look up, but Joyce had no difficulty in identifying him. His outline, his attitude, would have been enough for her quick eyes; his face was almost stern in the intentness with which he was surveying the river, guiding the deeply-laden boat through the dangers of that passage, amid a crowd of other boats, many of them manned by very unskilful boatmen,—and entirely unconscious of her observation. The sight of him gave the sensitive girl a curious shock. She knew very well that his life was altogether apart from hers, that he must be engaged in many scenes and many pleasures with which she had nothing to do, and that the point at which their two lives came in contact at all was a very narrow one. She knew all this as

well as it was possible to know such an evident matter of fact; and yet, somehow, this sudden proof of it, and sight of him passing her by, unconscious of her existence, in the society to which, and not to her, he belonged, had an effect upon Joyce altogether out of proportion to the easiness of the incident. Where had he been? Who were the people who were with him? Had it been as delightful to him as when he had made it a scene of enchantment and delight to her? She did not ask herself these questions. She only recognised in one swift moment that there he was in his own life, altogether unaware of, and unconcerned by, hers. The shock, the recognition, the instant identification of all these facts, were complete in a moment—the moment which it took the boat, propelled by four strong pairs of arms, to shoot within the shadow of the bridge—and no more.

“Why! wasn’t that your friend, Captain Bellendean, standing up steering that big boat?” Mrs Sitwell said.

Joyce had a curious sensation as if she were standing quite alone, separate from all the world, and that this was some “airy tongue that syllables men’s names” echoing in her ears. She heard herself murmur as if she too were but a voice, “Yes, I think so”—while the glowing river and the drooping trees, and all the gleams of mingled colour, melted and ran into each other confusedly like the mists of a dream.

“I am sure it is. What a wonderful thing when one has all sorts of things to do, to watch those people who have nothing to do but amuse themselves! He has been philandering about with his ladies all day, and probably he will be out at half-a-dozen parties, or

lounging in his club half the night—and the same thing to-morrow and to-morrow. Well, on the whole, you know I think it must be dull, and not half so good as our own hard-working life,” Mrs Sitwell said; but she sighed. Then turning upon Joyce with a sudden laugh—“I forgot you were one of the butterflies too.”

“Oh no,” said Joyce, “only twice”—thinking of those enchanted afternoons upon the water, and having only half emerged from the curious haze of enlightenment, of realisation, if such a paradox may be, which had surrounded her. She thought, but was not sure, that her companion laughed at this inconsequent reply. Only twice! How strange it was that these two frivolous water-parties—mere pleasure, meaning nothing—should have taken such a place in her life, more than all the hard work of which Mrs Sitwell (with a sigh) asserted the superiority! The school, the labours in which Joyce had delighted, her aspirations, her Shakespeare class, had all melted away and left no trace; while the Thames with its pleasure-boats, the mingled voices of the rowers and their companions, the tinkle of the oars, the sunshine on the water, appeared to her like the only realities in the haze of her present life. They came back to her with the most astonishing distinctness when this sudden glimpse, which felt like a revelation, but was not—how could it be so?—rather the most ordinary circumstance, the most natural accident, befell her. It was at least a revelation to her; for it showed her how distinctly she remembered every incident, every detail, every word that had been spoken; how the Captain had handed her into the boat; how she had been placed near him,

her father on the other side ; how he had bent over his oar, speaking to her from time to time ; how the others had called to him by the name of Stroke—which at first Joyce had supposed to be a playful nickname, not knowing what it meant—to mind his business, to take care what he was about. Joyce did not know why, but had a curious dazzled sense of his eyes upon her face, of his attention to her every movement, of the curious change in everything when she was drawn into the other boat on the way back, and the cloud that had come over his eyes. All these things were as a picture or a dream to her, not things she remembered as having been, but which seemed to go on and continue and be, like an enchanted world, which having once come into existence, could never cease. Only twice : but remaining always—so that she could go back at her pleasure, and float again upon the enchanted stream, and hear again the merry mingled voices, the one of deeper tone sounding through. She recognised with a strange confusion that this sudden, unexpected sight of Captain Bellendean steering another boat, with another crew, disturbed the previous image in her mind in some unexplainable way. It was like the sudden plunge of a stone into the midst of a still water full of reflections, breaking up the reflected images, spreading vague circles of confusion through the lovely unreal world that had been there. It was unreal altogether, everything, both that which had been before and that which now was.

Joyce walked back very soberly by Mrs Sitwell's side, vaguely listening to the lively strain of talk, which conveyed scarcely any idea to her mind—hearing, answering, knowing nothing, feeling as if the

many-sided practical life in which her companion was so busy, was an unfortunate and troublesome unreality, breaking into experiences so far more vivid and true. She was glad to be rid of Mrs Sitwell for a moment when they reached the house, where Joyce was to be entertained at tea.

While its mistress flew about seeing that all was ready, Joyce sat down, thankful to be alone, very happy to find silence and stillness round her, even in the little shabby sitting-room, with the faded ornamental desk and the mystery of the photographs at the other end. She wanted to think, to make it all out, to realise what had happened. What had happened ! and yet nothing had happened at all. She had seen a boat floating down, with a score of others, passing under the bridge ; and what was that to her or to any one ? A boat passing, a water-party going down the river, and nothing more. But this was not how it appeared to Joyce : thinking is one thing and seeing another. Whatever she might say to herself, what she continued to see was the Captain standing up in the stern of the long boat, with the steerage-ropes in his vigorous hands, with that pretty group of ladies in the shadow of his erect figure,—another world, another life of which she knew nothing at all. Norman Bellendean had by no means neglected his new friends. Only two days before he had appeared in the afternoon, and had filled the place with that something which Joyce did not understand—that influence and personality which seemed to soften all tones and warm all tints, and charm the common day into miraculous brightness. She said to herself that this was society—that interchange of thoughts and feel-

ings which had always appeared to her the most desirable thing in the world. That she should have found the charm in the sole possession of a cavalry officer—who was, it is true, at the same time, a country gentleman, and the lord and superior of the place which had been her early home, and in which everybody regarded him with an interest half feudal, half friendly—did not surprise her, though a cooler head might have found it a very surprising thing. Joyce believed that Mrs Bellendean produced the same charmed atmosphere around her. They were the symbols of all higher intelligence and finer breeding, and she was not as yet in any way undeceived, nor suspected any other influence in the delightfulness of the Captain's visits—a delight which had begun with the very first of them, and which had never failed. It was not, therefore, any kind of jealousy which had sprung up in her mind, even unconsciously. She did not suspect among the ladies in that boat some special one who might have all his best looks and words aside. Her mind was not at all in that conscious phase. She only realised with a curious consternation that he lived his life in another world—that the days when he was absent were to him the same as other days, though to her lost in mystery and the unknown. Where he spent them, with whom he was, mattered nothing. She was not even curious as to who his companions were. The wonder, the shock, consisted in the fact that his life had another side to her absolutely unknown.

In all this there was no pang of jealous love. She was unaware that there was love in it, or anything save wonder and disappointment, and a strange realisation

of difference and separation. She did not know where he had been, or who were with him: he might have passed her very door—the other side of the hedge—and she would have been none the wiser. She knew him so well, and yet not at all. Something of the astonishment with which the primitive traveller recognises the existence of a hundred circles of human creatures altogether beyond his ken, who must have gone on living for all those years totally outside of his knowledge, filled her now. The thought affected her with fantastic pain, and yet she had not a word to say against it. Her heart made a claim all unconsciously upon those people who had first awakened its sympathies; and to pass him on the road, as it were, like this, he not even seeing her, unexpectant of her appearance, like two strangers out of reach of even a passing salutation, was more strange, more overpowering, more enlightening, than anything, she thought, that had ever happened before.

The tea after this was bewildering and rather tedious to Joyce. She wanted to get away to think over her new discovery by herself, and instead she was compelled to share in an evening of lively wit and laughter, solidified by much parish talk. A churchwarden, who was no more than a local tradesman—though one of the “best people”—and much overawed by finding himself there—and good Miss Marsham, were of the party. Mrs Sitwell's voice ran through the whole like the *motif* of a piece of music, never lost sight of. “You must sing, Mr Bright, as soon as you have recovered your voice a little after tea. Eating, we all know, is very bad for the voice: we will give a little time for tired nature to re-

store herself, and then the songster must be heard. Miss Hayward has never heard you, don't you know."

"I am not very much to hear. Miss Hayward would not lose much if she remained in that state of deprivation."

"Oh, we don't think so,—do we, Mr Cosham? What would the choir do without him? By the way, that dear boy of yours is coming on famously. He must have a solo in the anthem on our Saint's day. He is quite like a cherub in his white surplice. That is one thing the Canon envies us. He would give his little finger to have a surpliced choir—but they won't let him! Though he is so tyrannical to us, he has to knock under to all the old women who sit upon him. They call it sitting under him, but I don't. Do you, Mr Cosham?"

"Really, ma'am," said the churchwarden, with his mouth full, "you put it so funnily, one can't help laughing;" and with humility, putting up his hand to conceal it, he indulged in an apologetic roar.

"Oh, let's laugh a little—it does nobody any harm," said the parson's wife. "What I should delight in would be to have a band for the festival: it might be amateur, you know; there are so many amateurs about the world that want nothing for it—that are too glad to be allowed to play."

"And oh, so badly," said Mr Bright.

"Not always so very badly—especially when it is strings. Don't you think we might have a band, Mr Cosham, so long as it was strings? it would be such an attraction—with a solo from your dear little boy."

"I think it would be a great attraction; what do you think, sir?" said the churchwarden, looking to-

wards the chief authority. Mr Sitwell shook his head.

"Perhaps we think too much of outside attractions when our minds should be set upon higher influences; but if you think the people would like it——"

"It helps a deal with the collection—does a band," said the churchwarden. "There's a church I know where they have the military band, and the place is crowded, with people standing outside the doors."

"Not from the best of motives, I fear," said the parson, still shaking his head; "but to get them to come is something, by whatever means."

"That's what I think—like Mrs Sitwell; and a brass band——"

"Oh no, Mr Cosham!—strings! strings!" cried the lady. "A brass band is a deal too noisy." She turned upon the unsuspecting man eyes which had suddenly become dull round orbs like his own, and spoke with the very echo of his voice. "It would drown Johnny's voice, bless him!" the little mimic cried. Mr Cosham, good man, thought there was something a little strange and thick in this utterance; but he did not understand the convulsion of suppressed laughter on the curate's face, nor the smile that curled about the corners of Mr Sitwell's mouth. These signs of merriment disturbed him a little, but he did not suspect how. He turned to the ladies, who were quite grave, and replied with much sincerity—

"That's quite true, ma'am—it's wonderful how you do see things; it *would* drown Johnny's voice—and he's got a sweet little pipe of his own, and pleased and proud his mother would be to hear him in church."

"The boys' voices are like angels," said Miss Marsham; "they're sometimes naughty little

things, but their voices are like heaven. But I can't help saying, though I don't like to disagree with you, that I'm not fond of a band in church."

"What! not strings?" cried Mrs Sitwell, with such an air of ingenuous and indeed plaintive surprise, that the tender-hearted woman was moved in spite of herself.

"Well—perhaps strings are different," she answered, with hesitation.

"We never thought of anything else: when our kind friend said brass, it was only a slip of the tongue. You meant violins all the time, Mr Cosham, didn't you?" said the parson's wife, with her appealing gaze, which made the churchwarden blush with emotion and pleasure.

"I believe I did, ma'am," he said, doubtfully. "I'm sure that's what's right if you say so: for naturally being so musical yourself, you know about these things better than me."

"Dear," said Mrs Sitwell, addressing Joyce, whom she no longer called Miss Hayward, but whom she did not yet venture, in sight of a certain dignity of silence and reserve about that young woman, to call, except in her absence, by her Christian name,—“you never give us your opinion on anything. Do give us your opinion; we have all said our say."

"Indeed I don't know anything at all," said Joyce—"nothing at all. I was never used to music—of that kind, in the church."

"And yet," said Mr Sitwell, "the Scottish Church has a fine ceremonial of her own, where she has not been deadened by contact with Dissent. I have always heard there were things in her service which went further and were more perfect than anything attempted

here—until quite recently. But of course there is always a tendency to be deadened by the atmosphere of Dissent."

The party all listened very respectfully to this, which had almost the weight of an oracular statement. Joyce, for her part, was more bewildered than ever. The words he used bore to her a completely different meaning, and she was not sufficiently instructed to be aware of that which he intended to express. She understood the Canon when he asked her if she was a horrid little Presbyterian, but she had no comprehension of what Mr Sitwell meant. She was wise enough, however, to be silent, and keep her ignorance to herself.

"But we all believe the same in the chief points, after all," said Miss Marsham, laying her thin hand caressingly on Joyce's arm. This kind lady could not bear the girl to be distressed if, perhaps, she might happen to be one of those who had been deadened by the atmosphere of Dissent.

"Well, now that this great question is settled, and we are to have the band and Johnny's solo—and mind you keep him in good voice, Mr Cosham—let us go upstairs and have 'Angels ever Bright and Fair.' We are so fond of 'Angels ever Bright and Fair,'—aren't we, Austin?" cried the parson's wife, putting her hand through her husband's arm and looking up in his face. He laughed and put her away with a little pat. "You are incorrigible, Dora," he said. Mr Bright lifted his eyebrows and looked at the others, asking why.

And then there followed songs and sallies, and bits of that involuntary mimicry of everybody in turn which the lively mistress of the house seemed to be unable to keep under. Joyce saw her assume a

serious aspect, with a grave face and a little movement about her lips, as she said something in slow and soft tones, at which Miss Marsham did not laugh, but once more laid her thin hand tenderly upon Joyce's arm, while the gentlemen did,—the churchwarden bursting out in a short abashed roar, while Mr Bright went off to a corner, and Mr Sitwell hid his face with his hand. This little pantomime perplexed Joyce much, but it was not till after that she realised how she herself had been "taken off" for the amusement of her friends.

She got home at last in the dusk of the summer night, feeling as if the world were full of a babble of voices, and of jests, and of calculations and little intrigues, and attempts to do something unnamed by means of something else. Joyce had not been altogether unaware that all was not perfectly straightforward and true in the world before. She had been fully acquainted with the extraordinary little deceptions and stories made up by children to save themselves from punishment, or to procure some pleasure, or even for nothing at all—out of pleasure apparently in the mere invention; but these little falsities were of altogether a different kind, and her brain throbbled with the contact of so many unaccustomed trifles which were like the buzz of the flies in the air. The piquancy of mimicking an individual in his own presence, though she was not insensible to the fact, was strange to her serious soul: it helped to increase the queer unreality of this world in which she found herself, where there were droll little plays going on on all sides upon somebody's weakness, from the silly correspondents of the 'Pictorial' to the rich soap-boiler who was to be wheedled by

praise of his house, and the humble churchwarden who was bound hand and foot in reverential servility by praise of his boy—and people who were to be brought to church by the attraction of a band as being better than not going at all. And what was it for? For the parsonage? Joyce was not so hard a critic as to believe this. She saw the good parson tired with his day's work, and she had seen that kind mischievous little woman as good as an angel to the poor people. Their meaning at the bottom was good, and the parsonage only an incident in the strong desire they both had to make the district of St Augustine's as near perfection as possible, and chase all sorrow and sickness and trouble out of it, and set up a beautiful service, and steal the people's hearts with angelic voices in the choir and celestial thrilling of violin-strings—to steal their hearts, but only for God, or for what they thought God,—for the Church at least. This part of it Joyce but faintly comprehended, yet more or less divined. And then from the conception she dimly attained of this real and great motive, her mind came down again to the laughter and the mimicry and the photographs, and that perplexing utterance about an atmosphere deadened by Dissent. What a strange world it was! making good things look bad by dint of trying to get good out of evil! Joyce wondered whether it would not succeed better to reject the artifices, and try what simple means would do. And then having shaken off that coil, her mind suddenly returned with a spring to what was for herself the central event of this day—the Captain standing up in that boat among those unknown people, in that other world. Strange! and he was her friend—but yet belonged to her no more

than the river itself flowing on its way, with so many other lawns to reflect besides that little bit of green which Joyce, watching the stream go by, had begun to think of as her own. But it was not hers, and neither was he. Bellendean had been hers, and her old people, and—— Joyce hur-

ried her steps to get refuge in her father's house from that shadow which began to start up in her path and look at her, and filled her with alarm—a shadow demure and serious, with no thought of other worlds or other influences strong enough to eclipse his own.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The next scene in which Joyce found herself which broke the ordinary routine of her life was the great garden-party at the soap-boiler's, which was all that the poor Sitwells had got out of their supposed great demonstration and triumph of the school feast. Sir Samuel Thompson lived in a large mansion on the hill overlooking the whole panorama of the Thames valley, with its winding river and happy woods—a scene enchanting enough to have satisfied any poet, and which this rich and comfortable person looked upon with much complacency, as in a manner belonging to himself, and deriving a certain importance from that fact. He was a man who was fond of great and costly things, and it seemed natural to him that his windows should command the best thing in the way of a view that was to be had near enough London to be valuable. And it gave him much satisfaction to gather around him all "the best people" from miles round: it was pleasant thus to be able to prove the value of money, which was the thing that had made him great, and which he liked to glorify accordingly. "They all knock under to it in the end," he was fond of saying. "They think a deal of themselves and their families, and rank and all that, but money's what draws them in the end."

And Sir Sam was right. Some people came because his house was a show house, and his table the most luxurious of any far or near; and some because to see him swelling like a turkey-cock in the midst of his wealth was funny; and some by that indefinable attraction which wealth has, which brings the most rebellious to their knees: at all events, everybody came. Sir Sam was, to use his own phraseology, the chief partner in his own concern. Nobody remarked Lady Thompson. She was not the leader of the expenditure and display, as the wife of a self-made man so often is. She was a homely stout little person, who did not love her grandeur—who would have been far happier in the house-keeper's room. Even in the finest dresses—and she had very fine dresses—there was to understanding eyes the shadow of an apron, a sort of ghostly representation of a soft white comfortable lap to which a child might cling, where stockings to be darned might lie. She stood a step behind Sir Sam to receive their guests. He said, "How do you do? hope I see you well. Hope you've brought a large party—the more the merrier; there's plenty of room for all;" while she only shook hands with the visitors and beamed upon them. She went everywhere with her husband, but always in this

subsidiary capacity. And Sir Sam was by no means reluctant to bestow the light of his countenance. It was not so difficult a thing to persuade him to appear at an afternoon party as the deluded Sitwells had supposed. He liked to show himself and his fat horses and his carriage, which was the last and newest and most comfortable that had ever been fashioned. But there he stopped. He took a cup of tea from any one; but if they thought to get anything more in return they were mistaken, and justly too,—for why should a millionaire's good offices be purchased by a cup of tea? He had the right on his side.

This poor Mrs Sitwell found when she made her anxious and at last desperate attempt to gain his ear. To waste his attentions upon the wife of the incumbent of St Augustine's did not in the least commend itself to Sir Sam. He was not aware that she was amusing, and could take off all his friends; and he thought with justice that she was not worthy to be selected out from that fine company only because she had asked him to her school feast. In return for the cup of tea offered to him there—which he did not drink—he had asked her and her husband to his gorgeous house, and put it within their power to drink tea of the finest quality, coffee iced and otherwise, claret-cup or champagne-cup; and to eat ices of various kinds, cakes, fruit, grapes, which at that time of the year, had they been sold, would have been worth ever so much a pound. Sir Sam thought he had given the parson of St Augustine's and his wife a very ample equivalent for their cup of tea.

Joyce went to this great gathering in Mrs Hayward's train, as usual, following—with a silence and

gravity which were gradually acquiring for her the character of a very dignified and somewhat proud young woman—her stepmother's active steps. She knew a few people now, and silently accepted offered hands put out to her as she bowed with a smile and response to the greeting, but no more. The crowd was no longer a blank to her. She did not now feel as if left alone and among strangers when, in the course of Mrs Hayward's more brilliant career, she was left to take care of herself. On this occasion it was not long before she saw the portly Canon swinging down upon her, with the lapels of his long coat swinging too, on either side of the round and vast black silk waistcoat. She had been watching, with a disturbed amusement, the greetings made at the corner of a green alley between Mrs Jenkinson and Mrs Sitwell. They had been full of cordiality—the elder lady stooping to give the younger one a dab upon her cheek, which represented a kiss. "I could not think it was you," Mrs Jenkinson said; "I have been watching you these ten minutes. How are you, and how are the dear children? I am very pleased to see you here. I did not know you knew the Thompsons."

"Oh yes; very well indeed," said the parson's wife, with a beaming smile. "What a pretty party it is!"

"A party cannot well fail to be pretty when it is given in such gardens as these; and with such a house behind it, flowing with wine and oil."

"You mean with ices and tea. It's very fine, no doubt; but I like something humbler, that one can call one's own, quite as well."

"No one should attempt these parties," said Mrs Jenkinson, "who has not a large place to give them

in, and plenty of things going on—tennis and all that, or music, or a beautiful prospect: we have them all here.”

“Oh,” said Mrs Sitwell, “we did very well indeed, I assure you, in Wombwell’s field. You did not do me the honour to come, but everybody else did—the Thompsons and all.”

“Really,” Mrs Jenkinson said. She added pointedly, feeling that she was not a match for the lively and nimble person with whom she was engaged—“It must, I fear, have been very expensive.”

“Oh, not at all,” said the parson’s wife. “You see, we gave nothing but tea. People don’t come for what they get, though dear Sir Sam thinks so; they come to see other people, and meet their friends, and spend the afternoon pleasantly. Don’t you think so, dear Mrs Jenkinson? If I had the smallest little place of my own, with a little bit of a garden, such as we might have if there ever is a parsonage to St Augustine’s, I should not be at all afraid to ask even the Duchess to tea. She would come for me, she is such a dear,” Mrs Sitwell said.

“I am afraid I am not half so courageous,” the Canon’s wife replied; and she added quickly, “There is Lady St Clair; excuse me, I must say a word to her,” and hastened away. She was routed, horse and foot; for Mrs Jenkinson did not know the Duchess, and this little district incumbent, this nobody, this scheming, all-daring little woman, actually did, by some freak of fortune,—and probably would have the audacity—and succeed in it, as such sort of persons so often do—to ask that great lady to tea.

The Canon swooped down upon Joyce after this little scene was over. She was standing by herself, only half-seeing the fun, perhaps

because her sense of humour was faint, perhaps only because of her vague understanding of all that lay underneath, and made it funny. He took her hand and drew it within his arm. “Here you are, you little rebel,” he said. “I have got you at last. There is nobody eligible within sight. Come and take a walk with me.”

Joyce had very little idea what he meant by some one eligible; but she was very well content to be led away, hurrying her own steps to suit the swinging gait of the big Churchman. He led her through the green alleys and broad walks of the soap-boiler’s magnificent grounds to the mount of vision which crowned them. “There now! look at that view,” he said, “and tell me if you have anything like it in Scotland. You brag us out for scenery, I know; but where did you ever see anything like that?”

Joyce looked up in his face for a moment, then answered with a smile, “I like as well to see the Craggs below Arthur’s Seat, and the sea coming in ayont them.”

“Eh!” cried the Canon, lifting his brows. “What do you mean by that? You don’t generally speak like that.”

With nobody was Joyce so much at her ease as with this big impetuous man. “There was once,” she said, in the tone, half bantering, half reproachful, with which she had once been wont to recall her “big” class to the horror of having forgotten something in Shakespeare, “a little Scotswoman whose name was Jeanie Deans.”

“Eh!” cried the Canon again; and then he pressed, with half-anxious affectionateness, the hand that was on his arm. “Oh, you are at me with Scott!” he said—“taking a base advantage: for it’s a long time since I read him. So

Jeanie Deans said that, did she? I don't remember much about her. They say Scott is played out, you know, in these days."

"Then, sir," said Joyce quickly, "they say what they don't understand; for look how it comes to me just as the natural thing to say. Sir Walter knew—he and some others, they know almost like God—what is in the hearts of the common people that have no words to speak."

"Ah!" said the Canon; and then he laughed and added, "So you are one of the common people that have no words to speak? It's not the account I should have given of you. Sit down here, and let's pluck our crow. You have gone entirely off, you little schismatic, to the other side."

"No," said Joyce.

"No! how can you tell me no, when I know to the contrary? You've been out in the district visiting with her. You are going to undertake something about the schools. They've had you to tea in company with the curate and that fat dolt Cosham whom they lead by the nose. Oh, you wonder how I know! My dear," said the Canon, with a slight blush, if it is to be supposed that a canon can blush, "a clergyman in a country parish knows everything—whether he will or not. Now, isn't it true?"

"Yes, it is quite true," said Joyce; and then she added, looking up at him again with a smile, and a little rising colour, caused by what she felt to be her boldness, "But still I like you best."

"My dear girl!" cried the Canon. He patted her shoulder with his large white hand, and Joyce saw with astonishment a little moisture in his big eyes. "I always knew you were an exceeding nice little girl," he said. "I took a fancy to you the first time I met

you. It gives me the greatest pleasure that you should like me best. But, my dear, why do you go over to the other side if you are so wise and discerning and sensible as to prefer me?"

Joyce hesitated a little, and then she said, "They wish very much to do everything that is best."

"Eh?" the Canon cried, this time in astonished interrogation.

"They want to do good to everybody," said Joyce, in her slow soft voice, which to ears accustomed to lighter and louder tones had an air of being very emphatic. "They would like to make their parish perfect."

"District," said the Canon.

"District—but I don't know the difference; and I don't know many of the things they want to do. I was not brought up that way. Many things they say are all dark to me; but what they want in their hearts is to do good to everybody. They would like to have their church service and everything perfect."

"High ritual, as they call it,—music and all sorts of fal-lals."

"And to get everybody to come," continued Joyce, "and to teach everybody, and to help the poor folk. I could not do it that way," she added, shaking her head, "but to them it's the right way. They have no other thought but to be good and do their best."

"Oh!" said the Canon, this time in a dubious and disturbed tone.

"They go among the poor folk every day," said Joyce; "they would like to take the command of them, and give them everything, and guide them altogether. It is not—oh, not my way—not our way at all, at home; but they say it is the way here. They never spare themselves any trouble. They would like to take it all on their

shoulders; to nurse all the ill people, and mend all the bad ones, and even cut out all the clothes for the poor little things that have none. They will sometimes do things that look as if they were—very different: but it is all for this end.”

“For making themselves important, and proving their own merit, and last, but not least, getting themselves that parsonage about which they make my life a burden to me. Why, your father has taken it up now—that must be your doing. These people, though your excellent sense keeps you from liking them, are taking you in, my dear. The parsonage—that’s what they’re aiming at.”

“And why not?” said Joyce.

“Eh?” The Canon turned round upon her with a snort of impatience. Then he elevated his large hands, and gave forth a still larger sigh. “You women are so gullible,” he said; “you believe whatever is told you.”

“I believe,” said Joyce, “that it would be better to have a house of your own, and not to pay rent when you have very little money for one that lets in the rain, and is very, very small—so small it would scarcely hold you,” she said, looking at her companion.

“It is fortunate I haven’t got to live in it,” he said.

“Very fortunate—for you. But, sir,” said Joyce, feeling more and more the authority and power of this big friendly man, like a very kind inspector in the old days—“you are far more fortunate than they are. You are like a prince to them. You have everything you want—money and honour, and a beautiful house, and plenty of room, and power to do what you please. They say in my country, ‘It is ill talking between a full man and a fasting,’—if you understand that.”

The Canon humphed and shook his head, and then he laughed and said, “Oh yes, I understand that. So I am the full man, and Sitwell the empty one, you think, Miss Joyce.”

“It makes a great difference,” said Joyce; “and then they think—that it was promised to them before they came here.”

“Yes,” said the Canon after a pause, “it *was* promised to them in a way—before they showed what sort of free-lances they were.”

“And that makes a sense of wrong,” said Joyce, wisely taking no notice of the last remark. “If you think there is an injustice, it always hangs on the heart.”

“The Canon is ’ere before us,” said the fat voice of Sir Samuel, as the sound of much scattering of the gravel under heavy feet broke suddenly upon this colloquy; “and I would say, by the looks of them, that this young lady has been a-lecturing the Canon. Good joke that, preaching to the Canon, that most times ’as it all his own way.”

Sir Sam’s laugh was a little asthmatic—it shook him subterranously and in a succession of rolling echoes. “Good joke that, preaching to the Canon,” he went on, as if his announcement of the fact was the climax of the joke. He was followed by Mrs Jenkinson, tall and energetic, wrapped in a white *chudder*, the softest and most comfortable of shawls—and by Lady Thompson, panting and red in the face with the climb, and gorgeous in all the colours of the rainbow. The Canon made room for the two ladies on the bench, and Sir Sam got a garden-chair and seated himself in front of them, against the view which they had come to see, half shutting it out with his bulky person. But the view was no novelty to any there.

"Yes, said the Canon, "it is quite true. This little thing has been lecturing me. Indeed I don't hesitate to say she's been giving it me hot and strong—about the Sitwells," he added, in a sort of aside to his wife.

"I must say," said that lady, indignantly, "I think that young ladies should keep their hastily formed opinions to themselves. What can she know about the Sitwells that we don't all know?"

"Well, she says she likes us best," said the Canon, quite irrelevantly; "so it's not from partiality, or taking their side."

"Oh!" cried Mrs Jenkinson, darting a glance of anger mingled with a certain respect at the girl, whom she immediately set down as a foeman worthy of her steel.

"She says they're very hard-working people, working at their district night and day. She doesn't understand their ways (she's Scotch, you know), but she sees they mean the best by their people—hush for a moment, my dear. And she says that they think they were promised a parsonage, and that this makes a sense of wrong. Well, you know, she's about right there—they were promised a——"

"Before any one knew what they were—before we understood all the schemes and designs—the setting up to be something altogether above—the ridiculous fuss about everything—the flowers and the lights and the surpliced choir, and Bach's music with little Johnny Cosham to sing the soprano parts—if she doesn't do it herself, as I verily believe she does, done up in a surplice and put at the end of the row: such a thing as was never heard of!"

"Well, my dear—well, my dear! Joyce here," patting her hand, "who has no sympathy with all

that (being Scotch, you know), says they mean it all well, to get people to go to church. And they do get a number of that hopeless lot down by the river to go. But, however, that's not the question; they were promised a parsonage if they got on and stayed a year or two. I can't say but what that's quite true."

The Canon looked at Sir Samuel, and Sir Sam looked at the Canon. The rich man's countenance fell a little in harmony with that of his oracle, and he replied subdued, "I don't say neither but what it's true."

"She says it makes a sense of wrong: well, perhaps it does make a sense of wrong. We have very nice houses, Sir Samuel,—mine naturally not magnificent like yours, but on the whole a nice, comfortable, old-fashioned place."

"Oh, very nice," sighed Lady Thompson, who till now had been recovering herself, and had just got back her voice; "nicer than this, Canon, if you were to ask me."

There was a pause, and the two pairs looked at each other, a little conscious, pleased with their own good fortune, feeling perhaps a little prick of conscience—at all events aware that a moral was about to be drawn.

"Well, and what then?" Mrs Jenkinson said at last, in her highest pitch of voice.

Nobody spoke until Joyce said timidly, "They would be happier, and she would not scheme any more. The rain comes in upon the little children." She had half said "bairns," which was not at all Joyce's way, and she changed the word, which would have been very effective if she had but known. "There is no room for the little children."

"People in such circumstances 'as no business with children. I

always said so," said Sir Sam, with a wary eye upon his spiritual director, of whose opinion he stood much in awe.

Joyce was as innocent and ignorant as a girl should be. She lifted up her fair serene brow with no false shame upon it, knowing none. "How can they help that?" she said. "It is God that sends the children, not the will of men."

"Oh, my pretty dear!" cried Lady Thompson, who was so homely a woman, reaching across Mrs Jenkinson's prim lap to seize Joyce's hand. "Oh, my dear!"—with tears in her homely eyes—"how ever you knows it, that's true."

Mrs Jenkinson did not say a word: emotion of this kind is contagious, and these two women, though without another feature in common, were both childless women, and felt it to the bottom of their hearts.

"Canon," said Sir Sam, with a slight huskiness in his voice, "if you're of that opinion I've got a cheque-book always 'andy. It was an understood thing, so far as I can remember. There was to be an 'ouse."

"Yes, there was to be an 'ouse," the Canon replied, without any intention of mimicry. At this moment of feeling he could not reprove the soap-boiler even by too marked an accentuation of the *h* which he had lost. He turned to

his wife as he rose to accompany the soap-boiler, laying his hand upon Joyce's shoulder. "This child has got very pretty turns of phraseology," he said. "Her Scotch is winning. You should have heard one or two things she said."

"Oh, go away, Canon!" cried his wife. "She is just a pretty girl, and that is what you never could resist in your life."

Thus Joyce's first interference, and attempt to ascertain whether plain truth might not be more effectual than scheming, ended fortunately, as such attempts do not always do. It was her first appearance separately in the society of the new world she had been so strangely thrown into. But she had not time for much more, and perhaps it was as well. Such a success may happen once in a way but it is seldom repeated. She was found sitting on that garden-seat with those two ladies a short time afterwards by her father, who had come late, and who brought with him Captain Bellendean.

Joyce had not seen Bellendean since that curious moment when she stood a spectator and watched him like a stranger, passing with his friends, steering the laden boat with all the ladies down the river. She was as much startled by his appearance now as if some strange embarrassing thing, requiring painful explanations, had passed since last they met.

THE CASTLE OF VINCIGLIATA.

IF to the lovers of art, and to the painters, few cities are so fair and interesting as Florence, from its wealth of pictorial and architectural beauty, so are few cities more pleasantly situated, amid such varied and charming surroundings. When the life of the city tires, and the mind is satiated with admiring, there are delightful spots to retire to at no great distance from the city walls: on the mountain-sides of Fiesole and San Miniato may be found seclusions much loved by those who seek for repose, situated amid the most picturesque scenery, with glorious perspectives; and to add to their charm, the whole district is very rich in historic associations.

If the epithet of the Magnificent is to be justified by the noble memorials of Lorenzo di Medici, which are to be found in every quarter of Florence, that of Lover of the Beautiful will be granted by those who visit the delightful sites the Medici selected for their summer residences on the slopes of Fiesole overlooking the valley of the Arno; but truly there is not a road from the city that does not lead to some objects of present beauty or of past interest,—it may be a chateau which owes all its ornamentations, if not its foundation, to Leo X.; or, within a short drive, may be visited a castle rendered famous by the exploits of Sir John Hawkwood, one of those adventurers and free-lances of the feudal times with whom life and war, property and plunder, were synonymous terms. It is hard to realise, as we wander in gardens of rare beauty, where even the wild flowers vie in colour and perfume with the carefully tended produce of

other lands—where all nature conveys the impression of peace and repose—that for decades of years these charming sunny, fragrant, quiet spots were the scenes of deeds of violence, of rapine and war and cruel persecutions. At Careggi, the view, from the terrace, of the Arno flowing through the variegated plain into the purple distance, with the long waving line of the Apennines glowing in the sunset, has a soothing influence on the heart, and is suggestive of anything rather than war and desolation: it was to this retreat that the Medici loved to retire from the storms of the city factions—it was here Cosmo died, and Lorenzo had the final interview with the great reformer and preacher, when Savonarola left him on his death-bed, “unhousel’d, disappointed, unanel’d,” because he refused to restore the liberties of the Florentines. We can imagine the great prince, in the fulness of his glory, in this charming retirement, looking down on the city which owed so much of its magnificence and adornment to his own grandeur of conception and refined taste, and contemplating with grateful feelings the scene of his triumphs. The Medici had many other country residences, but Careggi is the one they preferred. The nearest to Careggi is the Villa Mozzi, which is full of art-treasures, and is appropriately at the present time the property of a delightful artist and an admirable connoisseur, from which it takes its modern name of Spence. The prince, philosopher, and statesman was accustomed to invite to this villa (as the most conveniently situated) the most illustrious of the citizens,

and the distinguished men who frequented his Court. We can picture them on a summer's evening, at one time in grave discussion, at another in blissful idleness, watching the lights and shadows speeding across the fertile undulating vale, so rich in flowers and fruit that it well deserved the name of *giardino*, the garden. But to a beneficent ruler the signs of material prosperity on all sides must have afforded the greatest satisfaction. The Medici were truly a great race, and worthy of rule, for not only did fortress and palace, church and tower, spring forth at their command, but they scattered seeds of good with lavish hand on all sides; and fertile crops and many a homestead proved that all their interest was not concentrated in the glory of the City of the Lily.

The one spot which at the present time possesses the greatest interest for travellers is situated on the same mountain-ridge as the Villa Spence, but is approached by a different route. It is the famous Castle of Vincigliata. The traveller, to arrive there, passes by streams which have formed the subject of many of Boccaccio's poems. At Fiesolano is a farmhouse where Robert Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, son of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, resided. In the immediate vicinity is Majano, where Benedetto, the architect and sculptor, was born. He built the Strozzi Palace, and has left beautiful memorials of his style and taste in the churches of Santa Maria Novella and Santa Croce. As one ascends the mountain-side and approaches the castle, on its lofty and rocky eminence, the view becomes more and more striking. The whole hill is covered with groves of pine and ilex, while wild flowers of brightest colours

flourish on the undulating ground. That a scene so rich in its natural charms should have won the sympathy of many a poet, past and present, may well be imagined.

“Here whisper the tall pines to me so dear,
Here through the cypress boughs the zephyrs sigh;
Here from the earth the bubbling fountains spring,
And the pellucid waves reflect the sky.”

But Vincigliata is not only remarkable for its grandeur of situation, and the combined sternness and softness of its surrounding scenery, but on account of its associations with the feudal times; and it is very rarely that we have an opportunity of seeing an old castle exactly as it was. We are indebted for this architectural treat to the admirable taste, skill, and knowledge of Mr Temple Leader, who has long since settled at Florence, and who brought to this labour of love all the qualities which are developed by a residence among objects of beauty, and a perfect knowledge of architectural detail. In the admirable Life of Mr Hope Scott, Mr Leader (who was one of the remarkable young men who awakened so much interest in Christ Church in 1830) writes to his friend Mr Hope Scott, and insists on success in every undertaking requiring “a head to plan and a heart to execute.” This head and heart Mr Leader brought to Vincigliata, and fortunately he found a heart and head to carry out his plans, and the result has been a work of abiding interest.

The earliest historic record which exists of the Castle of Vincigliata dates from the eleventh century. At that time it belonged to the family of Visdomini, a name still associated with one of the

oldest churches in Florence. The castle passed from the Visdomini into the family of the Buonacini, and finally it was possessed by the Albizzi, when it was permitted to fall into a state of decay. Fortunately it at last was purchased by Mr Temple Leader, who was already owner of a large property in the vicinity of Fiesole. A wide extent of hill and dale is comprised within its limits, with a landscape of unrivalled beauty. The prospect on every side, as seen from the mountain-heights, is such as the eye loves to rest on. Besides, far and near are spots connected with the great names recorded in Florentine history: the old tower, the still loftier turrets, of Bellosguardo, the ruins of Galle. And then, in charming contrast to these historic sites, there is, within a short distance, the pleasing, graceful Majano, which has also renewed the beauty of the past, under the same fostering, loving care that has created Vincigliata. It was one thing, in imagination and dreamlike fancy, to restore Vincigliata, and another seriously to undertake so great a work. It demanded a great study of old records and ancient edifices; for it was not an imitation of an old castle which was to be produced, but Vincigliata as it actually stood when exposed to the repeated assaults of foreign foes, or, more frequently, hostile neighbours. With

this view great researches were made, and old plans were brought to light; and in all this work Mr Leader was aided by a young man who resided in the Borghetto di San Martino, who from his earliest youth had taken a deep interest in historic and classic art, and made archæology his peculiar study. He had roamed all over the country, and was well acquainted with every interesting site and ruin. He died at the early age of thirty-eight—the age when the mind has matured its early impressions, and all the sympathies, studies, and imaginings of youth aid the work and the practical business of manhood. To this young man, Giuseppe Fancelli, this important and interesting work was intrusted. Vincigliata had been at one time a very celebrated fortress, and was strongly fortified, surrounded by massive walls and battlements. The lofty towers crowned the heights, from which the warders could distinguish any hostile army. It may be well imagined that they had no easy post when life was an incessant warfare; especially in the fourteenth century Vincigliata was subjected to many an attack, and many a celebrated adventurer had to beat a retreat before the stubborn resistance he experienced. It must be remembered that these soldiers of fortune, who sold their services, were no mean foes. Sir John Hawkwood,¹ already mentioned, commanded the

¹ Among all the *condottieri* of the fourteenth century none was more remarkable than Hawkwood, for his works of charity as well as for his military exploits. Among other good deeds he founded a hospital at Rome for the poor sick English. He first became famous in the war with France, when his regiment laid Provence waste; and he was subsequently hired by the Pisans in 1363, to assist them against Florence, at the cost of 40,000 florins for four months' service. Villari speaks of him "as this great master of war, of a deep and cunning nature." Muratori says, "He was a most distinguished and courteous captain (*un brigante di primo ordine*)." Francis Sacchetti remarks: "There was little peace in Italy during his life, which lasted longer than any other commander's." His soldiers were called the "*Compagnia Bianca*" (the White Company), from the colour of their plumes, their banners, and their scarves; their armour shone like

army at Florence at the time of the Alassandri, when by his sagacity and audacity he on more than one occasion preserved Florence from a great disaster.

The ruined castles, and the numerous relics of the past, which are found on the mountain-summits of the Apennines, bear testimony in their decay, not so much to the strength and skill of the repeated attacks to which they were exposed (for in many cases they were impregnable, before the invention of artillery), but, unfortunately, to the neglect of their owners, arising mainly from the reverses which the great families from time to time experienced. Most of the illustrious Italian houses were connected with trade: this was a characteristic of the great republic—at least one member of each family was enrolled in some guild or mercantile corporation. This connection with trade in no degree diminished the refinement of taste or the love of the beautiful of the Florentines. On the contrary, the merchant princes, with the richest products of other climes, gained much experience and art-knowledge, which found their expression in the noble works and the adornment of their cities. But there was one evil result of this association of nobility of race and commercial pursuits, that it rendered their prosperity very precarious; the frequent revolutions in the Italian republics

arose as much from commercial as from military causes. The middle of the fourteenth century was especially a period of great speculation, and of much suffering to many of the most illustrious houses: the Bardi, the Anciaioli, the Mozzi, the Peruzzi were all struck down. It was at this date that commenced the decay of the great fortress of Vincigliata, and that the noble pile was permitted to fall into ruin, until there was little left to bear testimony to its former magnificence. When Giuseppe Fancelli commenced this great design, it was after a conscientious study of old Italian castles, and a great knowledge of the annals of Italian history. He had wandered over many a battlefield and visited many a crumbling ancient hall, and was intensely interested in his work. He was so fortunate as to find drawings of the Castle as it had been restored by the Usimbardi; from these he was enabled to discover the line of the ancient walls, and remove all the earth and rubble—the accumulations of centuries. For not only were all the outworks, and the foundations, and the exterior defences, mostly buried under earth and rubbish, but even the remains of the towers, the halls, and ruined stairs were hid, or, where exposed to view, were worn away by decay. Trees had taken root in courts once the scene of princely festivities. The whole place, when Mr Leader

brilliant mirrors and dazzled their foes; they carried scaling-ladders with them, which enabled them to reach the loftiest battlements. "I do not believe," says Piero Farnese, "that Cæsar had any troops to equal Hawkwood's Compagnia Bianca." "They are magnificent robbers and freebooters," exclaims the "Il Pachè Azario."

In 1375 this remarkable man made terms of peace with Florence, where he received a welcome worthy of his great renown. He became master of numerous estates and castles, at San Donato, Montecchio, Pozziboni, Conguola. He died at Florence in 1394, and was buried in Santa Maria de Fiore with extraordinary honours.

commenced his operations, was very picturesque — a favourite resort for the poet and artist—but very hopeless, if regarded with the view of reconstruction. Mr Leader had to aid him, not only the intrinsic merit and skill of the young architect, but the deep interest in all natural works of art, in the love of the beautiful, which is a possession of the Italian people, and which Fancelli possessed in a pre-eminent degree. If the great painters, architects, sculptors who created the kingdom of art in Italy, have not transmitted their creative powers to the present generation, their wonderful productions are studied to such advantage that the appreciation of merit exists in all classes. There may not be now a Brunelleschi, a Tasso, a Leonardo da Vinci, still the people look with admiring gaze on the vast unsurpassed tower of Brunelleschi which crowns the City of the Lily. Tasso is not unknown to the peasant, and (Byron notwithstanding) his verse is still sung by the gondoliers in the stillness of a Venetian evening; and the tribune of the Florence Gallery is not unfrequently crowded by even the lowest classes, who possess the deepest sympathy with grand masterpieces, and no mean knowledge of the principles of art. This admirable popular taste was well proved recently in the public *fêtes* given last spring at the uncovering of the *facciata* of the Cathedral.¹ The historical pageant was no mere vulgar show, but a most accurate and picturesque representation of the middle ages. While Northern nations, on any public festivity, satisfy their love of the beautiful by gaudy decorations and a display of signal-flags, the Southern people

enter into the true spirit of any grand ceremonial; no vulgar ornamentation is acceptable to them. An historic pageant in an Italian town is really to have the past brought vividly before the people. The humblest classes are acquainted with the history of their native land, and are proud of everything which is in any way associated with its greatness.

It was this spirit which greatly aided Mr Leader in carrying out his noble idea. It influenced all the workmen employed under Giuseppe Fancelli at Vincigliata, where in the completed work the olden feudal time is well represented to the imagination—not alone by the greatness of the conception and its admirable execution, but by its accuracy in every detail; even the very frescoes which adorned the walls of the noble halls have been reproduced with singular fidelity. As the road winds up the steep mountain-side, the visitor begins to realise the labour and cost of this remarkable undertaking. The castle stands on a plateau of rock, in a most commanding situation for defence. Most of these massive fortresses were erected, as far as possible, in almost inaccessible sites—not only for prolonged defence, but because they were the centres of protection for all the dependants and retainers. These fortresses, like our old Border towers, were in general surrounded by large courts, where the frightened peasants could take refuge whenever a raid was made by ruthless freebooters on their flocks and herds. In our Borderland, however, these occasions were comparatively rare, whereas the castles on the Apennines were frequently full of armed hosts and terrified villagers. A

¹ See "The Restorers of Florence,"—Blackwood's Magazine for June 1887.

republic is not in general a peaceful form of government. It has been well said, "People like wars more than kings." The Italian republics were scarcely ever at rest. The Guelphs and the Ghibellines, the Neri and the Bianchi, afforded plenty of occasion for the feudal chiefs to burnish their arms and prepare for combat; and if there was any repose from the great state and party conflicts, there were never wanting private feuds and vendettas to arouse the passions and keep the sword unsheathed. When no high causes of dissension arose, ancient feuds were ever being renewed. It may be truly said of all northern Italy more especially, "Quis non nostro sanguine pinguior campus." The highest education was to be a true and faithful follower of a worthy chieftain—the more reckless and ruthless the better. Vincigliata possessed a formidable rival in the Castle de Poggio, which was situated on one of the summits of the Monte Cecesi. This fortress, from the earliest days, was considered one of the strongest in the Apennines. Unfortunately it aroused the jealousy of the Florentine Signoria, who in 1343 gave orders for its destruction. However, it was able to make a noble defence against the arms of the republic. The siege was of long duration, and the assailants were frequently driven back. At last the gallant band of defenders were surrounded and starved into surrender; and when the stern old tower was laid

low, Vincigliata was left in its solitary grandeur on its rocky height.

It must not be imagined that even in these feudal times, while there was so much war, havoc, and ruin without, there were no sweetnesses and graces of life within these gloomy castles. If martial strains echoed through the windings of the mountain-passes, gentle voices were still heard in the garden and terraces. All palaces and castles, and even the strongest fortresses or lonely watch-towers, possessed a *loggia*, which afforded a grateful shelter from the sun, and from the violent storms whenever they swept down the mountain-slopes. There on an evening the families and their guests would meet together and enjoy the happiness of repose after the tumult of the city parties and factions, gazing on the mountains, bright in their varied colouring, and many a homestead embosomed in the deep woods—

"Longique Volumina,
despicit Arni."¹

The Arno rippling through the rich Campagna must have been a charming scene. The grand Signoria fitly represented the dignity of the proud republic; their picturesque dress, such as poets have loved to describe and painters to depict, was admirably adapted to the scene. Here were gathered together refined and delicate *châtelaines*, and "dark-haired youths, with large unquiet eyes;" here were heard in the stillness of the night

¹ "And let us from the top of Fiesole,
Whence Galileo's glass by night observed
The phases of the moon, look round below
On Arno's vale;
While many a careless note is sung aloud,
Filling the air with sweetness.
Beautiful Florence! all within thy walls,
Thy groves and gardens, pinnacles and towers,
Drawn to our feet."—ROZA'S *Italy*.

the lute and guitar, the song and the madrigal. We can also imagine the "lenes que sub noctem susurri," in the flowery glade, might be heard by the attentive listener. Moreover, we read that in the rare times of peace and repose, not unfrequently these *loggias* were brilliantly illuminated, and from the far distance long lines of light marked the outline of the battlements and turrets; this was especially in the early spring, when flowers and fruits might be gathered in profusion. We can picture how, on a warm summer night, cavalcades of richly dressed ladies, and cavaliers, accompanied by torch-bearers and minstrels and pages, approached the walls, winding their way through the narrow rocky defile; at such a time the "bruised arms" were hung upon the walls, the merry carouse succeeded to the tumult of war, the rich armour and the glittering helmet were replaced by the gay doublet and the plumed hat, the stern alarms changed to merry meetings, the feudal banquet in the baronial hall for the joyous festive revel.

It was thus with a keen perception of the merits of the subject that Fancelli commenced what has proved to be his master-work. He had first to clear away all the *débris*, the inevitable accumulation of neglect, of time, and decay. He then rebuilt the outer circle of walls, so strong and massive that even now they would stand a lengthened siege, unless the attacking force was provided with artillery. After passing the outer walls, we find ourselves in a garden, the bright and variegated colours contrasting with the grey stone of which the castle is built. Here there is a lofty watch-tower, from whence a splendid prospect expands to the view; a great gate leads into an inner court, which

contains many objects of interest. Those who can venerate the past by the study of its remains, here will find full opportunity for gratifying their taste. The whole place and all the detail of its ornamentation faithfully represent the old times. It is said, and truly said, that the nature and character of a man may be known by the style of the house which he builds; and the observation is a just one—whether we look at the plain unadorned square mansion of the practical man of business, the beautiful abbey of the Elizabethan period, the feudal castle on the Rhine, the grace and grandeur of the French *Renaissance*. Here, then, the lives of the Italian chiefs may be studied, in the armoury, the chapel, the hall of San Bernardo, so called from the frescoes which were taken from the church dedicated to San Bernardo, from the Convent of La Via della Scala. The great hall leads to large lofty rooms with vaulted ceilings and narrow windows, affording little light or air. They cannot be said to represent modern comfort. An interesting little work on Vincigliata says truly: "Come abitazione Vincigliata non sarebbe certamente gradita dappoichè gli ambienti principali sono troppo oscuri anzi melanconici il vano destinato al passaggio troppo ristretto." Few people, excepting those in the happy age of youthful romance, would care to reside in the stern old tower of other days; for here there is no sham—all is real, as if it had been transmitted unchanged through a long line of feudal chiefs; even whatever furniture it contains is in the style of its age. Had it been intended to serve as a residence at any time, it would of course have been very different—as at Alnwick or at Arundel, the adaptation of

the old style to the requirements of the day, and the union of age and youth in the building, might, if attempted, have been equally successful. But the object aimed at in Vincigliata was no selfish one; it was a generous desire to confer on the public an accurate representation of the thirteenth-century architecture. So in carrying out this idea not the minutest detail has been omitted; as already remarked, even the frescoes on the walls are, so far as they can be traced, precisely similar to those which decorated them in the past; these are mostly battle-scenes, records of the chivalrous deeds of the great feudal lords. Yet in a few apartments are not wanting evidences that gentler qualities were found in those stern warriors; charming faces are seen on some of the walls, which, as they beamed on the gallant knights, must have taught them other lessons than those of war. Vincigliata has become a real museum of the middle ages. There may be seen not only the history of the families who inhabited it, but many of the principal events in Florentine annals. Coats of arms admirably painted or carved in stone, the cross of the church, and the lily of the family of Anjou of Naples, recall the past, the life of the great republic.

Those who have travelled most and resided in new settlements, confess to the depressing feelings of living in a country which possesses no history. Not the wild prairie, or the wide, trackless, undulating miles of mountain-range, can long satisfy the human heart, which loves better to re-create the past than to imagine the future. It is most difficult to people, by playful or even vigorous poetic fancy, a new city which possesses no association: a people without a history can be only interesting to

those pioneers of civilisation who are hopeful of the future. To the Italian, every spot of ground possesses its own peculiar charm. One place is connected with some historic event, another has been sung by poets or painted by a master's hand; each church possesses its saintly legend, each castle its tale of interest. Nowhere but in Italy are to be seen so many glorious memorials of the days of chivalry and the most beautiful works of art and genius side by side. This is the peculiar charm and fascination of this land of glory, of poetry and song. Here, on the terrace of Vincigliata, we can realise the dream of the Italian life: on one hand the stern castle; on the other, gardens Horace might have envied, and beautiful Tusculums worthy of the Roman orator. The imagination here can revel in contrast; "the man and the steel, the soldier and the sword," may have laid waste the plain even to the city walls; but within those walls an inner glorious light was never extinguished—the dignity of love was never quenched. If anywhere, in the City of the Lily we can understand the signification of the "beauty of holiness." This same purer light fills our hearts in churches incomparable in their imposing grandeur and beauty, it glows in the verse of the poet, it expands itself over the canvas of the painter, it breathes in the noble creations of the sculptor. Truly has it been said that "the prospect from an elevation of a great city in its silence is one of the most impressive as well as the most beautiful we can ever behold." It is this that takes visitors again and again to the noble work of a distinguished Englishman, whose name will ever be associated with the grand feudal pile of Vincigliata.

THE DRAGON-TREE OF TELDE.

I.

IN the Canary Islands, the Hesperides of the ancients, flourishes a strange tree of the "gigantic lily" order, the Dragon-tree; or as it is sometimes called, from the deep red or reddish-brown gum which exudes from the leaves and from the cracks in the stem, the Dragon's-blood tree. This tree attains to a very great age. Indeed, it is held to share with the baobab the honour of being the oldest inhabitant of this planet. To the Guanchos, the aboriginal inhabitants of the Canaries, it was an object of veneration and religious worship, just as the ancient oak, a mere babe in comparison with it, was an object of veneration to the Druids in Britain. And if it be the case, as the learned assure us, that the superstitions which still cling around so many of the objects of daily life, and the tales we tell our children when gathered round the fireside on long winter evenings, are nothing but degenerate descendants of our Aryan forefathers' attempts at a conception of the order of nature—mere *débris* of ancient mythology brought down by the stream of tradition—we need not be surprised that some faint echo, some dull and distant reverberation of that Guancho worship of the Dragon-tree should still linger as a tradition amongst the present inhabitants of the Canaries. But however this may be, it is certain that a legend, or rather a superstitious belief, did attach to the particular tree with which I am now concerned.

This tree stands, or stood at the time of my tale—whether it still exists or not I am unable to say—in the grounds of a beautiful villa

just outside Telde, once, in bygone days, the capital of Grand Canary, but long since deposed in favour of Las Palmas, which, being far more favourably situated for commercial purposes, has in the course of time completely outstripped and supplanted the earlier town. Telde's streets, or rather street, for there is little beyond one main street, are now silent and deserted. Grass grows between the stones. Visitors are few and far between, for there is little to attract them. Yet the natural beauty of the place is very great. Lying high, embosomed amongst hills, it has beautiful views of distant mountains towards the west; whilst away down below, stretches to the east and south, as far as eye can reach, the deep blue sea.

The villa lies on the right-hand side just before you enter Telde, on the one solitary road leading to the town. You enter the grounds through massive wrought-iron gates, whose intricate scroll-work, worthy of Quentin Matsys, the famous blacksmith-artist of Antwerp, is emblazoned with a marvellous monster of a dragon. Two dragons rampant carved in stone look down upon you from the top of the two stone columns that flank the gates; the architect having in this symbolical and yet sufficiently intelligible manner indicated the name of the house, so that whoso runs may read. For a Spaniard "Villa Drago" (Dragon Villa) stands plainly and unmistakably recorded in iron and stone as the name of the house, just as though the usual and commonplace device of lettering had been adopted. A broad gravel drive sweeps round the side of the

house and brings you to the front, facing the south-west. The whole of this is occupied by a wide verandah, to which access is gained up a flight of three broad marble steps; whilst at right angles to the drive and directly in front of the verandah stretches a long straight terrace, at the end of which, and blocking its whole width, stands the great Dragon-tree which has given its name to the house.

It was a tree of some sixty or seventy feet high, with a comparatively short, squat, and entirely hollow trunk, measuring perhaps thirty feet near the base; a gigantic head composed of a myriad of small branches terminated by sword-shaped leaves; the whole looking something like a Brobdingnagian or antediluvian umbrella. This tree, one of the largest in the Canaries, though smaller than the one at Orotava which attracted Humboldt's attention, was probably as old as its more famous brother, which we know historically was as old-looking, as hollow, and as large, four hundred years ago as it is to-day. The superstition which had grown up about this tree, or had descended from remote times—I cannot pretend to discriminate which—was to the effect that whenever any ill was going to befall the owner of it, the Dragon's blood flowed in unusual quantities, and was of a redder tinge.

“Cuando la sangre del drago salta,
Llegar la desdicha nunca falta,”

(When the Dragon's blood flows, misfortune never fails to follow,) the country people about there used to say; and on the very day the

last owner had died, shot in a duel in Spain, the old gardener had declared he was sure something must have happened to his master on account of the flow of the Dragon's blood.

For the last two years the villa had been the property of an Englishman, Mr Mark Beauchamp, a widower, with one lovely daughter. He had lived much in Spain, had married a Spanish wife, and after her death, being unwilling to return to his native land, the climate of which did not agree with him, he determined to see a little more of the world; not sorry, also, to have the opportunity of letting his daughter enlarge her experience. Chance had after a while brought them to Grand Canary. The villa was then for sale, and having heard from a friend at Las Palmas of its existence, he determined to see the place, especially as he heard that there was a considerable extent of vineyard attached; and though he had never had anything to do practically with wine-growing, it was a subject in which he was rather interested; and he thought this might be a good opportunity for testing one or two favourite theories, as well as furnishing an agreeable occupation for leisure hours. He went, was charmed both with the site and character of the house, was equally pleased with the beautiful grounds, and at once settled on its purchase. Thus it had come about that he had planted himself down in this remote, out-of-the-way spot, afar from society, and with merely the companionship of his daughter.

II.

As day dawned on the morning in March, now some years ago,

when my tale opens, the inhabitants of Las Palmas beheld a some-

what rare apparition—an English steam-yacht anchored in their roadstead of Port-la-Luz. Immediately a countless swarm of boats manned by swarthy Spaniards pushed off from the shore, in the hope of doing some trade with the Señores Ingleses, a trade principally consisting in the sale of canary-birds in large wickerwork cages, and of cheap Havana cigars, the cheapness attributable to the fact of Las Palmas being a free port, and there being consequently no duty to pay. But the Señores Ingleses were hardly in a frame of mind to take a keen interest in barter. They were anxious rather to get on shore. After a week of heavy rolling in the trough of the Atlantic, the sight of land is always welcome; and Las Palmas, with its houses shining radiantly white in the morning sunlight, and the soft, smooth, greeny-brown hills behind, seemed to beckon to them temptingly and invitingly.

The Señores Ingleses were two; and they were now standing on the deck of the yacht ready to go. The one a tall fine-looking man of about seven-and-thirty, with full beard and moustache, his face bronzed by exposure to the weather; the other nearly as tall, but somewhat slighter in build, and of fairer complexion, with keen, piercing blue-grey eyes, and a light moustache, apparently some ten years younger than his companion. The former was Sir Allen Brander, the owner of the yacht; the latter, his friend Mr Frank Sinclair, a rising young artist, who had accompanied him on this distant expedition partly from that love of adventure innate in most young men and all artists, and partly in the hope of gaining some fresh and novel materials for his brush. He was evidently eager to be on land.

Descending the yacht's side, they now dropped into the boat which was to convey them, timing their jump so as to alight just at the moment the boat came up to the vessel's side on the top of the wave—a feat which needed a little activity, for the roll was so great that the boat rose and sank fully six feet each time.

As the "port" is about three miles from the town, there being a long sandy isthmus between, it was necessary when they reached *terra firma* to take one of the vehicles of the country, a rude kind of wagonette, provided with a wooden roof to keep off the blaze of the sun, and with blinds which can be let down all round the sides to keep out the dust. The horses are of a diminutive but hardy breed, and are driven three abreast. Uphill they go full gallop; and as the roads are generally up or down hill, they have a good deal of galloping to do. *How* they do it is a marvel; for they are so attenuated that the sharp bones protrude at every point. They look like veritable skeletons, mere anatomies of horses; and you wonder how they can manage to live, much more how they can fly along at the pace they do. Our travellers could not fail to notice the remarkable character of their steeds, and their indignation was aroused by the lavish use the driver made of his whip. He was a merry-looking youth, apparently not more than fifteen, and seemed indeed to use the lash to the poor beasts out of pure gaiety of heart, or perhaps on much the same principle as that on which, according to Voltaire, we hanged Admiral Byng—that is, "pour encourager les autres." Sinclair, who could muster some Spanish, requested him to desist, which he at once good-humouredly did,

though not without an expression of some surprise that the Señores Ingleses should think it mattered whether he whipped brute beasts or not. "What would you? They are used to it, and would not get on without it."

The drive to the town, along a flat sandy road with an occasional bit of scrubby dusty tamarisk to do duty as a hedge, could hardly be regarded as interesting by the most widely enthusiastic of travellers; and ours were not sorry when the presence on each side of them of a long low line of one-storied houses, and the rough jolting over a stone pavement, announced that they had reached the town of Las Palmas. The scene at once grew more lively. As they dashed noisily along, the driver cracking his whip lustily to add to the din, countless female heads peeped forth from the little movable divisions of the outer venetian blinds, with which all the houses are provided, and which always remain closed throughout the day, so as to keep the rooms cool. Numerous black-eyed children in the scantiest of garments disported themselves in the gutter, and grinned and yelled as the carriage drove past. Many of theseurchins, who did not look more than four or five years old, with bare brown legs, a little short shirt their only covering, held out their hands for coppers, and even pursued the carriage with a mournful refrain like some seabird's cry—"Un cuartito, señor, un cuartito."

The shops or stores, set in deep recesses behind thick walls, looked like dark caverns, and formed Rembrandt-like backgrounds for the occasional man or woman who would be leaning in the doorway, and gazing idly on what was passing.

Presently the carriage drew up

before a house over whose entrance the royal arms of Great Britain were conspicuous. Here dwelt the British Vice-Consul, Mr Craigie. Having ascertained that he was in, Sir Allen descended. In a short while he returned with the information that Mr Beauchamp, to whom Sir Allen had a letter of introduction from a friend in England, did not live at Las Palmas, but close to Telde, some ten or twelve miles off.

"Mr Craigie recommends," said Sir Allen, "our sending our traps to the Posada Rodriguez, the only hotel in Las Palmas where we can be decently put up, and taking advantage of the fresh morning air to drive up to Telde. He tells me that it is one of the loveliest drives in the island; and at Telde, which it seems was in old times the capital, but is now almost entirely deserted, you will find more beautiful subjects for your pencil, he thinks, than you can find here. Hardly a soul lives there beyond Mr Beauchamp and his daughter; and he cannot understand how they can care to live in such a solitude. The house and grounds, however, are most attractive; and we shall be sure of a hearty welcome, for Mr Beauchamp is anything but a recluse, though, from his having perched himself up there, it might be imagined that he was desirous of leading a hermit's life."

The necessary orders were given, and they started once more.

The road they now took was very different from that by which they had entered Las Palmas. For a considerable distance it wound along close to the edge of the sea, mountains on their right hand sloping down to them, reminding Sir Allen of the Corniche road on the Riviera, the resemblance being enhanced by the same translucent atmosphere, the same deep

blue in the vault overhead, and the same deep blue in the sea at their feet. There was also the likeness of the vegetation, though the Riviera olive was here replaced by the banana and sugarcane, and by the prickly pear, which is widely cultivated as food for the cochineal insect. Everywhere the most lovely wild flowers were to be seen, the scent of which filled the air. The day, as has been indicated, was yet young. They had breakfasted on board the yacht rather before seven o'clock, so that it was little more than eight when they quitted Las Palmas; and under the shadow of the mountains the air felt crisp and invigorating. The lightness and brightness of the morning air, the exquisite beauty of the scene, the feeling of spring-time around them (and perhaps also the pleasure of being once more on solid ground)—all this could not but attune our artist's feelings to the highest pitch; and Sinclair kept breaking out into snatches of song, carolling forth like the birds overhead his joy in the sweetness and loveliness of nature. Even his more phlegmatic and travelled companion could not help feeling his pulses quickened and his whole being exhilarated by the exquisite beauty on all sides, and by the delightful atmospheric influences amidst which they found themselves.

About midway, they halted at a little roadside tavern at the top of what may be almost called a pass; for they had now for some time turned their backs upon the sea, and been toiling up between high mountains, and the horses required a little breathing-time. The driver got down, entered the tavern, and after regaling himself, brought out the metal mug in which he had been served with spirit—a brandy made from the

fruit of the prickly pear—and to the surprise of the travellers, proceeded to pour all that was left on to the heads of the horses by way of a refreshment. Water he gave them none.

At last they were within view of Telde. From the hill on which they now were, looking across the intermediate valley, they could see its houses quite plainly; and stretching out beyond and far down below was the sea sparkling in the sunlight. As it was too early in the day to think of calling on Mr Beauchamp, and Sinclair, moreover, felt but moderately interested in calling upon an unknown Englishman and desired to cut the projected visit as short as possible, whilst on the other hand he was burning with impatience to be able to record, were it in the weakest way, some impression of the novel and fascinating scenes around him—they did not stop at the villa, but drove straight on into the little town, or "deserted village" as they found it might be most truly called. Not a living creature was visible in the streets, if we except a few straggling cocks and hens, whose weedy and dejected looks betokened a sad and precarious existence, and whose very presence there seemed to lend a mournful emphasis to the absence of all other life. A town smitten with the plague could not be more silent and empty.

They alighted in the little *Plaza* in front of the church, and leaving the carriage under the shade of some great eucalyptus trees, they walked to the end of the village in search of a spot suitable for their purpose. A couple of children playing at the side of the grass-grown street were the only signs of human life they met with on their way. But outside the village they came to a field where was

some life, for ploughing was going on here. A path ran along by the side of this field, and on one side of the path was a bank which appeared to offer a good sitting-place; and as the view from this point was sufficiently striking, Sinclair without further ado set himself to work under his sun umbrella—Sir Allen amusing himself in the meanwhile by watching the primitive agriculture of the country.

Two light one-handed ploughs were being drawn, each by two cows. Both share and handle were made of wood; and the ploughman, whilst guiding the plough with his left hand only, and making perfectly accurate furrows, removed all obstacles from the plough as he went along by means of a pole with an iron tip, which he held in his right hand.

Suddenly, whilst they were thus busily engaged—the one in sketching, the other in watching the two ploughs, with an occasional look over his friend's shoulder to observe the progress of the sketch, and to make a remark or suggestion—they perceived a young lady advancing towards them up the rough path which bounded the field. Her face was hidden from them by the parasol which was shielding her from the somewhat scorching rays of the sun.

"I wonder who this can be," said Sinclair reflectively, as he took first a long look at the distance, with his head on one side, and then slowly mixed some colours on his palette with his brush.

"Perhaps Miss Beauchamp," replied Sir Allen. "The range of possibilities in this place is not wide; and Mr Beauchamp has a daughter."

As the path was very narrow, and they were occupying a good share of it, the two gentlemen arose as she approached in order

to make way for her, instinctively raising their hats as they did so—a courtesy which she gracefully acknowledged by a slight inclination towards them, accompanied by a grave sweet smile. Sinclair thought he had never seen so lovely a vision.

For a few moments he was silent. Then, when he was sure she was safely out of hearing, he exclaimed—

"That was a bad shot of yours, Brander, about Miss Beauchamp. *That* can't be Miss Beauchamp."

"No, I admit," replied Sir Allen, "it is hardly likely to be she."

"Likely! I should think not!" Sinclair went on impetuously, "No English girl ever bowed with that exquisite ease and grace. Besides, she is Spanish in every line, and evidently of noble blood. Miss Beauchamp, indeed! No! a thousand times no! there must be some Spanish people living up here, fifty times more interesting than expatriated Englishmen; and I tell you what," he went on in the same voluble strain, "if you have no objection, I'll let you make the call alone. Meantime, I'll see if I can discover who my Spanish beauty is. It might be possible to get her to sit to me. And then my fortune would be made. Such a face on the Academy walls would make the fortune of any artist. Only," he added, in a more reflective tone, "it would be desecration of her to let the vulgar mob stare at her. No; if I were so fortunate as to be allowed to paint her, I would keep her portrait where no eye should see it save my own."

"That sounds all very well, my dear fellow," was Sir Allen's rejoinder, "but you had better be careful what you do. These Spaniards have peculiar ideas about women. And they are apt to misunderstand admiration of their

sisters or daughters. If that girl is really Spanish, you would not be allowed to talk to her even if you were her affianced lover, except Romeo and Juliet fashion, you standing in the street and she at a first-floor window—a position, I think, you would hardly care for, especially as, apart from its publicity, it must be very trying to the neck. I doubt, however, whether she is Spanish. The fact of her

being out alone, unaccompanied by a *duenna*, is to my mind conclusive that she is English, though I am quite ready to grant that she looks Spanish, and equally ready to admit her beauty, although I confess her charms did not quite so much take captive my imagination as they appear to have done yours. But then, you know, I am not an artist, and have not the artist's impressionable temperament."

III.

Sorely against his will, but yielding to the better judgment of his friend, Sinclair gave up his idea of beating about on a voyage of discovery after the beautiful unknown, and when the time came for making the call at the villa, he duly accompanied Sir Allen. They were ushered into a large and lofty drawing-room, carefully shrouded in cool darkness, and perfumed by a mass of magnificent roses. They had hardly time to note the perfect taste which had presided over the decoration and furnishing of the room, when the door opened, and Mr Beauchamp entered. He was a man of about fifty years of age, rather short, with clean-shaven upper lip and chin, rather reddish hair and whiskers, which were now beginning to turn grey, and with bright, intelligent-looking eyes.

"How do you do, Sir Allen?" he began, extending a warm hand of welcome to him; and then turning to Sinclair, and shaking hands with him also, he continued: "And this is your friend Mr Sinclair, who, Strudwick informs me, is yachting with you?"

"Yes," returned Sir Allen. "I have brought him here, as he is anxious to make some sketches of the Hesperides. He wants to get

away from all the hackneyed line of subjects, and bring home something quite fresh. You may not know that he is one of our most promising young artists."

"Come, come, Brander," said Sinclair modestly, but good-humouredly, "you will give Mr Beauchamp much too high an idea of my powers. But you must allow, Mr Beauchamp, for a friend's enthusiasm."

"Well, gentlemen, I am very glad to see you both in this out-of-the-way bit of the world. English visits with us are quite angels' visits, so few and far between; but we appreciate them when we receive them. And I hope, Mr Sinclair, you will let me be of use to you during your stay in Canary. You must remain long enough to do justice to the beauties of the place; and I think you will not be disappointed with the result of your visit."

He insisted that they should stay to lunch, which he assured them would be ready soon; and he must be allowed afterwards to show them over the grounds.

"And then," he said, "I must hear from you all that is going on in England. It is so long since I have been there, and though I do my best to keep up with the times,

and see the papers and magazines pretty regularly, one inevitably misses a great deal; and I always find people coming immediately from the scene of action can give me, in a few words, better and truer ideas of what is passing than can be gathered from any amount of newspaper-reading. It is the penalty one pays for living in this beautiful climate, that one knows so little of what is going on in the great world of thought and action."

As he uttered the last words, the door opened, and Miss Beauchamp entered the room.

"Ah! here is my daughter," said Mr Beauchamp; "let me introduce you. Antonia, this is Sir Allen Brander, a great friend of my old friend Strudwick, whom I think you must have heard me mention. He has come here on a yachting expedition. And this is his friend Mr Sinclair, an artist, who I hope will convey a favourable impression of our scenery back to our friends in England."

Sinclair could hardly believe his eyes, and was struck dumb with astonishment; for "Miss Beauchamp" was no other than the Spanish beauty of the ploughed field, the "beautiful unknown!" Sir Allen could not help giving him a glance and a little smile, as much as to say, "It's lucky you came with me, you see, instead of following your own whim and roaming wildly about the country on a fool's errand."

Miss Beauchamp bowed to the two gentlemen with the same dignified grace that had previously captivated Sinclair, a grace from which all sense of coldness was banished by the sweetness of the smile accompanying it.

"I think," she said, turning to her father, "I have had the pleasure of seeing these gentlemen before, this morning." And

then she proceeded to recount how in coming back from a visit to a poor old woman she had had to disturb them in the narrow field-path. She spoke with a grave simplicity, in a low, beautifully modulated voice, with a slight touch of foreign accent, just sufficient to give a certain *cachet* of distinction to her utterance.

"We were only too glad to be disturbed, I can assure you," said Sir Allen, gallantly. "You came just in time to save us from falling into the error of supposing that we were the only civilised beings on this island. My friend Sinclair, who is of a sociable disposition, was fast becoming melancholy in the absence of all signs of human life. Even I was beginning to imagine how Robinson Crusoe felt before he saw Friday."

Miss Beauchamp smiled.

"I think you were drawing, were you not, when I passed?" she said, looking towards Sinclair. "I do wish I could sketch, but I have no talent for it, and my father says it is useless to try unless one has a gift. Don't you, papa?" with a beaming affectionate smile at her father. "And he says," she continued, turning to Sinclair again, "that the great Goethe tried and tried for years to draw, and had at last to give up in despair, he could make nothing of it. And if he failed, how should I succeed?" Then, with a sudden brightening of tone, as if recollecting that she must do her duties as hostess, and not be burdening her guests with her deficiencies, she added, "But I hope I may be allowed to see what you have done this morning?"

"I shall be most happy to show you my little attempt," rejoined Sinclair. "But it is really not worth showing. It is more of a memorandum for myself than anything else."

A little later on, Sinclair took an opportunity of reverting to the sketching question.

"As to what you were saying about yourself just now," he said, "pray do not be too easily discouraged. Goethe's case, I am convinced, must have been quite exceptional. I have known men who seemed totally lacking in any gift whatever for drawing, and yet by dint of perseverance they have in time achieved by no means despicable results. And if you care for drawing, I would venture to suggest your persevering with it, in the hope of achieving something one day. The time you devote to it will not in any case be wasted, because you will be accustoming your eye to see objects accurately, and that alone is a very great gain. Besides, if you do not succeed in reproducing satisfactorily whatever you may be drawing, you will at least imprint the details clearly on your mind in a way which you never would do but for the attempt at reproduction."

"It is very kind of you to encourage me, and to hold out such hopes to me," replied Antonia. "I shall certainly try again."

Luncheon was laid in a long low room with groined vaulted roof, lighted on one side by three tall stately windows, which were filled with wonderful old stained glass, that allowed only a mellowed and checkered light to fall in the apartment. Opposite the windows, and extending nearly the whole length of the room, were high dark wooden cases filled with books. This room had once been the refectory of a priory which had stood upon the spot, and had been preserved in its integrity when, at some period during the last century, the rest of the priory had undergone conversion into a modern dwelling. In stepping into

it, you felt as if you had suddenly turned your back on the world and the present century, and had been transported into some distant quiet age. Sir Allen and Sinclair were both conscious of this feeling as they entered the apartment.

Soon after they had sat down, Mr Beauchamp looked across at his daughter rather anxiously, and said—

"Antonia, have you seen José this morning? The poor man seems quite distracted. He declares some great calamity is about to befall us; the Dragon-tree has been shedding its blood. You must know," he proceeded to explain to his guests, "that there is a particularly large Dragon-tree in this garden. I daresay you observed it at the end of the terrace as you entered the house. These trees are rather a speciality of the Canaries, growing to a greater age and size than anywhere else in the world. A gum or resin which exudes from them is called Dragon's blood. It is never taken from the trees or used for any purpose; but the people hereabout have a superstition in connection with some, at any rate, of these trees—how, or why, I cannot understand. They believe that whenever the blood comes forth in large quantities, it is a sign that some misfortune is about to happen to the owner. My old gardener, José, who has worked man and boy on this estate, as his father and grandfather did before him, was dinning me this morning with a popular rhyme about it—

'Cuando la sangre del drago salta,
Llegar la desdicha nunca falta.'

In English it would run something like this—

'When the Dragon's blood flows heavily,
Misfortune follows speedily;'

although, of course, this does not

give the force and fatality of the original, especially of the two last words, *nunca falta* (never fails), which are very impressive. José was telling me this morning, in the most awe-struck tones, how the last time the Blood had flowed, the former proprietor of the villa, Count Seguiet, who was absent in Spain, had been shot the very same day in a duel. I tried in vain to make him understand the folly of connecting two such events, and pointed out to him that it could only be a strange coincidence. But he was not to be reasoned with or consoled. Something terrible must happen, of that he was convinced; if not actually to-day, then in the very near future. This tree had been held sacred by the Guanchos, the aboriginal inhabitants of Canary; and no one could say what mysterious power it might not possess."

Sinclair had observed that at the very first mention of the subject a shiver had seemed to shoot across Miss Beauchamp's mobile face; and during all this speech of her father's, it was manifest that she was exercising considerable command over herself to refrain from interrupting him. As he concluded the last words, she could restrain herself no longer.

"Dear papa," she said, in almost an agonised voice, "please do not talk about that. It is too terrible. I cannot bear it. I know you don't believe in it, but I am sure it is true. It has happened too often for there to be any mistake. But we can do nothing. Meanwhile, we must try and banish the thought from our minds. I had managed to put it away from me since I saw poor old Doña Mencia this morning. José told me about it after breakfast, and I begged him not to trouble you with it. I am sorry he has done so."

"Oh, you must not be angry with poor José," said her father. "It was not his fault that I heard it from him. But he was looking so miserable and dejected that I could not help pressing him to tell me what was the matter; and it was only with the greatest reluctance that he told me. But, you know, you must not let our guests suppose that you are frightened by an old woman's tale like that. My brave Antonia is not to be so easily alarmed."

Again Sinclair noticed the shiver pass across the beautiful face; but she pressed her lips firmly together, evidently determined not to allow another syllable to escape her on the subject, and nothing more was said for the moment. Mr Beauchamp was soon busy explaining to Sir Allen his hopes of making a success with his wine and enabling it to bear transport to England. Sinclair sat silent, stealing a glance now and then at the lovely girl close to him, who was evidently a prey to strong emotions, which she was bent on mastering. He could not help sympathising with her, feeling that this was far too serious a matter to be lightly discussed or treated as a mere nothing. Without being superstitious, he yet had the artist's keenly sensitive temperament, which reflects as in a mirror all the lights and shadows of passing influences from the seen and the unseen world. He could not help feeling impressed with that death of Count Seguiet in a far country on the very day of the flow of the Dragon's blood, and of the old gardener's conviction that something wrong had happened. At the same time, he was sufficiently a man of his day and century to know that, while strange coincidences did occur, their occurrence was of a fitful uncertain kind, and that there was just as much likeli-

hood—or rather, on the doctrine of chances, even more—that in the present case the issue of the Dragon's blood would be fraught with no unhappy consequences to his host or hostess. He longed to be able to speak to her, to assure her of his sympathy, and yet to comfort and console her with the conviction, strong within him, that the portent might be disregarded this time. Probably something in his looks made her instinctively conscious of what was passing in his mind, for she presently turned towards him with a slight attempt at a smile on her countenance.

"I am afraid," she said in a low tone, "that you must think me very foolish to be so easily alarmed. I suppose it is my Spanish blood that is stronger than my English reason. But, you know, I cannot help always feeling anxious about my father. He is everything I possess in the world, and if anything were to happen to him, I don't know what I should do, or how I could possibly live. I cannot bear to hear him treating what is not only the belief of old José but of everybody about here, as if it were mere foolishness. It seems impious; though I know, of course," she hastened to add, as if fearful that she had seemed to apply such an epithet to her father, "that it is not so really. I think, Mr Sinclair, you know what I mean."

"I think I do. It is something akin to the old feeling which made the Romans unwilling to mention the name of Death. To deny the truth of this belief about the Dragon's blood is almost like a defiance—and just as Death was less likely to step in if he were not called by name, you feel that if nothing is said, possibly nothing will happen; whereas a defiance of the unseen powers may anger

them and cause them to fulfil the portent. Of course scientific people will tell you that this is superstition; but I am afraid, Miss Beauchamp, I must plead guilty of having, like you, a corner of my heart to which this feeling, be it superstition, be it what you will, appeals more strongly than any scientifically proved fact."

"Oh, thank you," she replied, "for putting it so much better for me than I could have put it myself. That is exactly what I feel. How strange that you should so completely understand my feelings!"

Nothing more was said on the subject that day. By common consent it was avoided by all, and gradually Antonia seemed to recover her former brightness and buoyancy of spirits.

That evening, as Sinclair and Sir Allen sat in their large wicker-chairs smoking their cigarettes on the verandah which ran along the back of the Posada Rodriguez at Las Palmas, meditatively watching the stars coming out in the heavens, and thinking over the events of the day, Sir Allen remarked—

"Well, Sinclair, you are not sorry that I induced you to accompany me to the Beauchamps, eh? though I confess I was scarcely prepared for your Spanish beauty's turning out to be Miss Beauchamp. You will now probably be able to paint her portrait, as you were so desirous of doing. But I would just give you a word of caution against letting your artist's love for her run away with you, and falling in love with her seriously."

"I am much obliged," exclaimed Sinclair, rather nettled. "But I have no thought of falling in love with Miss Beauchamp—seriously, as you put it."

"No, I daresay not. Only those

things generally come from not thinking. That is why I warn you. Remember, it is always difficult to woo an only daughter; it is doubly difficult if there be but one parent alive; trebly so if that parent happens to be the father. In the present case the father and daughter are evidently devoted to one another. You will get nothing for your pains, and I don't want to see you come to grief over the affair."

"It is very good of you, I am sure, to interest yourself so much in my welfare," said Sinclair, in an irate tone. "I tell you, I have no thought of falling in love with Miss Beauchamp, but I do admire her immensely, and if I had any idea of striving to win her affections, I should not be put off for such reasons as those you are pleased to favour me with."

"Ah, now you are angry, Sinclair. Come, that won't do. You know, I was only speaking in your own interest. But I'll say no more on that topic since it offends you. Good night." And with these words, after shaking hands with Sinclair, who immediately felt penitent at having let his temper get the better of him, and cordially returned the pressure of his friend's hand, Sir Allen went off to bed.

Sinclair remained for some time longer watching the starry heavens, pondering on Sir Allen's words, and endeavouring to analyse his own feelings. Had he been quite true in saying that he had no thought of falling in love with Miss Beauchamp? Had not his anger been aroused rather because deep down at the bottom of his

heart he was conscious that there was a feeling there such as he had never experienced before? Had not the warning come too late? Was he not already in love with her, deeply in love with her, such as nothing would ever shake? Slowly the conviction forced itself upon him that this was so. Sir Allen's words had had exactly the opposite effect to that which he had intended. They had made clear to Sinclair what his true feelings were, and they had, as it were, put him on his mettle. No man likes to be told that he will fail in any enterprise, and many a man has been unconsciously prompted to undertake one which, but for the spur of a prophecy of failure, he would never have undertaken. But Sinclair's difficulties were of a very different kind to those that had struck Sir Allen. "She is far too good and beautiful for me to think of winning her," he thought. "Rather, she is a star to guide me on my course, a poet's dream, a Beatrice to inspire a Dante. She is too delicate for human nature's daily food, too exquisite for the humdrum of daily life. And yet, if it were possible! But no, I must not allow myself to dream of it." Then, after another pause—"Antonia! what a lovely name, and how emblematic of herself! Spanish, and yet English; noble and dignified, and yet melodious and gentle. Ah, that it might be, that she should be mine! But it can never be!" And so with these fluctuating thoughts, alternately hopeful and despairing, he too quitted the verandah and sought his room for the night.

IV.

The next morning both were thinking of making a cruise early afoot. As Sir Allen was amongst the rest of the Canary

Islands, which would take from a fortnight to three weeks, he had determined to stay only one day more for the present in Grand Canary. He was to return for Sinclair, who would in the meanwhile pursue his sketching, dividing his time between Las Palmas and Telde. In order to make the most of Sir Allen's last day, Mr Beauchamp had proposed that they should all go to visit the village of Atalaya, one of the greatest curiosities of the island, where the inhabitants all live in caves hewn out of the rock, and gain a bare livelihood by the fabrication of a rude hand-made pottery; and it had been settled that Mr and Miss Beauchamp should call for Sir Allen and Sinclair at the hotel as early as seven o'clock, so as to achieve the visit before the blazing sun had attained its full noonday power, the heat during the last few days having been particularly great for the time of year.

Sinclair was now restlessly pacing up and down in front of the hotel, eagerly awaiting their arrival. This restless eagerness had a twofold source: the natural impatience of a lover to behold the object of his love—and a super-added impatience induced by a terrible dream. During the earlier part of the night he had not been able to sleep for thinking of Antonia. At last, towards morning, he had fallen into a deep sleep, and had dreamed that he and she were riding together silently, side by side, along an endless straight road, ever on and on; but her face was always averted from him, so that he could not see it. Then he had determined to speak to her and ask her to be his; when straightway they were no longer riding but were standing together on the terrace at the villa, not far

from the Dragon-tree; and she raised her hand and pointed to the tree; and he looked and saw lying all around little drops and pools of blood; and a sensation of horror seized upon him, and he began to tremble violently, and then he awoke with a great start and a cry.

Sir Allen, whose room was only separated by a door, heard the cry, and called to ask whether anything was the matter.

"No," said Sinclair, as he hastily gathered his confused senses together; "it was only a dream."

But there are dreams and dreams. Some are so vivid that they remain with you for days afterwards without your being able thoroughly to dispel them. Their ghost haunts you through the day, and pursues you through the watches of the night. Of this number was Sinclair's. In vain he sought to shake off the impression by repeating to himself that it was "only a dream," and, moreover, that dreams always go by contraries. The figure of Antonia pointing towards the tree, and the red pools of blood beneath it, were ever before him too startlingly real to be thus easily banished. Nothing he felt would be efficacious but the sight of her in all her sweetness and beauty. No ghostly visions would, he felt sure, be able to resist her presence. These murky cobwebby clouds, for they were nothing else, must dissolve and float away at her approach, as the autumnal mist melts away before the sun.

Thus it was that he was so doubly impatient for the arrival of the carriage. As he descried it coming up the narrow *calle* leading to the hotel, his heart gave a great bound. There sat his mistress beside her father, perhaps a shade paler, but otherwise exactly like

herself of the day before. Sinclair felt his dread phantoms at once dissolving into thin air, and soon began even to think, as we all do under like circumstances, how absurd it had been of him to allow himself to be their prey.

Paler undoubtedly Antonia was, and as Sinclair earnestly and eagerly scanned her lovely face, it was not difficult to him to divine under the apparent calm an anxious heart. Evidently she had not been able to banish the thought of some impending misfortune from her mind, as she had yesterday said she hoped to do. Equally evident was it that she was bent on showing no trace of these feelings in her face if she could possibly help it.

"We must apologise for being a little late," said Mr Beauchamp, after the first greetings were over. "But the fact of the matter is, my daughter would not let us drive at our usual pace to-day. She is nervous about me, anticipating danger of some kind or other, and all because of that superstition of José's about the Dragon's blood."

"Oh, papa," Antonia began, in a deprecatory tone; but she suddenly checked herself, as if she had made up her mind that the best way to get rid of the dangerous topic was to meet it with complete silence, and not even to oppose it with a prayer for its discontinuance.

Sir Allen, however, saw no reason for at once dropping the subject. Indeed, he thought, by giving a different turn or colour to the matter, it might be possible to allay Miss Beauchamp's anxiety. Though kind and well-meaning, he had not sufficient delicacy of perception to see at once, as Sinclair did, that nothing which could possibly be said would alter Miss Beauchamp's view by one hair's-

breadth, that view depending not on reason but on feeling, against which the gods argue in vain; whilst every word uttered on the subject was like the touch of a red-hot iron on her tense nerves.

"I think, Miss Beauchamp," he began, "you need be under no alarm. As nothing occurred yesterday, we may take it that your gardener's superstition has failed to be verified this time. If I understood your father rightly, the death of the Count, the former proprietor of your villa, took place on the very day the Dragon's blood flowed; and therefore, if it had betokened any evil this time, the evil would have happened yesterday. Besides, very likely, you know, now that the proprietors of the tree are English and not Spanish, its virtue as a portent has gone. Or perhaps our arrival here yesterday averted the evil; unless, indeed," he added brightly, "we are the misfortune that was prophesied."

A sudden chill seemed to strike both Sinclair and Antonia as these light words were uttered. "Many a true word is spoken in jest," thought Sinclair; "God grant that it may not prove so in this case."

Neither Mr Beauchamp nor Sir Allen seemed in the least conscious that anything had been said to make matters worse. On the contrary, Mr Beauchamp was pleased by the cheery tone taken by Sir Allen.

"That is the right way to look at it, Sir Allen," he said; and I wish my Antonia could be induced to see it in the same light. Unfortunately her notion is that the omen is not to be restricted by considerations of time. That being so, all argument is powerless. Besides, you know, Sir Allen, when a woman wants to

make herself miserable she will do so, and the more you show her that she has no grounds for her misery, the more miserable she will be. It lies in their nature, I suppose, and we must just humour them. As to this matter, when a few days have passed without anything happening, Antonia will be all right again. Meantime we must spare her feelings. I promised her before we started this morning I would not say more than I could help about it to-day. But I could not allow the subject to be tabooed altogether. Now, however, perhaps we have said enough; and we will turn to something else."

Accordingly the subject dropped, and they all set out for Atalaya. The carriage-road ceased at some distance from the village, and they had therefore to leave the carriage and follow the rough stony path by which Atalaya was approached. Mr Beauchamp, as their guide, led the way with Sir Allen, Sinclair following with Antonia. With delight he heard that it was fully a quarter of an hour's climb to the village: he would have been only too happy if it had been four hours' climb instead. Here was unexpected good fortune for him—a *tête-à-tête* under most delightful conditions. He could not help inwardly smiling as he thought of his dream and that sad ride. What a contrast with the reality! This as beautiful as that was dreary! For indeed, what could transcend the beauty of the scene? On all sides wild flowers in profusion; here and there a clump of great palm-trees standing out against the sky; in the distance grand rolling hills; overhead the deep-blue canopy of heaven, and the African sun shining down with that wonderful southern intensity

of light, and yet without an unpleasant intensity of heat. To crown all, had not the drive from Las Palmas banished all trace of anxiety from Antonia's face, and was she not turning towards him with a bright, happy, interested look in those large dark eyes, as he called her attention now to this, now to that, as they walked along? Love, indeed, was shaking out his wings above them, touching his golden lute with enrapturing harmonies; throwing his subtle enchantments round their hearts. They became unconscious of all else, save their two young selves and the glorious world around them. They were filled with that wondrous emotion which comes in the early morning of life, when Love first enters in and takes possession of the soul, drinking a deep draught of that precious nectar of the gods which turns the weaker heads of men, but stimulates and braces the stronger to great and glorious actions. Lifted high above the earth, they trod a world of their own. Pity that these wonderful moments in the lives of mortals cannot be prolonged, but must so soon end; that we can enjoy perfect bliss only in occasional and fitful snatches, the gates of heaven seeming to open and then close upon us just as they have shown us a fragment of its wonders!

They had now reached the village, which, as I have already said, consists entirely of caves cut in the rock. It is situated near the top of a high hill, hollowed out by nature in the form of a great amphitheatre, and from the valley below must have the appearance of a gigantic rabbit-warren. A narrow ledge or path serves as means of communication between the dwellings. Into one of these the party now entered. After the bright

sunshine outside, the cave seemed perfectly dark; but gradually as their eyes became accustomed to the darkness, they perceived that the earthen floor of the cave was covered with pots of all shapes and sizes in the unburnt clay, standing ready to be fired. On the ground, in one corner, sat an old woman, whose brown skin was lined with innumerable wrinkles. On her head she had an old peaked hat; her brown arms were quite bare; she was busily engaged in finishing a large pot, and hardly seemed to notice the sudden intrusion.

"We might imagine ourselves here in one of the circles of Dante's *Inferno*," said Sinclair, in a low tone, to Antonia. "Look how steadily she plods on with her work, as if she were a spirit doomed to eternal hard labour, and the advent of Virgil and Dante, or rather, I ought to say in this case, of Beatrice and Dante, in no way respited her, even for a moment. — She would furnish an admirable study for one of Macbeth's witches," he went on presently, in the same undertone.

"Hush! How wicked of you!" she answered. "Poor old thing, she has to work so hard, and yet gets so little! Just see how she manages to mould the clay into that perfect round, without potter's wheel or tools of any kind! She will make that great pot all with her own hands, will get it fired in one of the kilns, will carry it on her head all the way down to Las Palmas, and there she will be paid threepence for it!"

"It does not strike me that that can pay," he rejoined, with a smile. "I think, on the whole, I prefer painting, with all its risks. Life in an Atalayan cave can hardly be said to be enviable. The only thing in its favour is the climate. Work-

ing in this cave, with bright sunshine outside, cannot be as sad as working, as so many of the poor in our great cities do, in a garret, where dirt and misery surrounds them on all sides, and the sun never comes to visit them. Have you ever been in London, Miss Beauchamp?" he went on, as the party now left the cave; "and have you ever seen the terribly dreary places in which the poor people live? One wonders that existence can be even tolerable to them."

"No, I have never been; but I should like just to see London. I am sure, though, I could not live there. I am a child of the sun," she added, smiling; "and people say you hardly ever see the sun at all in London, and when you do, it is only in a pale kind of way—a poor reflection of its true grand self."

"Ah, people exaggerate," said Sinclair; "but it is true that sunshine is somewhat rare, comparatively, in England, and it never has the brilliancy of the south. Still, for an artist, do you know, there are many tender, dreamy effects to be obtained which are not to be had in countries where the bold searching sunlight throws everything into strong and prominent relief. I, too, love the sun, both his warmth and his light; but there *are* secrets which he whispers to us through the mists of our cool grey climate that remain untold to those who dwell in what are commonly regarded as the more fortunate climes."

"That sounds very interesting. I had no idea England could be so delightful. I had always pictured it to myself in Cimmerian gloom. Perhaps, then, I may be able to enjoy the English climate, which I had always so much dreaded."

At this point their conversation

was arrested. A crowd of ragged little urchins, with bare legs and jet-black eyes, drawn by curiosity, had gathered round the party, and were now beseeching irresistibly, with pleading looks and voices, and little outstretched palms, for *cuartitos*. Partly to get rid of them, and partly out of pity for their poverty, Sinclair drew some coppers from his pocket, and throwing them a good way down the slope, cried to the boys, "Corréd, corréd, tenga los cuartitos el mas veloz!" (Run, run, and let the quickest have the coppers!)

A general rush down the slope ensued, and a scrimmage for the coppers, though the little fellows were too merry and good-tempered to let it degenerate into a fight. They would push one another away from the coveted coin, to secure it for themselves, but that was all. The game was evidently to their liking, and they accompanied the party nearly the whole way back to the carriage, the Señores Ingleses giving them every now and again another run for *cuartitos*, until their whole stock of small coin was exhausted.

v.

The next morning Sir Allen Brander departed in his yacht from Grand Canary, and Sinclair was left feeling rather desolate, and uncertain what to begin, for he did not like to go up to Telde again so soon, and yet Las Palmas felt very tame and uninteresting by comparison. Mr Beauchamp had seemed pleased with the idea which he had broached the day before that he should take Antonia's portrait; and he had succeeded in gaining Mr Beauchamp's consent also to let him help her with her sketching a little. But he felt it would be too soon for him to offer to do the one or the other as yet. The idea of giving her some lessons in sketching he particularly revelled in, meaning to defer the portrait till a little later. He wondered how soon he might think of offering to begin. Whilst he was thus engaged in cogitation, and considering what in the absence of all his friends he had best turn his energies towards doing, Mr Beauchamp's groom drove up to the door of the hotel, the bearer of a letter to him, inviting him to bring his luggage

up with him and make the villa his home for so much of the time during his friend's absence as he could afford to spare to Telde. It would be very inconvenient, Mr Beauchamp thought, for him to be going frequently to and fro such a distance, and he would be really conferring a favour on them by allowing them to show him this amount of hospitality. He must, however, quite understand that he was to consider himself free to leave whenever he had grown tired of Telde, or felt that his art-purposes demanded a change of scene. Mr Beauchamp's groom had orders to wait at the hotel until the hour at which it might be convenient to Sinclair to start.

Only one answer was possible to so hospitable an invitation, and Sinclair speedily made the necessary arrangements for departure, determining, if it were possible, to give his first lesson that same morning.

As he once more traversed the ground gone over only two mornings ago, he could not help reflecting on the extraordinary events that had happened since, and the

wonderful change that had come over himself in that short space of time. Only two days before—though it seemed more like two years—he had been travelling this road a free man, his only mistress his art, little dreaming what silken fetters were so soon awaiting him, how soon he was to be converted from a freeman into a slave: a slave in the sweetest of bondage, the most delightful of thraldoms. And who, thought he, would not be a slave on like terms?

The lesson, as will be readily anticipated, proved the greatest of successes. If the position of master and pupil, when the two are of opposite sexes, has from the days of Abelard and Heloïse onward shown itself to be one conducive to the growth of the tender passion, it is equally true that where love exists between master and pupil the most surprising results in the way of progress may be looked for; and it could not be otherwise in this case. The master was already consciously aglow with the sacred flame. The pupil, though as yet unconscious of what was going forward within her, felt stirred to the depths in a strange way. A feeling of joy and happiness for which she could give no account had stolen into her heart; and though every now and then the terrible feeling as if some dire calamity were hanging over her would shoot across her, yet this came only at intervals, and could not quench the feeling of joy which permeated her whole being.

They had selected a shady spot in the garden out of the reach of the sun's rays for the lesson, and sat side by side sketching the same view; for Sinclair's idea was that the best way to teach was for the pupil to do the same thing as the master, marking well how the master surmounted each difficulty,

and then to the best of his or her ability doing the same. Sinclair was in a seventh heaven of delight, with those large dark eyes of hers continually upraised towards him in perfect faith and trust, seeking his guidance; and whilst he guided with tender care her eye and hand aright, he was himself inspired to paint with a freedom and power he had never known himself to possess before. Antonia, on the other hand, felt happier in the work, and more successful than she had ever been previously; and the result of the morning's work was undoubtedly a surprise to Mr Beauchamp, who, as we already know, had but a slight opinion of his daughter's powers in this direction.

The lessons thus auspiciously commenced, went steadily forward, Antonia's success continuing to justify Sinclair's original encouragement to her to persevere, whilst it fully satisfied Mr Beauchamp. But the days were not all given to painting. Mr Beauchamp was anxious that his guest should see everything that was beautiful or interesting in the island, and every day he planned some drive or distant expedition with this object. In all the drives and expeditions Antonia accompanied them. Thus it came about that Sinclair was continually in her company, either alone or with her father. The more he saw of her, the deeper grew his devotion. What she felt for him he could hardly divine, and this doubt kept him ever from speaking to her and avowing his love. That he was not absolutely indifferent to her, he felt pretty sure; but whether she could care enough for him to give herself to him to be his wife, he doubted, seeing how deep was the affection between herself and her father, and how bound up in each other they had always been.

He could not, however, help hoping that the bond of interest between herself and him, which seemed to be day by day growing stronger, might in the end prove victorious. Still he did not dare to risk a refusal, to jeopardise the happiness which every moment spent in her society brought with it; and so things went on, the days flying by with startling celerity, until they had come to the eve of Sir Allen Brander's return.

They were now all three sitting in the verandah, enjoying the coolness of the evening air. Dinner had been finished some time, but they had their cups of after-dinner coffee before them; and Sinclair and Mr Beauchamp were smoking their cigarettes, reclining at ease in their chairs, with a peaceful sense of rest after the exertions of the day, and leisurely watching the smoke as it curled slowly upwards. A general silence seemed to have fallen over them, which no one appeared disposed to break. Gradually the stars began to shine, and the moon slowly rose in the heavens, casting her bright silvery beams upon the landscape before them, and bringing out into weird and startling relief the form of the great Dragon-tree at the end of the terrace.

Not a word was uttered, and yet each was conscious that the thoughts of all had been recalled to the tree and its legend. Antonia rose with a scarcely perceptible shudder and said—

"It is getting chilly. I think I will go indoors."

"We will follow you in a few minutes, Antonia mia," said her father, in the tenderly affectionate tone in which he usually spoke to her. "Sinclair and I will only finish our cigarettes, and then we will join you in the drawing-room. Let us have some music. I am

feeling rather tired to-night; it will soothe me."

When they entered the drawing-room, they found it flooded with brilliant moonlight. The only artificial light in the room was that of a small shaded lamp which was standing on the open grand piano, where Antonia was seated, awaiting their coming, and letting her fingers wander fitfully over the keys. Sinclair joined her at the piano, while Mr Beauchamp dropped into an arm-chair at the opposite end of the room, and sank back with his hands behind his head, prepared to give himself up to the enjoyment of listening to the music.

"Would you mind playing the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata?" suggested Sinclair. "I should so much like to hear it with the actual moonlight streaming in. It would be quite novel to have that beautiful music with its appropriate setting."

"With pleasure, if you would like it," Antonia answered; and she placed a volume of Beethoven on the desk in front of her. "I am so glad you care for it. I never weary of it, however often I play it."

Then that wonderful mysterious piece of music, one of the grand inspirations of the greatest of composers, a seeming embodiment of the soul of moonlight, floated solemnly through the room. Gradually as it went on, Sinclair found himself wrapped in a waking dream in which the moonlight and the music became inextricably interwoven; and he could not make it clear to himself whether the wondrous light of the moon which was flooding the room was evoking those "linked notes of sweetness long drawn out," or whether it was the marvellous music which was filling the room that was also flood-

ing it with the beams of silvery light: the music and the moonlight were one. Long after the last note had died away, the impression seemed to remain; and it was only hearing Antonia ask her father what he would like her to play next that aroused him from his reverie. Mr Beauchamp gave no answer; he had apparently dozed off.

Sinclair felt that this would probably be his last opportunity of speaking to Antonia alone, as Sir Allen had telegraphed that he would arrive at Las Palmas the next day. He determined therefore to avail himself of it to reveal his feelings to her.

"Do you know," he said, in a low hesitating tone as he approached somewhat nearer to her seat at the piano, "that this is probably my last evening here? Mr Craigie told Mr Beauchamp to-day when he was in Las Palmas that he had had a telegram from Sir Allen at Santa Cruz, announcing that he would reach Grand Canary to-morrow morning."

Antonia realised the fact that it was his last evening only too well. Indeed she had been for some time expecting each day to be the last, anticipating that he would announce that there was nothing more to detain him at Telde, and that he was going to return to Las Palmas according to the original plan. She had not therefore been surprised to hear from her father that Sir Allen was expected the next day. Something, however, had seemed hitherto always to occur to put off the day of parting; and now that she knew the full term which Sir Allen's cruise had afforded them had expired, she wondered whether some further reprieve might not be granted, whether something might not again occur to prevent the interruption of this delightful time.

"I suppose you are obliged to go back with Sir Allen," she said.

"I am afraid so," he replied.

"I shall miss my lessons very much," she said, letting her fingers wander distractedly over the keyboard.

"Not more than I shall," he answered earnestly. "You little know what they have been to me, what a privilege it has been to live in your society, what a happiness to help you! Oh, Antonia," he went on, after a moment's pause, in a pleading tone, and calling her by that sweet name for the first time in his life, "may I speak to you? May I tell you how much I love you? how unutterably dear you are to me, and have been ever since the first day we met; how I have grown fonder and fonder of you as I have got to know you better and better? You must surely know, you must feel, how deeply and tenderly I love you. Tell me, can you, do you care for me a little?"

Antonia was too much agitated to speak. Her mind was working rapidly. A great light had burst in upon her; she saw now what it was that had been filling her heart with this unaccountable feeling of brightness and joy since she had known Mr Sinclair; and why it was the lessons had been such a source of endless pleasure to her. It was love that had silently grown up in her heart, bringing new ties, new duties; and then she remembered how she had always determined that she would stay with her father as long as he lived—that she would not desert him, and leave him to a solitary old age. Torn with these contending emotions, and overwhelmed at the sudden discovery that she was no longer mistress of her heart, which she would resolutely have steeled had she only known what was

coming, she made no answer till she heard those last words, "Do you care for me a little?" repeated in the tenderest of tones close to her ear, and she felt a supporting arm round her, and herself being gradually drawn towards him. Then she could hesitate no longer. She could not speak other than the truth.

"Yes," she murmured softly, "I love you."

His heart gave one great bound of delight, he gathered her to him, and their lips met in a long deep kiss.

"Oh my beautiful Antonia! and have I won you?" he presently exclaimed, still holding the lovely head on his shoulder, and looking into her eyes with the most ardent devotion. "I never thought it would be possible that such great happiness could be mine."

"And am I really beautiful to you?" she said, in her grave simple way. "I am so glad. Ah! but you have made me so happy, teaching me so much, and making me understand so many things that I had no idea of before you came."

They talked on for a long time as lovers will, recalling many a delightful incident of the past three weeks, and enjoying unrestrictedly the power of expressing their whole thoughts direct to one another instead of through the conventional medium they had hitherto been obliged to use.

As soon as her father gave signs of awaking, Antonia took Sinclair gently by the hand, and leading him up to him, said—

"Papa dear, I think Mr Sinclair wishes to say something to you."

"I am sure I shall be very happy to hear anything Mr Sinclair may have to say," was the answer. "Well, Sinclair, what is it?"

"I want to ask you if you will

give me your daughter to be my wife?" said Sinclair, straightforwardly. "I have loved her since the first moment I beheld her; and the better, the more I have known her. I am quite aware I am not worthy of her, but I do not know the man who is; and this I am quite sure of, I will do the utmost in my power to make her happy."

Mr Beauchamp, it must be confessed, was rather taken back, as fathers so often are in these cases; but though surprised, he had a real regard and liking for Sinclair, and was not inclined, therefore, to raise any great objection when he had once ascertained that his daughter's affections were veritably engaged. He thought, however, on this head it was desirable to make himself sure.

"And are you quite certain, Antonia," he began, "that you care enough for Mr Sinclair, whom you have known for barely three weeks, to be his wife, and desert your father whom you have known all your life?"

"Darling papa!" she cried, throwing her arms lovingly round his neck; "but I need not leave you, need I? We can always live with you. And then I shall always be near you, as I always meant to be."

"My dear child, that would not do. I should not wish it," said Mr Beauchamp, determinately repressing all feeling of self. "All I wanted was to be sure you cared enough for Sinclair to become his wife. If you do, that is sufficient. It will be your duty, you know, to live with your husband. And I shall not ask you two to live with me. I shall only hope that Sinclair will not bury you alive in England, but will settle in some country where I can live—say Italy, for example. That is the

land for artists; and I should be happy there."

Sinclair, it is needless to say, was quite ready to accept any such mild conditions as these. What would he not have agreed to, provided he might be rewarded with Antonia's hand? He had anticipated all kinds of difficulties, and here was everything made smooth and easy for him. Never had lover been so fortunate! Thus he was congratulating himself when, as they were about to separate for the night, he remarked the troubled look he knew so well come over Antonia's face.

"What?" he whispered tenderly in her ear. "You are not think-

ing any more of the Dragon-tree, are you? Surely Brander was right; the sign was a sign of happy, not bad augury this time?"

"No, no, I am afraid not. I feel I am *too* happy," she said, looking anxiously into his face. "Ah, you do not know how precious you are to me; my happiness is too great to last. Something must happen to break it."

For all answer, he drew her to himself once more, in a long silent embrace, unwilling to believe that happiness such as theirs could receive a shock, and little imagining that in truth this was the last time he would see her again alive in his arms!

VI.

The last time he would see her alive! Alas, yes! The fatal tree had spoken no vain word; the threatened misfortune which *nunca falta* (never fails) was Death; and Death was now swiftly approaching and about to fall upon that unhappy household.

Antonia, when she retired to her room for the night, sat down by the casement of her window, through which streamed the glorious moonlight, to reflect on all that had taken place that evening, to try to take her happiness in her hands as it were, and examine it, and realise it if possible. It had all been so sudden, so unexpected; her breast was still in such a state of ferment and excitement, she felt it would be long before she could sleep. It would be useless to seek her couch yet. She must try to get calmer first, more mistress of herself. She threw open the casement and let the fresh night air cool her throbbing brow. How wonderful and beautiful everything was! How wonderful that

he should care for her in this deep ardent way! How wonderful to be supported by his strong arm! How beautiful the night was! Never had she cared for the moonlight like this before, or seen it look so lovely!

"In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her
love
To come again to Carthage"—

she could not help quoting gently to herself. And then her thoughts flew to her beautiful dead mother, whom she had so passionately loved; and she wondered if she were looking down upon her from above, and were conscious of the great happiness that had come to her daughter. And she stretched out her arms yearningly towards heaven, as though to implore a silent blessing. And then she thought of her dear kind father, who was letting her go away from him; what was to become of him, left in dreary and desolate solitude? Was it not self-

ish of her to leave him? And yet, could she give up that new life that had opened so wondrously before her? or ought she to do so, seeing that it must after all be the ordained life for her, else it would not have come?

Swiftly and silently the hours thus flew by, until she was startled to find that it was one o'clock, and she had made as yet no move to leave the window. She must delay no longer she felt; and with a great effort she overmastered her disinclination, and betook herself to her couch.

Day was just beginning to dawn, when Antonia's casement might have been seen slowly to reopen, and she herself to appear at the window in her night-dress. But the closed eyes would have told any one who beheld her that she was not awake. She was walking in her sleep. In her childhood, after an illness, she had been subject to attacks of somnambulism, and on one occasion had only been saved by the presence of a nurse from precipitating herself from a window. After that she had for a long time been carefully watched at night; but the attacks had ceased, and since she had been grown-up she had not been troubled with them again. Probably, however, the nervous excitement attendant on the events of the previous evening, and the anxious state of mind she had been in for the past three weeks about her father, had together been too much for her delicate organisation, and had brought back the tendency which for so many years had lain dormant. She now proceeded to climb on to the window-ledge, and having succeeded, she made a step forwards as though she expected to tread firm ground, stretching out her hands again as she did so towards heaven, in the way she had done

when imploring her mother's blessing. But the step which she made was into thin air,—the ground was far down below her.

Some half-hour later, as her father was throwing open his window in his customary manner to let in the early morning light and air, his attention was arrested by something white lying in the gravel-path below. A vague feeling of misgiving seized him. The light was hardly strong enough yet for him to discern the outlines of the whiteness; but yet he felt instinctively it was a human form. Whose could it be? The father's anxious solicitude told him at once it was Antonia. "Great God!" he thought, "it cannot be." In a state of terrible agony, he called aloud to her,—no response. Again he called,—still no response. In despair, he rushed up to Antonia's room. To his knock there came no answer. He entered—and took in all at a glance. The bed empty, the casement open, and that white form lying down below! In an instant the whole house was alive, and were quickly gathered round the fatal spot where she lay. Sinclair, as pale as she, took her tenderly up in his strong young arms, and bore her slowly up to her room, the rest dumbly following. There he deposited his precious burthen on her maiden bed.

"Oh, my love! my love! is it thus we meet again?" he sobbed, as he threw himself on his knees beside the bed. "How has this happened? Surely, surely, it was some accident. Speak to me, dearest; try to tell me how it was. O God! she does not answer. Shall I never hear that voice again? Is it possible she is dead—so young, so beautiful, so good? Go, some one for a surgeon!" he exclaimed madly, turning to the servants. "Why do

you stand idling there? Every moment is precious."

"My dear boy, I have sent already," said Mr Beauchamp quietly, laying a fatherly hand on Sinclair's shoulder. "But I fear there is nothing to be done. Our darling is beyond human aid. We must help one another to bear it as best we may."

Antonia never opened her eyes again. She had evidently passed painlessly away. Indeed, when after some hours the surgeon, who had had to be fetched from Las Palmas, at length came, he pronounced that life must have been extinct from the very first.

And so the blow foretold by the Dragon's blood had fallen, but not in the way Antonia had imagined. Her father had indeed been struck, but not directly. His life had been spared, hers taken—to him, as it seemed, a greater and far worse misfortune. How gladly would he not have sacrificed himself for his daughter, if that might have been. And now, too, this young man's life was shattered along with his. Truly the Fates are cruel!

And yet, maybe, who knows but what, after all, there was kind-

ness in that apparent cruelty? It was not for nothing that the Romans said of old, "Those whom the gods love they let die young." To the father there would at any rate be the comfort, when his time came for leaving the world, that he would know no harm could now befall his darling child. And to Sinclair even, might not her influence upon his life, as a distant Beatrice to which he had once compared her, dwelling on high apart from all earthly conditions, a lodestar for his life's ambition, be more certain and more abiding than it would have been if he had married her? Who shall say?

I am a humble narrator, not a philosopher. I cannot pretend to read the riddles of life. All I can tell the reader is that for many a long day after that awful catastrophe the gardener José might be seen wandering about the place, a bent old man, quite unable to attend to his work, and murmuring to himself at intervals that old verse, of the truth of which, in so short a space of time, he had seen two such terrible examples:—

"Cuando la sangre del drago salta,
Llegar la desdicha nunca falta."

THE RING OF POLYCRATES.

BY FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

UPON his palace roof he stood,
 And gazed in glad complacent mood,
 Where round lay Samos isle, the fair.
 "All this is subject to my throne,"
 He said to Egypt's monarch. "Own
 That I am blest beyond compare!"

"The gods on thee have favours showered,
 Thy equals once now bend o'erpowered
 Beneath thy sceptre's conquering force;
 But still revenge inspires one breast,
 Nor may my lips pronounce thee blest,
 While that foe's vengeance dogs thy course."

And ere he well the words had said,
 An envoy, from Miletus sped,
 Rushed in before the Tyrant there.
 "Let sacrificial odours steam,
 And vivid wreaths of laurel gleam,
 My lord, in triumph on thy hair!"

"Pierced by the spear, thy foeman fell,
 And I the glad news come to tell
 From thy leal captain Polydore."
 And from a huge black bowl he took—
 Both shrink in horror as they look—
 A well-known head, still dripping gore.

Back drew the monarch, all a-dread:
 "Be warned!" with shaken voice he said;
 "Your fortune, trust it not! Reflect,
 On faithless seas your fleet is tossed;
 If by some sudden tempest crossed,
 How easily may it be wrecked!"

And even before the words were out,
 Broke on the ear a joyous shout,
 That swelled to a triumphant roar.
 Ships laden deep with spoils from far—
 Their masts a very forest are—
 Have reached again their native shore.

Astounded was the royal guest;
 "To-day thou art by fortune blest,
 But hold her fickle mood in fear!"

The Cretan hosts are up in arms,
To crush thee with their whelming swarms,
And even now thy coasts they near!"

And ere the words have left his lips,
A crowd streams upward from the ships,
A thousand tongues shout "Victory!"
"The war, the war is overpast,
The Cretans scattered by the blast,
And from the invader we are free!"

The sounds the guest with terror struck.
"Wondrous, in sooth, I own thy luck,
Yet for thy safety, friend, I quake.
I dread the envious gods' despite;
A life of all unmixed delight
Is not for mortals to partake.

"I, too, with wary steps have walked,
Nor ever have my plans been balked,
Heaven's grace has so my path beset.
But one belovèd son had I:
God took him. Woe! I saw him die;
So unto fortune paid my debt.

"Then wouldst thou shield thyself from ill,
Pray of the Great Unseen, they will
Temper the bliss they send with bane.
Ne'er have I known his ending glad,
On whom the gods their bounties had
With teeming hands been wont to rain.

"And if this boon they will not send,
Take home the counsel of a friend,
Thyself thine own harm-bringer be!
Of all thy treasures choose what might
Give to thy heart the most delight,
And cast it into yonder sea!"

Then spoke the king, and thrilled with fear,—
"Of all within my island here
This ring by me is prized the most.
I to the Furies it consign,
So may I win their grace benign!"
And in the sea the jewel tossed.

Next morning, by the break of day,
A fisherman, with aspect gay,
Into the royal presence stept:
"This fish I caught; sure, never yet
Came such a fine one to my net;
This gift, my lord, I pray, accept!"

To dress it when the cook began,
Off to the king in haste he ran,
With eyes that stared all wonder-struck.
"Look, look, the ring you wore! Inside
The fish I found it, sire!" he cried:
"Oh, measureless is thy good luck!"

The guest in horror turns away:
"No! I can here no longer stay,
And thou my friend no more must be!
The gods for doom have marked thee; I
Will not remain, with thee to die!"
He said, and straight put off to sea.

[Among that remarkable class of men, the Greek Tyrants, Polycrates was distinguished. But able and fortunate as he was, he illustrated in his person the force of the old saw, "Call no man happy till his death!" He was decoyed into the power of Orætes, Governor of Sardis, and put to ignominious death upon the cross.]

THEODORE MARTIN.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

BY FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

ON to the strife of Car and Song
 On Corinth's isthmus, whither throng
 The sons of Greece, all mirth, did wend
 Young Ibycus, of gods the friend.
 The gift of song was his, the gay
 Sweet notes, that from Apollo come ;
 So, light of foot, he makes his way,
 Full of the god, from Rhegium.

Now on its mountain-ridges high
 Fair Corinth meets the wanderer's eye ;
 And now Poseidon's piny wood
 He enters, awed to pious mood.
 Nought stirs around, save that a swarm
 Of Cranes keeps wheeling o'er his head,
 As on to southern regions warm
 In weird and mystic wise they sped.

"Hail, friendly birds ! that on the sea
 Companions constant were to me ;
 Of good I take you for a sign,—
 Even as your lot is, so is mine !
 From far we both have come, and here
 For genial shelter ask ; and may
 We find kind hearts to help and cheer,
 And keep all harm from us away !"

Then, quickening his pace, he made
 His way into the forest shade,
 When, where the thicket closest grew,
 Two ruffians barred his passage through.
 He closed with them, the strife was dire,
 But soon his hand exhausted hung ;
 It tuned the soft strings of the lyre,
 But ne'er the sturdy bow had strung.

He calls on gods and men, but all
 His cries for help unheeded fall ;
 There was no living creature near
 His shouts, howe'er they rang, to hear.
 "And must I here forsaken, then,
 Unwept in a strange country die,
 Done to foul death by wicked men,
 And no one to avenge me nigh ?"

And, as he sinks, lo, in the air
 A rush of wings! The Cranes are there.
 He hears them—see he can no more—
 Croak dirge-like, as they hover o'er.
 "Ye Cranes, if other tongues shall fail
 The story of my death to tell,
 Do you my murderous end bewail!"
 He said, and back death-stricken fell.

They found the body stripped, and though
 'Twas scarred and bruised by gash and blow,
 Soon did his host in Corinth trace
 The lines of that beloved face.
 "Woe, woe! and is it thus I find
 My poet, I, who on his head
 The pine-woven wreath had hoped to bind,
 A brighter lustre there to shed?"

Grief fell on all were gathered there,
 Poseidon's festival to share;
 All Hellas bitterly made moan,
 And each heart felt the loss its own.
 On to the Prytaneum throng
 The people shouting, wild with rage,
 "Avenge his Manes! Right their wrong,
 And with the murderer's blood assuage!"

But where might any trace be sought
 Of who the caitiff deed had wrought
 In that vast throng, lured thither by
 The Games in story famed so high?
 "Was it by robbers' hands he fell,
 Or struck by envious secret foe?
 This Helios alone may tell,
 Whose light illumines all below.

"Perchance he walks, with shameless brow,
 Where Greeks meet thickest even now,
 Of his foul crime enjoys the fruit,
 And mocks revenge's vain pursuit.
 Perchance within their very fane
 He braves the gods without a blush,
 Or thrusts, the theatre to gain,
 The crowd aside that thither rush."

There, bench on bench, close wedged they sit,
 So close, the beams wellnigh are split,
 For Greece had sent from far and near
 The crowd that waited there, all ear.
 Hoarse murmuring, like the sea-waves' roar,
 The human pile still grew and grew
 Up, tier on tier, still more and more,
 Even to the sky's o'erarching blue.

Who's he shall number, who shall name
 The guests who to that muster came?
 From Theseus' city, Aulis' strand,
 From Phocis, from the Spartan's land,
 From Asia's far-off coasts they throng,
 From isles on seas Egean throned,
 And list the wild and wondrous song,
 The chorus from the stage intoned,

Who, grave and stern, with measured, slow,
 And solemn stride, that boded woe,
 From the far scene advancing, wound
 The theatre's wide circuit round.
 So never this earth's women strode,
 No mortal home such beings bred;
 Their limbs in bulk gigantic showed
 High over every human head.

A black robe round their loins was flung;
 Aloft in fleshless hands they swung
 Torches that flashed with lurid glare;
 Their cheeks, no blood was circling there;
 And where round mortal temples curl
 The locks that wind with winning charm,
 There snakes are seen to writhe and twirl,
 And adders, puffed with venom, swarm.

And now, in circles wheeling, they
 Begin the awful Hymnal lay,
 That racks the guilty heart with pain,
 And binds it hard as with a chain.
 Bewildering brain, and madding heart,
 The Furies' Song rings out; it shook
 The hearers, till aghast they start,
 Nor will it the lyre's descant brook.

"Oh, well for him, who keeps his soul
 As childhood's pure from sin's control!
 Not him need we with vengeance goad;
 He travels free along life's road.
 But woe to him whose hand is red
 With murder, wrought by secret sleight!
 We dog his steps, we haunt his bed,
 We, the dread progeny of Night!

"And, if he think our clutch to fly,
 On swooping wings we still are nigh,
 To cast our clinging meshes round
 His feet, and bear him to the ground.
 And so we hunt him, resting ne'er,—
 Remorse, repentance, what care we?—
 On, on to Hades' self, nor there
 Shall from our presence set him free!"

So singing, they their measures tread,
 And a great hush, as of the dead,
 On all there like a weight did lie,
 As though some deity were nigh.
 With solemn air, in circuit wide,
 Pacing the theatre, they wind,
 And then with slow and measured stride
 They vanish in the space behind.

'Twixt fear and fancy tossed, each breast
 With awe is shaken and unrest,
 And bows to the dread Power serene,
 That marks and judges all, Unseen;
 The Inscrutable, Unknown, that deals
 The lots by Fate in darkness spun,
 That to deep souls itself reveals,
 Yet doth the open daylight shun.

Then all at once rings loud and clear
 A voice upon the topmost tier—
 "Look, look! Look there, Timotheus!
 The Cranes, the Cranes of Ibycus!"
 And suddenly dark grew the sky,
 And o'er the theatre a deep
 Black cloud of beating wings goes by,
 The Cranes, as onward south they sweep.

"Of Ibycus!" At that dear name
 To every breast fresh anguish came;
 And, as wave chases wave, so ran
 The cry as swift from man to man.
 "Of Ibycus! Whom we lament,
 That was by vile assassin slain!
 Who's he that called? What was't he meant?
 The Cranes, too, what portends their train?"

And louder still the questions grew,
 And then surmise, like lightning, through
 All hearts went flashing: "Yes, 'tis clear!
 The Eumenides, their hand is here!
 Our bard's avenged! Praise we the birds!
 The assassin yonder stands confessed!
 Seize him, the man that spoke the words,
 And him to whom they were addressed!"

Scarce had his words been spoken, when
 He wished them in his breast again.
 In vain! The lips, with terror pale,
 Of conscious guilt reveal the tale.
 They drag them to the judge; and now
 The scene turns to the Judgment Hall;
 The felons there their crime avow,
 So did the god their hearts appal!

CAPTURED BRIDES IN FAR CATHAY.

HISTORY tells us that there are almost as many ways of marrying a wife as there are roads to Rome. When the world was young, capture was the form which commended itself to young men in the older continents, just as at the present day Australian youths depend on the strength of their right arm for their supply of consorts. But the advance of civilisation has changed all that, and by a constant succession of progressive stages, the rite has reached that highest pitch of development, in which the liberty of choice is allowed its fullest latitude. But there is yet some old leaven remaining; and as traces of ancient sun-worship are still unconsciously preserved in ecclesiastical architecture, so in the most complex marriage rite of modern days, a survival of the primitive practice of capture is plainly observable. The bridegroom takes his "best" man—that is to say, the strongest and most daring among his associates—and goes to carry off his bride in defiance of her protecting bridesmaids, who, in these degenerate days, exhaust their energies by hurling satin shoes at the retreating but triumphant bridegroom.

"Lo, how the woman once was wooed !
Forth leapt the savage from his lair,
He felled her, and to nuptials rude
He dragged her, bleeding, by the hair.
From that to Chloe's dainty wiles,
And Portia's dignified consent,
What distance ?"

Ay, so great a distance, that we Westerns can scarcely recognise in the modern rite of holy Mother Church the root from which it sprang; but in the East, that treasury of antiquities, we find the stages in the long road which

separates the two extremes clearly marked out, and still serving as halting-places for the people who are perpetually marching onwards to a higher goal. The Kirghis, for instance, are still at the end only of the first lap in the race. The wild savagery of the primitive assault has disappeared, and a preliminary understanding between the friends of the bride and her suitors has been arrived at, but still the prize has to be won by capture; and so on the wedding day the bride mounts a swift horse and starts from the door of her father's tent, pursued by all the young men who make pretensions to her hand. The one who catches her claims her as his own; and as, in addition to the protecting fleetness of her horse, she has the right of defending herself with her whip against unwelcome suitors, the invariable result follows that the favoured lover is the successful one.

On a par with these dwellers in the desert are certain tribes of Lolos of Western China, among whom it is customary for the bride, on the wedding morning, to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree, while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs, armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed, the bridegroom clambers up the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes, and pinches from the dowagers; and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride, that he is allowed to carry her off. Similar difficulties assail the bridegroom among the Mongolian Koraks, who are in the habit of celebrating their marriages in large tents, di-

vided into numerous separate but communicating compartments. At a given signal, so soon as the guests are assembled, the bride starts off through the compartments, followed by her wooer, while the women of the encampment throw every possible impediment in his way, "tripping up his unwary feet, holding down the curtains to prevent his passage, and applying willow and alder switches unmercifully as he stoops to raise them." As with the maiden on the horse, and the virgin on the tree-top, the Korak bride is invariably captured, however much the possibilities of escape may be in her favour.

The capture assumes another and a commoner form among other Lolo tribes of China, by whom the rite is ordinarily spread over several days. During this long-drawn-out function, alternate feasting and lamentation are the order of the day—a kind of antiphonal chant being kept up at intervals between the parents and their daughter.

"A crisis of tearfulness ensues, when suddenly the brothers, cousins, and friends of the husband burst upon the scene with tumult and loud shouting, seize the almost distraught maid, place her pick-a-back on the shoulders of the best man, carry her hurriedly and violently away, and mount her on a horse, which gallops off to her new home. Violence is rather more than simulated; for though the male friends of the bride only repel the attacking party with showers of flour and wood-ashes, the attendant virgins are armed with sticks, which they have the fullest liberty to wield."¹

Traces of the same primitive custom are observable in the marriages of the Miao tribes in southwestern China. The women of one tribe, without waiting for the

attack, simulated or otherwise, of their wooers, go through the wedding ceremonies, such as they are, with dishevelled hair and naked feet. Other branches of the same people dispense with every form of marriage rite. With the return of each spring the marriageable lads and lasses erect a "devil's staff," or May-pole, decked with ribbons and flowers, and dance round it to the tune of the men's castanets. Choice is made by the young men of the particular maids who take their fancy, and if these reciprocate the admiration of their wooers, the pairs stray off to the neighbouring hills and valleys for the enjoyment of a short honeymoon, after which the husbands seek out their brides' parents, and agree as to the amount in kind which they shall pay them as compensation for the loss of their daughters. Among other clans the young people repair to the hillsides in the "leaping month," and play at catch with coloured balls adorned with long strings. The act of tying two balls together, with the consent of the owners of both, is considered a sufficient preliminary for the same kind of *al fresco* marriage as that just described. In the province of Kwang-se a kind of official sanction is given to these spontaneous alliances. The young men and women of the neighbouring aboriginal tribes assemble on a given day in the courtyards of the prefects' yamuns, and seat themselves on the ground, the men on one side of the yards and the women on the other. As his inclination suggests, each young man crosses over and seats himself by the lady of his choice. He then, in the words of the Chinese historian, "breathes into her mouth;" and if

¹ Travels and Researches in the Interior of China. By E. C. Baber.

this attention is accepted in good part, the couple pair off without more ado. The act thus described is probably that of kissing; but as that form of salutation is entirely unknown among the Chinese, the historian is driven to describe it by a circumlocution.

In the province of Yunnan the native tribes have adopted much of the Chinese ceremonial, though they still preserve some of their peculiar customs. By these people much virtue is held to be in the bath taken by the bride on her wedding morning, and in the unctuous anointment of her whole body with rose-maloes which succeeds the ablution. But among the Kakhyens on the Burmese frontier, the relics of capture become again conspicuous. When the day which is to make a Kakhyen young man and maiden one arrives,

“five young men and girls set out from the bridegroom’s village to that of the bride, where they wait till nightfall in a neighbouring house. At dusk the bride is brought thither by one of the stranger girls, as it were, without the knowledge of her parents, and told that these men have come to claim her. They all set out at once for the bridegroom’s village. In the morning the bride is placed under a closed canopy outside the bridegroom’s house. Presently there arrives a party of young men from her village, to search, as they say, for one of their girls who has been stolen. They are invited to look under the canopy, and bidden, if they wish, to take the girl away; but they reply, ‘It is well; let her remain where she is.’”¹

This practice is identical with the custom which prevailed among the Maoris of New Zealand before they learned from our countrymen that there were other and more civilised ways of entering the state of matrimony.

The Le people of Hainan, like the Soligas of India and the Kookies of Chittagong, have no marriage ceremony. A mutual inclination is all that is considered necessary to constitute a union, though supreme importance is attached to the outward and visible sign of the contract. The man, to mark the bride as his own, tattoos her face with a pattern which may be described as his coat of arms, it being the insignia of his family; and with the same tracery he covers her hands.

Among the lowland Formosans there is an approach in some matters to the Chinese ritual. The happy pair constitute themselves man and wife by pouring out libations to heaven and earth, and by worshipping at their ancestral shrines; but in the preliminary stage they are unhampered by any such civilised custom. The young man having fixed his affections on a particular maid, serenades her with all the music at his command, and she, if she favours his suit, allows herself to be enticed by the melody into his company, reminding one of the “lutte lyrique . . . entre les chanteurs du marié et ceux de la mariée,” described by George Sand in her account of the marriage of French peasants in Berry. But after the manner of the Turkomans, so soon as the marriage ceremony is over the bride returns to her father’s house, and the husband is only permitted to hold communication with her by stealth, going at nightfall to her home, and returning at early dawn, until he has reached the age of forty, or until her first child is born. After either of these events she assumes her natural place as mistress of his household.

Although one and all of these

¹ Mandalay to Momsen. By John Anderson, M.D. 1876.

customs are held in supreme contempt by orthodox Chinamen, they themselves preserve in their marriage rites many traces of the ancient usage which these symbolise. For instance, a Chinese groom always sends a company of men for his bride, and very commonly at night, as though to make his assault easier and a rescue more difficult, as used to be the case in Sweden, where marriages were commonly celebrated at night and under the protection of armed men. But at the foundation of the Chinese marriage code is the law which forbids a man to marry a bride of the same surname as himself. As each surname is supposed to represent a clan, this law of exogamy points backwards to a time when even the ceremonial Chinaman captured his bride from a foreign tribe, as possibly the existence of female infanticide may be a reflection of a time when the Chinese found their daughters objects of attack and their sons sources of strength. It is a suggestive fact also, that the symbol representing the word *Sing*—a “tribe, clan, or surname”—is composed of two parts, which mean “born of a woman.” This plainly has reference to a time before the institution of marriage, when, on account of promiscuity of intercourse, or of the custom of polyandry, kinship was reckoned through the females, and not through the males. Another feature among the Chinese, which may possibly point to a polyandrous origin, is the fact that, as among the Tamul and Telugu people of Southern India, paternal uncles are usually called fathers, the eldest being *Pohfu* or *Tafu*, “eldest father” or “great father,” and the younger *Shuhfu*, or “younger father.” But a still further piece of evidence is furnished by the circumstance that

cousins are called *Tang hiung-ti*, or “home brothers,” showing that the sons of brothers were at one time reckoned as brothers to each other.

As, however, orthodox Chinese history begins at a period when the rites of marriage were in full force, it is only by these faint echoes of a still earlier period that we can trace back the ritualistic Chinaman to the level of less civilised races. But even in Chinese history we find references to ancient sages whose mothers' names only were recognised, their fathers' being unknown even to tradition. In this difficulty, the annalists have had resort to the *deus ex machina*, commonly produced to explain any fact unintelligible to them, and tell us that to miracle must be ascribed the event which has dropped out of history. Thus Fuh-he (B.C. 2852-2737), the legendary founder of Chinese civilisation, is said to have been conceived in consequence of his mother treading in the footstep of a god when wandering on an island in a western river. But it was by this fatherless Fuh-he that the marriage rite was, according to tradition, first instituted; and the light in which it was anciently regarded may be gathered from the symbols which at an early period were adopted to express the words signifying “to marry” as applied respectively to the marriage of the man and of the woman. The man is said to *Ts'ü* his bride—that is to say, in accordance with the gloss put on the expression by the symbol, “to seize on the woman;” while the lady is said to *Kia*, or “woman the household” of her husband.

The ceremonies employed in Chinese marriages differ widely in the various provinces and districts. In all, however, a “go-between” is engaged to find, in the first in-

stance, a fitting bride for the would-be bridegroom; to conduct the preliminary proceedings of bringing the parents to terms; and to see to the casting of the horoscopes and the exchange of presents. The gifts presented are of infinite variety; but in almost every case a goose and a gander, the recognised emblems of conjugal fidelity, figure conspicuously among the offerings made by the bridegroom. The choice of these birds is so strange, that one is apt to consider it as one of the peculiar outcomes of the topsy-turvy Chinese mind, which regards the left hand as the place of honour, and the stomach as the seat of the intellect. But this is not quite so; for we find from George Sand that at the marriage of French peasants in Berry, a goose was commonly borne in the bridegroom's procession.

"Pres de lui," writes the authoress, "ce porteur de thyse fleuri et eurbané, c'est un expert porte-broche, car, sous les feuillages, il y a une oie embrochée qui fait tout l'objet de la cérémonie; autour de lui sont les porteurs des présents, et les chanteurs fins, c'est-à-dire habiles et savants, qui vont avoir maille à partir avec ceux de la mariée."

For several days before the wedding the Chinese bride and her companions go through the form of uttering cries and lamentations at the prospect of the fate in store for her; but it may be safely assumed that

"What she thinks from what she'll say,
Lies far as Scotland from Cathay."

And certainly, as a rule, on the marriage-morn no traces of grief mar the features of the victim. So soon as the arrival of the "best man" is announced, a large red silk wrapper is thrown over the bride's head and face, and thus veiled she is conducted

by the "best man" to the wedding sedan-chair in waiting. Accompanied by music, and escorted by forerunners and followers, she is carried to the door of her new house. As the chair stops, the bridegroom comes out and taps the door with his fan, upon which it is opened by the bridesmaids, who help the bride to alight. She is not, however, allowed to enter the house in the ordinary way, but is carried across the threshold on the back of a servant, and over a charcoal fire. The act of carrying her into the house, wrapped in her red silk covering, suggests the idea that the practice may be a survival of some such custom as that still in vogue on such occasions among the Khonds of Orissa. On this point General Campbell, in his 'Personal Narrative of Service in Khondistan,' writes:—

"I saw a man bearing away upon his back something enveloped in an ample covering of scarlet cloth; he was surrounded by twenty or thirty young fellows, and by them protected from the desperate attacks made upon him by a party of young women. On seeking an explanation of this novel scene, I was told that the man had just been married, and his precious burden was his blooming bride, whom he was conveying to his own village."

What may be the meaning of lifting the bride over a charcoal fire it is difficult to say. It has been suggested that it may either be an act of purification, or the fire may possibly have been originally intended to serve as a bar against the rescuing force, and to prevent the possibility of escape on the part of the bride. But having once been safely deposited in the reception hall, the lady prostrates herself before her husband, and submits to have her red veil lifted by her lord with a fan—a custom

which, again, finds a parallel among the peasants of Berry, where, we are told, "On essayait trois jeunes filles avec la mariée sur un banc, on les couvrait d'un drap, et, sans les toucher autrement qu'avec une petite baguette, le marié devait, du premier coup d'œil, deviner et désigner sa femme." Worshipping heaven, earth, and their ancestors, followed by a mutual pledge in wine, completes the ceremony, after which, among the well-to-do classes, the young people take up their abode in the household of the husband's parents. In some parts of the Canton province, however, it is the custom, as also among the Formosans, for the bride to return to her father's house immediately on the conclusion of the marriage ceremony. In such cases the husband is for three years only allowed to gain stolen interviews with his wife, and it is only at the end of that period that she becomes part of his household.

The adoption of these more permissive forms of marriage has had the unexpected effect of encouraging young girls to protest against the evils arising from the prevailing system of concubinage, by rebelling against marriage altogether, and the result has been the for-

mation in parts of the Canton province of large and increasing anti-matrimonial associations.

"The existence of the Amazonian League has long been known, but as to its rules and the number of its members, no definite information has come to hand. It is composed of young widows and marriageable girls. Dark hints are given as to the methods used to escape matrimony. The sudden demise of betrothed husbands, or the abrupt ending of the newly married husband's career, suggest unlawful means for dissolving the bonds."

Even when compelled to submit to marriage, "they still maintain their powers of will. It is a common saying that when a man marries a Sai-tsin woman, he makes up his mind to submit to her demands. The same characteristics are said to prevail among the women of Loong-Kong, the next large town to the south, one of their demands being that the husband must go to the wife's home to live, or else live without her company."¹ The effect produced by this petticoat rebellion upon local society has been to reduce it to its original elements—a condition of things which, in the old world, would have suggested the necessity of marriage by capture in its most primitive form.

¹ Ling-nam; or, Interior Views of Southern China. By B. C. Henry. 1886.

THE LONG PUTT.

A GOLFING SONG.

Tune—"Last May a Braw Wooser."

You may drive from the tee both straight and far
Down the course, and keep steadily to it,
But unless you can lay your long putts dead,
In the end you are certain to rue it, to rue it—
 In the end you are certain to rue it.

You may loft in the sand and be little the worse,
For your third may be up on the green,
And then if you lay your long putt dead,
The result will remain to be seen, to be seen—
 The result will remain to be seen.

You may play one off two with a jaunty air,
As you feel that the hole you have earned,
When your enemy lays his long putt dead,
And so may the tables be turned, be turned—
 And so may the tables be turned.

And when you've to play the old "two more,"
A change may come over the scene,
If you manage to lay your long putt dead,
And be like as you lie on the green, on the green—
 And be like as you lie on the green.

Though long steady swiping is good in its way,
Yet it isn't by any means all;
For unless you can lay your long putts dead,
Your chances, believe me, are small, are small—
 Your chances, believe me, are small.

Whoever this maxim doth best carry out,
Is safe in the long-run to win;
For if you can lay all your long putts dead
In the round, some are sure to go in, to go in—
 In the round, some are sure to go in.

W. A. F.

THE OLD SALOON.

THE first wave of the new tide of literature which this so-called "beginning of the publishing season" brings forth has floated up a curious collection of little books upon the table of the Old Saloon. One of the said books, indeed, is big enough in outward form ; but notwithstanding, they are all little books, books of a character *intime* — nay, *intimissime* — best to be appreciated by genuine lovers of literature, to whom the names of the writers will at the very first introduce these gentle productions as something dear. No vulgar vigorousness of life, no bold remark, no daring theory, nothing audacious or even robust is in them—they are alike in character, in playfulness, in kindness, the utterances of men to whom the world is glad to listen at moments when the world is not with them. It is curious to receive at the beginning of a new season a little handful of such delicate literature, which is, indeed, scarcely to be called literature, but rather personal revelations, unveilings of exquisite corners of actual life, the most familiar confidences of minds very different, yet alike in eminence and fame, and in the faculty of saying what they have to say with the voice of genius. One at least of these books must be discussed with particular tenderness in this place, where the manly humorous countenance, the gigantic form, the easy yet sparkling flow of Thackeray's friendly talk have been known. He was not one of 'Maga's' band, perhaps less by his own will than by stress of circumstance—but one of her guests, admired and beloved ; and

here where his letters lie his hand has rested, his kind voice has spoken. We are afraid that he did not love Scotland, nor Edinburgh. There is a satirical mention in one of his letters of the audience of three hundred which assembled to hear his lectures in a city which ought to have appreciated better one of the greatest writers of his time. But whatever frets there might be in his public reception there was none here, among those who had the privilege of meeting Thackeray. Never was there a nature more friendly, a heart more open to all the charities. We do not know whether most to lament or rejoice that his life has not been, as has happened to most of his contemporaries, made into a book. Everything we are allowed to hear of him increases the friendliness and tenderness with which we regard him. A biography does not always produce this effect. His great competitor Dickens has been written to death, so that his name conveys a certain effect of weariness to the mind of the reader ; but our interest in Thackeray is as lively as ever it was. To be sure Dickens saved up his genius for his books, and his letters are commonplace, and possess no innate attractions. On the other hand, we may regret that, so long as it is impossible to defend a beloved memory from such inadequate biographical notices as that written by Mr Anthony Trollope, or from fragmentary publications perhaps not always so agreeable as this,¹ a gifted daughter, a still more gifted (in this branch of literature) son-in-law, has not set

¹ A Collection of Letters of W. M. Thackeray, 1847-1855.

forth modestly and with reticence some fuller image of the man.

The publication of such a collection of letters as those addressed by Thackeray to Mrs Brookfield will always, no doubt, create a difference of opinion. That the writer had not the remotest intention or thought of writing for any eyes but hers to whom they were addressed, is a fact which works both ways, making them at once more sacred—and more apt to convey to the public which already knows so much of him, the man at his very best. Should they then be treasured up by the “dear lady” to whose life they have added a crown, kept in her holiest of holies, guarded from every vulgar eye? Yes. Or shall she place them tenderly, with a little pang in severing herself from the sole possession, yet a higher impulse of pleasure in the consciousness that the spectacle of this delightful spirit, so playful, so tender, so true, making head with pathetic cheerfulness through a life overshadowed with trouble, will do good to all who behold it? Surely yes! The two affirmatives are contradictory, we must allow; and so must all genuine feeling be on the subject. One thing is certain: that there is not a word printed here which will make those who love Thackeray love him less—nothing which detracts from the brightness of his memory, or represents him to us in any aspect which diminishes our respect. And it is curious, considering how very little help we have had in forming our estimate of the man, to note what a distinct idea of him has been formed in most minds. We say these letters are true in every respect to his character. How do we know? there has been no exposition, sanctioned or otherwise, of his character—nobody has turned out his drawers and waste-

paper baskets to find out what little imperfections there might be in him: nobody has declared him a hero or a saint. The world has been left to divine the man from his books, from the sentiment of his peers, from such fragments of personal revelation as may have dropped unwittingly into the records of the Newcomes or Pendennis. Yet so real is the conception thus formed, that nobody will read the letters to Mrs Brookfield without saying, How like Thackeray! how unmistakable, how true to the nature of the man! This is a remarkable triumph of genuine character and its power of impressing itself upon the general imagination. Of very few men among Thackeray's contemporaries could the same thing be said. Who could identify a letter of Dickens's without the signature, or recognise it as true to him (or care)? But there is scarcely one of the letters now before us in which we do not see the writer, with all his tender devices to please, his playful self-ridicule, the affectionate jest which is more flattering than any compliment, the momentary manly gravity, the profound feeling, the irrepressible fun. There are faults in every man, and so no doubt there were in Thackeray. He says laughingly that he himself is a snob like the rest, and perhaps there is just a gleam of pleasure in the repetition of fine names, or at least in the list of engagements which he now and then gives. The more vulgar-minded the reader, the more certain he will be of this; but we do not address ourselves in the Old Saloon to the vulgar-minded, but to the gentle reader, the courteous, him to whom all who love their art address themselves, and to those who were the poet's chosen audience, *Donne que hanno intelligenza d'amore.* To

these, no doubt, Mrs Brookfield's publication will be fully justified; as would also have been the non-publication of this delightful correspondence had it occurred to her in that light. As it is, we are the gainers.

The letters here collected were begun in 1847, when Thackeray was a young but already much-tried man, his house broke up, his young wife lost to him in the hopeless malady which never lightened during his whole life, and his little children absent. Never man more needed the wholesome consolation of a friendly fireside to which he could turn when he pleased, sure of finding sympathy and understanding. He secured this refuge for his heart in the newly-formed household of his friend the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, a college comrade, himself of great intellectual gifts and remarkable character, and whose young wife possessed the beauty, charm, and sympathetic sweetness which will never cease to be more dear to man than any amount of intellect. A little alarmed, as she tells us, at first sight of the friend whom her husband had already recognised as one of the finest geniuses of the time, the young lady was not long of finding in Thackeray the qualities that women love. His sad story must have roused all her sympathies to begin with. He was not then the admired and applauded author of 'Vanity Fair,' but a literary man struggling with difficulties, not yet very well known, the Chevalier Titmarsh, the contributor to 'Punch,' an aspirant for fame—which it was still possible might never confer upon him the eminence which was his due. He was at the same time hungering for sympathy and kindness, a man heavily wounded, yet doing his best to smile in the face of fate, and keep a jest, or at least a gleam

of fun and frolic, between him and despair. He caught at once, it would seem, at the brotherly access afforded him into this new home, and would come and pour out his burdened heart to the charming and gentle woman in her pretty room, with a relief and consolation such as women only have the power of giving to such men. By degrees Thackeray invested with a reverential worship this kind and sweet companion of so many domestic meetings. He found in her not only a sister but a gentle goddess, the "dear lady" for whom no familiarity diminished his tender respect. In all his banter and merriment that respect never fails. The free-and-easy manners which unfortunately find favour in the eyes of the present generation perhaps scarcely existed forty years ago: but Thackeray at least never ceased to be the chivalrous admirer, the true knight, to whom his lady's name was ever to be spoken with honour, and never to be associated with any possible derogation from these mild yet ethereal heights.

It is common to say that friendship between a man and a woman is a thing impossible. This book, as also another which has to be considered after it, proves the foolishness (not to add also the vulgarity) of such an assertion. Without going so far as the late rector of Lincoln, who declared that delicate relationship to be the only friendship, the flower and climax of all others—it would be adding a great deal to the burdens of humanity were it to be forbidden to men and women to form any ties but those of the one arbitrary love, which assumes that name as if it alone had the power of inspiring the heart. It is a pity that we cannot have its reality recognised once for all, as this volume might well help in doing: and teach the

world to allow that this affectionate tie is no figment, but a thing that in many cases wears a great deal better, and is often a more solid consolation than the ostentatious chief of human sentiments: but prejudice is too strong even for experience, and we doubt whether in any general sense this

sanction will ever be frankly given.

Here is a delightful epitome—we are not told if it ever was printed—of this delightful friendship. It is sent with a prefatory note—"I was making this doggerel instead of writing my 'Punch' this morning."

" 'Tis one o'clock, the boy from 'Punch' is sitting in the passage here—
It used to be the hour of lunch at Portman Street near Portman Squeer;
Oh stupid little printer's boy, I cannot write, my head is queer,
And all my foolish brains employ in thinking of a lady dear.
It was but yesterday, and on my honest word it seems a year,
As yet that person was not gone, as yet I saw that lady dear.
She's left us now, my boy, and all this town, this life, is blank and drear.
Thou printer's devil in the hall, didst ever see my lady dear?
You'd understand, you little knave, I think, if you could only see her,
Why now I look so glum and grave for losing of this lady dear.
A lonely man I am in life, my business is to joke and jeer,
A lonely man without a wife, God took from me a lady dear.
A friend I had and at his side—the story dates from seven long year—
One day I found a blushing bride, a tender lady kind and dear,
They took me in, they pitied me, they gave me kindly words and cheer,
A kinder welcome who shall see, than yours, oh friend and lady dear?"

"The rest is wanting," he writes at the end,—with his laugh that always comes after the tear. But there is enough to reveal all Thackeray, and the kind house behind with its ever-open door.

He goes on giving revelations of himself, lavishing himself in a hundred pleasant pictures—sometimes grave, generally with that playful ridicule of his making himself a little absurd (but tenderly, not really to lose any interest, rather to gain in the process, for he is affectionate to himself also, and loves Titmarsh), putting in pleasant backgrounds to the big professedly unheroic figure, pictures of Spa and its miniature mountain, of Paris and its assemblies, of Oxford, wherever he may be. And he does like, there is no reason to deny it, to quote all his engagements, to show what fine company he is in. Why should a man disguise it? There is no harm in dining at the Embassy, in going to all the great houses, any more than in dining with Mr Brown

and Mr Jones, and ending off with Mrs Perkins's little ball. "Isn't it curious to think—that there are people who would give their ears or half their income to go to these fine places?" he allows himself to say once. Well, and it is very true—nothing could be more true. And it pleases the good people who love him that he should be so popular, and invited everywhere. But of what he did and thought on less showy occasions the record is very full. He will take himself with the tear in his eye and a mind full of despondency, and read himself a cheerful sermon, such as turns the clouds into red and gold. He will rouse himself by generous delight in another to noble emulation. "Have you read Dickens?" he says; "oh, it is charming! brave Dickens! It has some of his very prettiest touches—those inimitable Dickens touches which make such a great man of him; and the reading of the book (is it 'Copperfield?') has done another author a great

deal of good. . . . It has put me on my mettle [metal is how Thackeray spells the word, but the printer objects], for ah! madame, all the mettle was out of me, and I have been dreadfully and curiously cast down this month past. . . . It has put me on my mettle and made me feel I must do something, that I have fame and name and family to support." This was written while he was working at 'Pendenis,' and by no means always pleased with the result. There are many charming little bits about 'Pendenis,' about those delightful scenes in the beginning of that work, where poor young Arthur falls in love with the Fotheringay. We are aware that to many it is very agreeable to hear an author prattle about the creations of his imagination as if they were as substantial to him as to us: but for our own part we prefer to see him among real things and real men. Here, for instance, he is like the giant in the story, recovering himself from fanciful evils by a fall into the real, Antæus touching the earth.

"MY DEAR PERSONS,—After lying in bed till you had reached Clifton, exceeding melancholy from want of sleep, shall I tell you what it was dissipated my blue-devils? As I was going towards London, the postman stopped me in the street and asked me if I could take my letters, which he handed to me. One was an opera box, which I sent off to Mrs M. for to-morrow, and one was a letter from an attorney, demanding instantly £112 for that abominable Irish railway; and in presence of this real calamity, all the sentimental ones vanished straight. I began to think how I must raise the money—how I must go to work, nor be shilly-shallying any longer; and with this real care staring me in the face, I began to forget imaginary grievances, and to think about going to work immediately, and how for the next three months I must screw and save in order to pay off the money. And this

is the way, ma'am, that the grim duties of the world push the soft feelings aside; we've no time to be listening to their little meek petitions and tender home-prattle in presence of the imperative Duty, who says, 'Come, come, no more of this here; get to work, Mister.' And so we go and join the working gang, behind which Necessity marches, cracking his whip. This metaphor has not been worked so completely as it might be, but it means that I am resolved to go to work directly. So, being determined on this, I went off at once to the Star and Garter at Richmond, and dined with those two nice women and their husbands—viz., the Strutts and Romillys. We had every sort of luxury for dinner, and afterwards talked about 'Vanity Fair' and 'Pendenis' almost incessantly (though I declare I led away the conversation at least ten times, but they would come back), so that the evening was uncommonly pleasant."

The delightful force of the resolution to work, which leaves him free with a lightened mind to go off to Richmond to dinner, is a most happy touch. He is in the City next day, however, to see how much money he has got, and finds he will have "but eight pounds over for the rest of the month," when he has paid the sum owing. "Isn't that pleasant? Well, but I know how to raise some," he adds, with all his cheerfulness restored.

And here is another most touching historical incident—historical of himself, as the most of us can be who have lived to a befitting age, and can look back and see the epochs, each perhaps with some little background and pictorial dramatic accessories, shaping themselves out from the level of life.

"As I am waiting to see Mr Bul- lar, I find an old Review with an advertisement in it containing a great part of an article I wrote about Fielding in 1840 in the 'Times.' Perhaps madame will like to see it and Mr Williams. My wife was just sickening at that moment. I wrote it at

Margate, where I had taken her, and used to walk out three miles to a little bowling-green and write there in an arbour—coming home and wondering what was the melancholy oppressing the poor little woman. The 'Times' gave me five guineas for the article. I recollect I thought it rather shabby pay; and twelve days after it appeared in the paper, my poor little wife's malady showed itself. How queer it is to be carried back all of a sudden to that time and all that belonged to it, and read this article over! doesn't the apology for Fielding read like an apology for somebody else too? God help us! what a deal of cares, and pleasures, and struggles, and happiness I have had since that day in the little sunshiny arbour, where, with scarcely any money in my pocket and two little children—I was writing this notice about Fielding!"

There are probably many people whom this affecting reminiscence will set thinking of steps in their own career scarcely less memorable. There is a softening effect in distance, which takes the pain out of such memories, and makes the pathos sweet. And yet it would scarcely be possible to imagine anything more forlorn than this young man, writing his article, sadly wondering what his life was coming to, with his two babies and his empty purse, and the wife who was worse than dead. But if he broke down at all, it was but for a moment. The patient cheerfulness in him, always ready to smile when he could,—to thank God for the good rather than reproach Him with the evil, which is a method more practised in these later days—is always delightful to see: and his sympathies were always with the cheerful and patient. The death of Horace Smith, "that good, serene, old man, who went out of this world in charity with all in it," leads him to talk of those who possess "the precious, natural quality of love which is awarded to some lucky minds such

as these,—Charles Lambs, and one or two more in our trade." "To many among the parsons, I think," he adds, "to a friend of yours by the name of Makepeace, perhaps, but not unalloyed to this one. O God, purify it, and make my heart clean." The thing for which he had no pity and little understanding, was what he calls "a blasphemous asceticism." He could not tolerate to hear the beauty and joy of nature undervalued, both charity and comprehension failing him where this master-evil showed itself.

"What we see here of this world is but an expression of God's will, so to speak—a beautiful earth and sea and sky, beautiful affections and sorrows, wonderful changes and developments of creation: suns rising, stars shining, birds singing, clouds and shadows changing and fading, people loving each other, smiling and crying, the multiplied phenomena of nature multiplied in fact and in fancy, in art and in science, in every way that a man's intellect or education or imagination can be brought to bear. And who is to say that we are to ignore all this, or not value them or love them because there is another unknown world yet to come? Why, that unknown future world is but a manifestation of God Almighty's will, and a development of nature neither more nor less than this in which we are, and an angel glorified or a sparrow in a gutter are equally parts of His creation. The light upon all the saints in heaven is just as much and no more God's work as the sun which shall shine to-morrow upon this infinitesimal spark of creation, and under which I shall read, please God, a letter from my kindest lady and friend. About my future state I don't know—I leave it in the disposal of the awful Father; but for to-day I thank God that I can love you, and that you yonder, and others besides, are thinking of me with a tender regard. Hallelujah may be greater in degree than this, but not in kind, and countless ages of stars may be blazing infinitely; but you and I have a right to rejoice

and believe in our little part, and to trust in to-day as in to-morrow. God bless my dear lady and her husband. I hope you are asleep now, and I must go too, for the candles are just winking out."

The warmth with which the writer is moved in this, half-indignant half-polemic, maintaining what constantly appears to such cheerful believers a new view, and altogether their own—moves us by its sincere enthusiasm at least. But after all it is not a new view: the beauty of the world inspired King David as well as Thackeray. And, on the other side, a greater poet than Thackeray has set before us the mystery of a human soul to which all these lovely things bring no consolation, whom man delights not nor woman either. The optimist, like the pessimist, is too sure of the universal application of his faith. It is all the more charming, after this little flourish of silver trumpets, tuneful and sweet, to find Thackeray engaging his friend Mr Brookfield (though that accomplished person does not carry too much of the priestly element about with him) to visit a poor lady in trouble. "A word or two of kindness from a black coat might make all the difference to her," he says. "I am going out myself to laugh, talk, and, to the best of my ability, soothe and cheer her; but the professional man is the best, depend upon it." It must be allowed, however, that all men, even the most philosophical, have always a softening conviction that the woman must have her priest whatever happens.

Such, amid a mass of lighter material, pretty scenes, prettier compliments, delightful jest and banter, invitations, acceptances, a hundred social meetings, is the

present little batch of Thackeray's letters. He can scarcely say "Come and dine with me," without adding something that is pure Thackeray—a tender little gibe, a laugh in which no bitterness is. Strange that he should have got—and deserved—the character of cynic in his books; and that to the simple reader, amid all their manifold charms, there is a persistent turning inside out of human motives and selfishness in those delightful works, which sometimes makes the heart sick. There is nothing of the kind here—not a drop of gall in the midst of the sweetness.

Mr Ruskin is no cynic: his worst enemy, in the literary sense of the word, could not accuse him of so being; but it would be difficult to say as much as we have just said of Thackeray in respect to the most amiable—nay, gushing—of the great art-critic's beautiful books. He is always full of sweetness, but never without gall, and a very bitter drop. The hot and sudden wrath which distinguishes such mild Apostles—which made even St John himself clamour, as never the sterner fisherman Peter thought of doing, for fire from heaven—is apt to flame up at a moment's notice in everything he says; and there is always an acrid tone in his hostilities, a peevish sharpness of incision, which makes every puncture tell. We have not, however, to deal here with wrath, or the utterance of wrath, except in the abstract cases of modern Italy, the doves of St Mark's, or other subjects equally safe from sensation. It is again the correspondence of a man of genius with a female friend, a beloved lady, which is contained in this little book,¹ and it is a curious

¹ Hortus Inclusus: Messages from the Wood to the Garden, sent in happy days

chance which brings the two volumes together to the reader's hands—who, however uncritical, will scarcely be able to avoid an involuntary comparison. For our own part we are obliged to say that the attitude of a man, to whom the object of his faithful admiration and confidence is always madam and dear lady, is to ourselves much more attractive than that of him who babbles of his Susie, with a condescending descent into language fitted for her ears, until the venerable old lady learns to prattle of herself as Susie too, and to accept the oft-repeated assurance that she is only ten years old, only thirteen, just in her teens, a good little girl, and so forth. With all this Mr Ruskin professes a great deal of respect, and the editor of the little book a kind of adoration for the gentle heroine. We do not doubt for a moment that she is fully worthy of it. Her little notes about the scenery, the weather, and her favourite birds, are pretty reading, of the mildest gentle kind. But there is nothing more lowering, nothing more dangerous to a great man, or, let us say, a great writer, than the little circle of adulators which is so apt to grow round any distinguished person who will permit it, turning his greatness into folly. Mr Ruskin has been specially liable to this misfortune. He is easily impressed, it would appear, by the devotion of his disciples, and ready in a grandmotherly way to think all his crawlings white. It is no doubt a very amiable weakness, which makes him receive and print, with grave admiration, as going quite beyond his own powers, the fantastic expositions of one of these gentlemen, in his last work

on Venice, and which throws such glamour in his eyes that the pretty pictures of his Francesca seem to him half divine; but it is a pity that the indiscriminating worship of these young persons should be allowed to open the sacred doors of their master's retirement, and show us, not that Jove can nod, but that Apollo of the tuneful lyre can sometimes be very silly, and talk like any old woman. It is another of these fatal worshippers who has attained the priceless privilege of giving to mankind this small book. "I count myself happy," he says, "to have been allowed to throw open to all wise and quiet souls the portals" of this Armida's garden, where there are no spells save those woven by love, and no magic save that of grace and kindness." The appropriateness of the comparison will strike every reader. The Armida's garden, in which a few very innocent and perfectly harmless old ladies of both sexes take their pretty walks abroad, and utter their guileless little nothings, may indeed be thrown open to its furthest corner without disturbing the most sensitive imagination. The old people bask in the sun, they utter soft endearments to each other, purring sweetly in a tranquil beatitude. They have nothing to say, and they say it very delightfully to each other, with much mutual solace no doubt, in that calmed condition which they have attained. But what the public has to do with all this, or how we are to be benefited by Mr Ruskin's caresses to his Susie, we altogether fail to perceive. That there must be bits of charming writing in everything which comes from the hand of such a master of English, there is no need to say: but the general effect is not complimentary

either to Mr Ruskin or his correspondents.

What a bad, cynical, cross-grained, ill-thinking, ill-speaking, coarse-minded man was that great genius Jonathan Swift, once Dean of St Patrick's! He was bitter, he was vain, he was vulgar, arrogant, pitiless. Yes. But when he wrote to that little friend of his, that gentle, vivacious Stella, who was either a much-injured lover and wife, or a tender, proud, much-beloved, dearest of all friends (if the authorities could but make up their minds which—we for our part incline to the latter hypothesis), how the wrongness died out of the man! what a clear sky, twinkling with little stars, came out over his London lodgings! what a picture he makes writing in his nightgown, with a smile upon his face and the water in his eyes! The little language, with all its baby-vowels and foolishness, in the mouth of that violent, abusive Irishman! yet what tenderness it breathes, what fun, into what a world of life and action it introduces the distant eager correspondent, with what reminiscences and tender images of herself is all the record filled! There is a long, a very long way between Dean Swift and Mr John Ruskin, and the little language, we suppose, does not tell when it is applied to an old lady, who is not a little girl, however much we may try to believe her so—and spoken by an old gentleman, who has to look down a long way from his pedestal upon the worshippers kneeling, among whom his Susie is. “I got to-day your lovely letter of the 6th, but I never knew my Susie could be such a naughty little girl before, to burn her pretty story instead of sending it to me. . . . Now, Susie, mind you're to be a very good child while I'm away, and

never to burn any more stories; and above all, you're to write me just what comes into your head,” says the great correspondent to the small one. “My dear friend, was there ever any one so pathetic as you? . . . I study your character in your writings, and I find so much to elevate, to love, to admire,—a sort of education for my poor old self; and oh, such beauty of thought and word!” says the small correspondent to the great. How often these mutual endearments are repeated in the course of this very small volume it would be impossible to say. It is perhaps the best (meaning the worst) example we could have of the debasing and lowering influence of that small circle of worshippers around a great man. Mr Ruskin, we don't doubt, would have been saved from many of those foolishnesses which bewilder his true-lovers, had it not been for the existence around him of that group of dependants and adorers, and of admiring, warm, and indulgent friends who cherish every word which drops from his lips, and make him appear to himself an oracle and semi-divinity. The same pernicious agency is said to be responsible for many of the aberrations of the greatly fallen statesman who has become more dangerous to our empire than all her enemies put together. This is a terrible price to pay for the flatteries of the domestic circle, and the extravagant applauses of hangers-on. Things are not so bad when it is only a man of letters that is in question. But it is pitiful to see a great writer made ridiculous, and cruelly exhibited to the world in all his occasional sillinesses, because he possesses a group of sycophants about him who persuade him that he is a god and can say nothing wrong. It does not make them the less

dangerous if these sycophants are quite honest, virtuous, and sincere.

There are, however, no doubt, scraps to be found in what is at best a mere basket of fragments, which are interesting as throwing a little light upon the changing moods of the great critic who unfortunately has never learnt to be critical of himself. Those regions with which his name is so much associated, and where he once reigned supreme, have now, alas! fallen dreadfully into his black books. Mr Ruskin, like the American gentlemen who are so sadly disappointed that Italy has not been preserved for them as an old curiosity shop of gigantic dimensions, cannot contemplate with any command of himself the present state of Italian affairs; but his whimsical peevish complaint of the very birds in Venice that their manners are changed with the new *régime*, is at least amusing in its foolishness. He tells his correspondent that for once he has awakened with sufficient cheerfulness to send her love from St Mark's doves:—

“They're really tiresome now, among one's feet in St Mark's Place, and I don't know what it will come to. In old times, when there were not so many idlers about, the doves were used to brisk walkers, and moved away a foot or two in front of one; but now everybody lounges or stands talking about the Government, and the doves won't stir till one just touches them; and I, who walk fast, am always expecting to tread on them, and it's a nuisance. If I only had time, I would fain make friends with the sea-gulls, who would be quite like angels if they would only stop on one's balcony. If there were the least bit of truth in Darwinism, Venice would have had her own born sea-gulls by this time building their nests at her thresholds.”

The last suggestion sounds pretty, though we are a little doubtful what it means; but what a curious perversity it is which can persuade

itself that the brisk and busy Venice of to-day, only too anxious to have her share in trade and work like her fathers, is more full of idlers than the old benumbed and sorrowful city in the days when the tramp of the Austrian soldiers was the most familiar sound in the great square! “These wretches of Venetians,” he adds, “live on cigars and garlic, and have no taste in their mouth for anything that God makes nice.” Poor Venetians! incapable of currant-jelly and Susie's tea-cakes, yet not altogether to be for that reason abandoned of heaven.

But, on the other hand, here is a delicate little picture, not unworthy of the master:—

“Last Sunday I was in a lost church found again—a church of the second or third century dug in a green hill of the Campagna, built underground—its secret entrance like a sand-martin's nest. Such the temple of the Lord as the King Solomon of that time had to build it, not “the mountains of the Lord's house shall be established above the hills,” but the cave of the Lord's house as the fox's hole beneath them. And here now, lighted by the sun for the first time (for they are still digging the earth from the steps), are the marbles of these early Christian days, the first efforts of their new hope to show itself in enduring record, the new hope of a Good Shepherd—there they carved Him, with a spring flowing at his feet, and round Him the cattle of the Campagna in which they had dug their church, the very self-same goats which this morning have been trotting past my window through the most populous parts of Rome, innocently following their shepherd, tinkling their bells, and shaking their long spiral horns and white beards; the very same dew-lapped cattle which were that Sunday morning feeding on the hillside above, carved on the tomb-marbles sixteen hundred years ago. How you would have liked to see it, Susie!

“And now to-day I am going to work in an eleventh century church of quite proud and victorious Chris-

tianity, with its grand bishops and saints lording it over Italy. The bishop's throne, all marble and mosaic of precious colours and of gold, high under the vaulted roof at the end behind the altar ; and line upon line of pillars of massive porphyry and marble, gathered out of the ruins of the temples of the great race who had persecuted them till they had said to the hills, Cover us, like the wicked. And then their proud time came, and their enthronement on the seven hills : and now what is to be their fate once more ?”

In opposition to this is a curious bit about the Pompeian frescoes as embodying “the great characteristic of falling Rome in her furious desire of pleasure and brutal incapability of it.” (As is well known, these frescoes have so much in common with the early Christian decorations that the learned are often sorely puzzled, and doubts exist even among the catacombs.) But what does the reader suppose is Mr Ruskin's proof of this “furious desire” and “brutal incapability” ?

“The walls of Pompeii are covered with paintings meant only to give pleasure ; but nothing they represent is beautiful or delightful ; and yesterday, among other calumniated and caricatured birds, I saw one of my Susie's pets, a peacock, and he had only eleven eyes in his tail. Fancy the feverish wretchedness of the humanity which, in mere pursuit of pleasure and power, had reduced itself to see no more than eleven eyes in a peacock's tail ! What were the Cyclops to this ?”

How Susie must have lifted up her hands and eyes in horror ! But fancy the blinded folly of the humanity which, in mere pursuit of a little money or a little foolish æsthetic gossip, should have persuaded itself to expose to profane eyes the master's little shrill aberrations of judgment in this extraordinary way !

The following, however, though

still in the querulous key, has a little whimsical extravagance which may be forgiven. It is written from Assisi, where Mr Ruskin no doubt had a sufficiently sad task among the decaying Giotto's over St Francis's grave.

“I have been having a bad time lately, and have no heart to write to you. Very difficult and melancholy work, deciphering what remains of a great painter among stains of ruin and blotches of repair of five hundred years' gathering. It makes one sadder than idleness, which is saying much.

“I was greatly flattered and petted by a saying in one of your last letters about the difficulty I had in unpacking my mind. That is true : one of my chief troubles at present is with the quantity of things I want to say at once. But you don't know how I find things I laid by carefully in it, all mouldy and moth-eaten when I take them out ; and what a lot of mending and airing they need, and what a wearisome and bothering business it is compared to the early packing ; one used to be so proud to get things into the corners neatly ! I have been failing in my drawings, too, and I'm in a horrible inn kept by a Garibaldian bandit ; and the various sorts of disgusting dishes sent up to look like a dinner, and to be charged for, are a daily increasing horror and amazement to me. They succeed in getting everything bad ; no exertion, no invention, could produce such badness, I believe, anywhere else. The hills are covered for leagues with olive-trees, and the oil's bad ; there are no such lovely cattle anywhere in the world, and the butter's bad ; half the country-people are shepherds, and there's no mutton ; half the old women walk about with a pig tied to their waists, but there's no pork ; the vine grows wild everywhere, and the wine would make my teeth drop out of my head if I took a glass of it ; there are no strawberries, no oranges, no melons ; the cherries are as hard as their stones, the beans only good for horses or Jack-and-the-beanstalk ; and this is the size of the biggest asparagus” (a drawing like a feather from a sparrow's wing).

In short, Italy, once so dear, is abandoned of heaven and hope, and there are signs that the rest of the earth, England included, will soon be as bad as Italy; though with a few Susies, if that might be, to help her, even that forsaken country might yet be within reach of hope.

One of the funniest things in this collection of wonderful self-betrays is Mr Ruskin's confession of pleasure in the occasional wounds he is conscious of giving. He is much interested in wasps, about which he reads a book, where he finds it asserted that these insects are in reality belied and innocent creatures, morally superior to bees. "They have a tiresome way of inspecting one too closely sometimes, I think," he adds humorously; then, carried away by his new information, gives vent with acrid fun and mischief to an expression of self-satisfaction. "I wonder," he says, "how the clergymen's wives will feel after the next 'Fors' or two. I've done a bit to-day which I think will go in with a shiver. Do you recollect the curious thrill there is, the cold tingle of the pang of a nice deep wasp-sting?" Some of Mr Ruskin's victims know it well. But Susie, let us hope, scolded, if she ever ventured to scold.

It is unpardonable to deliver over the familiar name of a gentle and charming old lady, whose little utterances about her birds and beasts, when she is not on her knees before Mr Ruskin, are very pretty and true, to be bandied about by the public; and still more cruel to betray a man of fine genius in his age and misfortunes: but we protest this is no doing of ours, and we only desire that a sharp general consent of opinion should pre-

vent henceforward the intellectual toadies from making a fool of their master.

When a man does this for himself, it cannot, alas, be helped! Is the young and lively genius of Mr Louis Stevenson getting to this unhappy stage? We ask the question with a little alarm and consternation, seeing that the new little volume¹ which has just come out of his retirement has received the credit of discussion in all the literary prints, and quotation and praise—so that it may be simply the absence of appreciative faculty on our own part which makes us feel it to be a trifling with the interest excited by a very genuine and well-deserved fame. We yield to none in our admiration for the delightful style, the refined humour, the spontaneous and brilliant fun of our countryman. He has had the honour of founding a new school of fictitious literature, in which, though there have been miraculous successors, no one, to our liking, has ever come within a hundred miles of 'Treasure Island.' And his later book, 'Kidnapped,' though perhaps not so pleasing to the populace, has still higher and more beautiful qualities. But—Mr Stevenson is still young; in his own personality he is exceedingly interesting, we have no manner of doubt, to a large and varied circle. Might we venture to hint, to suggest, that it would be well to be content with that affectionate appreciation, and not allow himself to be deluded into thinking that his house, and his doctors, and his gardeners, and the pretty presents he makes to his friends, are equally absorbing in their interest to a large and already much occupied public? Nobody who is in the habit of sitting with us from time to time in this Old Saloon,

¹ Underwoods. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

and sharing in our literary diversions, will doubt, for instance, of our attachment to our distinguished contemporary, Mr Andrew Lang. That delightful commentator upon books and men tells us that he and we had nearly or altogether come to blows upon a recent occasion. But no! our courteous friend has deceived himself—our little differences of opinion are no more than enough to give a little flavour to agreement. We applaud when his lance hurtles through the air, and nails an offender to the dust, knowing that any little winged shaft he may send in our own direction is benevolently intended as a stimulant, not as a weapon of offence. But with all our love for him, we are conscious of a faint titillation in our throat—a little excitement of the risible muscles—when we hear him addressed in public as “Dear Andrew of the brindled hair.” And we yield to no one in our regard for Mr Henry James. His fine if sometimes hesitating utterances are dear to us. When he leads upon the stage a fantastic princess, though he takes a long time, a very long time, in describing her, we listen to him, every word, with a gravity equal to his own. But when we read in a printed book that the Venetian mirror at Skerryvore, which is not a lighthouse but Mr Stevenson’s house at Bourne-mouth—waits, as the climax of an existence which has seen many pretty things in its native palaces and elsewhere,

“Until the door
Open, and the Prince of men,
Henry James, shall come again,”

we—well, not to put too fine a point upon it, we laugh. We presume Mr James laughed too; and we can scarcely doubt, though not perhaps given to blushing, felt a

little heat mounting to his ears. It is not permitted, even to a man of genius, to make his friends, even when they too are men of genius, absurd. The world has nothing to do with these little endearments. It is an American fashion quite unworthy of importation, and, as English authors may see, looking sadly ridiculous when Mr Lowell, for instance, calls upon us to admire a number of men of Harvard by their names which we never heard before. Perhaps it rather adds than takes away from the absurdity when they are names which we have heard. The most Christian critic can scarcely refrain from a chuckle of delight when he sees his friend opposite branded as Prince of men. What did the Venetian mirror continue to say when it reflected that bland image? It would rather have had the Princess, we’ll go bail.

Let us address Mr Stevenson in a verse of his own, with all the force of affectionate remonstrance:—

Sing clearer, Muse, or evermore be
still!
Sing truer or no longer sing!
No more the voice of melancholy
Jaques,
To wake a weeping echo in the hill.
But as the boy, the pirate of the spring,
From the green elm a living linnet
takes,
One natural verse recapture—then be
still.

These are precisely our sentiments, expressed in more admirable language. We return the tuneful couplets to the author with a respectful salutation.

The following poem is still on the inexhaustible subject of the author’s own surroundings, being the house (as we presume—if we are wrong, that no doubt accounts in some measure for the superiority

of the poetry) in which the Venetian mirror hangs :—

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

*“ A naked house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door ;
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
And poplars at the garden foot.
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within.*

“ Yet shall yon ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind yon shivering trees be drawn ;
And when the wind from place to
place
Doth the unmoored cloud - galleons
chase,

Yon garden gloom and gleam again,
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day's declining splendour ; here
The army of the stars appear.
The neighbour hollows, dry or wet,
Spring shall with tender flowers beset ;
And oft the morning muser see
Larks rising from the broomy lea,
And every fairy wheel and thread
Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.

When daisies go shall winter time
Silver the simple grass with rime ;
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool,
And make the cart-ruts beautiful ;
And when snow-bright the moor ex-
pands,
How shall your children clap their
hands !

To make this earth our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.”

This is very charming and pretty, and sufficiently impersonal to command the general sympathy of all who have houses and live therein, and find their homely roofs glorified with sunrisings and sun-settings every day. We are tempted also to quote an address to the poet's father, in which there is all the honest pride of a good lineage and a personal feeling more justifiable than that which shines through his addresses to contem-

porary friends. He describes how the life-work of that engineer father has been devoted to the “ lighting up of our wild coasts ” :—

“ Not now obscure, since thou and
thine are there,
And bright on the lone isle, the found-
ered reef,
The long resounding headland-Pharos
stands.

These are thy works, O father, these
thy crown ;

Whether on high the air be pure, they
shine

Along the yellowing sunset, and all
night

Among the unnumbered stars of God
they shine ;

Or whether fogs arise, and far and
wide

The low sea-level drown—each finds a
tongue,

And all night long the tolling bell re-
sounds :

So shine, so toll, till night be overpast,
Till the stars vanish, till the sun return,
And in the haven rides the fleet secure.

In the first hour the seaman in his
skiff

Moves through the unmoving bay, to
where the town

Its earliest smoke into the air up-
breathes,

And the rough hazels climb along the
beach ;

To the tugg'd oar the distant echo
speaks.

The ship lies resting where, by reef and
roost,

Thou and thy lights have led her like a
child.

This hast thou done, and I—can I be
base ?

I must arise, O father, and to port
Some lost complaining seaman pilot
home.”

We may indicate here, as worth the reader's while, a striking little poem called “ The Celestial Surgeon,” an address to a mother, “ It is not yours, O Mother, to complain,” and if he is polemically minded, “ Our Lady of the Snows,” and sundry of the poems called

“Skerryvore”—but advise him to leave out the more purely personal part, unless he happens to have a stronger interest in Mr Louis Stevenson than in poetry: in which case he will probably like to know what that gentleman thinks of the onion, that it is the

“Rose among roots, the maiden fair,
Wine-scented, and poetic soul,
Of the capacious salad-bowl,”

and various other oddish things. All this, however, is but the half of the volume. The second part is taken up with verses—in Scots. Now be it far from us to say that no man is to write in Scots, or what Mr Stevenson calls “Lallan,” because Burns has made that language classic; but we do feel that there is a rashness almost blasphemous in the proceeding, when a new rhymester takes up the measure of the “Second Epistle to Davie,” and puts some very commonplace sentiments into it, with a little lecture on the pronunciation of vowels before it, and a fear in the middle of it that somebody may take up the book in after-ages—

“May find an’ read me, an’ be sair
Perplexed, puir brither !

What tongue does yon auld bookie
speak ?

He’ll speir, and I, his mou’ to steik,
No bein’ fit to write in Greek,
I wrote in Lallan ;

Dear to my heart as the peat-reek,
Auld as Tantallon.

Few spak’ it then, and noo there’s
nane”—

Does Mr Stevenson really suppose that his address of “The Maker to Posterity” will survive to puzzle the antiquaries when the works of that ploughman whose life we are aware he does not approve of, have disappeared into the dust of ages? Does he believe that any man in his senses,

or woman either, will find in these poetical exercises anything but faint echoes of

“Him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough along the moun-
tain-side” ?

Let us not lose our temper with this rash young man. Much applause has, we fear, turned his head. Having nothing in the world to say in “Lallan” which he could not say better in his ordinary fine speech (pleasantly breathing a Scotticism here and there, we are glad to say, much more characteristic than the “Scots”), he has framed his verses very nicely, and brought out the different *ow’s* and *ou’s* and *o’s* in a manner which does credit to his breeding. But Mr Stevenson is no rival of Burns, who spoke his natural tongue, and had a great many of the most lovely and delightful things to say in it; and when he speaks of his little pipings as likely to perplex a world which has the works of that great poet before it, he says a very silly thing, quite unworthy of any good sense he may happen to possess, and highly injurious to his unquestionable genius. Let us be done with this foolish self-opinion and disrespect. To be pious about the lighthouse is pretty, to be impious about the fathers of one’s tongue and thoughts is detestable. The hapless youth even challenges comparison, and writes about three bewildered men and the moon as if—we shudder at the thought!—he had forgotten how Willie once brewed a peck o’ maut. ‘Maga’ is merciful. She regards the erring and fool-hardy singer as a son. “Oh, Louis of the awful cheek!” as he has been addressed, we believe, in more familiar strains. But we hope he will not do it any more.

It is America that is the cause of it all—America which thrusts in her little reputations upon us, and so swears they are of the first rank, that with a gasp, and for the sake of peace, yet with wonderful searchings of heart, we give a feeble assent. A living dog is better—that big continent thinks—than a dead lion; and if Longfellow is as worthy of Westminster as Shakespeare himself—or at least as Dryden and Pope and Coleridge—why should not Mr Robert Louis Stevenson be better than Robert Burns? Mr Ruskin calls a bit of Shakespeare a “Willy quotation”—after condoning which we must for ever applaud the Frenchman’s “divine Williams.” Where do we all expect to go to, after such irreverences and blasphemies? The answer is but too pat and ready—to America! from whence we are always receiving some notability whom we are requested to place immediately on a level with our greatest names. The last of these distinguished visitors is Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose claim is of such long standing that we do not grudge to take him individually on his own word and on that of his friends, and who sends us back, in return for our hospitalities, a book of old-gentlemanly reminiscences, with which there is no particular fault to find. “Society” received the old doctor meekly, and asked him everywhere, asking also from one puzzled host to another, “What has he written?” There are, however, a good many people, chiefly out of society, who have read the “Philosopher of the Breakfast Table,” and to whom the author was interesting for many pretty things he has said, amid a good

deal which the profane call twaddle. But on the other side of the Atlantic it is Addison with whom they compare Dr Holmes, and other writers of the first rank, and we are asked to bow down as to a planet, when we should be delighted to own the pleasant rays of a little twinkling star. This transposition of magnitudes is doing serious harm in England. Society, it is true, avenges itself in its usual heartless and irresponsible way by seizing upon the Honourable Will Cody, otherwise Buffalo Bill, and raising him to the same honours; but the literary world has not that safety-valve, and nobody can doubt that there is much less literary discrimination than there used to be before Longfellow secured that inappropriate position in the Abbey. Why should he be there? Not because we think him a great poet, but to please America, for which end we are day by day getting more and more confused in our minds, no longer able to discriminate what is great from what is small.

Dr Wendell Holmes’s recollections¹ are gentle reading, not likely to excite or exhaust. He has outlived those enthusiasms on which his countrymen pique themselves, and indulges in no superlatives about the things he saw. Westminster Abbey produced only upon him “a distinct sense of being overcrowded.”

“It appears too much like a lapidary’s store-room. Look up at the lofty roof which we willingly pardon for shutting out the heaven above us—at least in an average London day; look down at the floor and think of what precious relics it covers; but do not look round you with the hope

¹ *A Hundred Days in Europe.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes. London: Sampson Low & Co.

of getting any clear concentrated satisfying effect from this great museum of gigantic funereal bric-a-brac."

It is rather, on the whole, we allow, a satisfaction to hear an American *haver* in this way. They are generally apt to put on quite a superior æsthetic appreciation beyond anything the poor Britisher is capable of, just as the German sets up for knowing our Shakespeare better than we do. Dr Holmes speaks with not much more reverence of Windsor; but then he bursts forth into tender enthusiasm over the hawthorns in the park, not knowing what the lovely "May" was till then, and over the cuckoo in the sky, which he had never heard. Strange to think of these familiar delights as unknown! And if he is contemptuous of Westminster he does full justice to Salisbury, and to nature generally and the trees everywhere. His excitement while measuring an elm in Magdalen grounds, in the hope that it may *not* prove bigger (which it did) than one at Springfield, is amusing, and his mingled candour and regret to find himself vanquished. The spirit of rivalry is not, we fear, so strong in the English bosom. However, Dr Holmes, after pointing our moral about our American visitors in general, writes himself into our favour in particular as he goes on. Here and there is a bit of nature which makes us truly kin. And we think few readers will refuse to be touched by the following pathetic bit of personal experience:—

"One incident of our excursion to Stonehenge had a significance for me which renders it memorable in my

personal experience. As we drove over the barren plain, one of the party suddenly exclaimed, 'Look, look! see the lark rising.' I looked up with the rest. There was the bright blue sky, but not a speck upon it which my eyes could distinguish. Again one called out, 'Hark, hark! hear him singing.' I listened, but not a sound reached my ear. Was it strange that I felt a momentary pang? *Those that look out at the windows are darkened, and all the daughters of music are laid low.* Was I never to hear or see again the soaring songster at heaven's gate, unless—unless, if our mild humanised theology promises truly, I may perhaps hereafter listen to him singing far below me? For in whatever world I may find myself, I hope I shall always love our poor little spheroid, so long my home—"

We break off abruptly here, out of love and kindness, to spare this pretty passage a metaphor which floats after it. Gentle reader, you would not like to hear that metaphor any more than you would wish to read in the passage about the cuckoo that Dr Wendell Holmes could not help thinking how well the bird imitated the cuckoo-clock at home! On second thoughts, however, to satisfy your curiosity, you shall have the metaphor dissociated from the text, that the touching little fragment above may not be spoiled. "Like a gilded globule swimming in the sunlight," is what Dr Wendell Holmes says. What matter? The kind old gentleman is a doctor as well as an American!

It may be said that all these little records of persons are flimsy productions with which to fill a library table. And so they are. Next time our courteous reader shall have more substantial fare.

A REVIEW OF A REVIEW.

DR INGRAM'S history of the Irish Union has filled Mr Gladstone with a vehement, if not a righteous, indignation. Twenty-five pages of the October number of the 'Nineteenth Century' are devoted to a denunciation rather than a review of this terrible book. Mr Gladstone asserts that "it is no history at all"; Dr Ingram is dubbed "an easy-going fabulist," an "historiaster" (as distinguished from an historian), a man of "loud and boisterous pretensions," guilty of "a want of all Irish feeling," of a "blank unacquaintance with Irish history at large," of "bold inventions" and "overmastering prejudices," whose work "remains available only to indicate ground which should be avoided by every conscientious and intelligent historian." In the teeth of this vocabulary of anathema, it would require some courage to defend either the author or his book against the vituperation with which both are assailed, if the assailant had not, in the ardour of his attack, exposed certain vulnerable points in his own armour to which the attention of all "conscientious and intelligent" people, whether "historians," "historiasters," or others, ought certainly to be directed.

Let me in the first place quote a sentence of Mr Gladstone's which deserves special and immediate notice. After stating that he does not intend to give a history of the Union, but to prove that Dr Ingram has not done so, he goes on to say—"I have for some time past done my best to form some acquaintance with the past experiences of unhappy Ireland, and *I now know just enough to be aware that my know-*

ledge is most imperfect, and to have an inkling of the magnitude and complexity of the business." Who is it that writes these words? It is the statesman who, so long ago as twenty years, entered upon a legislative crusade against the Established Church, and immediately afterwards against the Land system of Ireland—two institutions to deal with which required, above any others which can be imagined, deep knowledge of the history and "past experiences" of the country in which they existed, and which, without such knowledge, could neither be fairly dealt with nor properly understood. Yet Mr Gladstone unhesitatingly legislated upon both these subjects in great detail; he carried through Parliament the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church, and the entire revolution of the system of Land Tenure in Ireland; and now, forsooth, in the year of grace 1887, he calmly informs us that his knowledge of the "experiences" of the country for which he thus legislated is still "most imperfect," and that he has only just arrived at "an inkling of the magnitude and complexity of the business." Was ever such a confession of rashness in the past and ignorance in the present offered to the public by a responsible statesman? Was ever a better example of the same rashness afforded than in the intemperate violence with which, with this confession of "most imperfect knowledge" still in his mouth, he assails the man who has ventured to adopt a different reading from his own of the history of "the past experiences of unhappy Ireland"? But it is impossible to

please Mr Gladstone, either by attempting to write history or by abstaining from doing so. He is angry with Dr Ingram for having written a history, and at the same time he blames his opponents "in the great Irish controversy of the day" for not having done so. He complains that, "as regards the history either of Ireland generally or of the Union," their speeches "have presented a dismal blank," and, "with exceptions altogether insignificant," they have "declined to enter the historic field." At the same time, he asserts that "much effort has been made, by the party of Home Rule in Ireland, to supply the British public with historical information."

It never seems to strike Mr Gladstone that no new historical work is necessary to contradict the various travesties of history with which he has from time to time startled the world; and that, so far as regards the "tracts and articles" in which "much has been told," if these have mainly proceeded from the "party of Home Rule," it is because it has been necessary for that party to impose a new reading of history upon mankind, and to endeavour to persuade the public that they have hitherto misread or misunderstood the records of the past, and have been deceived by all previous writers as to the real history of their country.

Unionist speakers and writers, however, have again and again contradicted some of the historical fallacies which have been so recklessly advanced by Mr Gladstone himself as well as by other Home-Rulers, and it is unlikely that a new history, by whomsoever written, would carry conviction to any one in the present state of the controversy. There are already plenty of partisan writers whose views

upon the Union will be accepted or rejected according to the political inclinations of their readers. Mr Gladstone himself, whilst professing to be opposed to the "repeal of the Union," has recommended his disciples specially to study O'Connell's Memoir, which was written mainly for the purpose of advocating that "repeal"; and he has evidently schooled his mind to accept no evidence which does not tell in favour of his own views of the Irish question. This is abundantly proved in the review to which I am now calling attention; and as my time and space are limited, and I have, moreover, no doubt that Dr Ingram will himself in due course give the writer "a Roland for his Oliver," I purpose at present only to notice some special points upon which Mr Gladstone appears to me to misread history, to reiterate statements which have been already proved to be incorrect, and to press harshly and unjustly against his own country and her statesmen.

Upon one subject, indeed, the Separatist leader may be said to score a point against his opponent, who (page 55), in speaking of Grattan's Parliament and the Irish Act of 1793, which gave the franchise to the Catholics, says that the English Government "did not venture to refuse the King's assent to that Act." Mr Gladstone is perfectly right in his counter-statement that the measure in question was introduced and "pressed by the British Government on the Irish Parliament." But, in his eager anxiety to get the better of his antagonist, he does not see where this statement lands him. It goes to prove two things upon which I have laid stress in former articles, and which Mr Gladstone would appear by his previous line

of argument to have hitherto denied. First, that "Grattan's Parliament" was, as in truth the parliament of a weak country joined to a strong one must always be, subservient to the Government and Parliament of Great Britain; and therefore Mr Gladstone's former view, that "Grattan's Parliament" was "free," and engaged in "working out the regeneration of Ireland patiently and steadily," falls to the ground. Secondly, that the Catholics had more to hope from the policy and action of the British Government than from the Irish Protestant Parliament of 1782-1800; and that the "pressure" of that Government in their favour in 1793 was not unlikely to have inclined their minds to that Union, wherein and whereby they might reasonably have expected to receive still further consideration.

Mr Gladstone, indeed, is inconsistent, even in the review before me, upon the question of the position really occupied by "Grattan's Parliament." For whilst he tells us, in the passage to which I have just alluded, that the gift of the franchise to the Catholics was extorted by the "pressure" of the British Government, he subsequently declares (p. 453) that "the Irish Parliament gave what the British Parliament *would not have given*." It readily enfranchised the Roman Catholics." Both statements can hardly be correct, since what a man does "readily" cannot be said to be done "under pressure." Mr Gladstone must stand or fall by one view or the other, and there can be little doubt as to which is most in accordance with historical truth.

The Irish Parliament, since a period immediately subsequent to the Treaty of Limerick, had been of an exclusively Protestant char-

acter. It has always been a marvel to me how Catholics, and especially Irish Catholics, can term that a "National" Parliament from which those who professed the religion of the great majority of the people were rigidly excluded, and the members of which, up to 1793, were returned only by electors professing the religion of the minority. The party of Protestant ascendancy had the predominant power in that Parliament, and but for British influence and British policy—to say nothing of British justice—Catholics would probably not to this day have obtained the civil and political rights of which they were so long and so unjustly deprived. It was this knowledge, and their belief that under a united Parliament their claims would receive fairer consideration than under a Parliament of Irish Protestants in Dublin, which doubtless inclined a large body of the Catholics in Ireland to support the Union. As Mr Gladstone has denied that such was the case, and has indeed stated that the Union was supported by no independent party in Ireland, it is well to go a little further into this particular question and examine the evidence on either side.

Following up his statement at Liverpool last year, that "the bribe was held out to the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy that, if only they would consent to the Union, it should be followed by full admission to civil privileges, and by endowments," &c. &c., Mr Gladstone now tells us (p. 455) that "upon many of the higher Roman Catholic clergy, and those who followed them, an impression had undoubtedly been made *by the promises and inducements* of the Government, and by the horror of the situation it had itself wilfully

created." The manner in which this "impression" was proved was by the presentation (which cannot be denied) of numerous addresses from Catholics in favour of the Union. I suppose that Mr Gladstone will allow the "higher Catholic clergy" to have been as "independent" as any other party in Ireland; and therefore, when he acknowledges that many of them had, somehow or other, been "impressed" by the Government, he practically abandons his original proposition that the Union was supported by "no independent party in Ireland," and falls back upon—(1) the statement that the number of this "independent party" was small; and (2) that its support was obtained by "promises and inducements."

Now, putting aside for the moment the question of bribes in the grosser form of money payments, of which I do not understand Mr Gladstone to charge the Irish Catholics or their clergy with having been the recipients, what proof does he bring to show that "promises and inducements" of an improper and dishonest nature (for this, of course, is implied in his use of the terms) were made by the British Government? Not one word. I will not venture to apply to Mr Gladstone the terms in which he speaks of Dr Ingram (p. 453), as one "to whom the gift of language seems to have been given in order to hide the truth;" but I cannot refrain from the remark that, having apparently taken very little trouble to ascertain the truth, he has employed language which would lead his readers to believe that which is in all probability the reverse and opposite of truth.

There are doubtless to be found, in the exaggerated harangues of Irish orators and the reckless as-

sertions of partisan writers, imputations to the effect that Mr Pitt gave pledges to the Catholics which he afterwards failed to redeem. But these assertions rest upon no reliable evidence, and are apparently based solely upon the fact that Mr Pitt did not carry Catholic emancipation after the Act of Union had become law. In alluding to Mr Pitt's action in 1793, Mr Gladstone remarks (p. 449) that "he wisely determined to draw the Irish people more closely to the Government" by introducing the Bill which gave the franchise to the Catholics. It is beyond question that Mr Pitt desired to go still further, and that, if he could have had his way, Catholic emancipation and the endowment of the Catholic clergy would have speedily followed the passing of the Act of Union. The knowledge on the part of the Catholics that such were the views of Mr Pitt, doubtless exercised no inconsiderable effect in securing their support to his policy—especially after their past experiences of Protestant ascendancy and a Protestant Parliament. It was natural and probable that such should have been their inclination; and in dealing with historical facts, it is well to remember that where there is doubt, that which is natural and probable is most likely to be true. It can scarcely, however, be seriously contended that there is any real doubt as to the facts, first, that without "bribes" or "inducements" there was ample reason why Irish Catholics should have supported the Act of Union; second, that they did so to a very considerable extent.

To support a policy because you believe that it will benefit you in its results, is quite a different thing from taking the same course in consequence of a direct promise of benefit from the propounders of

the policy. Yet Mr Gladstone unhesitatingly adopts the latter as the true narration of that which occurred, preferring the explanation which alike insults the Catholic clergy and the Government to that which is honourable to both. That the latter is the true explanation will be apparent to any one who reads, with an impartial mind, the Cornwallis Correspondence, to which both Dr Ingram and his merciless assailant make such frequent references. On Nov. 15, 1798, Lord Cornwallis writes: "On my pressing the matter strongly, Mr Pitt has promised that there shall be no clause in the Act of Union which shall prevent the Catholic question from being hereafter taken up, and we must therefore *only look forward to the wisdom and liberality of the United Parliament.*" Mr Ross, whom Mr Gladstone justly describes as "the accurate and indefatigable editor of the Cornwallis Correspondence," declares that "neither Mr Pitt, Lord Cornwallis, nor Lord Castlereagh, though all considering the removal of the Catholic disabilities very necessary, ever pledged themselves to any particular line of conduct should such a measure not be carried;"¹ and Lord Castlereagh, writing to Mr Pitt under date January 1, 1801, and with the

heading "Most private," enters fully into this question,² and explains the course which had been adopted towards the Catholics during the passage of the Act of Union.

The opinion of the Cabinet being in favour of the Catholic claims, Lord Castlereagh tells us that he was instructed to inform Lord Cornwallis that he was "fully warranted in soliciting every support which the Catholics could afford," but that "it was not thought necessary to give any direct assurances to the Catholics." Lord Castlereagh alludes to the efforts of the Government to call forth Catholic support as having been "very generally successful"; and adds that "his Excellency was enabled to accomplish his purpose without giving the Catholics any direct assurance of being gratified, and throughout the contest *earnestly avoided being driven to such an expedient*, as he considered a gratuitous concession after the measure as infinitely more consistent with the character of Government." Proofs might be multiplied to show that the charge against Mr Pitt of having "bribed" the Catholics and their clergy is unfounded and untrue, although the "higher clergy" of the Catholics were doubtless made aware of the good intentions of the Government towards their Church.³ What,

¹ Cornwallis Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 326.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 328, 329.

³ In his 'Peel and O'Connell,' Mr Lefevre quotes Lord Castlereagh's speech in the House of Commons in 1810, to show that the Catholic bishops of Ireland were consulted at the time of the Union on the subject of the endowment of their Church. That which Mr Lefevre calls "the proposal," which was signed by the bishops, including the four metropolitans, will be found, on reference to the speech, to relate entirely to the control over the election of bishops which the British Government was to exercise if any arrangement were made for securing a provision for the clergy. But Mr Lefevre omits to tell us that Lord Castlereagh emphatically disclaimed that any pledge had been given; and, distinguishing the expediency of making some provision for the Catholic clergy from the political part of the question, declared that "it was distinctly understood that the consideration of the *political claims* of the Catholics must remain for the consideration of the Imperial Parliament."

however, is perfectly true and much to be regretted, is that Mr Pitt had underrated the strength of the opposition which he was to encounter from his sovereign upon the question of the Catholic claims.

True to his favourite practice of blackening the character of the British statesmen who carried the Union, Mr Gladstone (p. 468) authoritatively declares that, whilst "the Roman Catholic bishops were encouraged to believe that they and their clergy would after a Union receive the countenance and support of the State," "Mr Pitt was perfectly aware of the King's objection to all such measures, not from policy alone, but as involving him in perjury." The "accurate and indefatigable" Mr Ross, on the contrary, tells us that "the question, *most certainly*, had never been laid before the King; and his insuperable objection was *not made known to the Irish Government*, nor probably were *any of the English Ministers* aware of his fixed determination."¹

It is not my purpose to discuss here the course taken by Mr Pitt, either in resigning because the King interposed to prevent his settlement of the Catholic claims, or in subsequently resuming office upon the understanding that he should not propose that settlement. I have only to point out that the resignation, whilst it proves the unwillingness of Mr Pitt and those colleagues who resigned with him to abandon the Catholics, in no way substantiates the assertion that he had given them "pledges" or assurances in connection with their support of the Union. His resumption of office indicates a personal loyalty towards the sovereign which may or may not have been overstrained,

but which must be considered with regard to the peculiar circumstances both of the King and the country at the moment, and which casts no discredit upon the honour of the Minister. It must, moreover, be borne in mind that, in his opposition to the Catholic claims, George III. was undoubtedly supported by a strong popular feeling in Great Britain. The prejudice and bitterness against the Catholics and their religion which existed during the earlier part of the present century is almost beyond belief, and the Catholic question had slowly to make its way through a storm of popular opposition which we can hardly estimate today. Mr Pitt may well have underestimated the extent and strength of this opposition; and the fact that he failed to encounter and overcome it, is no proof whatever that he had not acted with perfect consistency and honour from first to last in his dealings with the Irish Catholics during the contest for the Union. If further evidence be necessary as to the truth of this matter, it will be found in the confidential memorandum delivered by Lord Cornwallis to Lord Fingall and Dr Troy, to be by them circulated among the principal Catholics in different parts of Ireland. In this paper Lord Cornwallis explicitly declares that, whilst he and his colleagues were about to resign on account of "not being sanctioned in bringing forward" the concession of further privileges to his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, he had, during the passage of the Act of Union, "been cautious in his language on the subject, and had studiously avoided any declaration to the Catholics on which they could raise an expecta-

¹ Cornwallis Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 325

tion that their wishes would be conceded. Through the whole measure of the Union, which was in discussion two years, and during which period every effort was made to procure a resistance to the measure on the part of the whole body of the Catholics, *no favourable assurance or promise was made to them.*"¹

With something which approaches very near to inconsistency, Mr Gladstone, at the same moment that he alleges that "an impression had been made upon many of the higher Roman Catholic clergy and those who followed them," hastens to declare that very few petitions or addresses were presented in favour of the Union. He tells that "Dr Ingram lays claim in all to seventy-four addresses and petitions," and that "this number of addresses is altogether trivial." But Dr Ingram was only quoting from Lord Castle-reagh's speech of March 4, 1800, more than three months before the Act of Union was passed; and there is nothing to show that a great number of petitions and addresses may not have been presented during those three months. It is quite true that Mr Grey mentioned in the House of Commons, on 21st April 1800, that petitions, signed by more than 700,000 persons, had been presented against the Union; but at the same time he stated that only 3000 persons had declared in its favour—a statement which Mr Gladstone himself, in this very review, shows to have been wholly incorrect. Mr Lecky, indeed, whom Mr Gladstone quotes as having cited the number of 700,000 "without any note of discredit," by no means endorses it, but merely remarks that "peti-

tions against the Union are said to have been signed in this proportion." But the question is really immaterial as to whether half a million or seven hundred thousand signatures were obtained to petitions in a country in which Mr Gladstone himself tells us (p. 456) "the practice of petitioning was in extended use," and where, as is proved by superabundant evidence, influential persons were straining every nerve to obtain signatures to such petitions. Indeed matters were carried so far that Lord Devonshire transmitted the draft of a petition against the Union to his regiment of militia at Carlow; and complaints were made that "officers and privates, even those who were under age, were indiscriminately called upon to sign it."²

As to the manner in which petitions were got up on both sides, Plowden tells us that "if credit be allowed the reports of the anti-Unionists, the meanest artifices were practised to obtain signatures to the several addresses, and the lowest of the rabble were invited to subscribe their names or affix their marks,"³—"on the other hand the Unionists accused their opponents of having had recourse to scandalous misrepresentations, and of having abused the credulity of the populace by shameless impositions. These mutual charges and recriminations were unfortunately but too well founded."

The truth of this matter is abundantly established in the Cornwallis Correspondence. The Union was at first unpopular, but it greatly increased in popularity during the two years' discussion which followed its introduction. There were good reasons for this, two of which I will give without

¹ Cornwallis Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 343.

² *Ibid.*, p. 179.

³ Plowden, vol. ii. part ii. p. 977.

note or comment. Mr Ross, after giving us a letter of Lord Cornwallis (March 28, 1799), in which he says that "the opinion of the loyal part of the public is, from everything that I can learn, changing fast in favour of the Union," goes on to remark that this change was "caused principally by its having transpired that material alteration would be made in the details of the measure,"¹ in the direction of "conciliating" the "various classes affected by the plan originally proposed"—*i.e.*, by giving compensation to the owners of seats in the Irish Parliament. This gives a clue to the change of opinion which undoubtedly took place, and Plowden supplies another in the following words:—

"When, therefore, the Catholics perceived that the greatest number and the most violent opponents of the legislative Union were the most virulent of the Orangemen, and the real malcontents and separatists, their feelings were not deeply excited to coalesce with the anti-Unionists. It may, indeed, be said that a very great preponderancy in favour of the Union existed in the Catholic body, particularly in their nobility, priests, and clergy."²

Mr Gladstone vehemently assails Dr Ingram for the "most audacious assertion that no petition against the Union was presented by the Roman Catholics." I do not understand Dr Ingram to intend to convey the meaning that no Catholics signed petitions to this effect, which would, of course, be incorrect, but that no such petition was presented by Catholics *as such*; whilst it was as Catholics, antici-

pating advantages to their Church from the greater liberality of a united Parliament, that numerous petitions were certainly presented. The statement of the younger Grattan that only 7000 signatures were attached to petitions in favour of the Union, cannot even by Mr Gladstone's ability be made otherwise than grossly and ludicrously incorrect. Plowden, as Mr Gladstone tells us, mentions two petitions with over 4886 signatures, and two more with 558, making a total of 5444. But Plowden avowedly only gives these as examples, and adds in a footnote that "*many other* such addresses were made by the different bodies of Roman Catholics;" and Dr Ingram gives references to many similar addresses (one of them from Roscommon with 1500 signatures), which abundantly prove that the assertion of the younger Grattan cannot for a moment be sustained.

But if Mr Gladstone conspicuously fails in his attempt to convict Dr Ingram of inaccuracy upon the points to which I have alluded, I am constrained in fairness to admit that he makes out a somewhat better case with regard to his general charge of corruption against those who carried the Act of Union through the Irish Parliament. I have never ventured to allege with Dr Ingram that the Irish Union is "free from any taint of corruption," because I cannot but think that the bestowal of peerages and pensions, and the heavy compensation to the proprietors of boroughs, borders closely upon such corruption, even though much may be said to

¹ See Lord Cornwallis to Mr Dundas, July 1, 1799. "There cannot be a stronger argument for the measure than the overgrown parliamentary power of five or six of our pampered boroughmongers, who are become most formidable to Government by their long possession of the entire patronage of the Crown in their respective districts."

² Plowden, vol. ii. part ii. p. 979.

extenuate and excuse it under the extraordinary circumstances of the case; and the charge of direct money bribes is unsupported by any reliable evidence. But if I cannot join in Dr Ingram's description of these transactions, still less can I agree in the extravagant and reckless exaggeration of Mr Gladstone in the opposite direction. It is impossible to judge of the morals of 1800 by the standard of 1887, and it is unjust to condemn the statesmen of the earlier period without a full consideration of the circumstances in which they were placed. Mr Gladstone, indeed, tells us (p. 446) that he "shall not say a word upon the merits of the Union;" but the merits of the Union have a great deal to do with this question. The British Ministry were profoundly convinced of the absolute necessity of this measure for the welfare of Ireland and the security of the empire. "This country *could not be saved without the Union,*"¹ writes Lord Cornwallis; and the same sentiment appears throughout his correspondence.² But there were only two ways of accomplishing that Union, of which an essential feature was the amalgamation of the Legislatures of Great Britain and Ireland. Either the Irish Parliament must have been suppressed by the superior force of Great Britain, or it must have been brought to see the desirability of suppressing itself. In adopting the latter alternative, the British Government undoubtedly chose that course which was most in accordance with Irish feeling and opinion. But, having chosen it, there at once arose the necessity

of dealing with those vested interests which ruled the Irish Parliament, and of satisfying them against the pecuniary loss which they would otherwise have suffered. I cannot defend the transaction except on the score of necessity; but, at the same time, it is unfair to apply the term "bribery" to a purchase in which the same value was given, totally irrespective of the political and parliamentary action of the vendor. Mr Gladstone, indeed, tells us (p. 458) that "the anti-Unionists, it is true, shared the compensation;" and alleges as the reason that "in bribing the body it was necessary to pay an *extra* price, as the dissenting minority could not be excluded without destroying the only disguise which covered the hideous nakedness of the measure." This is an ingenious but ungenerous way of stating the fact that opponents and supporters alike received the apportioned sum upon losing that which had been valuable property, as soon as it had been determined, rightly or wrongly, that compensation should be given.

We must bear in mind, however (whilst finding fault with that which nowadays has become so distasteful to us, that even a "free lunch" given at Templecombe to Gladstonians—and therefore, of course, to purists of the first water—cannot escape the charge of bribery), that the British Government of 1800 had to deal in Ireland with a state of things hopelessly corrupt. Lord Cornwallis appears to have been fully aware of this fact. "That every man in *this most corrupt country,*" he writes, "should consider the

¹ Cornwallis Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 249.

² "Without the Union, Ireland is a country in which it will be impossible for any civilised being to live."—*Ibid.*, p. 79.

important question before us in no other point of view than as it may be likely to promote his own private objects of ambition or avarice, will not surprise you.”¹ Again: “The leaders of the Opposition, who know and eagerly pursue their own little dirty interests,” &c.;² and, “There is no trick too impudent or too profligate for a thoroughpaced Irish politician.”³ There is little wonder, indeed, that Lord Castlereagh should speak of Lord Cornwallis as having been “the person to buy out and secure to the Crown for ever the fee-simple of Irish corruption, which has so long enfeebled the powers of Government and endangered the connection;” and it is surprising that, with the knowledge which even his imperfect study of Irish history must have given him, Mr Gladstone should have no word of condemnation or even disapproval for Irish profligacy, but only for the British statesmen who, fighting fire by fire, strove once for all to put an end to the corruption by which Irish administration and the Irish Parliament had so long been disgraced.⁴

Mr Gladstone triumphantly quotes a passage from Lord Castlereagh’s letter to Mr Cooke of 1st June 1800, in which he speaks of “the profligacy of the means by which the measure has been accomplished.” The context of this letter pretty plainly shows that it has mainly reference to the peerages which had been promised to persons “either actually members of, or connected with, the House of Commons,” and is very possible

that Lord Castlereagh may not have deemed the term “profligate” inapplicable to the scheme of “compensation” to which I have alluded, and to which he had been driven by the difficulties of the position. But this letter affords no evidence of that direct money bribery which the writer had himself explicitly disavowed in his place in Parliament. It is certain that accusations of such bribery were made on both sides; and Lord Castlereagh writes to the Duke of Portland sundry particulars of alleged bribery by the Opposition, stating amongst other things that “we have undoubted proof, though not such as we can disclose, that they are enabled to offer as high as £5000 for an individual vote; and I lament to state that there are individuals remaining amongst us that are likely to yield to this temptation.”

But in truth this question of corruption is one which is little likely to be further elucidated by controversial argument, and Mr Gladstone will hardly expect reasonable men to accept as a conclusive proof of the guilt of the British Government the fact that certain gentlemen have destroyed the letters of their fathers and grandfathers written at the period of the Union.

As to the statement that “it would not be difficult to show that the British Government took an active part in the work of suppression,” it would be premature to reply until Mr Gladstone deems it desirable to afford some further proof than the anecdote which he relates as having been

¹ Cornwallis Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 8.

² *Ibid.*, p. 101.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 288.

⁴ Lord Cornwallis wrote, January 26, 1799: “The proposal of union provoked the enmity principally of the boroughmongers, lawyers, and persons who, from local circumstances, thought they should be losers.”

told by the younger Grattan, upon "the high authority of Mr Foster." Mr Foster, be it remembered, was the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, who took a prominent part in opposing the Union, and who was also a strong opponent of Catholic emancipation. His story—that "the Opposition had their speeches on the Union, with other documents, prepared for publication, and intrusted them to one Moore, a Dublin publisher, who sold them to Lord Castlereagh, who had them burned in Dublin Castle,"—is one which requires some corroboration. The speeches of the Opposition in the Irish Parliament are duly recorded in the Irish parliamentary debates, and Lord Castlereagh is little likely to have troubled himself to destroy them in another shape. The "high authority" of Mr Foster is a matter of opinion; but as Mr Gladstone is, I believe, an admirer of Charles Fox, he may perhaps remember his comment on the Union, that "one might perhaps suppose that whatever Foster opposed had some good in it."¹

It is, of course, indisputable that peerages and pensions were somewhat freely bestowed, but it is only just to take into consideration the extraordinary nature of the occasion. An enormous change was about to take place in the existing institutions of the country. The separate existence of the Irish Legislature was about to be terminated; many more or less lucrative places, which had been contingent upon that existence, were to be abolished; and Mr Gladstone's own impassioned language shows us how these things were certain to be misrepresented by the ene-

mies of Great Britain as a cruel wrong inflicted upon Ireland. It is surely somewhat strange and inconsistent that the very men who raise this cry proceed almost in the same breath to stigmatise as "bribery" the generous spirit in which the British Government endeavoured to minimise any possible grievances which might be caused by the change, to conciliate Irish national feeling, and to meet individual claims with a liberal response. Lord Castlereagh admitted that "the Irish Government was liable to the charge of having, in a few instances, yielded to unreasonable demands; but had the Union miscarried, and the failure been traceable to a reluctance on the part of Government to use the patronage in their power, he thought they would have met with, and in fact would have deserved, less mercy."² Public duty and the interests of Ireland, quite as much as those of Great Britain, had determined the Government to prevent this miscarriage, and true patriotism will approve their determination. Something, indeed, besides the Union was needed to bring prosperity to Ireland and security to the empire, for without public spirit in public men these ends could hardly be anticipated. Upon this point, and at this particular moment, I venture to recommend to Mr Gladstone and his colleagues the appropriate words of Mr Froude:—

"A Union," he says, "would not of itself secure good government, or prevent Ireland's interests from being sacrificed to parliamentary manoeuvres. Unprincipled Ministers playing on the ignorance of the public might still make a party cry of justice to Ireland, and carry measures which they knew

¹ Memorials and Correspondence of C. J. Fox (Russell), vol. iii. p. 281.

² Cornwallis Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 267.

to be mischievous, to *maintain themselves in power* by the Irish vote."¹

If Mr Gladstone does not secure and retain the "Irish vote," it will certainly not be due to any failure upon his part to "conciliate" it by an implicit and childlike confidence in the good intentions of the Irish leaders. The latter have given their countenance to the "Plan of Campaign," and have expressed themselves, even within a few days, in language quite incompatible with a desire for that union of love which Mr Gladstone expects from the adoption of Home Rule. Yet he actually has the courage (to use no harsher word) to tell the people of Derby, that "as the Nationalists of Ireland have attained greater power their moderation has become conspicuous; as they now command an overwhelming majority, *all ground of suspicion of a desire to break up the obligations which bind the occupier to the owner, which bind the debtor to the creditor, has disappeared*, and there has disappeared all ground for stating that these gentlemen as a body—I believe I might say that *any one of us*—either contemplates or desires to dismember the empire, or to weaken in any particular those bonds by which it is united." In other words, Mr Gladstone would have us believe that the Nationalist denunciations of "British rule" and the "Saxon" with which we have been nauseated for years past, were of no meaning and significance; and that his magic wand has converted "Nationalists," "Fenians," "Invincibles," and all the motley following of Mr Parnell, into loyal and law-abiding citizens, who only regard

the "Plan of Campaign" as a passing joke, and whose recent language in America against Great Britain, strange though it sounds in our ears, is only the expression of a long-restrained but exuberant loyalty.

Within the limits of this article it is impossible to deal with the many other points at which Mr Gladstone glances in his somewhat discursive "Review." He indignantly declares that "the man who can write upon the history of the Union without touching on Lord Fitzwilliam and his Government, is certainly not its historian." But Mr Gladstone forgets that although he, in defiance of history and of much authority on the subject, chooses to attribute to the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam all the evils which have since befallen Ireland, those who do not read history with his eyes take the somewhat more sober and practical view, that the two months' vice-royalty of Lord Fitzwilliam was but one short scene in the historical drama of the period, and, having occurred more than five years before the passing of the Act of Union, need not necessarily have been treated of in a book which purported to deal only with events immediately bearing upon that measure.

Mr Gladstone, again, puts forward the theory that Lord Fitzwilliam's recall converted the "United Irishmen" "from a constitutional and in the main open into a seditious and secret society, entirely ignoring the fact that the publication of the journal of Wolfe Tone has absolutely demolished this theory, and shows the "United Irishmen" to have been a treasonable society from its very conception. He heaps up charges against the

¹ Froude's English in Ireland, vol. iii. p. 548.

British Government in ingenious sentences which it would require pages to answer as they should be answered; and whether it be civilians or soldiers, it is sufficient that they were British to ensure the utter condemnation of their conduct by the ex-Prime Minister of Great Britain. I will not be so disrespectful to Mr Gladstone as to attribute to him the "purblindness" of which he accuses Dr Ingram (p. 458); but either this or some other mental misfortune appears to have imbued him at once with a prejudice against his own countrymen, and an inability to take more than a very narrow and one-sided view of the connection between Great Britain and Ireland. Speaking of the competency of the Irish Parliament to have voted the Union, he alludes to that legislation as "voting away the public life and independence of a nation." Such a description is, to my mind, wholly inaccurate and misleading. I desire to speak of Irishmen with the greatest respect. I have Irish relations and many Irish friends. I know the Irish to be of an impulsive, an affectionate, and an impressionable nature, and I regard their loyalty to the Catholic faith, through good report and evil report, and through centuries of persecution, as something which must touch the heart of every man who has a heart to be touched. But to speak of them as a nation in the sense in which Mr Gladstone uses the word, only leads to deception and delusion. It is necessary to go back to prehistoric times in Ireland for even the pretence of a united nation such as held its own for so many centuries in Scotland. In sober truth, it is only of recent date that this claim to a separate anti-British nationality has been ad-

vanced, and a more true description of the Union would have been that it was a measure introduced for the purpose of drawing more closely together, for their mutual advantage, different portions of the same nation which were only divided by a narrow strip of sea. The very leaders of the Nationalist party to-day have more of Saxon than Celtic blood in their veins, and to a very large extent the population of Ireland is as British as that of Great Britain. But even if this can be denied, how can that Act be said to "vote away the public life and independence of a nation," which simply conferred upon that nation a similarity of parliamentary power and privilege to that already enjoyed by the sister nations which owned the sway of the same sovereign? The ludicrous inconsistency of Mr Gladstone and his followers upon this particular point of the Irish controversy was never more plainly shown than in Lord Rosebery's speech at Castle Douglas on the 20th October. Whilst vehemently attacking the Unionist suggestion that the same arguments which would justify a separate Irish legislature would also justify a legislature for Ulster, separate from the other three provinces of Ireland, Lord Rosebery was unlucky enough to pitch upon Italy as a source from which to strengthen his argument. He recalled the fact that Piedmont, a comparatively small and poor country, had not been afraid to unite herself with Naples, Lombardy, Tuscany, and Rome, but had in fact "very much originated and controlled the whole movement for unifying Italy." Lord Rosebery does not appear to see that his argument is far more applicable to the case of Ireland, which, instead of seeking a separa-

tion, so far as her legislature is concerned, from England, Scotland, and Wales, should follow the example of Piedmont and all the other Italian States, and find her glory and her strength in "unifying" the empire of which she is a portion and in the greatness of which she shares. This advice, freely given by Mr Gladstone to the Italian States, should not be forgotten by those to whom he now tenders counsel the reverse and opposite.

Herein lies the fundamental difference between Mr Gladstone's new creed and that of Mr Pitt and all the great statesmen who have followed him. Their aim, object, and desire, was not only to strengthen and consolidate the British empire, but in so doing to raise Ireland to an equality with Great Britain, and to give her a share in the power, the glory, and the government of that empire which, without union, she could never have enjoyed. Mr Gladstone—following the lead of the allies whom he has of late so unhappily adopted—is determined to see in the projects of Mr Pitt nothing but a desire to destroy the nationality of Ireland and deprive her of her independence. To him, despite of fact and proof, "British" rule in Ireland is the rule of the foreigner; the British Government is a "foreign executive." And any loyal subject who asserts the pure and patriotic motives of Mr Pitt, and ventures to question the somewhat peculiar readings of history which Mr Gladstone has determined to adopt upon Irish questions, must be prepared for twenty-five pages of unmitigated abuse, and to be branded before his fellow-men with the awful titles of "fabulist" and "historiaster!"

I feel that an apology is due to

my readers for having omitted to point out several other weak points in Mr Gladstone's review; but my excuse must be, first, that they are too numerous to be briefly dealt with; and secondly, that they are often too palpable to need demonstration.

For instance, Mr Gladstone condemns in strong terms "the announcement by the British Government, after the Union had been rejected by the British Parliament, of its intention to reiterate the proposal again and again till it should be adopted." This is an unfair exaggeration of the "announcement" which Lord Castlereagh made after the hostile division; namely, that it had been the object of the Government to let the people know that it was their decided opinion that a legislative union was the only measure which could heal the distractions of the country and secure its connection with Great Britain; that in that idea they were unalterably fixed: he was not, however, desirous of forcing the measure with any precipitation, nor against the wish of the House. If, however, the state of the country or the public mind should change, he thought, in *such a case*, he should be justified in resuming the subject.

Again, Mr Gladstone boasts that the opponents of the Union "challenged an appeal to the constituencies upon the question by a dissolution," which was "persistently refused by the Government." Mr Massey, in his 'History of England' (vol. iv. p. 414), disposes of this absurdity by a single sentence: "The appeal to such a constituency as that which returned the Irish House of Commons would have been a mere mockery."

Then Mr Gladstone makes much of the affair of Colonel Cole, who, says he, "was sent to his regiment

at Malta," and "Government refused to grant him the nominal office of the escheatorship of Munster, which would have enabled him to vacate his seat, for which an opponent of the Union would have been returned." The facts are true, but the gloss put upon them is somewhat unfair. Lord Cornwallis speaks of Colonel Cole having just received "a military favour of the King," and thought it "rather unreasonable" that he should desire to introduce into Parliament "the particular opponent of the Union" whom he intended to replace him in his seat. Mr Ross tells us (vol. iii. p. 99) that "the escheatorship," unlike the Chiltern Hundreds in England, was "considered as a favour which the Lord Lieutenant might grant or withhold on considering the circumstances under which the application was made." In this instance the question was raised in the Irish Parliament, and the matter having been referred to the Duke of Portland, he intimated that in future the English rule had better be followed; but Lord Cornwallis evidently acted in perfect good faith, and according to what he believed to be, and which probably was, precedent.

I will only further remark that in his criticisms upon the number of troops maintained in Ireland, and other strictures upon the British Government, Mr Gladstone entirely forgets or ignores that a rebellion had just taken place, accompanied by a foreign invasion from a country with which Great Britain was still at war; and that although at this distance of time it is easy to minimise the danger, and may be popular with his new allies to deny or excuse the excesses of the rebels (p. 466), yet at the period of the passing of the Union the danger was still near, and the

memory of the excesses was too recent to have justified the Government in taking every precaution to prevent the recurrence either of one or the other. Indeed it is difficult to read without resentful indignation the language in which Mr Gladstone writes of the rebellion of 1798. He says: "It is totally untrue that the barbarities of the revolted Irish fully equalled those inflicted upon them," and asserts that "*the commanders of the rebels denounced all excess,*" whilst "the ascendancy men, even in the hearing of the Viceroy, exulted in blood," &c., &c.; and that after the rebellion was put down, the system of intimidating the Irish nation was actively upheld by "robbery, devastation, rape, torture, and murder, practised continually by the armed forces of the Government, together with the civil authorities." This is one of those statements in which there is just sufficient of truth to make the falsehood more mischievous and therefore more wicked. It is unhappily quite true that those whom Mr Gladstone calls "the ascendancy men" practised severity and cruelty in and after the suppression of the rebellion. But it must be remembered that the provocation had been great and grievous. No doubt there were individual instances in which the "commanders of the rebels denounced excess." Mr Froude gives us one in the case of Bagenal Harvey, who "swore that he would shoot any man who murdered a prisoner," and who was promptly deposed from his command for sentiments so obnoxious to the rebels. But the evidence of the savage and bloodthirsty nature of the rebellion, of the barbarous murders committed by the rebels, and the hateful cruelty practised by them from

the very first, is simply so overwhelming, that one really stands aghast at Mr Gladstone's description of the matter. I venture to recommend any one who has doubts upon this question to read Froude's 'English in Ireland,' vol. iii., from p. 404 to 510 inclusive. Upon the whole, it gives as fair and reasonable an account of the rebellion as will be found in any history of the time; and if there were, as unhappily cannot be denied, gross acts and excesses committed on both sides, an impartial reader will surely come to the conclusion that the greatest amount of guilt must rest upon those who commenced the rebellion, and strove to impart to it that religious character which was certain to excite to the utmost the bitterest animosities of the combatants on either side. To exonerate these from blame, and to reserve for our censure only the sinners who were upon the loyal side in the conflict, is a course which seems hardly consistent with justice and fair play. This, however, is Mr Gladstone's method of dealing with the question; and just as his sympathies to-day are with the mob and the malcontents in Ireland, and his wrathful displeasure for the police who were charged with the guardianship of the public peace, so in his retrospect of political history his favour is for the disloyal, his reprobation for the supporters of British rule; and neither facts, figures, nor authoritative statements weigh for one moment with him, when his object is to uphold and defend those whose successors in opinion and action (however the first may be for the moment modified in expression, and the

second restrained by prudence) are his allies in a great political campaign. Mr Gladstone has met and conquered many adversaries in his time, but history will in the long-run be too strong for him. His bold assertions that history was all on his side—his reckless allegations that his opponents wilfully avoided reference to those records of the past which would condemn their policy—his strange perversion of facts from the sense in which they had been accepted by the rest of the world as beyond reasonable doubt—and above all, his reiteration of statements proved to be incorrect, without any justification of them by evidence or authority,—have placed him in no enviable position with regard to the historical part of the controversy in which the country is engaged. It would have been better if, with one wave of the hand, Mr Gladstone had avowed his intention of sweeping history aside altogether, and proposing, irrespective of considerations connected with the past, such legislation as he deemed the present circumstances of Ireland to require as a security for her future welfare. But it was an indefensible course to adopt a policy which condemned that of all British Ministers who had preceded him, upon the ground that they had misread history and misunderstood Ireland, and to adopt it with a knowledge of that history so confessedly "imperfect" as to expose himself to such contradictions and corrections as must, in the judgment of every impartial reader, inflict lasting discredit upon him, alike as a student of history and a political leader.

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JOYCE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MRS HAYWARD decided that she would walk home.

For what reason?—for no reason at all, so far as she was aware; only, apparently without knowing it, to help out the decisions of fate. There was a stream of other people going home, some of them walking too, as it was so lovely an evening. The air was the softest balm of summer, cool, the sun going down, soft shadows stealing over the sky, the river still lit with magical reflections—those reflections which are nothing, such stuff as dreams are made of, and yet more beautiful than anything in earth or heaven. The rose tints were in the atmosphere as well as the sky. When you turned a corner, the resistance of the soft air meeting you was as a caress,—like the kiss with which one loving creature meets another as they pass upon their happy way. It was no longer spring indeed, but

matured and full-blown summer, ready any morning, by a touch of north wind or early frost, to become autumn in a moment, but making the very best of her last radiant evening. The well-dressed crowd streamed out of the gates of Sir Samuel's great house on the hill, and then separated, flowing in little rills of white and bright dresses, of pleasant voices and talk, upon their several ways. Till then, of course, they had all kept together. Afterwards the little accidents, the natural effect of unequal steps and different pace, so arranged it that the older pair dragged behind, having still some good-byes to make, and that the other two, who had fallen together without any intention, went on before.

Joyce was always shy, but she had never been embarrassed by the presence of Norman Bellendean. She had been able even to laugh

with him when the gloom of her arrival in this new sphere, and of her severance from the old, was heaviest upon her. She had the reassuring consciousness that he knew all about her, and could not be in any way deceived. No need of fictions to account for her, nor apologies for her ignorance, were necessary with him. And she gave him from the first that most flattering proof of preference by being at her ease with him, when she was so with no one else. But there was something in the air to-night which suggested embarrassment—something too familiar, over-sweet. Mrs Hayward and the Colonel did not feel this. They said to each other that it was a lovely evening, and then they talked of their own concerns. Joyce was not like them—the rose-tinted vapours on the sky had got into her very soul.

“Was there ever such a sunset?” said Norman Bellendean. “And yet, Miss Joyce, you and I remember something better still,—the long, long lingering of the warm days——”

“In summer,” she said, with a little catching of her breath, “when you never could tell whether there was any night at all.”

“And when the night was better than the day, if better could be, and morning and evening ran into each other.”

“And it was all like paradise,” said Joyce, chiming in. Their voices were full of emotion, though they were speaking only of such unexciting things as the atmosphere and the twilight—two safe subjects surely, if any subjects could be safe.

“It is not like that,” Joyce added, with a little reluctance; “but still the river when the last flash of the sun is upon it, and all the clouds hanging like roses upon

the sky, and the water glimmering like a glass, and making everything double like the swan——”

Norman was one of the unread. He did not know what swan it was that floated “double, swan and shadow,” for ever and ever: since that day the poet saw it, but he understood the scene and the little failure of breath in the enthusiasm of her description with which Joyce spoke.

“Yes,” he said, “it was like that the other night—but there was a charm wanting.”

“Oh,” Joyce said, still breathless; and she added, with an impulse that was involuntary, beyond her power of control, not what she meant or wished to say—“When you were up the river—the other night—passing——”

Did she mean it as a reproach? He looked at her quickly. “Yes,” he said; “it is true I passed—the very lawn, the enchanted place—and looked and looked, but did not see you.”

“Ah,” she said, “but I saw you, Captain Bellendean. I saw you go below the bridge, steering. It was strange, among all the strange folk, and the boats coming and going, suddenly to see—a kent face.”

She laughed, in a curious embarrassed way, as if laughing at herself, yet with a rising colour, and eyes that did not turn to him, rather avoided him. Norman had a sudden gleam of perception, and understood more or less the little fanciful shock which Joyce had received to see him pass.

“You could not think it more strange than I did,” he said, in an unconscious tone of self-defence, “nor half so disagreeable. To pass with people I cared nothing for, the same way that has become associated to me with—with—— And to look perhaps as if it were

just the same whether it was they or—others.”

He began with self-defence, but ended with an inflection of half complaint and subdued indignation in his tone.

“Indeed,” said Joyce, startled, “I did not think——”

“Perhaps,” he said, “you did not think about me at all, and I am a fool for supposing you did; but if you thought for a moment that it was any pleasure to me to be there, apart from all that had made it delightful——”

“Oh,” cried Joyce, in an anxious effort not to understand this inference which flooded all her veins with a sudden rush of indescribable celestial delight, “but the river was as bright as ever I saw it, and the sky like heaven; and why should you not be happy—with your friends?”

He had given her a sensation more exquisite than any she had ever known in all her life; and on her side she was giving him pain, and knew it, and was not ill-pleased to have it so. Such, as the old moralists would say, are the strange contradictions of human feeling! He turned upon her an aggrieved expostulating glance.

“You think it was the same, whoever my companions might be? You don’t understand what it was to me to be bound to the oar like the galley-slaves, to listen to all their inane nonsense and their jokes, when my heart was in—oh, a very different place.”

“You have been all over the world, Captain Bellendean, you must remember so many other places—more beautiful than this.”

“Do you think that is what I mean?” he said quickly, in a tone almost of irritation. Joyce knew very well it was not what he meant. But she had to defend

herself with the first weapons that came in her way.

“Don’t you know,” he said, after a pause, “that this has been such a summer as I never had before? I have been a great deal about the world, as you say. I have had many experiences: but never yet have I felt as I have felt this year. I never was romantic, nor had I much poetry in me. But I begin to think the poets are the fellows, after all, who understand best.”

“That is true, I am sure,” said Joyce, in a subdued voice. She was thankful to find something that she could say. She walked along mechanically by the Captain’s side, feeling as if she were floating in some vague enchantment, not able to pause or realise anything, not able to escape, carried along by the delicious soft air which was breathing within her being as well as without, a rapture that could not be explained.

“I believe it is true—but I never thought so before. And the cause is that I never knew—you before,” the Captain said.

Did the people know who were passing? could they see in the faces of those two walking—nay, floating by, surrounded by a golden mist—what was being said between them? A vague wonder stole into Joyce’s mind as she perceived dimly through that mist the face of a wayfarer going by. She herself but vaguely realised the meaning of the words. She understood their sentiment well enough,—felt it in that silent ecstasy that swept her along, but had no power to think or exercise her own faculties at all, only to let herself be carried on, and away.

“You have been the enchantment to me,” he said, hurriedly;

“and now it is almost over, and I shall have to go away. The charm will be gone from everything. I don't know how I am to reconcile myself to the dull world and the long days—unless——”

“Captain Bellendean——” Joyce said faintly, hearing her own voice, as if it came from a long distance, feeling a vague necessity for a pause.

“Unless I may—come back,” he said. “I must go home and put things in order—but it need not be for very long—if I may come back?”

There was something vaguely defective in these words, she could not tell what. For that very reason they relieved her, because they were not what they might have been. She came to herself as if she had touched the earth after that vague swaying, floating, in realms above the earth, in the soft delicious air.

“Surely,” she said, “you will come back. There is no reason for not coming back.”

He, it seemed, had not felt that touch of reality which had brought Joyce out of her rapture. He was confused and floating still. “I mean,” he said, “not to return merely to town or—but to come back to this moment, to those days. I have never known anything like them. They have opened a new world to me: Joyce——”

“Captain Bellendean!”

“I mean no familiarity—no want of respect; could you think so? The name came out without intention—only because I say it over, and over—— Joyce—I may come back?”

Surely the passers-by must see! He had turned and was looking at her with pleading eyes; while she, with the red of the western sky in her face, with the mist in

her eyes, did not look at him, or make him any reply.

“I don't ask you to say more. This is not the place. I don't want to disturb your mind,—only say I may come, and that you will not send me away?”

Her heart had sprung up and was beating loud. A terror of what the people on the road would think took possession of her. “No, it is not the place,” she murmured, scarcely knowing what she said.

“What could I do? there was no other: say I may——”

“Bellendean!” cried Colonel Hayward's cheerful voice from behind; “are you coming in to have some dinner? You had better. Why, you are taking the way to the river, Joyce and you.”

“I beg your pardon!” cried Captain Bellendean, with a startled air. “I beg your pardon! I did not observe——”

“Joyce should have observed,” said Mrs Hayward, quietly. “It is nearly half-past seven. You cannot do less than stay to dinner—especially as I hear you are going away.”

“I will, with many thanks,” said Norman. He looked like a man waked out of a dream; and Mrs Hayward hastened on, not without a sense of Christian charity, to let them have it out, as she said to herself. But they were now both awakened. The charm was broken, and the golden air dispersed. They walked on behind the elder pair to the door, and went in very gravely both of them, without another word said.

A more extraordinary evening never was. Joyce had known many agitated and unhappy ones within the last six months, but none like this, during which she saw everything through a haze of excitement, with something weighing on her eyelids—something

murmuring in her ears—something which made it impossible for her to meet the light or clearly realise what was going on. There seemed a sort of dumb expectation in the air besides that curious sense of something arrested and untold that was in her own mind. Her stepmother looked at her with a question in her eyes, and even touched her with a half-caress as she went up-stairs to prepare for dinner. Joyce did not know why, and yet had a sort of far-off perception of some meaning and kindness in it, which notwithstanding was half an offence. And when she came down-stairs the haze had filled the dining-room, so that she could not see clearly the face on the other side of the table—the face which did not look at her any more than she looked at him, and yet was keenly aware of every movement on her part, as she was of his. She herself scarcely spoke a word during the whole meal, and he not much,—not more than was necessary. The others went on with their ordinary conversation, which seemed to drift about upon the haze; names—the names with which Joyce's mind had been busy a little while before—floating about, falling now and then like stones, catching her vague attention. Sir Sam, the Canon, the Sitwells—who were they, all these people? It seemed so strange that any one could concern herself with their vague affairs. The dinner was very long, and yet flew like a dream; and then came the twilight drawing-room, the dimness outside, the evening chilled out of that heavenly warmth and calm. Joyce did not go out to-night as was her wont, though she could not tell why. She kept by Mrs Hayward, sedately seated near a table, upon which there was work, as if that were her object. Captain Bellen-

dean stood near her when the gentlemen came from the dining-room. There was not much light, and he stood up like a tall pillar, slightly inclining over her, a sort of Pisan tower, leaning, yet firm. If he had anything more to say to her, it was clear *that* was not the place, any more than the road with the Colonel and his wife behind. But he lingered there still, saying little, until Colonel Hayward had to say, "I don't want to hurry you, Bellendean. You're always welcome, and my wife would give you a bed with pleasure; but if you *are* going by that train——" Then Captain Bellendean roused himself like a man startled out of a dream, and shook hands with them all. He said Good-bye, not Good night; and when Joyce had seated herself again, all trembling after that pressure of her hand, which almost hurt her, he suddenly came back, and looked in at the door. Mrs Hayward's back was turned: she had indeed gone out to the verandah to look at the moon, as she said afterwards. He looked in, then made one step to where Joyce was sitting, and took her hand and kissed it. "Remember I am to come back!" he said, and then was gone.

"What did Bellendean forget? his gloves, or a book, or what was it?" the Colonel said, with some curiosity, when the door was closed and the visitor departed.

"I don't know,—I was in the verandah," said Mrs Hayward. "What did he forget, Joyce?"

Joyce looked at them with a startled, guilty countenance, knowing what they had said, yet not knowing, and made no reply. She dared not move, nor speak, lest she should betray—what? There was nothing to betray, except that he was coming back, and that was no information—for of course he was

coming back. She was very glad to escape to her room when the lawful time came for that, and Mrs Hayward gave the signal, but had not the strength or courage even to rise from her seat till that signal was given, not knowing whether she would be able to walk straight, or to preserve her ordinary appearance if she relinquished, with both those eyes upon her, the support of her chair. She was vaguely sensible of Mrs Hayward's inquiring looks, which were half indignant, half angry, as well. When they said good night, her stepmother took her hand with a quick monitory touch. "Have you anything to tell me, or would you like to speak to your father?" she said. Joyce gave her a wondering look, and said "No." "I am not thrusting myself into your confidence: but tell your father," Mrs Hayward said again imperatively, with a gleam of excitement in her blue eyes. Then as Joyce made no response, her stepmother flung past her, flushed and indignant. "I might have known better than to make any such appeal," she cried angrily, and shut her door with a clang that rang through the silent house. Joyce stole away very silently into her room, disturbed and full of trouble. What could she tell? there was nothing to tell. She felt guilty without having any reason for it, and very sorry to offend without knowing how to help it. Tell her father!—but when she had nothing to tell him! There was a grieved look on his countenance, too, when he said good night. It was all a confusion, and wrong somehow; but what could she do? Disturbed by this, there was a moment of troubled uncertainty in Joyce's mind—a longing to be pardoned, to say that she was sorry, that she was concealing nothing, which was,

however, contradicted by the desire she had to be alone, and the shrinking even from a look which might penetrate her seclusion, and read the secret of her heart before she had spelled it out to herself. Softly, apologetically, with a sense of asking pardon, she closed her door and then sat down and came face to face with herself.

It was a very strange agitated meeting, as with some one she was unwilling to see and still more unwilling to question—some one who had a story to tell which would crush all the beginnings of peace and all the gleams of happiness that had been in Joyce's life. She thought in the confusion of her mind of De Musset's spectre, whom he had seen sitting by him in all the conjunctions of his life—the being, *qui me ressembloit comme un frère*; but Joyce's meeting with herself was more important than anything recorded by the poet. All trembling with the sensations she had gone through, her nerves vibrating with the strain, her energies all melted in the exquisite sense of happiness which had floated her away, and in the chill check of the real which had brought her to earth again, she had questions to revolve and discoveries to make such as she knew now she had avoided and turned away from. She was afraid to look into those eyes which were her own, and find out the secret there. She sat down, putting her candle on the table, without lighting any other, conscious that she preferred the darkness, and not even to see, if she could help it, what she must see,—what could not be hidden any more. What had she done? She had meant no harm, thought of nothing that was wrong, nor of injuring any one, nor of failing in her faith. If Joyce had

been made to disclose her opinion of herself, she would have described herself as true and faithful—faithful above all things. She would not have claimed excellence, though she might think perhaps that there was that in her which was above the multitude; but she would have claimed to be faithful and constant, not variable in her affections, true to the last, whatever temptation might come upon her. Oh, strange delusion! oh, failure beyond example! when all the time she had failed, failed without knowing it, without meaning it, helplessly, like a fool and a traitor! It all came upon her in a sudden scathing flash of consciousness, which seemed to scorch her drooping face. She, in whom Joyce had always felt such confidence, herself—she, betrothed and bound and beyond all possibilities of other sentiment—almost as much as a wife already in solemn promise and engage-

ment—she, heaven help her! what had she done? Her veins all swelled to bursting with the rush of her guilty blood. Horror and darkness enveloped her all around; she hid her face in her hands, and her lips gave forth a low, quivering cry. She—loved another man. It was all the worse for her that she had felt herself superior to all vagaries of passion, thought herself above them, and believed that her own half-shrinking acceptance of love was all that was consistent with a woman's dignity. She had thought this, and she thought it still—yet discovered that she had departed from it, thrown all those restraints to the winds, and loved—loved—Norman Bellendean! The discovery horrified, humiliated, crushed her to the ground, and yet sprang with an impulse of warmer life than she had ever known before through all the throbbing of her veins.

CHAPTER XXX.

“You must try and get her to tell you when you are out this morning,” said Mrs Hayward. “She is probably silent on account of me; but you are her father, and you ought to know.”

“My dear,” said the Colonel, “why should she be silent on account of you?”

“Oh, we need not enter into that question, Henry. Get her to tell you; it will be a relief to her own mind when she has got it out.”

“Perhaps, Elizabeth, after all, we are going too fast. Bellendean has always been very friendly. He came to see me, and sought me out as his old colonel, before there was any Joyce.”

“So you think it's for you!” Mrs Hayward cried. And then

she added severely, “If we should be going too fast, and there has been no explanation, Henry, you must bring him to book.”

“Bring him to book? I don't know what you mean, Elizabeth,” said the Colonel, with a troubled countenance.

“You must not allow it to go on—you must put a stop to it—you must let him know that you can't have your daughter trifled with. You must ask him his intentions, Henry.”

The Colonel's countenance fell: he grew pale, and horror filled his eyes. “Ask him—his intentions! his intentions! Good Lord! I might shoot him, if you like; but ask him—his intentions towards my daughter, Elizabeth! Good

Lord!" The Colonel grew red all over, and panted for want of breath. "You don't know what you say."

"I—don't know what I say? As good men as you have had to do it, Henry. You must not let a man come here and trifle with Joyce. Joyce must not be——"

"I wish you would not bring in her name," cried the old soldier—"a young woman's name! I know what you say is for—for our good, Elizabeth; but I can't, indeed I can't—it's not possible. I ask a man—as if I meant to force him into—— My dear, you can't know what that means; you can't say what you're thinking. I to put shame upon my own child!" The Colonel walked up and down the room in the greatest perturbation. "I can't—I can't!" he said; "you must never think of such a thing again. I—Elizabeth! Good Lord——!" He stopped. "My dear, I beg your pardon. I don't mean to be profane—but to tell me—oh, good Lord!" the Colonel cried, feeling that no words were adequate to express the horror and incongruity of the suggestion.

Mrs Hayward had stood watching him without any relaxation of her look. There was a certain vulgar fibre in her which was not moved by that incongruity. A faint disdain of his incapacity, and still more of his delicacy about his daughter's name, as if she were of more importance than any one else, was visible in her face. Who was Joyce that she was not to be warned, that her lover was not to be brought to book? Mrs Hayward, in that perpetual secret antagonism which was in her mind, though she disapproved of it and suffered from it, was more vulgar than her nature. She was ready to scoff at these prejudices about Joyce, though in her natural mind she would have herself shielded a

young woman's name from every breath.

"I am speaking in Joyce's interests," she said. "I hope you don't want to break her heart."

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" said the Colonel, "I beseech you, don't talk like that. Why, you can't know, you can't, you don't realise what a girl is to a man, especially when he is her father. It's bad enough to think of her caring for one of those fellows at all; but to break her heart—good Lord!—and for me to interfere, to call up a man to—to the scratch—to—— Oh, good Lord, good Lord!" cried Colonel Hayward, with a blush like a girl. "I might shoot him and take the penalty; but you might as well ask me to—to shoot myself at once—as to do that: or to acknowledge that my child, that young creature, my Joyce——"

"You can't expect me to follow you in your raptures, Henry," said his wife, sitting down at the breakfast-table; for this discussion had been held in the morning, before Joyce appeared: and at that moment the door opened and she came in, putting a stop to the conversation. She was paler than usual, and graver; but the two were confused by her entrance, and for the moment so much taken up in concealing their own embarrassment, that they did not remark her looks. Joyce was very quiet, but she was not unhappy. How could she be, with the thrill of Norman Bellen-dean's voice still in her ears, and his last look, which meant so much, so clear before her? She was wrong, she was guilty; it might be that misery and shame should be her portion. She knew that she had failed to honour, if not to love, and that her way before her was very dark; but do what she would, Joyce could not force herself to be unhappy now.

The first thing that had occurred to her when she opened her eyes upon the morning light was not any breach of faith or failure in duty, but that voice and those eyes with their revelation which made her heart bound out of all the shadows of the night. She was pale with all the agitation of a night, uneasy even when she slept, distracted by spectres; but in the morning light she could not be wretched, however she tried. She was very quiet, however, much more so than usual; and the absence of that eager vitality which kept continual light and shadow on her sensitive face gave her a certain dignity, which was again enhanced by her complete unconsciousness of it. Her father cast a glance at her in this composed stateliness of aspect, and had to hasten away to the sideboard and cut at the ham to hide the horrified shame of his countenance. A creature like that to break her heart for any fellow! to be called upon to ask any man his intentions—*his* intentions—in respect to her! The Colonel hewed down the ham till his wife had to remonstrate. "You are not cutting for a dozen people, Henry." "Oh, I beg your pardon, my dear," he cried, and came back to his seat very shamefaced with a small solitary slice upon his plate.

When the Colonel went out for his usual walk, with Joyce as his companion, Mrs Hayward came after them to the door, and laid her hand significantly on her husband's shoulder. "Now don't forget," she said. Forget! as if he were likely to forget what weighed upon him like a mountain. He thought to himself that he would put off any allusion till the walk was half over; but the Colonel had not the skill nor the self-control to do this, the uneasy importance of his looks betraying something of his commission even

to the dreamy eyes of Joyce. Had she been fully awake and aroused, she must have seen through all his innocent devices at the first glance.

"It was rather a pleasant party yesterday," he said, "especially afterwards, when we were by ourselves." The Colonel meant no bull, but had lost himself in a slight confusion of words.

"Yes," said Joyce very sedately, without even a smile.

"By the way," said the Colonel briskly, seizing the first means of avoiding for a little longer the evil moment, "you did great execution, Joyce. I don't know what you said to the Canon, my dear, but I think you accomplished in a minute what all the good people have been trying to do for weeks and weeks. What did you say?"

What did she say? She gave her father a wondering look. Who was the Canon, it seemed to ask, and when was yesterday? It looked a century ago.

"That is what I like to see a woman do," cried the Colonel, rousing himself into enthusiasm for the sake of gaining a little time—"not making any show, but with a word of hers showing what's kind and right, and getting people to do it. That's what I like to see. You have done your friends the best turn they ever had done them in their life."

"Was it so?" said Joyce, with a faint smile. "I am very glad; but it was the Canon that was good to pay attention to the like of me."

"The like of you!" cried the Colonel. "I don't know the man that wouldn't pay attention to the like of you." Then he got suddenly grave, being thus brought back headlong to the very subject which he had been trying to escape. "Oh, I was going to say," he added, with a look that

was almost solemn—"I am afraid we shall miss very much Norman Bellendean."

"Yes," said Joyce. He spoke slowly, and she had time to steady her voice.

"Perhaps you knew before that he was going, my dear?"

"No," she replied, feeling all the significance of these monosyllables, yet incapable of more.

"I thought he had perhaps told you—at least Elizabeth—Elizabeth thought he might have told you."

"Why should he have told me?" said Joyce, with an awakening of surprise.

The Colonel was full of confusion. He did not know what to say. He felt guilty and miserable, like a spy, and yet he was faithful to his *consigne*, and to the task that had been set him to do. "Indeed," he said, in his troubled voice, "my dear, I don't know; but it was thought—I mean I thought, perhaps, that it would be a comfort to you—if you could have a little confidence in me."

Joyce began to perceive dimly what he meant, and it brought a flush to her pale face. "But I have confidence—a great confidence," she said, very low, not looking at him. The Colonel took courage from these words.

"Your father, you know, Joyce, —that is very proud of you, and to have such a daughter—and that would let no one vex you, not for a moment, my dear—not by a word or a thought—and that would like you to make a friend of him, and tell him—whatever you might like to tell him," he added, hastily breaking off in the middle of what he had meant to be a long speech, and giving double force to so much as he had said by these means.

Joyce had gradually aroused herself out of her dreams to under-

stand the meaning in her father's voice, which trembled and quickened, and then broke with a fullness of tender feeling which penetrated all the mists that were about her. There suddenly came to her a sense of help at hand—a belief in the being nearest to her in the world—a sort of viceroy of God more true than any pope,—her father. What no one else could do he might do for her. It would be his place to do it; and it would be her right to appeal to him, to put her troubles into his hand. She had never realised this before: her father—who would let no one vex her, who would stand between her and harm, who would have a right to answer for her, and take upon himself her defence. The tears rushed to her eyes, and a sense of relief and lightening to her heart.

"Oh," she said, "I will mind that. I will never forget it: my father, that is like God, to know the meaning in my heart, even if I am far wrong: and not to be hard on me, but to see where I was deceived, and to take my cause in hand."

"Deceived!" the Colonel faltered, with mingled consternation and wrath. "Show me the man that would deceive you, my dear child, and leave him to me—leave him to me."

"What man? There is no man," said Joyce, shaking her head. "Oh, if it was but that! but when it is me that has been the deceiver—and yet meant no harm!"

Her eyes swimming in tears that made them larger and softer than ever eyes were, the Colonel thought, turned to him with a tender look of trust which went to his heart, and yet was less comprehensible to him than all that had gone before. He was puzzled beyond expression, and touched, and exalted, and dismayed. He

had gained that confidence which he had sought, and yet he knew less than ever what it meant. And she had said he was like God, which confused and troubled the good man, and was very different from the mission that had been given him to find out his child's secret, and to bring to book—what horrible words were these!—to bring to book! But whatever Joyce had on her mind, at least it was not Norman Bellendean.

And here in the emotion of the moment, and the rising of other and profounder emotions, the Colonel dropped his *consigne*, and gave up his investigations. He did not in the least understand what Joyce meant; but she had given him her confidence, and he was touched to the bottom of his tender heart. She had said that he would take her cause in hand, that he was her father like God—a new and curiously impressive view, turning all usual metaphors round about—that he would know her meaning, even if she were far wrong. Not a word of this did the Colonel comprehend—that is, the matter which called forth these expressions remained entirely dark to him; but it would have been profane, he felt, to ask for further enlightenment after she had thus thrown herself upon him for protection and help. He was glad to relieve the tension by having recourse to common subjects, so that without any further strain upon her, his delightful, tender, incomprehensible child might get rid of the tears in her eyes, and calm down.

The result was that the Colonel talked more than usual on that morning walk, and told Joyce more stories than usual of his old Indian comrades, and of things that had passed in his youth, going back thirty, forty years with at first a kind conscious effort to set

her at her ease again, but after a while with his usual enjoyment in the lively recollection of these bright days which the old soldier loved to recall. And Joyce walked by his side in an atmosphere of her own, full of the bewitchment of a new enchanting presence suddenly revealed to her, full of the mystic, half-veiled consciousness of Love—love that was real love, the love of the poets, not anything she had ever known before. Her father's voice seemed to keep the shadow away, the thought of the wrong she had done and the troth she had broken, but did not interfere with that new revelation, the light and joy with which the world was radiant, the inconceivable new thing which had looked at her out of Norman Bellendean's eyes. She walked along as if she had been buoyed up by air, her heart filled with a great elation which was indescribable, which was not caused by anything, which looked forward to nothing, which was more than happiness, a nameless, causeless delight. If she had been in a condition to examine what Captain Bellendean had said, or in any way to question what Mrs Hayward called his intentions, Joyce's feelings might have been very different. But of this she took no thought whatever, nor asked herself any question. What she did ask, with a triumphant yet trembling certainty, was whether this was not the *Vita Nuova* of which she had read? The answer came in the same breath with that question. She knew it was the *Vita Nuova*—the same which had made the streets of Florence an enchanted land such as never was by sea or shore, and turned the woods of Arden into Paradise. The pride and glory and delight of having come into that company

of lovers, and received her inheritance, softly turned her dreaming brain. She had never been so much herself—for all those references to other people and pervading circumstances which shape a young woman's dutiful existence had disappeared altogether from her consciousness—and yet she was not herself at all, but a dream. The accompaniment of her kind father's pleasant voice, running on with his old stories, gave her a delightful shelter and cover for the voiceless song which was going on in her own heart. She had put her cause into his hands, as she felt, though she was not clear how it had been done. He would not blame her, though she was wrong. He would defend her. And thus Joyce escaped from life with all

its burdens and penalties, and floated away upon the soft delicious air into the *Vita Nuova*. Never was such a walk—her feet did not touch the ground, her consciousness was not touched by any vulgar sound or sight. Soft monosyllables of assent dropped from her dreaming lips as the delighted historian by her side went on with the records of his youth. He felt that he had all her interest—he felt how sweet it was to have a dear child, a girl such as he had always wished for, who had given him her full confidence, and who cared for everything that ever had happened to him, and was absorbed in it as if the story had been her own. In all their goings and comings together, there had never been a walk like this.

CHAPTER XXXI.

“Well?” said Mrs Hayward, somewhat sharply, as she followed her husband up-stairs.

“Well, my dear, everything is quite right and sweet and true about her, as I always thought it was.”

“I daresay. That is all very charming, Henry, and I am delighted that you are so much pleased. But what about Captain Bellendean?”

“Oh!—about Captain Bellendean,” said the Colonel, rubbing his hands with an attempt to look quite at his ease and comfortable. Then he added still cheerfully, but with a sinking of his heart, “Do you know, I don't think there was anything quite definitely said between us about Norman Bellendean.”

“Oh, there was nothing definitely said!”

“Not by name, you know,” said Colonel Hayward, with a propiti-

atory smile, still softly rubbing his hands.

“And what did you talk of definitely, may I ask? You've been a long time out. I suppose something came of it,” said Mrs Hayward more sharply than ever.

“Oh yes, certainly,” said the Colonel, very conciliatory. “Joyce desired nothing better than to give me her full confidence, Elizabeth. She has a heart of gold, my dear. She said at once that she knew I would never misunderstand her—that I would always help her; and nothing could be more true. I think I may say we understand each other perfectly now.”

Elizabeth's keen eye saw through all this confidence and plausible certainty. “What did she tell you then—about last night?” she said.

“About last night? Well, my dear, I told you we did not go into things very definitely—we

did not put all the dots on the i's. It was rather what you might call—general. No names, you know," he repeated, looking at her with a still more ingratiating smile.

"No names, I know! In short, Henry, you are no wiser than when you went out," Mrs Hayward said, with an exasperation that was not unnatural. "I knew how it would be," she added. "She has just thrown dust in your eyes, and made you believe whatever she pleased. I never expected anything else, for my part."

"Indeed, my dear, you are quite mistaken. She said to me in the most trusting way that she had the fullest confidence—My dear Elizabeth, I don't think you do justice to Joyce."

"Oh, justice!" she cried: perhaps she did well to be angry. "I must trust, then, to myself," she said, "as I generally have to do."

"But, Elizabeth—Elizabeth!"

"Oh, don't bother me, *please!*" the angry woman said.

Joyce went up-stairs to take off her hat, and as she did so her eyes fell upon certain little closed cases upon her table. One of them was that photograph of old Janet Matheson in her big shawl and black satin bonnet, with Peter, a wide laugh of self-ridicule yet pleasure on his face, looking over her shoulder. It was from no scorn of those poor old people that the little case was closed. Mrs Hayward's maid had made some silly remark about "an old washer-woman," and Joyce, almost with tears of anger, had shut it from all foolish eyes. She took it up and opened it now, and kissed it with quivering lips—wondering would granny understand her? or would she be so overjoyed, so uplifted, by the thought of the Captain, that everything else

would be dim to her. Joyce put down the little homely picture, but in so doing touched another, which lay closed, too, beside it. She did not open that case—she recoiled with a low cry. The outside was enough—it filled her with a sudden repugnance, a kind of horror. She moved even from the side of the table where it was. She thought she saw him standing there looking at her, in the attitude in which he had stood for his portrait; and she remembered, nay, saw with a clearness beyond that of mere vision, his look as he had presented her with this memorial of himself. "It is said to be very like," he had said; "I am no judge." She remembered the ineffable little tone with which he had said it—a tone which even then filled her with something between shame and ridicule. And now—oh, how could Joyce think of it! how could she look back upon that time! Now it was odious to her to recall him at all, to see him spring up and put himself into his attitude—so gentlemanly, as his mother said. Joyce grew crimson, a scorching flush came all over her. She shrank away from the wretched little photograph as if it had been a serpent, and could sting her. She had never liked it. It had always seemed an uncomfortable revelation, fixing him there in black and white, much worse even than he was—even! Joyce hid her face in her hands, in an agony of self-horror and shame. Oh, how mean, dishonourable, vulgar, she was! He had been better than all the lads about, who would have thrust their awkward love upon her in the old days. An educated man, able to talk about poetry and beautiful things. She had been honoured by his regard—it had been a great thing for her to be engaged to such a man—and now!

There was nothing, nothing which could excuse the baseness of her desertion of him. What could she say for herself? There was only one thing she could say, and that was what no one would understand. The one thing was, that she had not known what love was, and now love had come. Ah! if it had been love for some one poorer, less desirable than Andrew, her plea might have been believed. But love for Norman Bellendean—love that would put her in the place which was as good as a queen's to all the country-side—love by which she would better herself beyond conception.

Joyce felt a chill come to her heart after that hot rush of shame—how was she to say it, how accept it even in her own heart? Even granny would be ashamed, granny who had prophesied that he would be the first to be cast off—but without thinking that it would be Joyce—Joyce herself, not any proud father—who would cast off the poor schoolmaster. Joyce's honest peasant breeding, with its contempt for the *parvenu*, gave her a keener horror and shame than would have been possible, perhaps, to any other class. She felt humiliated to the very dust, angry with herself, disgusted at her own treachery. What should she do?—how represent it to those keen cottage critics, who would look at her behaviour with such sharp eyes? To give up Andrew Halliday for the Captain,—the meanest woman might do that—the one that was most ignoble. And who was to know, who was to understand, that it was true love, the first love she had ever known, and not pride or advantage that, before she knew it, had snatched Joyce's heart away.

She was not sufficiently composed to allow herself to think that she had never shown to her

rustic suitor any more preference than was natural to the fact that he was more congenial to her than the ploughman. She had accepted sedately his attentions. She had consented vaguely to that half proprietorship which he had claimed in her; but there had been little wooing between them, and Joyce had put aside all those demonstrations of affection which Andrew had attempted. But she said to herself none of these things. She even did not say that it was a mistake, for which in her youthfulness and ignorance she was scarcely to blame. She took it very seriously, as a sin which she had committed, but meaning no harm, meaning no harm, as she repeated to herself, with tears in her eyes. For the other had come upon her like a flood, like a fire, like some natural accident of which there was no warning. All had been tranquillity in her heart one moment—and in the next she knew that she was a traitor, forsworn. There had been no warning. She had not known of any danger—but in a moment she had discovered that she was a false woman, false and forsworn.

She went down to the luncheon-table after a long interval—long enough to make her late for that meal, which was a fault Mrs Hayward did not approve. But Joyce had to bathe her hot eyes which could not shed any tears, but burnt in their sockets like fiery coals, she thought, and then to wait till the glaze and flush produced by the bathing had worn off. It had not altogether worn off when she came downstairs, but remained in a suspicious glow, so that she seemed to have been crying, though she had not been able to afford herself that relief. The Colonel cried, "Why, Joyce!" when she appeared, and was about to make some fur-

ther remark, when a look from his wife checked him. This looked like mercy on Mrs Hayward's part, but perhaps it was only in order to inflict a more telling blow.

For, after some time when all was quiet, and Joyce, taking refuge in the tranquillity, had begun to breathe more freely, Mrs Hayward all at once introduced a subject of which as yet there had been no discussion. "By the way," she said, suddenly and lightly, "where are we going this autumn? It is nearly August, and we have not yet settled that."

The Colonel answered, that for his part he was always very well disposed to stay at home; and that he thought, as there had been a great deal of excitement that year——

"No, I don't feel disposed to give up my holiday," said Mrs Hayward. "Where shall we go? I know what you mean, Henry. You mean to beguile us into staying quietly here, and then when the Twelfth comes you will find some irresistible business that calls you away—to Scotland or somewhere. And you do not care what we are to do in the meantime, Joyce and me."

The Colonel protested very warmly that this was not what he meant. "Indeed it is very seldom I get an invitation for the Twelfth, not once in half-a-dozen years; and as for leaving you behind——"

"We will not be left behind," said Mrs Hayward, with that alarming gaiety. "No. I'll tell you what we will do to suit all parties. You shall go to Scotland for the Twelfth, and Joyce and I will do what I know her heart is set upon. We will go to see her old people in her old home. That will please you, Joyce, I know?"

This terrible suggestion was to

Joyce as if a gun had suddenly been fired at her ear. She was entirely unprepared for anything of the kind, and she started so that the very table shook.

"To go to—my old home?"

"Yes, my dear. It would give the old people a great pleasure. We promised, you know, to bring you back."

It was a cruel experiment to try. Joyce flushed and paled again with an agitation beyond control. "It is very kind," she faltered, "to think of—but they would not look for me now."

"Why not now? They don't go away on a round of visits in autumn, I presume."

"My dear!" said the Colonel, in a shocked admonitory voice.

"Well, Henry! I mean no harm; but one time is the same as another to them, I should suppose. And we all know how fond they are of Joyce, and she of them. What more natural than that she should go to see them when the chance occurs?"

It was natural. There was nothing to reply. If all was true that Joyce had professed of love and reverence for these old people, what could be thought of her refusal, her reluctance to go and see them? She sat there like a frightened wild creature driven into a corner, and not knowing how to escape, or what to do, looking at them with scared eyes.

"My dear," said Colonel Hayward, "that all looks reasonable enough, and if Joyce wished it—but she must know best when it would be convenient to them. It might not be convenient at this time of the year, for anything we know."

"It would be harvest," said Joyce, thankful for the suggestion; "they would be busy, busy: another time it would be better. Oh," she cried suddenly, in an out-

burst of despair, "how can I go home?"

"Joyce!"

"Oh, I'm unnatural! I'm not fit to live! How am I to go home!" cried the girl, who, less than three months ago, had left old Peter and Janet with, as she thought, a breaking heart. The two calm people at either end of the table put down their knives and forks to look at her—the Colonel with great sympathy, yet a certain pleasure; Mrs Hayward with suppressed scorn.

"It is not so very long since you were sighing for it, Joyce," she said; "but a girl at your age may be allowed to change her mind."

"And, my dear," said her father, "I am very joyful to think that your own real home is more to you than any other; for that's how it ought to be."

Joyce looked at them both like some wild creature—with the troubled, dumb stare of helpless panic and stupefied cruel terror which comes to a wild thing in a snare. Her cry had been uttered and was over. She had no more to say; but she had not sufficient command of herself to perceive that she should not have uttered that cry, or should seek to put some gloss upon it, now that it was beyond recall.

"And now you see that Joyce does not wish it, my dear," said Colonel Hayward, "of course you will never press that. It was only because we thought it would please you, Joyce; but you may be sure she is right, Elizabeth. It would be too soon—too soon."

"Oh, that's all right, if she thinks so," said Mrs Hayward. "Of course I don't mean to press it. I thought it would delight Joyce; but it appears I have made a mistake. Let us think of something else, Henry. Let us go abroad."

"You would like that, my dear child?" her father said. He was greatly touched by this clinging to himself, as he thought it—this preference of her new home to the old. To him there was neither variableness, nor the desertion of old ties, nor anything in it which impaired the character of his child, but only a preference for himself, a desire to be with him and near him, her father, upon whom she had made so tender a claim,—who, she had said, would be like God. Naturally she would rather be with him than with any one. He put out his hand and stroked her caressingly. "You would like that? It would be a complete change. We might go to Switzerland, or even to the Italian lakes. You are very fond of Como, Elizabeth. Come now, say you would like that."

Their eyes were upon her, and how were they to know the tempest of feeling that was in Joyce's mind? She seemed to see the two old figures rise reproachful, their faces looking at her across the table—oh, so wounded, with long looks of inquiry. Was it possible that already—already her heart had turned from them? And Janet's words came surging back in the tempest of Joyce's thoughts, how she would mean no harm, yet be parted from them, and find out all the differences. So soon, so soon! Janet's eyes seemed to look at her with deep and grieved reproach; but, on the other hand, who were these two who shut out Janet's face from her? Andrew in the attitude of the photograph, complacent, self-assertive, and Norman Bellendean, stooping, looking down upon her. Oh no, no, no! not home where these two were—not home, not home!

"I must say I am surprised, Joyce. Still, if that is what you feel, it is not for me to press the visit upon you. And so far as I

am concerned, I like home much the best. I am not very fond of Scotland. It's cold, and I hate cold. Of course Joyce would like Como—every girl would like it—so long," said Mrs Hayward, with meaning, "as there was not absolutely any other place which they liked best."

This arrow fell harmlessly upon Joyce, who had fallen into such a storm of troubled thoughts that missiles from without failed to affect her. Of all places in the world there was but one only which was impossible to her, the beloved home where the man whom she loved was in the high place, and the man who loved her was in the lowly. These two antagonistic figures blurred out the two others—the old pair to whom she owed everything, to whom her heart went out with an aching and longing even while she thus abandoned them; dear Bellendean, of

which she thought with such horror and panic, the place she loved best in the world,—the only place in the world to which she dared not, must not go.

"There is no engagement," said Mrs Hayward to her husband when Joyce had escaped to her room.

"No engagement?" he repeated, with a surprised question.

"There has been no explanation. He has said nothing to her. And I think, after dangling after her for nearly three months, that he is not treating her well. If he comes back, Henry, I have told you what is your duty. You must ask him what his intentions are."

"I would rather shoot him, or myself. You don't know what you are saying, Elizabeth," the Colonel cried.

"Shooting him, or yourself, would not advance matters at all," his wife said.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Andrew Halliday had not spent a pleasant summer, and the winter closed in upon him with still less consolation. His love, his ambition, and all his hopes were centred in Joyce, and his mind was greatly distracted from those occupations which hitherto had filled his life. He no longer took the satisfaction he once had done in perfecting the school at Comely Green, in pushing on his show pupils, and straining every nerve for the approbation of the inspectors, and to acquire the reputation of the best school in the district. All his pleasure in the nice schoolhouse, which he had once inspected with such bright hopes, thinking what a home Joyce would make of it, what a place it would be, superior to all other schoolhouses, under

her hands, which embellished everything—was gone. And even his Shakespeare class, and all the intellectual enthusiasms in which he had been stimulated by her, and which were the pride of his life and held him up with that sense of culture and superiority which is one of the most ineffable and delightful of human associations, failed to support him now. For that beatific condition requires calm, and Andrew was no longer calm. He kept looking night and day for a summons into higher spheres. He dreamed of head-masterships in the "South" which would be opened to him; of noble English schools where every boy was a little lord, and for which his own intellectual gifts, apart from any vain paraphernalia of

university degrees, would, backed by Colonel Hayward's influence, make him eligible. It may seem strange that a man of any education should have believed in anything so preposterous; but Halliday was very ignorant of the world, though he was entirely unaware of that fact, and had no experience out of his own narrow circle. Little as that is recognised, it is nevertheless true that a clever man in his position is capable of misunderstandings and mistakes which would be impossible to a dolt in a higher sphere. He did not know that he had as little chance of becoming a head-master in a great school, by dint even of the greatest of natural gifts, as of becoming Prime Minister—far less, indeed, for political genius might force a way in the one direction, while the most exalted intellectualism would do nothing in the other. Andrew, bewitched by hope and aspiration, and the novel and intoxicating sense of having "friends" in high places, whose greatest object in life must be his advancement, believed and hoped everything which the wildest fancy could conceive—and this made his life much less satisfactory to him in the general, and reduced the efficiency of the parish school of Comely Green, the success of which was less to him than it had ever been, and its routine less interesting. As for the house, and even the new furniture he had bought, he looked at them with scorn, almost with disgust. What was the little parlour, which was all that a set of prejudiced heritors allowed to the schoolmaster, in comparison with the lovely old-fashioned mansions which he had seen described in books, and which were full of every luxury which a head-master could desire. This hope, which at first was almost a certainty of better things, made

life as it was very distasteful to Andrew. For the first three months there was scarcely a day when he did not expect to hear something. When he went out he thought it possible that a letter, or better, a telegram, might be waiting for him when he came back—and never stranger approached the school, that his heart did not beat expectant of the messenger who should bring him news of his promotion. When the inspector came for his annual examination, Andrew thought that there was something particular about all that he said and looked, and that this official was testing him and his success, to see how he would do for the higher sphere which was opening to receive him. The inspector happened to have letters to post as he passed through the village, one with the mystic H.M.S. printed upon it, and the unfortunate schoolmaster felt his heart beat, believing that it contained his character, his certificate, the description of himself, which would justify Government in translating him to a higher and a better sphere; and in this suppressed excitement and expectation he passed his life.

However, when the summer had given place to autumn a curious thing occurred to Andrew. Joyce's letters, which had been short but very regular, and exceedingly nicely written, and so expressed as to trouble his mind with no doubts—for, indeed, Andrew was scarcely capable of doubting the faith of a girl who had the privilege of being chosen for his mate—suddenly stopped. They had come weekly—an arrangement with which he was satisfied—and it was not until for the second time the usual day came and brought him no letter that he began to think her silence strange. When he heard from Janet, whom he visited regularly,

with great honesty and faithfulness to his promise—though, as a matter of fact, he was not anxious to be seen to be on terms of intimacy with such very lowly people—that Joyce had gone abroad with her father, this seemed a not inadequate excuse for her. Andrew's heart swelled with the thought that to him, too, the possibility might soon come of going abroad for his holidays—a dignity and splendour which in anticipation raised him to a kind of ecstasy. And for a time this satisfied him fully. But time went on, and Joyce, he knew, returned, and yet no letters came. He could not think why this should be, especially as Janet went on receiving letters, of which she would read extracts with a scarcely suppressed sense of superiority which was very galling to the schoolmaster. "Ou ay, Andrew; come ben and tak' a seat; there's been a letter. She never lets an eight days pass without one—she's just as regular as the clock," Janet would say, not unwilling to inflict that little humiliation; and then she would read to him a little bit here and there. If it had not been for that still lively hope, Andrew would have been seriously angry and anxious: and even when a month had stolen away, he was, though greatly surprised, yet still willing to believe that she was putting off in order to give him a delightful surprise at last,—in order to be able to tell him of some wonderful appointment which she was in the meantime straining every energy to obtain. But there was no doubt that this constant suspense did undermine his tranquillity. At the last, his temper began to suffer; he began to grow jealous and irritable. When the Captain came back to Bellendean and went to see Janet, and talked to her for an hour about her child

—as the old woman reported with as much pride as her dignity permitted—Andrew took heart again for the moment, expecting nothing less than that a similar visit should be paid to him, who certainly, he thought, was much more in the Captain's way—far more able to hold a conversation with him on topics either public or individual than an old ploughman and his wife. But the Captain never came; and there was no letter, no message, nothing but silence, and a darkness in which not only the head-mastership but Joyce—who, to do him justice, was more to him than any promotion—seemed to be vanishing away.

This blank was made all the greater from the fact that Janet in the meantime never failed to get her letter. Joyce wrote long tender letters to her beloved granny, telling her everything—and nothing; a fact which the keen-witted old woman had long ago discovered, but which naturally she kept to herself, not even confiding to Peter—whose chief amusement it was to hear these letters read over and over—the deficiency which she felt. Joyce described all her travels with a fulness which was delightful to the old people. "Ye can read me yon bit again about the bells and the auld man in the kirk," Peter would say; or, "Yon about the muckle hills and the glaciers—as daftlike a name as ever I heard; for there's no' mony glaziers, I'm thinking, yonder away—na, nor plumbers either." Janet fumbled for her spectacles, and got the letter out of a work-box which had been a present from Joyce, and prepared to read with every appearance of enthusiasm; but she said to herself, "She can tell me about glaciers and snawy hills, but no' a word about hersel'." It is doubtful, however, whether Andrew would have

perceived this want any more than Peter. He would have been satisfied with letters about the glaciers and all the wonders she was seeing; but to have that information only at second-hand was hard upon him, and it was hard to be left out. Even if this silence should be caused by her desire to give him a delightful surprise, even if she were indeed waiting from week to week always expecting to have that piece of news to tell him—even in that case it was very hard to bear.

He came to the cottage one evening when the early winter had set in. The days had grown short and the nights long. The house of Bellendean stood out with a half-naked distinctness among the bare trees, and every path was thick with fallen leaves. Through the village street the wind was careering as though pursuing some one, and breathing with a long sough that told of coming rain among the houses. A dreary night, with little light and little comfort in it—not a night to come out for pleasure. Andrew Halliday had brought a lantern to light him on various parts of his long walk, and he went in with a gloomy countenance like the night. The scene was a very homely one: the occupants of the cottage were old, with none of the interest that attached to beauty or youth, and yet there was much that was touching in the little interior. The supper was over, the things were all put away; it was nearly time for bed, for they rose early, and were tired with the work of the day. The Bible was on the table for the "worship," which was their last waking act. But in the meantime Peter sat in his old arm-chair beside the fire smoking his last pipe, his rugged countenance lit up by its proud smile, and

a little moisture in his eyes. The laugh with which he sometimes interrupted the reading had the far-off sound of a sob in it. Janet sat on the other side of the fire holding up the page she was reading to the light. It was Joyce's last letter. No book in the world had so much charm for them. It provided their literature for the week, and Peter had nearly got the current letter by heart before the next came. Out at his work among the dark wintry furrows, he would sometimes burst forth into an explosion of that tremulous laughter, repeating over one of the "bits" in Joyce's letter, saying to himself, "It's just extraordinary! Whaur did she get a' thae remarks, that never would have come into my head, and me her grandfather?" Of this admiration and emotion and tender love the air of the little room was full.

"Is that you, Andrew? Dear man, I hope naething's the matter—you have an awfu' troubled countenance," Janet said.

"There is nothing particular the matter," said Andrew, grimly, "but I'm tired of waiting for what never comes, and I'm thinking of going up to London. I thought it best to let you know, in case you might have any message. Though, as you're always in correspondence——"

"Ou ay, we're always in correspondence," said Janet.

"Just read ower that bit again, Janet, my woman," said her husband. "It's real diverting,—just like having a book to read that's a' your ain. Whaur she gets it a' is mair than I can tell."

"No, thank you—I've no time," said Andrew, "and most likely it would not divert me; for, to tell the truth, I'm very serious, and things have come to that pass that

I must just come to a settlement one way or other. So if you have any parcel or any message——”

“But you’re no’ going to throw up the school, or do anything rash? Do nothing rash, Andrew—that would be the worst of a’.”

“I hope I’m not an unknown person,” said the schoolmaster; “if I throw up one I’ll get another, for there’s plenty that knows my value. But I have no intention to be rash. There’s three days’ vacation for the preachings, and I am going then.”

“For the preachings! Dear, lad, would ye be away at the preachings?” Janet cried.

“Preachings or no’ preachings, I’m going to London,” he said, with impatience. “I’ll hear what she has to say; but I’m not a man to be just kept hanging on. She’ll have to take me or to want me.” He was much impressed with the tremendous character of the choice that Joyce would have to make. It sobered his tone. “I hope nobody will think that I would be hard upon her: but she must satisfy me that all’s well, or else——” He did not finish the sentence; but the sternness of the determination which he would not utter was visible in his eyes.

“I wouldna speak to her in a tone like that, if I was you. Ye may lead Joyce with love and kindness many a mile, but ye’ll no’ drive her an inch—no’ an inch. Though she’s our ain, she has her faults, like every ither mortal creature. If ye wag your finger at her in the way of a threat——”

“He’ll no’ do that,” said Peter, in a tone of quiet decision, looking the schoolmaster all over. Andrew was a much younger man, but the arm of the gigantic old labourer could still have laid him low. Andrew, however, was irritable and sore, and he looked up with

by no means a conciliatory demeanour.

“I’ll do what’s becoming,” he said. “I’ll not be dictated to. A man has a right to know what a woman means that has accepted him for her husband. Either she’ll fulfil her contract or—we’ll have to come to other terms.”

“Oh!” cried Janet, unable to refrain from that little triumph. “Did I no’ tell ye that? Ye were fain to make friends with yon grand gentleman, and leave Peter and me on the ither side, but I telt ye ye would be the first to feel it—and so it’s turned out.”

“That remains to be seen,” said Andrew, buttoning his overcoat. “It’s a very dark night, and without a light I could scarcely have kept the road—though I should know it well enough,” he added, with a little bitterness. “I was not called upon to take all this trouble to come over and see you. But I would not go without letting you know. I was not asking your opinion. The thing is, if you have any message or parcel—I could take a parcel.”

“I’m sure I canna tell what I could send her, unless it was some fresh eggs, or a bunch of the monthly roses off the wa’. She’ll have everything that heart can desire—and the eggs would be a trouble to ye. And nae doot she has far better flowers than a when late roses off a cottage wa’.”

Peter had got up while Janet was speaking, and opened his large knife. “Len’ me your lantern, Andrew,” he said, and went out with heavy slow steps to the little garden, or “yaird” as they called it. He came in, a minute after, with a branch from the old China rose, which half covered that side of the house. The old man, with his heavy figure and rugged countenance, the lantern in one hand and

the cluster of pale roses in the other, might have made a symbolical picture. He set down the lantern and began to trim off the thorns from the long bough with its nodding flowers. There could not have been a more wintry posy. The leaves were curled up and brown with frost; the hips, only half coloured, pale as the flowers, hung in clusters, glistening with cold November dews; and the faint roses gave a sort of plaintive cheer and melancholy prettiness, like the faces of children subdued into unnatural quiet. "Ye'll take her this from her auld folk," Peter said.

"Eh, but it'll be hard to carry a lang branch like that: tak' just the flowers, Andrew; ye can pit them in your hat."

"I'll take it as it is," said Andrew. He was not below the level of that tender feeling; and though there was a great deal of angry disappointment, there was love also in his heart. He took the branch of roses and unripe hips, and frost-bitten leaves, and disappeared into the darkness with it, with a curt "good night." The old couple stood by the fire, listening to his steps as he went quickly out of hearing; then shut the door for the night, and opened the Book, and said their prayers for Joyce,— "her that Thou gavest us, and that Thou hast taken from us, we darena doubt for her good; and oh, that a' the blessings o' the covenant may rest upon her bonnie heid!" It was the petition of every night, and Janet gave the response of nature (though responses, it need not be said, were profoundly contrary to all her principles) in a whispered repetition of the words, and a faint little sob.

Andrew walked the three miles with his lantern in one hand and his long branch of roses in the other, a strange apparition to have met upon the road in the darkness of the November night. And next evening he set out, after having completed all his school work, by the night train, with a great determination in his heart, and yet many softened and wistful thoughts. He was going to "put it to the touch, to gain or lose it all,"—repeating to himself over and over Montrose's noble verse. He was going to decide his fate. If there was no hope of that head-mastership; if, perhaps, competition and vile interest and patronage—always vile when they are opposed to one's self—had rendered all efforts impossible—to bid them strive no more, since he was content to wait for the reward of a conscious merit which did not, after all, want any foreign aid to gain eventually all that was meet; and in the meantime, to secure his love, to insist upon it, that no circumstances should silence Joyce. He went over and over in his imagination the interview he would have with her, fancying how she would excuse herself that she had waited for good news, and answering, with a little burst of natural eloquence, "Do you think I would not rather have a kind word from your hand than all the news in the world? Do you think a grand appointment would make up to me for losing sight of *you*?" A hundred speeches like this floated through his mind, and were said over by his lips in the little preliminary journey to Edinburgh in the chill afternoon. The thought of going to London was in itself a great excitement too.

A DRAMATIC EFFECT.

WHEN I was a little girl, it was one of my great ambitions to produce a dramatic effect. I say *one* of them, for I always had a good many on hand—I mean, such trifles as to be queen of England, chiefly, I think, with a view to the enactment of severe regulations as to the authority of governesses over little girls; or the mistress of a large school, that I might give the children holidays all the week; or the proprietor of a bookshop, so that I might read all day; or of a confectioner's, that the supply might be equal to the demand for jam-tarts and sugar-plums among my brothers and sisters. All these were fancies which came and went according to the pressure of circumstances; but nearly every night I used to send myself to sleep by first imagining how, and then longing that, I might produce a dramatic effect.

I don't remember when I first heard the expression, but I think I always knew quite well what it meant. I knew it was a dramatic effect when Nathan said to David, "Thou art the man," and I liked reading that part of the Bible. Then in the "Lady of the Lake," which I read when I was quite small, I was never tired of the scene where Fitz-James discloses himself; and I thought quite the best story in English history was about Richard II. riding up to the mob and shouting, "I will be your leader!" I used to shout that too when I was out riding by myself. I used to make my pony gallop as hard as he would go, and wave my riding-whip above my head, and pretend the sheep in the field were the mob, only they would always run

away, which rather spoilt it. My brother would have done for the mob, of course, but he did not much care for that sort of game; though he did not mind my shouting, "Charge, gentlemen of the Lifeguard!" (out of 'Old Mortality,') when we were having a good canter together. He—Arthur—was three years older than I was, so he went to school when I was only seven; but we used to be a good deal together in the holidays, for Margy was five years younger than me, and of course she and Mabel and Georgie were not much good to a schoolboy in the way of games. I think I was not at all a bad playfellow. I could run very fast, and climb trees, and play cricket. I do believe I used to bowl rather straight, but that Arthur never would allow,—I suppose, because he was afraid it might make me conceited. "If that had been straight, it would have had me," he used to say, when I was really quite sure it *had* "had him," and was actually half-way across the ground to take the bat. And when I *did* bowl him beyond the possibility of a doubt, he would say, "Oh, what a ball!" in a tone of such contempt that I could take no satisfaction in having got him out, and often felt half inclined to beg him to stay in and let me try again. And whatever the faults of my bowling may have been, it had at least the merit of being always the same, while his varied in the most painful and perplexing way.

He was always personating some celebrated bowler or other, and there were so many of them that I never had time to get used to one. "Now I'll show you how W. G. Grace bowls!" he would

say; and I would make a manful effort to hit at a ball delivered in a style of which the chief characteristic seemed to be that it was aimed deliberately at my head. If I survived that, there would be a shout of "This is Spofforth!" or "Now Pete is going on!" and the terrors of the two last-named bowlers are indescribable. At last I firmly declined to play against either of them, in spite of Arthur's arguments to the effect that it was very good of him to let me always be "All England," or the "Gentlemen of Kent," and that it would be "too stupid" if neither of those elevens never played either Australia or Yorkshire, which they could not possibly do if the latter were deprived of their best bowlers. But I am not sure that it was so very good of him after all, for I know he liked being Cambridge better than anything. It was always settled he was to go to Cambridge, and afterwards he was really in the Cambridge eleven.

I tell about these games to show that when Arthur was at home I did not think so much about dramatic effects, because there was not time; we were always so very busy about something or other. However, once something rather dramatic did happen—not the real thing that this story is about, but quite a small one. When there was a dinner-party, Arthur and I used to stand behind the swing-door that led into the hall, and was quite close to the dining-room door, and wait for the dishes to come out. At the end of every course we would open the swing-door very quickly and take something off the dishes as they were carried by; then we used to fly off to the library at the other side of the hall, and devour our spoils in the firelight. Of course we were not really allowed to do this,

and I think now that it was not a very nice thing to do; but we had not been told not to,—I suppose because no one thought of our being anywhere but in bed at the time. Well, one night a large dish of tartlets was carried out almost untouched, and Arthur and I pounced upon them as usual. In high delight we went skipping and jumping across the hall, each with a tartlet in either hand—I am not sure that Arthur had not more. He shoved open the library door and bounced into the room—then pulled up with a start, for there on the hearth-rug, evidently expecting us, grave and reproving, stood our governess, Miss Hughes! I was speechless; so was Arthur, but only for one second: the next, he had stepped up to Miss Hughes, and, with an air of inexpressible politeness and simplicity, held out towards her his right hand and its contents. "Will you have a tart?" You would have thought he had only come there for the purpose of offering it! The effect was wonderful. Miss Hughes made one attempt to keep grave, then gave it up as hopeless, and burst out laughing. We were allowed to eat the tarts, but told afterwards that we must not do it again; and I don't think we did, at least not for a long time. We were so very much pleased at her laughing. As we went up to bed that night, I said, "Arthur, that was a dramatic effect;" but he said, "Stuff! it was the only thing to do." When Arthur went back to school, of course I missed him dreadfully at first; but after a little while I used to get quite wrapped up in my own private quiet plays that no one knew anything about, so that when the holidays drew near again I used almost to feel as though his coming would be a dis-

turbance. Never quite, of course; and directly he got out of the cab I knew how glad I was, just as sometimes one does not know a room has been stuffy till the window is open, or that one is tired till one lies down to rest. I did not see very much of Father when we were in London, because he was in Parliament. Mother died when Georgie was a baby. Besides, I had to do a good many lessons, and go to classes, which took up a great deal of time. Of course I played with the little ones sometimes, but they went out with the nurses, and I with Miss Hughes, so that I really was very often alone. It was at that time of the year that I used to make up most stories, and read most, and think about dramatic effects. I used to like best to sit on what we called the "locker" of the schoolroom window, in the evening before the lamps were lit, and then things came into my head. When I was quite, quite a little girl, and often naughty and put in the corner, the scene I liked best to picture was one in which I, figuring as usual as the heroine, was found fainting from grief in the corner when the time for my release arrived. I imagined over and over again how they would lift me up, unloose my pinafore to give me air (I knew *something* was always unloosed when people fainted), say how sorry they were for having treated me so, and promise never, never to do it again. Then I should get a little better, revive enough to ask faintly if I might have my favourite pudding for dinner, which request was of course granted with joy, and then do no lessons for the rest of the day. But that was quite a babyish thing to fancy, and I soon passed beyond it.

Very different was the scene

which for several years used to occupy my imagination at many spare moments. It was laid in Hyde Park, and there was a crowd assembled to see the Queen pass by. At the moment that the royal carriage appeared, a man raised a pistol, presented it at her Majesty's head, and would have fired but for the prompt action of a little girl, exactly resembling myself, who, with the greatest presence of mind, dashed his arm upwards and pinioned him with a grasp from which there was no escape. The carriage immediately pulled up, and the Queen eagerly demanded to know the name of her deliverer. "My name is Ethel Mary Charteris, and I am ten years old: I live in Grosvenor Street," replied the deliverer, handing over her captive to two stalwart policemen who appeared to find considerably more difficulty in dealing with him than she had done. Indeed the strength she had displayed was marvellous, considering what a very thin little girl she was. She did not look like a heroine at all, for she had not even curly hair—a universally admitted characteristic of heroines—and it was not golden, but just brown and straight, and cut rather short too. However, that made it all the more wonderful. The Queen's next question naturally concerned the way in which such valour was to be rewarded; and Ethel invariably and modestly demanded a picture of the late Prince Consort, and—a really large wax doll, with clothes that would take off and on! Nor was the first half of the request dictated, as might appear, from motives of policy and a desire to please. I really had a very strong attachment to the memory of the Prince, whose life I had read; and for some time, whenever I had no other grief in hand, and felt melancholy, I used

to cry because he died before I was born. I did not reflect that, had he lived, the chances of anything like intimacy existing between us would have been comparatively small, and perhaps it would not have been much consolation if I had.

One evening Miss Hughes found me curled up on the locker in the firelight quite tearful, and asked me what the matter was. I *could* not say, "I'm crying because the Prince Consort is dead," for that would have seemed so very silly. So when she asked whether it was about forgetting messages, I said, "I wish I *didn't* forget messages: I mean to try not." And she quite thought it was that, and that I was unhappy because she had been rather scolding me in the morning for forgetting so. And then she was so kind, and said I must not trouble, because she was quite sure I did my best, and it only weakened one to cry—one ought just to try hard to remember things and be cheerful—that I got ashamed and said, "Please, it's quite true that I am sorry about forgetting, but I wasn't crying about that just then; and I would rather not tell you why." So she said very well, she did not wish to know, only I had better make quite sure that it was a sensible thing to cry about. And I thought afterwards that it was not a very sensible thing, so I left off doing it, though I used to think about saving the Queen's life for a good many years after that.

But now I must tell the history of the real adventure I had, and how I did actually, without meaning it, produce a dramatic effect.

We had been spending the Easter holidays in the country, and came up to London on the very last day—the day on which Arthur would have to go back to

Eton. Very early in the morning he and I had been out to the old wood near our house to get jackdaws' eggs. That was one of our favourite amusements in the Easter holidays, and we used to have the eggs hard-boiled for tea. This time Arthur meant to take a lot of them back to school with him, but they were not to be boiled till we got to London, as we left the country in the morning and he was going to Eton by quite a late train. Arthur could not bear London, and he was always restless and inclined to be rather naughty, even when he was there for only a short time. Perhaps the very shortness of his stays made him worse, for he never had time to settle down properly.

Well, on this particular day he was quite happy, for there were the jackdaws' eggs to be "tried" in a basin of water. The good ones sink to the bottom, and the bad ones rise to the top and have to be thrown away. Miss Hughes had not yet come back, so we two had the schoolroom all to ourselves after luncheon, and were very busy. Unluckily our occupation did not last long, the eggs were soon sorted, and then began Arthur's usual cry of "What a beastly place London is! What *shall* I do?" He roamed round the room, examining everything as if he had not seen it all before, and I was racking my brain to think of an amusement, when a sudden inspiration seized him. "Ethel—the bad eggs—we'll take shots at the people as they go by!" Another moment and he was at the open window standing on the locker, I just below, handing him the eggs one by one. Of course I knew it was very naughty, but I never thought of refusing. I always used to do what Arthur wanted me to do, at least nearly always, and somehow in the

holidays my ideas of right and wrong were different from what they were at other times. When Arthur was at home I never thought half as much about what I was going to do, and whether I should do it, as when he was away. The consequence was that I got into much more mischief. So, though I knew we were being naughty, it did not seem to me so appallingly naughty as it would at another time, and as it did afterwards. And oh, those eggs! Arthur went perfectly wild with delight and excitement. "Ethel, Ethel! that fat coachman! Here, give me another. Now look, see me aim. I've nailed him! bob down, Ethel, bob down; don't show yourself. All right—he's gone on. Now for that cabby! missed him, bad luck. Don't you want to throw, Ethel? are you sure you don't? All right; then look sharp and hand 'em up to me. Now, do you want to see a perfectly splendid shot? now's your time, then! Oh, bother! too soon. Better luck next time. What'll you bet me I hit that parasol? in the victoria—now, are you looking, Ethel?—the victoria that's just coming round the corner."

"Oh, Arthur, not the victoria!" cried I, some foreboding of coming evil possessing me—"not the victoria; I'm sure you'd better not!"

"Why, I should like to know? You can't tell? I thought not. So I should have supposed. Very well, then. Look here. I take this egg. I balance it delicately between my finger and thumb. I take a careful and deliberate aim, and—my goodness! Ethel, they're stopping at the front door!" They were indeed, and a policeman was ringing the bell. It pealed through the house with a loud and angry peal, followed by an authoritative knock that made me quail.

We stood gazing at each other

in speechless dismay. Arthur was the first to speak.

"Well, I *have* been and gone and done it!" he said.

"Yes," said I, faintly, "we have."

He turned on me quite fiercely. "Nonsense," he said. "It's nothing to do with you at all. You only handed the eggs. Anybody could have done that. It's *not* everybody," he added with a groan, "that could have made such a beautiful shot as that last."

A knock at the door, and the butler appeared. "Master Arthur to go down-stairs at once."

"All right, I'm coming. No, Ethel, don't be a little ass. Nobody wants *you*. Go back at once."

He marched off with his hands in his pockets, and I felt as though he were going to execution. Should I ever, ever be happy again? Oh, if only it were this day last year, or this day next year, or if I were the canary hopping about in its cage contentedly, or if only it might turn out all to be a dream! I did not dare look out of the window, I did not dare go down-stairs, I was miserable where I was. It seemed to me that hours elapsed before Arthur came back,—I suppose it was about twenty minutes. He flung open the door, and marched up to the chimney-piece, where he stood leaning against it with his two feet wide apart. He was very red in the face, and did not seem much inclined to talk. "There, *that's* done," was his first remark.

"Oh, Arthur!" was all I could find voice to say.

Presently he went on, jerking his sentences out one by one.

"Father's extremely annoyed. He says it was a most ungentlemanlike thing to do. He took me out to the carriage. He said, 'This is my son. I have brought him to

apologise for his conduct.' There were two ladies, but I didn't see their faces. They said they had been driving past to pay some calls, when an egg came from a window and smashed upon one of their dresses, so they couldn't go on, but took a turn in the Park, and then came back. They didn't exactly see which house it came from; but when they passed again, another egg hit one of their parasols and trickled all down. Oh, Ethel! mustn't it have been a nailing good shot?

"Then they saw us at the window. I said you didn't bob down quick enough; and so they got the bobby to ring. I said, of course, if I had known it was the same carriage I shouldn't have aimed at it again. That made Father awfully angry, and he took me by the shoulder and said, 'I brought you here to apologise, sir.' So I said, 'Well, I do apologise.' Then one of them said, 'We do not wish to be hard upon you, but you should be more considerate, and think of the consequences of what you do. You have put us to great inconvenience and expense too, for we had hired a carriage to pay some visits at a great distance from where we live, and now we cannot do so. And you see you have spoilt my daughter's dress.' So I said I was awfully sorry, which I was. And then she said, 'Well, she would say no more, and she hoped Father wouldn't, and then they drove off. Then Father took me into the study and went on at me a lot. And I'm to take half a sovereign less back to school with me. And I say, Ethel, the worst of it is, all these eggs will be wasted. Father said, 'Throw those disgusting things away.' And I said, 'Did he mean the good ones too?' and he said, 'Yes, all of them, to be sure.' I wish I hadn't

done it, I can tell you. Besides, I do think it was rather a 'shame.'"

That ended the matter as far as Arthur was concerned. Having received his scolding and his sentence, he dismissed the whole affair from his mind, and went back to school as cheerfully as if nothing had happened. It was quite different with me. Until Arthur went away I did as usual on the last day of the holidays—that is, helped him to hunt for the valuable articles that were always sure to get mislaid just at the end, and superintended the packing of his hamper in the housekeeper's room; but all the time I had that dreadful kind of weight upon my mind that one always does have when one has done something naughty that is sure to be found out, or when one has to go to the dentist, or, I think, when one has to beg some one's pardon. And when Arthur's cab drove off, I ran straight up to the schoolroom and had one of the very worst of my "good cries." What troubled me so very, very much was the thought that were for I felt it was just as much my fault as Arthur's—had done a really unkind thing in spoiling the poor lady's dress. She *must* be poor, or her mother would not have talked about the "great expense" it was to hire a carriage, and then not be able to pay the calls she had meant to; and perhaps we had spoilt the only really nice dress she had. Perhaps she would not be able to afford to buy another all that year. Perhaps an invitation to a very nice party would come, and she would not be able to go because she had nothing to wear. Oh, how I wished she were a little girl, and then I might have given her my own best frock! Nurse would have been very angry, and Miss Hughes too; but of course I should have had

to bear that. And perhaps she would not have minded the fur round the neck and wrists, which I hated because it tickled so. However, it was no use thinking about that, as she was a grown-up lady, and her dress was silk—blue silk. I had seen that, so most likely blue silk was her favourite stuff for a best dress. Perhaps she had been saving up for months to buy it, and the very first day she put it on *we* had spoilt it. I could hardly bear to think about it, and the more I did so the more pitiable were the pictures I drew of her poverty, and the straits to which the damage we had done would put her.

At last an idea occurred to me which gradually developed into a fixed determination. I must, somehow or other, get a new blue silk dress to replace that which we had destroyed, for by this time I had reached such a pitch of excitement and misery as to feel that destruction was the only word applicable to our handiwork. This resolve was a little bit consoling, but at the same time it presented many grave and almost insuperable difficulties,—for how was I to get the money for a silk dress? and how, even if the purchase were accomplished, was I to convey it to the lady without the knowledge of any one at home? for to admit my father or Miss Hughes or nurse into the secret would be impossible, nor was Arthur likely to sympathise with such a project. Yet it must and should be carried out. Meantime I was very miserable, and I wished somebody would scold me. Unluckily there was no one to do that, as Miss Hughes was away, and my father—though strict enough with Arthur—never found fault with me. He used to say he did not understand little girls, and I suppose that was be-

cause he had no sister of his own, and so he thought they must be quite different from boys. When we both got into mischief, he used to say to Arthur, "You ought to be ashamed of putting such things into your sister's head;" and he never seemed to think that I could have helped doing the things, and ought to be scolded too. And so when I went down-stairs after tea, he said nothing about the eggs, but looked up from his paper, and smiled, and said, "There you are!" and then, "Should I be glad when Miss Hughes came back?" And when I said, "Father, I handed the eggs to Arthur,"—which was very hard to say, and made me get hot all over, and twist my fingers about, he only said, "Did you, darling? what a scamp that boy is!" So then I really felt a little bit angry, though I don't quite know with whom: and I said, "Well, Father, I think I ought to go to bed instead of coming in to dessert." Then he laid down his newspaper, and said, "Is that the usual punishment for little girls? Well—yes: perhaps you *had* better go to bed. And you have had a journey to-day, so it won't hurt you to be early." So I did go to bed, but before I went I asked Father the name of the lady in the carriage, and he said, Barnes—Mrs Barnes. I dreamt of Mrs Barnes all that night, and the first thing I asked nurse in the morning was whether she could tell me the price of a silk dress. She said if she were buying one for herself, she didn't suppose she could get one—"not that she would care to be seen in"—for less than three pounds, which sum seemed so enormous in my eyes as to plunge me again into the very depths of despair. Three pounds! How was I *ever* to get them—and my allowance only six-

pence a-week ! But things always do seem rather better in the morning. I have noticed that often; and also that when one has quite determined to do something, it makes the trouble, whatever it is, much easier to bear. So I was quite comparatively cheerful when Miss Hughes came home that afternoon, though she saw at once that something was the matter, and I had to tell her all about the eggs. I think she was rather surprised at my asking her so very soon as I did for my allowance. It was Saturday—the day on which it always was paid—but she was so good about not asking questions she thought one would not like, that when she had laughed at me a little for being in such a hurry, and I had turned rather cross, she only said, “I don’t think it’s worth being cross about, Ethel; do you?” and gave me the sixpence at once. I wished afterwards I had told her all about the silk dress; and I think now it is a pity to take it for granted that people will not care or understand about things. I believe they really do care and understand more often than not,—only, of course, they can’t know without being told.

Well, on Monday I began regular lessons, and had to work rather hard, as I always did in London. There was the dancing-class and the singing-class, besides French and German lessons, and my English with Miss Hughes too, so that I was very busy indeed. But all the time I never forgot the silk dress, and I did not spend a penny of my allowance on dolls’ clothes, or story-books, or barley-sugar. My dolls knew all about the great project, for I told them—that is, they knew that I was raising a sum of money to assist a lady in distressed circumstances—that was how I put it—and also that their

uncle Arthur and myself had unfortunately contributed to her misfortunes. I could not tell my children exactly about the eggs, or they would not have respected me; but I hoped they would think that poor Mrs Barnes had lost her money in a bank, or something of that kind, with which Arthur and I had to do, and that that was the reason I was so anxious to help her. I formed a society, too, called the “London and Country Society for providing Poor Ladies with Blue Silk Dresses Gratis,” or, for short, the “L.A.C.S.F.P.P.L.W.B.S.D.G.,” to which all my children belonged, from my eldest daughter, Gladys Mabel (who was made of wax, and had three dresses) to little Meredith, my youngest boy, whose clothes would not take off, because they were of gutta-percha like himself. I don’t know exactly why I called the society “London and Country,” but I fancied that it sounded more imposing.

We kept a box in the dolls’ house, and on Saturday, when I had got my allowance, I used to give the children theirs—a penny all round; and after that say, “Now, my dears, the money is yours, you know, to do what you like with; and of course you *can* spend it on sweets, or on toys, or,”—and then I would make an impressive pause—“you *might* give it to the London and Country Society for providing Poor Ladies with Blue Silk Dresses Gratis!” And so well brought up were my children, that they invariably chose to give to the society, though sometimes one of the boys would make a little fuss about it, and say he was saving up to buy himself a watch, or me a birthday present, or something of that kind. But then I used to be rather cold to him for the rest of the day, and he generally came

round in the end. I would have let Margy and Mabel and Georgie belong too, but that I knew they would have talked about it—Margy was only five then—which, of course, I could depend upon my own children not to do. There was one other member of the society, and that was dear Toby, my father's dog, a black-and-tan terrier, of whom I was very fond. He was a very handsome, valuable dog, and he knew that, and also how much my father thought of him, quite well, which was perhaps the reason he never allowed me to take any liberties with him. Not that he ever dreamt of biting, but he had a way of turning his head in the opposite direction with an indescribable air of haughtiness and long-suffering when I kissed him effusively, that rather discouraged my advances. However, I loved him very much, and was always glad to hear him scratching at the schoolroom door, which he would only do when he was quite sure there was no chance for him of going out with my father. He would sometimes condescend to come to my dolls' feasts, and help to eat up the dishes (if there were any made of milk and biscuits—he did not care for jam); and it was one day when I was giving a tea to the members of the L.A.C., &c., that he happened to come in, and I instantly enrolled him among them. After that I used often to make him a present of a penny or twopence, which he always, in the most generous manner, returned to the money-box of the society. I think it is very funny how one can play and make fun about a thing which is quite real and serious, and even sad; for all this time, in spite of the society, and the dolls' feasts, and Toby, I was often really unhappy about Miss Barnes, and used to keep myself

awake by imagining the uncomfortable positions in which she might be placed by the loss of her dress.

And of course the fund grew very slowly indeed, so that at the end of a month, what with 17s. 2d. I had when I began to collect, my allowance for that time, a penny I found, sixpence for good marks from Miss Hughes, and a shilling for having a tooth out, it only amounted to one pound and ninepence in all, which left still what seemed a terribly large sum to collect.

At last something happened which at first seemed such a great trouble as even to exceed that of Miss Barnes, but which ended in bringing my object to pass in a far shorter time than I could possibly have dared to hope. One evening Miss Hughes and I had just finished lessons, and were sitting down to tea, when my father came into the schoolroom—a very unusual thing for him to do at that or indeed any time of day.

“I beg your pardon, Miss Hughes,” he said, “but I am anxious about Toby. Did he follow you and Ethel out walking to-day?”

“No; we had not seen him at all.”

“Oh, Father, he isn't lost?” I cried, in dire dismay.

“I hope not; but I feel a little uneasy about him. He followed me out of the house this afternoon, and after a bit I missed him, but thought nothing of it, as I had noticed you starting for your walk at the end of the street, and supposed he had run after you. But he was not at home when I came in, and the servants say they have not seen him. I suppose he can't be in the nursery?”

That was not at all likely, as nurse did not approve of dogs, and

very decidedly discouraged Toby's visits; but I flew up-stairs as a forlorn-hope, only to return with the news that the nursery party had not even seen Toby all day.

"Then I am afraid there can be no doubt he has been stolen," said my father. "But don't look so terribly distressed, Ethel. I shall write out a description of him at once, and offer a reward of two pounds. I think we shall get him back."

"*Think* we shall get him back!" How dreadful that there should be any doubt! Poor, dear, dignified Toby! how would he ever bear the degradation of being stolen? That was my predominant thought, and I said so to Miss Hughes; but she said she did not think he would mind so very much, for, being such a valuable dog, he would be sure to be well taken care of and fed, whoever had got him. However, that could not make any difference to his feelings; and I knew he must be very unhappy, as I certainly was myself. That night I forgot all about Miss Barnes, and thought of nothing but Toby. Toby in the hands of a dog-stealer, who shut him up with a lot of common dogs and did not give him a proper supper! Toby lost in the streets, with nowhere to go to! Toby starving! or, far worse, Toby run over by a brewer's dray—killed in a fight with a big dog—or so badly hurt that he could not stir, and lying in some far-away corner of London, moaning and whining with pain, and wondering why we did not come to help him! That was by far the worst thought, and I could hardly bear to dwell on it—yet, like a very silly little girl, did dwell on it until my pillow was quite wet with tears, and my head ached so that it was painful to think of what both I and my

German master would have to go through at ten o'clock next morning.

It was a very bad day, that next; for when you cry yourself to sleep, it is very odd how ready the tears are to come at any moment the morning after, though you would think there could be hardly any left at all. And tears do so interfere with one's lessons and everything else. Miss Hughes was very kind; but when I had cried in the middle of my German lesson, and after my music lesson, and in the morning because it was too wet to go out, and in the afternoon because it cleared up, she said she must punish me, because if I did not learn to be self-controlled I should be miserable all my life. So I had to practise scales and exercises for half an hour in play-time, which made me very cross at first, and I played them very slowly, with limp fingers, in that way that is so horrid to listen to. But then Miss Hughes said—

"Ethel, you know I am obliged to punish you, because you were silly and naughty. But I have not done anything naughty, so you need not punish me by playing so badly. Don't you think it would be nicer and fairer if you played as well as you can?"

And I did really think that was quite true. So I played properly and fast, after which I felt much better; and then I said I was sorry for having been such a goose, and told Miss Hughes what I was afraid of for Toby. We talked about it together, and she told me how very unlikely she thought it that a dog so well used to London as he was should have let himself be run over, and that made me much happier. She came to say good night to me, too, when I was in bed, and I did not cry at all, but went to sleep very soon.

We did not hear anything of Toby the next day, nor the day after that, and we were all getting more and more anxious about him. At last Sunday came, and in the afternoon Miss Hughes said she would take me to St Paul's Cathedral, which was always a great treat, and one I did not have very often, as it was such a long way to go. We used to take a cab as far as Westminster Bridge, and then walk, as I was so fond of the Embankment, and the city streets beyond, which were a change from the parks where I usually walked. We started rather early that afternoon, as indeed we generally did, so as to allow plenty of time for the walk, and the consequence was that we reached St Paul's very nearly half an hour before the service began. We were standing on the steps of the Cathedral, deliberating whether we should go in and get a good place, or take another turn, because it was so fine, when a very extraordinary thing took place. Strolling leisurely along the street, on the Christ's Hospital side of St Paul's, I saw a very dirty, untidy little boy, not much bigger than myself. That little boy was leading a dog by a piece of string; that dog was—Toby! There could not be the slightest doubt about it. I should have known him among a hundred, and I did not hesitate one moment. Before Miss Hughes had time to look round, I had dashed down the steps, crying, "Toby! Toby! That dog belongs to us! Oh, stop! stop!"—for the boy, seeing me make for him, and feeling a violent tug from Toby, who knew my voice at once, took to his heels, and began racing down the street in the direction of the City.

I was after them both in a minute, quite forgetting to be

frightened, and full only of the idea that Toby must be rescued. The City streets are very empty on a Sunday afternoon, so we had a clear course, and might, I dare say, have run for a long time without being stopped. It was, however, not very far that we went; for though, no doubt, the boy would soon have outdistanced me, he was heavily handicapped by Toby, who utterly refused to run, and, with stiff resisting legs and stubborn back, acted as a most effectual drag, so that I must anyhow have soon come up with them both. The chase, however, was brought to a sudden end in another way. Whether it was that Toby's string got twisted round his captor's legs, or whether he tripped over a stone, I do not know, but certain it is that down he fell full length, and had not time to get up again before I was by his side.

"That's our dog," I said, panting; "you've no right to him at all. Give him to me at once."

"I shan't, then," said the boy sulkily, tugging in vain at Toby's neck to get him to stir. "He belongs to my father,—you get out."

"Then," said I, excitedly,—"then I shall call a policeman. Look! there he is." For, greatly to my relief, I really did see a policeman in the distance, slowly advancing down the street.

That was enough for the boy. Without any further attempt to make good his claim to Toby, he dropped the string and set off again, this time unimpeded, and at such a rate as would have made it hopeless indeed for me to attempt to come up with him, if I had had the faintest desire to do such a thing. That, however, was very far from being the case. I was only too thankful to see the last of him; and when Toby and I had

finished our rapturous greeting of one another—quite as rapturous on his part as mine, for he really seemed to forget to be dignified—we set out again for St Paul’s, which turned out to be much nearer than I had thought possible. We had not gone more than a few steps when we met Miss Hughes hurrying down the street, and looking very anxious indeed. However, she was not at all angry, though she said I must not run away like that again; and then we took a cab and drove all the way home at once, as, of course, we could not take Toby into the cathedral, even if the service had not already begun. Besides, I was much too hot and untidy to go to church, and I am sure I could not have thought of anything but Toby then. Toby, and something else; for it came over me like a flash that a reward of two pounds had been offered to the person who should bring him back; that *I* was that person; that the reward would be given to me; that the L.A.C. Fund would then amount to more than the required sum; and that the blue silk dress might be chosen, purchased, and presented at once! I could hardly believe it was true; but there was dear Toby sitting at our feet in the hansom, and there could be no doubt about it. *What* a benefactor he had turned out to the society, and what a lucky thing that I had enrolled him! Now I should be able to put down his name among the subscribers as having given £2 to the fund—for, of course, they were *his* two pounds. Perhaps he had got lost on purpose! So my thoughts ran on until the hansom stopped at our door, and Miss Hughes and Toby and I all went to the study to tell our story to my father. His pleasure at seeing Toby was great; and though he was a little bit

horrified at the tale of my flight down the Cathedral steps and along the City streets, it had had such a happy result that there was not much to be said. Every incident having been told and commented on, Toby petted and caressed, and orders given that he should have a good meal, Miss Hughes got up to go.

“Well, Ethel, what is it?” said my father, for I still lingered, with a very red face, and twisting my fingers nervously together. My spirits had been sinking lower and lower during the interview. Not a word had been said about the reward. Why was it that what seemed to me so very obvious did not occur to either my father or Miss Hughes? Could I suggest it to them? Such a dreadful, shy, uncomfortable thing to do! But Miss Barnes—poor Miss Barnes—oh yes, I must do it. “Well, Ethel! have you something to say?” asked my father again.

“Yes, Father—no, Father—that is—the—the reward. I—I am—the person——” I got no further, for he burst out laughing, and did not stop very soon.

“You mercenary child!” he said at last; “why, yes, to be sure, so you *are* ‘the person,’ as you say, and you have every right to the reward. You shall have it, too, though what a little girl like you can want with such a lot of money I don’t know. Two whole pounds, Ethel! why, how many dolls will that buy? However, there it is, only remember that on the whole I should prefer you not repeating the performance, and racing after street boys, even when it is a question of getting Toby back, so don’t let me hear of your running away from Miss Hughes again!”

So there they were, actually in my hand, the two pounds! and I could hardly find a voice to say

“Thank you.” I did say it, though, and then I ran up-stairs in such a state of joyful excitement that I did not know what to do. Next time I saw Toby I threw my arm round his neck and kissed and thanked him again and again. For, of course, it was all his doing! “Mr Toby, £2.” How well it did look in the subscription list! The next thing would be to get the silk dress, and how was that to be managed? I thought it over for a long time, and finally decided that the best plan would be so far to take Jane, the nursery-maid, into my confidence, as to tell her that I wanted a silk dress for a present, and that as it was a secret, I wished her to buy it for me without saying a word to any one.

This I did the very next morning, and Jane, being a good-natured girl, readily undertook to execute my commission. I believe she thought it was a present for nurse, as, on being asked what kind of a dress I should like, I replied, “One that would do for nurse to wear, and that she would care to be seen in.” That evening saw me in possession of the dress, or rather of the silk that was to make it,—eighteen yards of what I considered truly magnificent blue silk! not a very bright nor a very dark blue, but what Jane characterised as “a nice rich colour, that’ll wear well, miss.”

I hid the parcel under my bed directly it arrived, and when nurse had left me for the night I lighted the candle again to have one more gaze at it, and to see how it would what Jane called “light up.” It looked even better, I thought, than in the day; and I felt that Miss Barnes must be a very particular lady indeed if she were not pleased with my present. But now came a trial of patience. It was only Monday then, and there

was not a chance of my being able to get out by myself until Saturday afternoon, when Miss Hughes was to go and see some friends, and I should be left to the company of nurse and the little ones.

It would be difficult enough to get away from them, but still I thought it could be managed. I wonder I did not see how very naughty I was going to be; but I was so full of the idea of making restitution to Miss Barnes, that I do not think the idea even entered my head. The week passed very slowly, and at every spare moment—indeed, I am afraid, at a good many moments that were not spare—I was thinking of the blue dress so carefully hidden away up-stairs, and composing speeches which were to be made to Miss Barnes on the occasion of its presentation. Her address I knew—at least, I thought I did—for I had looked it out in the red-book; so there would be nothing to do but to get into a cab and drive there, if only I could get out of the house without being stopped. But matters went very badly with me that week. One cannot really think properly of two things at once; and the blue silk dress got mixed up with all my lessons, to the very great detriment of the latter.

I think I had never been so idle and inattentive before, and I got bad marks every day,—first for taking my work to Miss Hughes and the masters only half prepared, and then for being very cross and sometimes impertinent when I was found fault with. It all came to a crisis on Saturday morning, which was always the time for arithmetic. Now, arithmetic I never liked or did well—chiefly, I think, because it is a thing to which one must give one’s whole undivided attention; and my thoughts at the best of times were

terribly apt to wander to all kinds of irrelevant matters. Of course, this particular Saturday was not one of the best of times; indeed I was so much excited, and so full of the thoughts of what was to happen in the afternoon, that I really was incapable of attending, and again and again said "Yes," or "I see," to Miss Hughes's long and patient explanations, without having taken in one word of what she said. The result was naturally a series of hopeless blunders; and when, for about the sixth time, I had given it as my opinion that it would take fourteen men just twice as long to reap a field of barley as seven, Miss Hughes became very justly angry, and said the sum must be worked again in the afternoon—in play-time. My alarm was instantly aroused.

"But it's a half-holiday!" I said breathlessly.

"I can't help it, Ethel. If you *will* not take pains at the proper time, you must make up for it afterwards."

"But I *am* taking pains—but it's a shame—but I *can't* do it this afternoon——" I cried; and then came a burst of very angry tears, before the end of which I had called Miss Hughes "very unjust," and been sentenced to lose my half-holiday altogether—that is, to work as usual on a wet day, which that Saturday happened to be, from two to four; to practise, write my German translation, learn my French fable, and, above all, finish working the sums.

"I trust to your honour, Ethel," said Miss Hughes, as she set out to pay her visits after luncheon,— "I trust to your honour not to go and play with the little ones until four o'clock. If you have not done the sums by then, leave them alone; but you *can* do them if you try, and I know you *will* try."

She left me miserable. There could be no doubt *now* as to the naughtiness of going out; and how could I do it when she trusted to my honour? I could have done it without a pang if I had still felt angry and passionate like I did in the morning; but that had all passed off, and I knew perfectly well that I thoroughly deserved my punishment. What *was* I to do? If I stayed in till four, it would be far too late to go to Mrs Barnes's; besides, nurse would expect me in the nursery then, and when would there be another opportunity of going? for it was by no means on every Saturday that Miss Hughes went to see her friends. Oh, I must go! there was no doubt about it. And she had only trusted to my honour not to go and play with the little ones till four o'clock. She had said nothing about not going out! A very poor excuse, and I knew it; but it was better than none. Accordingly, I softly opened the schoolroom door, stole up to my bedroom, put on my hat and jacket, got my purse, took the precious parcel under my arm, and in another moment was safely out of the hall-door, and walking as fast as I could in the direction of the nearest cab-stand. My heart was beating very fast, and I had that dreadful feeling of naughtiness, past and present, and coming apology and punishment, worse than ever before in my life—at least, I think so. It was in a very weak, timid voice that I hailed a hansom, and gave the man the number of Mrs Barnes's house in Russell Square. It seemed a very long drive—indeed Russell Square *is* a good way from Grosvenor Street, and the hansom was a very slow one. I had a nervous feeling that we might meet Miss Hughes at any moment, or perhaps my

Father, and I felt too as if every one I saw must be thinking what a very strange thing it was that such a little girl should be allowed to drive about alone; and I really don't think I should have been surprised if a policeman had pulled up the horse and inquired where I was going to. Besides all these fears, there was a new and formidable one which pictured Mrs Barnes a stern unrelenting lady, who would be far too angry to accept my peace-offering, but rejoice in the opportunity of giving me the lecture which Arthur had prevented my receiving on the day of our escapade. I think I had even got as far as certain menacing gestures, with a stick, on the part of Mrs Barnes, and grim remarks to the effect that I was now in her power, when the cab drew up with a jolt, and in another moment I had pulled the bell of a large, dingy, uninhabited-looking house, and was standing shivering and shaking on the door-step, with my brown-paper parcel under my arm.

An untidy-looking housemaid opened the door, and she had to ask me once or twice what I wanted before I could get out my question—

“Is Mrs Barnes at home?”

“She's gone into the country—won't be back till June,” was the reply; and my head positively swam with—was it relief or disappointment? I am not quite sure which. However, I had come there with an object, and that object must be fulfilled—at least, in so far as it depended on myself.

“Miss Barnes—is Miss Barnes here?” I asked, with just a little bit more assurance.

“There ain't no Miss Barnes,” said the girl. “Missus lives by herself.”

That was a thunderbolt indeed. No Miss Barnes! Then I must

have come to the wrong people; and all at once it flashed across me what I had done. In my hasty glance at the red-book—hasty from my dread that Miss Hughes would see me, and in some miraculous manner guess what I was looking for—I had taken it for granted that the first Mrs Barnes whose name appeared was the right one, quite forgetting what a very common name it was, and how small the chance that I should at once pitch upon the proper address. Oh, how very silly I had been! However, the mistake might still be made good.

“I—I have come to the wrong house,” I said, speaking rather low and fast. “Would you be so very kind as to let me look at a red-book?”

The girl brought me one, and eagerly I scanned the page and a half occupied by the name of Barnes. Luckily, this time I found what I wanted beyond the shadow of a doubt. There was only one other “Mrs Barnes” besides the one in whose house I now was, and after her name came the words “and Miss Barnes.” They lived at Notting Hill. Well, I must go there at once. I gave the red-book back to the housemaid, and started off, walking as fast as I could. I did not know where Notting Hill was, beyond the fact that it was not on the same side of Grosvenor Street as Russell Square, and I was sure that it was a very long way off, and that the two shillings remaining in my purse would not be enough to pay for a cab the whole distance. So I thought I would walk as far as I could, and then drive the rest of the way. I was beginning to forget about Miss Hughes, and my lessons, and the schoolroom, all of which seemed quite a long way behind me, and I was absorbed in

the endeavour to accomplish my journey in the speediest manner possible. Speedy it was not indeed, and I think it is a great wonder that I did not get lost altogether. Again and again I took the wrong turning, and had to retrace my steps, from a kind of instinct that it was wrong; so that when I had been walking for a good bit more than half an hour, and was very nearly tired out, I was far from having made the progress that I ought to have made in that time. Then I determined to take a cab, and, as bad luck would have it, it was about ten minutes more before I met one, so that it was already very nearly four o'clock when I really started for Notting Hill. Another long, slow, tedious drive, and fresh fears and fancies about Mrs Barnes! I began to wish I had never left the school-room, and to feel that even arithmetic was preferable to what I was now going through.

It must have been about ten minutes to five when I reached my destination, for it was half-past four when we passed the clock by the Marble Arch, and I am sure we drove on for quite twenty minutes after that. The cabman took my two shillings, but with many grumbles, and my desire to get out of his way made me pull the bell without any hesitation, and gladly get the other side of the door, which was opened by a very smart maid indeed. It suddenly struck me as very strange that such poor people as the Barnes's must be should be able to keep such a smart servant; indeed I had sometimes even got so far as to imagine them without a servant at all. But there was no time for reflection on this head now. The smart maid in question was asking me my name, and requesting me to "step up-stairs."

With beating heart I followed her, hugging my parcel very tight, as if it were a protection against the terrors that awaited me.

The house was a very small one, as were all the others in the street, but it seemed to be very well furnished. There was a soft carpet on the stairs, and a multitude of pictures and brackets on the walls. More than this I had not time to take in before I heard a loud hum of voices, the drawing-room door was thrown open, the maid announced "Miss Charteris!" and I found myself in a room full of people, half-dazed by the unexpectedness of the situation, my cheeks burning hot, my eyes fixed on the ground, and the gaze of every one, as I thought, turned curiously towards me. I neither dared advance nor retreat, and I could not find a word to say. It was a dreadful moment. Then some one came forward and said, "I fancy there must be some mistake. Are you sure this is the right house, little girl?" I muttered "Yes," and the same voice said, "Then do you want to speak to me?" and I felt desperately that the moment had come: there was no escape, and speak I must.

"I—I've brought—I've brought you a silk dress——"

There was a pause, a dead silence, and in spite of the terrors of my position, I felt a slight glimmer of satisfaction in the conviction that I was—yes, I really *was*—producing a dramatic effect. The Queen could not have looked more surprised when I arrested the hand of her would-be murderer, the mob was not more astonished when King Richard proposed to be their leader, than was Mrs Barnes—if the very stout, very smart, very well-to-do lady whose person I was just beginning to raise my eyes high enough to see could by any

possibility *be* Mrs Barnes—when I announced that I was bringing her a silk dress.

“A silk dress!” she exclaimed. “But I don’t think—I have not ordered——”

“No,” I interrupted her, and went on in desperation, with a little gasp between each word—“I know. But it’s the one that was spoilt by the jackdaws—by their eggs—I mean it is instead of that one. We threw them out of the window, and they did it—Arthur and me, you know. So I thought you ought to have another, and here it is. It’s for Miss Barnes.”

That was all; and again I saw nothing but my boots and the carpet. But now somebody else came forward, and I heard a kind, a very kind voice say, “Mother, I believe I understand. Let me take her away, and I can explain to you afterwards—when our visitors are gone” (this in a lower tone). Then talking began again all over the room, and an arm was put round my shoulder, and I was led very gently out of the door and up-stairs to a bedroom, where there was a bright fire burning, for it was a cold spring day, with bitter east wind. Arrived there, I ventured to look up, and saw a tall young lady with a kind, merry face, smiling down upon me.

“You are very tired, dear,” she said; “so I am going to make you sit down here by the fire while I fetch you some tea. It is your tea time, I’m sure? And when you’ve had it we will talk, and you shall tell me all about it.”

She put me in the arm-chair, with my feet on the fender, and went off quickly for the tea, with which she soon came back. Such a comfort that tea was, and so much better did I feel when I had

drunk it! She would not let me speak until I had; and then, as eating anything appeared to be out of the question, she took me on her knee like a great baby, and made me tell her the whole story. I did not find it so very difficult to tell, after all, because she seemed to understand things even before I said them; but when I had finished, she looked so very grave that I was half afraid the lecture was coming after all, and asked her in some trepidation whether she was angry.

“No, indeed, my child,” she said; “and presently you must show me the beautiful silk dress: but what I am thinking is, how very anxious they will be about you at home. You see you left at about two, and it is now long past five. They probably missed you quite two hours ago. We must get you back as soon as possible, Ethel. But I will telegraph first, and then you can rest a little longer, for I think you are nearly worn out.”

She left me again for a few minutes, and, when she came back, said that her mother would like to see me in the drawing-room. “And you need not look so alarmed, Ethel: the visitors have all gone, and there is no big stick awaiting you either!”

Certainly Mrs Barnes was the very last person in the world to be frightened of really, she was so very fat, and smiling, and placid, and good-natured.

“Dear, dear,” she said. “Why, what a very extraordinary little girl you must be! Come and sit down here, my dear, and talk to me. So you have actually been saving up your pocket-money for weeks to buy my daughter a silk dress! I remember that day we drove through Grosvenor Street very well indeed, and very angry

I was with your brother—what is his name?—Arthur? Yes, Master Arthur, to be sure. But I never saw anything of you, my dear; and I don't think I should have been very much inclined to scold you if I had, poor little body. No, I don't believe it was your fault at all."

So she talked on, knitting the while, and laughed heartily when she discovered the exaggerated idea I had formed of her poverty, and also at the story of Toby. Then the silk dress was exhibited, and much admired; and Mrs Barnes wanted me to take it home again, but Miss Barnes said no, she would keep it, though she would not promise to wear it herself; and she hoped I would come and see her again, and then perhaps we could settle together what should be done with it. Very soon after that the cab came to the door; and with many a kind word from my new friends, and exhortations to tell Father and Miss Hughes "all about it," I drove off once more. Tell them all about it! Yes, of course I should have to now, and that was an alarming prospect.

The drive passed all too quickly, and then came almost the worst part of that dreadful day—the arrival at home, the quick opening of the front door, the queer look on the faces of the servants, half relieved and half curious, the order that I was to go straight to my Father's study—an order that had never been addressed to me before, though often enough to Arthur. Perhaps he was finding out, I thought, that girls are rather like boys after all, and can be just as naughty, and want scolding and punishing too. At any rate, it was with a very frightened face that I knocked at his door, and on his quick, sharp "Come in," opened

it, and went up to where he was standing by his table.

"Ethel, what is the meaning of this?" he said, in a very grave, stern voice, which so alarmed me that "I couldn't help it, Father!" was all I found voice to say.

"Could not help disobeying Miss Hughes and alarming the whole household about you? Disobeying me too, for you remember what I told you the other day. What am I to understand you 'could not help,' Ethel? and what is the meaning of this telegram? I insist upon knowing how and where you have spent the afternoon. Tell me the whole truth."

"Oh, Father," I said, sobbing, "I always do tell the whole truth,—I really, really do; ask Miss Hughes if I don't. But you never did want me to tell you anything before. But now I will. I do know it was very naughty to go out; but I didn't—I didn't think about you're being frightened. And I thought there wouldn't be another chance."

"Chance of what? I don't understand you at all, Ethel. Don't cry, child. Try and tell me quietly."

"Father," I said, gulping down my sobs, "it was like this. Arthur threw the eggs out of the school-room window—it was five weeks ago last Friday—and I helped him. And the lady said her daughter's dress was spoilt. So I was very sorry. And I thought, I thought she was very poor—so—so—"

"Go on, Ethel; you thought she was very poor? What had that to do with your running away this afternoon?"

"Oh, Father, it wasn't running away. I *did* mean to be back in time for tea—indeed I did—only the cab was so slow, and I think I lost my way a little. Please,

please don't say it was running away."

"Very well, Ethel, I am willing to believe that, since you meant to come back to tea, you did not consider it was running away. Now, try to behave sensibly, and tell me exactly what you have been doing. You say you thought the lady on whom Arthur threw the eggs was very poor. Well, what then?"

"Oh, Father, I helped too. And I thought we—I—ought to give her another."

"Another what?"

"Another dress, Father; so I saved up."

"You saved up! Indeed, and how much did you save up?"

"There was what I had before, and my allowance, and what Miss Hughes gave me for marks, and the two pounds for finding Toby,—oh yes, and the shilling for my tooth—and that left a little over for cabs,—of course I knew I should want cabs."

"Am I to understand, Ethel, that you have been planning this expedition for weeks past without saying a word of your intentions to any one?"

"Yes—at least I didn't know just what day it would be—not till last Sunday, Father."

"When I furthered your plan by giving you the reward for finding Toby, I presume? But go on. You told no one what you meant to do? Did Arthur know of it?"

"Oh no, Father; Arthur would have laughed. I did tell Jane I wanted a silk dress, and she got it for me."

"Who is Jane? the nursery-maid? Ah, I remember. Well, and did Jane know why you wanted the silk dress?"

"I—I think she thought I wanted it for nurse."

"You let her think so? That was something very like deceit, Ethel."

"Oh, I didn't—I *didn't* mean to be deceitful, Father; but I did ask nurse what it ought to cost—I mean the silk dress—and she said you couldn't get one she would care to wear for less than £3—but it did cost rather less—so I told Jane to get one nurse would care to wear."

"I understand. Then, knowing Miss Hughes would be out, you determined to convey your purchase to its destination this afternoon?"

"Yes, Father."

"You meant to leave the house without the knowledge of any one in it."

"Yes—yes, Father."

"But it so happened that Miss Hughes forbade you to go out."

"Yes—she, she did. I knew—I knew it was very——"

"In spite of which, no sooner had her back been turned than you carried out your project. Answer me, Ethel."

"It—it's quite true," I sobbed.

"Very well. I think you know without being told what kind of conduct that was, and whether you have been as trustworthy, honourable, and obedient as I should wish my daughter to be. Now tell me without prevarication—no, Ethel, I do not mean that you are prevaricating now; I believe you are telling the truth, but I want to hear exactly what happened from the moment you left the house to the moment you came back."

With many sobs and interruptions I got the whole story out, and when it was finished we had a long, long talk together. When it was over, and I was on my way up-stairs, first to see Miss Hughes, and then to be put to bed, I felt I had found out two things about

Father : in the first place, that he did know how to scold little girls ; and in the second, that he could "understand things," if only one told them in the proper way. But of course it is a good deal easier to tell things to a person who scolds one than to somebody who does not seem to know anything about one at all. And Father and I somehow did know each other much better after that day. He said he would take me to see Mrs and Miss Barnes ; and after that we used often to go out together, especially on half-holidays. Miss Hughes did not scold me at all that evening. She knew I had been with Father, and also how miserable I should have to be for having gone out when she had trusted to my honour not to. Of course hardly anything could make one so miserable as that, but it was very nearly as bad when she said she was so sorry she had not been able to make me trust her more. Father made me go to bed directly

after tea for three nights running. I believe it was the only punishment he knew, and I had taught him that. At any rate, I knew I deserved it quite well.

Miss Barnes kept her word about the silk dress : we settled together that it should be given to a very poor lady whom she knew, and who gave daily lessons, and wanted a nice tidy dress badly. I was a little bit disappointed that Miss Barnes could not wear it herself ; but still, though very pretty, it was not quite the sort of dress she used to wear.

So that is the story of my dramatic effect. I have quite made up my mind that I never want to produce another, for it is a great deal too disagreeable. Arthur laughed at me very much in the holidays ; but what I shall always think very nice of him is that when he heard of what I had done, he sent me a sovereign to pay for his share in the dress. However, of course I did not take it.

HANNAH MORE.

LEICESTER SQUARE in the year seventeen hundred and seventy-four, and Leicester Square during this Jubilee year of our gracious lady Queen Victoria's reign, are, it need scarcely be said, two very distinct and different places.

The Leicester Square of to-day can hardly, even at a pinch, be termed an aristocratic resort or coveted place of abode. It has fallen somewhat low in its fortunes, is shady in its associations, and is apt to be looked askance upon by the prosperous and fortunate.

But the little square, a hundred years ago, was a pleasant spot, and a modish part of the town; held up its head with the best, and feared neither the light of the sun nor of the moon. It was not only a locality where fortune and fashion might not fear to meet, it was more,—it was absolutely a nucleus to attract beauty, youth, and rank, where the finest ladies and gentlemen of the period were fain to jostle and overrun each other, and in whose direction gallants braided and perfumed, and fair ones powdered and patched, might have been seen strutting and rustling and simpering, morning, noon, and night.

For these and such as these, however, it must be owned that all the attractions of the place were confined to one red-brick mansion, in and out of which they tripped unceasingly, eager not only to display their charms within, but to have them there reproduced, ready to be handed down to admiring and envious posterity; and it was in front of the portals of this modest dwelling, with its quaintly formal rows of small-paned windows, and

its broad, arched doorway, that there stood in the year above mentioned a youthful, palpitating figure, simply but elegantly clad, whose glowing cheek, restless movements, and eager demand for admittance, betrayed her to be on the very tiptoe of excitement and anticipation.

It was not, however, to take her place in front of the easel that the little maiden had come to visit the great portrait-painter. Another and a widely different aspiration filled her soul; and so portentous did its near realisation appear, that her tremulous fingers could scarce evoke a response from the massive knocker overhead, any more than could her quavering accents from the sober serving-man within; while once she was admitted to the panelled hall, and was being escorted up the oaken stair, the moment seemed to the eyes of fancy and enthusiasm invested with a halo lifting it above the realms of reality.

Do not smile at her—it *was* a great moment. Awaiting his visitor, there stood one of the most gifted men of the age; and within a chamber hard by, a still more widely famous potentate remained, to whom the little rustic was presently conducted, and—could she believe her ears?—presented in terms to make any vain young head ring again. There, in short, Sir Joshua Reynolds laid the foundation-stone of a friendship between Hannah More and Samuel Johnson.

There are few but will sympathise with the emotions of the youthful Hannah on the occasion. Reared in obscurity, but all aglow with genius, and panting for dis-

inction in the world of thought and letters, what must not such an interview and such a welcome have seemed to portend? Hitherto it had been the highest ambition of her heart to behold, and, if befriended by fate, to hearken to these two world-known celebrities from some safe and secure hiding-place in the dim background; and for this she had, she owned, entertained some sort of shadowy hope on arriving within the charmed circle of the metropolis some ten days previously,—but little had she then dreamed of being so greeted face to face, and instead of being permitted simply to worship from afar, of finding herself the object of their paternal admiration and regard.

Johnson, the uncertain, autocratic, and at times morose and forbidding lion of the age, met his ardent young disciple not only with benignity, but with something like a burst of genuine tenderness. He was, we are told, in one of his best moods; good-humour glistened in his countenance: with one hand he stroked the feathers of a pet bird, a macaw of Sir Joshua's, which perched upon the other; and, with unexampled gallantry, he paid Sir Joshua's guest the unexpected and from him very real compliment of accosting her with one of her own verses. Could any courtly beau of the period have behaved more prettily?

Nor was the interview long in being followed up by another, little less pregnant and interesting. The very next day a call at Johnson's own house is thus recorded by Hannah's soberer but scarce less enthusiastic elder sister, who on that occasion accompanied her.

"Can you picture to yourself," wrote she to the home circle whom the two had left behind, on this their first rapturous flight into the great world

—"can you picture to yourself the beating of our hearts? Abyssinia's Johnson! Dictionary's Johnson! Rambler's, Idler's, and Irene's Johnson! Miss Reynolds, who went with us, told him of our exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said she was 'a silly thing.' When our visit was over, he called for his hat (as it rained) to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Rasselas himself could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*."

The great man had not been in the parlour when the ladies had been shown in, upon seeing which, Miss Hannah, in spirits to be mischievous, had seated herself in the huge arm-chair by the fireplace, hoping, she had averred, to catch therefrom some ray of his genius. The flattery had been served up hot by her companions, on which the Doctor had laughed heartily, and informed her it was a chair on which he never sat!

Johnson afterwards spoke in such a fashion of the youthful aspirant, as procured her an immediate entry into that society where his word was law; and once launched, we can well believe she needed no supporting arms.

Hannah More was still a young woman, and also remarkably young for her years, when we thus behold her on the threshold of her fame. Let us take a brief retrospective glance over her preceding life during childhood and girlhood.

Respectable as was her parentage, it by no means entitled her to any position in society—at any rate, in the society she courted. Her father had indeed received a learned education, with a view to his taking holy orders, but his early expectations had been defeated by the failure of a lawsuit, and he had been fain to accept the mastership of a foundation school in Gloucestershire, where he had

married the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, a young woman of plain education, but endowed like himself with a vigorous intellect, who appears to have bestowed much care and pains on the culture and regulation of her numerous children. This inestimable advantage was by one, at least, to be turned to speedy and lasting account.

Hannah, the fourth out of five daughters, was born in 1745, and early began to show dawnings of that bright genius which was afterwards to distinguish her. Between the ages of three and four the little girl contrived to teach herself to read, or at least to advance so far on this path to Parnassus as completely to amaze her parents, who were just beginning to contemplate the idea of the alphabet; and this she achieved solely by listening to the instructions imparted to her elders. Before she was four, her repetition of the catechism struck mute the respected clergyman of the parish, to whom it seemed but the day before that he had received her at the font. And so on.

Next began the restless craving for knowledge inseparable from such a nature. To satisfy this, the father, albeit a foe to female pedantry, was fain, from dearth of other sources, to ransack his own memory and brain for tales of ancient heroes, Greek and Roman, and would recite to his small auditor—whom we can picture listening with sage and severe attention—their speeches and orations; first, we are told, in the original, to gratify her ear with the sound, and afterwards in English, that she might pay heed to the sense. Further, he would, after this fashion, dwell upon the parallels and wise sayings of Plutarch; and these recollections, says her

biographer, “made Hannah often afterwards remark that the conversation of a wise parent constitutes one of the very best parts of education.”

Jacob More had, however, as we have said, no love for over-much learning in a woman; and, in fact, the progress made by his precocious little one in Latin and mathematics, in which directions his desultory teaching presently ran, not only disconcerted, it actually frightened him. Mathematics were stopped at once, and Latin ere very long, but even the rudiments so obtained of each proved subsequently of such value to the brilliant conversationalist and correspondent, that she frequently affirmed nothing she had ever acquired had stood her in like stead.

Her next tuition came from the lips of her eldest sister, an earnest, painstaking, and talented young woman, who was, by diligent study and application at a French school in Bristol, qualifying herself to open a similar establishment on her own account presently, and who, on her weekly return home, took upon herself to impart to Hannah what she had gained during the six previous days—with such success, moreover, that some French officers on *parole* in the neighbourhood, and much sought after there by reason of their cultivated minds and polished manners, invariably solicited Mr More's little daughter to be their interpreter when possible,—the little lady possessing, even at that time, considerable command of the language, of which she was afterwards to have such “free and elegant use.”

There appears to have been nothing worthy of record about the More family as a family, and but little is said about them in the

voluminous biography of the one who alone played a prominent part before the world. Even from infancy it would seem to have been recognised that she was above and apart from the rest, and from first to last they plainly united in an affectionate and tributary homage, not altogether inexplicable.

Writing was not in those days the universal resource it has since become, and the mere fact that a child of eight was laying her hands upon every odd bit and scrap of paper she could find, in order to scribble thereon the products of her own busy little brain, would be sufficient to mark her out; and we cannot wonder at the mother's indulging her desire for one whole quire, as the greatest treasure her imagination could frame. But how curious was the use to which the quire was put! Even at that age the foreshadowings of the moral and didactic Hannah More—the Hannah More of sixty or seventy, not of an earlier and livelier period, be it noted—betrayed themselves in the breathings of little miss in her pinafores. She covered the whole, we are told, with letters seeking to reform depraved characters, and with return epistles full of contrition and promises of amendment. Good little girl! How delightful it must have been to pen those eloquent persuasions and fluent responses! We wonder how soon she learned, as she must have learned in years to come, that it takes more than a letter to reform a life.

In justice to the youthful moralist, however, we must record that the satisfaction thus obtained was for herself alone, and that her affecting counsels and instructions were—sad descent—committed to a housemaid's closet, to be hidden among dust-pans and brushes; and though we cannot but think they

had as well been left there, we must sympathise with the affectionate zeal of her younger sister and bedfellow, who, in the secret, stole down at night to rescue, and commit the precious documents to safer keeping.

It was some time ere any of Hannah's effusions were submitted to other inspection than that of this very young and very easily pleased critic, but that the next performance was really fraught with promise is testified by its effect upon one neither too ready to praise nor to flatter. Sheridan had come to lecture in Bristol, and his subject was eloquence. So eloquent was the speaker, and so inspiring the theme, that his words set on fire enthusiastic sixteen, and drew from one auditor of that tender age a copy of verses which were then and there presented to him, and led, not only to his seeking the acquaintance of their author, but to his subsequently pronouncing himself honoured by having formed it.

That Hannah possessed, even at this early date, uncommon powers of fascination and conversation, is apparent from an anecdote of a certain Dr Woodward, a physician of eminence, who, having been called in to attend her during a somewhat serious illness, one day entirely forgot the purport of his visit while talking with and interrogating his charming patient, until, suddenly recollecting himself when half-way down-stairs, he cried out, "Bless me! I quite forgot to ask the girl how she was!" and hurrying back to the room, exclaimed, "How are you to-day, my poor child?"

In her seventeenth year Hannah More first made a real venture into the realms of literature in a pastoral drama entitled 'The Search after Happiness,' and we can form

a tolerably accurate guess as to what such a production would be like. We can almost hear its lofty tones and long-winded paragraphs; but it is probably due to the discretion of her biographer that the only information we obtain about this early effort resolves itself into "the attempt succeeded as it deserved." Nor shall we be so cruel as to inflict upon our readers criticisms upon and quotations from any of Hannah More's works. We will endeavour briefly to recall the extraordinary impression they produced at the time, and leave it to those who will, and to those who *can*, to study them, if so minded, for themselves.

We frankly own that this is a task beyond our powers. They are so hopelessly fine, so grandiloquent, so entirely to the taste of the age she lived in as opposed to our own, that we doubt whether any reading and thinking man or woman of to-day will be persuaded to undertake their perusal, even though enlightened for the first time as to the number of editions through which they passed, and the hosts of intellectual admirers they obtained. For another thing, they are hardly to be got. People have them, it is true, but only by inheritance. They are to be found on the topmost shelves of dust-bound libraries, in the back-shops of old collectors, and in "job lots" at auctions. Practically they are defunct, lifeless. Even the famous "Percy," which, when played by Garrick and Mrs Barry, took the town by storm,—who plays it now? Who quotes "Sir Eldred"? Who gets lost in "Cœlebs"?

Hannah More will be Hannah More to the end of time; but how she came to be one of the chief women of her day, and that a very great day—great in its pro-

duct of philosophers, poets, painters, and musicians—can only be understood by reference to the life she lived, the friends who sought her, the great who courted her, and the power she wielded over the world of thought at large.

A new generation which knows her not has sprung up,—one whose sole idea in connection with her name is that she was a prim maiden lady of the conventional type, with a pious and literary turn of mind. Such a record as the following, for instance, sounds strangely in their ears:—

"I dined at the Adelphi yesterday. Garrick was the very soul of the company, and I never saw Johnson in more perfect good-humour. After all had risen to go, we stood round them for above an hour, laughing in defiance of every rule of decorum and Chesterfield. I believe we should never have thought of sitting down, nor of parting, had not an impertinent watchman been saucily vociferous. Johnson outstaid them all, and sat with me half an hour."

Next from her sister's pen:—

"On Tuesday evening we drank tea at Sir Joshua's with Dr Johnson. Hannah is certainly a great favourite. She was placed next him, and they had the entire conversation to themselves. They were both in remarkably high spirits, and it was certainly her lucky night: I never heard her say so many good things. The old genius was as jocular as the young one was pleasant. You would have imagined we were at some comedy had you heard our peals of laughter. They certainly tried which could 'pepper the highest,' and it is not clear to me that the lexicographer was really the highest seasoner."

It will be gathered that this little scene took place some time after that with which our sketch opens. By this date the great Doctor had had time to become

closely familiar with his "little fool," his "little love," and his "child"—and there had also been time for her and her sister to tell him without reservation all about their birth, parentage, and education; "showing how they had been born with more desires than guineas, and how, as years had increased their appetites, the cupboard at home had grown too small; how they had found a great house with nothing in it, and how it had been likely to remain so, till, looking into their knowledge-boxes, they had happened to find a little *larning* there, by giving out which they had got some share of gold in return,"—all of which garrulity and volubility would appear to have enchanted the rough but honest man of letters.

"I love you both," cried he. "I love you all five. I never was at Bristol. I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together! I will come and see you. I have spent a happy evening. I am glad I came. God for ever bless you!—you live lives to shame duchesses."

And thereupon he took his leave for that time with so much warmth and tenderness, that the pair were equally affected and touched. On another occasion we hear that Dr Johnson and Hannah had a violent quarrel (mock), till at length laughter ran so high that, says her sister, argument was confounded in noise, and finally at one in the morning the two were reconciled, and "the gallant youth" (Johnson) "set us down at our lodgings."

"To enjoy Dr Johnson properly," Hannah herself thought, "one must have him to one's self, as he seldom speaks in mixed parties. Last night our tea was not over till nine; we then fell upon 'Sir Eldred.' He read

it through, and did me the honour to add one whole stanza; but in the 'Rock' he would not alter a word. Though only a tea visit, he stayed with us till twelve. I was quite at my ease, and never once asked him to eat (drink he never does anything but tea); while you, I daresay, would have been fidgeted to death, and would have sent half over the town for chickens, and oysters, and asparagus, and madeira. You see how frugal it is to be well-bred, and not to think of such vulgar renovation as eating and drinking. I had the happiness the other night to convey him home from Hill Street, though Mrs Montagu publicly declared she did not think it prudent to trust us together, with such a declared affection on both sides. She said she was afraid of a Scotch elopement. I shall not tell you what he said of my 'Sir Eldred'; to me the best part of his flattery was that he repeated all the best stanzas by heart, with the energy, though not with the grace, of a Garrick."

Garrick himself comes next upon the scene. Nothing can be warmer than the terms in which he is spoken of and written about. His character was admired, his genius adored, and both he and his charming wife received into Hannah More's heart of hearts. Even his selling the patent of Drury Lane Theatre called forth from her pen an invocation to the Muses to shed tears.

"He retires," she cries, "with all his blushing honours thick about him, his laurels as green as in their early spring. Who shall supply his loss to the stage? who shall now hold the master-key of the human heart? who direct the passions with more than magic power? who purify the stage? and who, in short, shall direct and nurse my dramatic muse?"

Again it is—

"I'll tell you the most ridiculous circumstance in the world. After dinner, Garrick took up the 'Monthly Review' (civil gentlemen, by the by, these monthly reviewers), and read

'Sir Eldred' with all his pathos and all his graces. I think I never was so ashamed in my life; but he read it so superlatively that I cried like a child. Only think what a scandalous thing to cry at the reading of one's own poetry! I could have beaten myself; for it looked as if I thought it very moving, which I can truly say is far from being the case. But the beauty of the jest lies in this: Mrs Garrick twinkled as well as I, and made as many apologies for crying at her husband's reading, as I did for crying at my own verses. *She* got out of the scrape by pretending she was touched at the story, and *I* by saying the same thing of the reading. It furnished us with a great laugh at the catastrophe, when it would really have been decent to have been a little sorrowful."

Again—

"We have been passing three days at the temple of taste, nature, Shakespeare, and Garrick—where everything that could please the ear, charm the eye, and gratify the understanding, passed in quick succession. From dinner till midnight he entertained us in a manner infinitely agreeable. He read to us all the whimsical correspondence, in prose and verse, he had carried on for years with the first geniuses of this age. I feel I now see him in his mellowed light, and he says he longs to *enter into himself*, to study the more important duties of life, and to regulate his *domestique* with such order and sobriety as shall be a credit to himself and example to others. On Tuesday, Lord and Lady Pembroke dined with us: the countess is a pretty woman, and my lord a lively, chatty, good-humoured man; but Roscius was, as usual, the life and soul of the company, and always says so many home things, pointed at the vices and follies of those with whom he converses, but in so indirect, well-bred, and good-humoured a manner, that everybody must love him, and none but fools are ever offended (or would expose themselves to own it, if they were)."

A little later on—

"Garrick has acted all his best

characters for the last time. I have at last had the entire satisfaction of seeing him in 'Hamlet.' . . . I pity those who have not. Posterity will never be able to form the least idea of his pretensions. . . . I have seen him within the last three weeks take leave of Benedict, Sir John Brute, Kately, Abel Druggar, Archer, and Leon. It seemed to me on each occasion as if I had been assisting at funeral obsequies. I felt almost as much pain as pleasure. He, however, is quite happy at his release."

Still later—

"It is impossible to tell you of all the kindness and friendship of the Garricks: he thinks and talks of nothing but my 'Percy.' He is too sanguine; it will have a fall, and so I tell him. When he had finished the prologue and epilogue, which are excellent, he desired I would pay him. Dryden, he said, used to have five guineas a piece, but as he was a richer man, he would be content with a handsome supper and a bottle of claret. We haggled sadly about the price, I insisting that I could only give him a beefsteak and a pot of porter,—and finally at midnight we sat down to some toast and honey, with which the very temperate bard contented himself."

Very temperate indeed! But oh, ye gods! who would ever have connected the shade of Hannah More with the offer of a midnight beefsteak and pot of porter, save on her own confession?

It was in the November of 1777 that this tragedy of "Percy" was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, and, strange as it may seem to us, its reception was all, and more than all, that the great actor had foretold. Its author went to stay with him and his attentive and sympathetic wife for the event, under promise of quiet rest from intrusion, the most comfortable room in the house, a good fire, and "all the lozenges and all the wheys in the world."

On the first night she accom-

panied her host and hostess to the performance, sat in a snug, dark corner, and "behaved very well," by her own and every one else's account; and of all the fine things said on the occasion, we need only quote Garrick's own comment, that she "had had so much flattery that she might, if she would, have choked herself in her own pap."

It was not only at the tables of Reynolds, Garrick, Burke, and such as these, however, that the youthful wit and dramatist was to be met: scarce a house of distinction but threw open to her its portals; and her eyes and ears being well on the stretch, and her tongue nimble, we have deliciously quick and two-edged comments passed on to the quiet sisterhood at Bristol, and now handed down by her biographer. The whims and oddities of fashionable life naturally moved the ridicule of the shrewd and unsophisticated *femme d'esprit*, and she was not slow in noting its many phases. Then, as now, fashion, once set agoing, would run riot; and to give a single instance of Hannah's droll observations thereon, we will quote the following:—

"Some ladies," she writes, "carry on their heads a vast quantity of fruit, who would yet despise a poor useful member of society who carried the same to sell for bread. The other night we had eleven damsels here, of whom I protest I hardly do them justice when I affirm that they had among them, on their heads, an acre and a half of shrubbery, besides slopes, grass-plots, tulip-beds, clumps of peonies, kitchen-gardens, and green-houses. Some of them added four or five ostrich feathers of different colours, hung from the top."

In a footnote to this letter is appended:—

"To this incredible folly Garrick put an end by appearing in the character of Sir John Brute, dressed in

female attire, with his cap decorated with a profusion of every sort of vegetable—an immensely large carrot being dependent from each side."

With true youthful zest Hannah went everywhere, and liked to go seeing, hearing, marking, noting down, laughing in her sleeve—yet doing all with a kindly and tolerant *bonhomie* which could not but have rendered her the most sprightly and engaging of companions. Johnson's pet and Reynolds's *protégé* was the darling of society; and even in milder, soberer, and feebler years never even in degree lost her hold upon it. That this should have been the case, at once shows her to have been possessed of other qualities besides those of a mere wit and blue-stocking. She must have had perception, tact, and address, in order to retain the position won by talent; she must have herself been at ease and at home amidst surroundings to which she had not been born, but which had by right of adoption become familiar.

And that she was so is self-evident. We never once hear of shyness, nervousness, nor self-consciousness when introduced to the greatest of the land, amidst scenes of splendour which must at one time have been novel, whatever they finally became. Not even to sisters or parents is there the slightest reference to a passing tremor or embarrassment. The little Bristol schoolmistress was neither abashed nor unduly exalted; and so truly did she concern herself with *what* her fellow-creatures were, as opposed to *whom* they were,—so straight did she look past every outward circumstance of their lot into the citadel of the heart,—that even when her mood was freest and her pen readiest, we cannot trace a shade of servility nor of elation.

And this not because rank and influence was in any way undervalued. Hannah More, if we read her aright, was the last person in the world to have been a "level-ler," and she would assuredly not have been the chosen associate and intimate of great nobles had she been so. But the key of the whole would seem to lie in this, that her own innate refinement had endowed her with that natural fine breeding, only here and there to be met with when early surroundings have been contrary to its development; and that in consequence, throughout a very long life passed either in the vortex of courtly society, or amidst the more satisfying intercourse of the choice circle who were proud to call themselves her friends in later years, she never would seem to have felt otherwise than that she was in her natural and proper sphere.

With the great she was easy, playful, or serious, as the case might demand; but in whatever vein, she was *herself*—and the probability is that the only time in which she would feel obliged to be on her guard, to weigh her words, and consider herself under supervision and restraint, would be when paying visits to her childhood's home, or to the school at Bristol, where she had been known only as one of five hard-working homely sisters, and where, in all likelihood, jealous eyes and spiteful tongues would lie at the catch.

Certain it is that, although her own immediate family must be considered to have been singularly free from every sort of feeling but that of joy and pride in the world's recognition of Hannah, and her permanent reception into higher spheres than any into which they could hope to follow her, we cannot gather that she was often

to be seen by or found among the companions of her youth.

A very little reflection will enable us to understand how this might be. The ways, habits, and customs, the thoughts and opinions, of those with whom she had now linked herself, in harmony as they might be with her own nature, must have been at frequent variance with the simpler forms and code of life in her early home. Try as she might, she would be unable quite to reconcile the two, and the intimate friend of the polished Mrs Montagu and the cynical Lord Orford could hardly have had much in common with the neighbours who dropped in and out of the little schoolhouse.

If we are doing Hannah More injustice, and if she passed more of her time than appears amidst her own people, our excuse is to be found in the voluminous biography above referred to, which, with all its size and diffuseness, scarcely ever mentions one member of the More family after the opening chapters. The letters are nearly all to well-known and widely famed correspondents; the events recorded are confined to those which took place in London, or in the country homes to which Mrs More in later years retired. We have therefore no choice but to follow the lead so given, with this single reference to her deportment, which, so far as it goes, is satisfactory on a point that might otherwise have been left in doubt:—

"It was remarked of her by her friends and family," says her biographer, "that success and applause never made any difference in Hannah. She brought back, on every occasion of revisiting her native scenes, her native simplicity unsullied by contact."

Let us have another peep at the

life which for many years was that which fascinated and held in thrall a woman who, later on, was to breathe a purer atmosphere, and rise to a higher conception of her duty towards God and her fellow-creatures. Here is Hannah More in her heyday of youth, spirits, and effusion:—

“Would I could give you the slightest idea of the scene I was present at yesterday,” she cries. “Garrick would make me take his ticket for the trial of the Duchess of Kingston—a sight which for beauty and magnificence exceeded anything which those who were never present at a coronation, or a trial by peers, can have the least notion of. Mrs Garrick and I were in full dress by seven. At eight we went to the Duke of Newcastle’s, whose house adjoins Westminster Hall, in which he has a large gallery, communicating with the apartments in his house. You will imagine the bustle of five thousand people getting into one hall! Yet in all this hurry we walked in tranquilly. When all were seated, and the king-at-arms had commanded silence on pain of imprisonment (which, however, was very ill-observed), the Gentleman of the Black Rod was desired to bring in his prisoner. Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess Dowager of Kingston, walked in, led by Black Rod and Mr La Roche, courtesying profoundly to her judges: when she bent the Lord Steward called out, ‘Madam, you may rise;’ which I thought was literally taking her up before she was down. The peers made her a slight bow. The prisoner was dressed in deep mourning, a black hood on her head, her hair dressed and powdered, a black silk sacque with crape trimmings, black gauze deep ruffles, and long black gloves.

“The counsel spoke about an hour and a quarter each. Dunning’s manner is insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words; but his sense and his expression pointed to the last degree: he made her Grace shed bitter tears. Among the peers who spoke were Lytton, Talbot, Townsend, and Camden. The fair victim had four virgins in white

behind the bar. She imitated her great predecessor, Mrs Rudd, and affected to write very often, but I could plainly perceive she wrote only as they do their love-letters on the stage, without forming a letter. We had a cold collation, and a very fine one, of all sorts of meats and wines, which we had only to open the door to get at—a privilege confined to the Duke of Newcastle’s party. I fancy the peeresses would many of them have been glad of our places, for I saw Lady Derby and the Duchess of Devonshire eating out of their work-bags. Their rank and dignity did not exempt them from the ‘villainous appetites’ of eating and drinking. Foote says the Empress of Russia, the Duchess of Kingston, and Mrs Rudd are the three most extraordinary women in Europe; but the Duchess disdainfully excludes Mrs Rudd from the alliance. The Duchess has but small remains of that beauty of which kings and princes were once so enamoured: she looked very much like Mrs Pritchard. She is large and ill-shaped: there was nothing white but her face, and had it not been for that, she would have looked like a bale of bombazine. At the end she was taken ill, but performed it badly.”

Sharp enough this, and no one will be surprised to find that the youthful censor has presently much satisfaction in recording that—

“Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess Dowager of Kingston, was this very afternoon *undignified* and *unduchessed*, and very narrowly escaped being burnt in the hand. If,” she adds, “you had been half as much interested against this unprincipled, artful, and licentious woman as I have, you would be as rejoiced as I am. All the peers but two or three (who chose to withdraw) exclaimed with great emphasis, ‘Guilty, upon my honour!’ except the Duke of Newcastle, who said ‘Guilty, erroneously, but not intentionally.’ Great nonsense, by the by, but peers are privileged. . . . The next morning Lord Camden breakfasted with us. He was very entertaining. He is very angry that the Duchess was not burned in the hand. He said that as he had once been a

professed lover of hers, it would have looked ill-natured and ungallant for him to propose it,—but that he should have acceded to it most heartily, though he believes he should have recommended a cold iron.”

The next night she dined with Burke, to meet Pitt, Mahon, and Gibbon, but had to hurry off to Mrs Boscawen's evening-party, which she terms a splendid and brilliant assemblage of above forty people, most of them of the very first quality, and adds that though the party was so large (we should not think it quite so large now) it was in the highest degree agreeable. This she in part attributes to the excellence of the hostess, who, “all herself, easy, well-bred, and in every place at once, was so attentive to each individual that I daresay every one when they got home thought as I did, that I alone had been the immediate object of her attention.” *N.B.*—A hint for hostesses of to-day.

Mrs Montagu, whose house was also the resort of mingled literature and fashion, was of another sort, though she appears to have been scarcely, if at all, less successful: her guests were permitted to assort themselves, which they usually did into little groups of five or six, and it was Hannah More's way to flit like a butterfly from one of these to another, sipping the honey from each—honey which, writes one, “if her head be proof against, I will venture to say nothing will ever harm her hereafter.” That she was ready to own and relate her own occasional though rare misadventures in the gay fields, is shown by the following:—

“At a party at Lord Stormont's last night Mrs Crewe looked beautifully, and Lady Susan talked wittily. That I myself talked prudently you will allow, when I tell you that I

caught myself in an invective against Lord Rockingham's new ministry, which I wisely thought proper to address to Lady Charlotte Wentworth, forgetting at the moment that she was his sister!”

Encouraged by the great success of “Percy,” and constantly urged by Garrick to try her powers again in the same way, Hannah More had employed herself during the former year in writing another tragedy, four acts of which had been read and much approved by him. She had completed this piece before his death, and Mr Harris, the manager, no sooner understood it was ready than he begged to have it brought out at once, notwithstanding that the season was nearly over. “Fatal Falsehood” was however only to be played for three or four nights if the weather should be very warm. Its success was so indubitable, even from the first, that this idea had to be abandoned; and though it was far from having the great run of its predecessor, it abundantly increased both Hannah's fame and her means. “The applause,” writes one, “was as great as her most sanguine friends could wish. Miss Young was interrupted three different times in one speech with bursts of approbation. When Rivers, who was thought dead, reappeared in the fifth act, they quite shouted for joy. The curtain fell to slow music, and then came the moment when the fate of the piece was to be decided.” Hall came forward and asked permission to perform it again. They gave leave by three loud shouts and many huzzaings. One little anecdote. A lady observing to her maid that her eyes looked red when she came in from the play, the girl by way of apology replied, “Well, ma'am, if I did cry it was no harm; a great many very re-

spectable people did the same." Another maid of a friend of mine "thought they would have tore the house down with clapping!" and her mistress added that she herself had never seen nor heard any piece equally received. Fox had been moved to tears by the former tragedy, and Burke and Reynolds had cried shame on the insensibility of some who had not been, in some measure at least, affected. Can we wonder then that, thus encouraged by high and low, and equally applauded by the saloon and the garret, the happy playwright should essay further flights. The "Sacred Dramas," accordingly, were not long in following their more secular brethren. Of them Hannah says herself that the word *sacred* in the title was a damper: it was, she averred, tying a millstone about their necks, and she prepared herself philosophical-ly for failure.

Failure which never came to pass. It seemed as if the fair writer had licence to choose her own subject and its own form. She could not weary out the taste of the town, or at any rate of those whose verdict the town was content to endorse. The excellent Jonas Hanway, for example, who had before perusal satisfied himself that it was taking an undue liberty with Holy Scripture thus to dramatise it, had no sooner laid down the volume than he ran with all haste to his bookseller, bought three or four copies, and carried them there and then to a boarding-school where he had some young friends. He gave the governess the book, and "told her that it was a part of her duty to see that all the girls under her charge studied it thoroughly." So far well; but for our part we cannot help hoping that the poor little maids were allowed to consider the study as a

portion of their daily tasks, and not as—horrible thought!—a recreation.

How the indefatigable diner-out, sight-seer, and conversationalist found time to pen the ponderous tome one really wonders.

During at any rate the first twenty years succeeding her introduction to the world's stage, the record of her life reads like a continual tale of engagements, entertainments, and undertakings of one sort and another, incompatible with the quiet pursuit of literature. True, these are occasionally varied with brief sojourns of "deep retirement" with Mrs Garrick in her widowhood, Mrs Montagu, Mrs Delany, the friend of kings and princes, and other choice spirits; but these would always appear to have been evanescent, and filled to overflowing with correspondence and converse. When debarred from personally mixing with statesmen, bishops, wits, men of learning, and women of talent, Hannah More could at least commune with them through the medium of her ready pen, and delightful indeed must such letters as hers have been to receive. Here is a quick touch:—

"Though Mrs Garrick and I are in such deep retirement, we are never dull, because not reduced to the fatigue of entertaining dunces, nor of being obliged to listen to *them*. We dress like a couple of Scaramouches, dispute like a couple of Jesuits, eat like a couple of aldermen, walk like a couple of porters, and read as much as any two doctors of either university."

Very agreeable for the nonce; but it is obvious that a short and merry season of the "deep retirement" sufficed for the lively Hannah, who flies back to her beloved London on any and every occasion with renewed zest and *goût*. As she was now realising an

infinitely handsomer income than she could possibly have acquired by drudging at the Bristol school in company with the humbler sisters, doubtless she had a right to please herself in the selection of her abode, her company, and her mode of living; and as the presence of her piquant and charming self was probably a considerable impetus to the circulation of her writings, she may on prudential grounds, as well as from inclination, have been seldom long absent from the metropolis. She appears to have been one of those lovable, genial, sympathetic, mirth-fostering, humour-provocative creatures, whom neither man nor woman can resist; and although we are nowhere told that she was handsome, only that she was "clever and fascinating" in her unknown days—while in her zenith we are allowed to think what we choose—still the countenance which Opie painted, and an engraving of which is appended to her biography, could not have been a drawback to any one's career. The probability is that it was a bright, frank, sunshiny face, engaging at the outset, but soon lost sight of in the greater charms of wit and wisdom.

In contemplating a life so interwoven with that of others, it is almost impossible to disentangle the real Hannah More from the fêted and caressed idol of society. Princes and princesses, men of the world and recluses who had long renounced it, alike bid for her favour. The theatre at Bristol vaunted, "Boast we not a More?" and "the learned cits at Oxford inscribed their acknowledgment of her authority." Horace Walpole sat on her doorstep—or threatened to do so—till she would promise to go down to Strawberry Hill; Locke quoted her, Mrs Thrale twined her arms about her, Wilberforce con-

sulted her and employed her. It is hopeless to thread the mazes through it all, vain to attempt to record all the gay, amusing, sparkling anecdotes with which this period abounds, or to note one tithe of the good things said and *said back*, to reappear once more for posterity. They do but serve to give shadowy glimpses into what must have been a scene of enchantment and temptation enough to bewitch any one of Hannah More's responsive disposition, and to make it a matter of wonder, not that she should have lingered so long amidst such surroundings, but rather that she could ever have prevailed upon herself to quit them.

Yet the time came at length when she was in a great measure to withdraw from a routine more alluring and beguiling than useful and rational; and as years went by, we cannot but rejoice to observe this noble and gifted creature becoming dissatisfied with a butterfly existence, albeit spent on lofty heights, and desirous in her maturer years of devoting her time and thoughts towards securing the abiding welfare of her own soul, and doing good to others.

To the end of her long life she was indeed to remain the trusted and confidential friend of the great and good, to be known and recognised as a power by all; but she was not to pass her days in going from house to house even in the enjoyment of the finest society, and those who wished to profit by her delightful companionship and vast experience of mankind had to seek her in the shades of her own humbler dwelling.

Not that even amidst the whirl of the metropolis Hannah had been idle: her active mind had found scope for benevolence and philanthropy even there, and she had entered warmly into one scheme

and another, had "joyfully accepted the honourable office of Mr Wilberforce's almoner," and had occupied whole summers in trying to establish, by means of her influence and persuasive powers, schools in benighted villages, which, she declared, were in "pagan darkness, while we are sending missionaries to the ends of the earth." But there can be no question that she experienced, as time passed, a sensation of being yet, after a fashion, only a diletante in the field of labour, and a longing to devote her talents and her energies more entirely to the end for which she could not but feel they had been given her. She had no home ties, no special claims; she had fair health, abundance of leisure, and a good income,—she ought to be doing more for the world, rendering more back to her Maker than she had hitherto done—proving herself, in short, a more faithful steward than she had so far attempted to be; and to this end she began, we are told, presently to contract the vast circle of her acquaintance, and contemplate a change in her whole tenor of life. A little secluded spot called "Cowslip Green," in the neighbourhood of Bath, was her first choice as a place of residence, and to it she retired in the year 1785, in spite of the clamours of her friends, and a message from no less a person than the saintly-minded John Wesley, bidding her be of good cheer and remain where she was. "Tell her," he said, "to live in the world. *There* is the sphere of her usefulness. They will not let *us* come near them."

Hannah More probably felt that on so momentous a point she must judge for herself, and doubtless had an inkling, moreover, that she could still sway the multitude, and

hold her own, even from the meadows of Cowslip Green. The experience of the world, its vices, follies, immoralities, and inconsistencies, which she had gained, would never be thrown away, as her 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great' abundantly testified; and these, with their numerous home-thrusts and very plain dealing, made their mark as speedily as any of their predecessors.

'The Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World' which followed, was bought up and read with like avidity, because written with like boldness and acumen. Tracing the want of all restraint to the prevailing indifference to vital religion, she brought her charges home to the conviction of her readers, with the result that the frivolous as well as the vicious were ashamed and surprised. The little book had no sponsor, but "Aut Morus, aut Angelus!" exclaimed the Bishop of London before he had read six pages; and the pious John Newton considered himself dull because it took him nearly a minute's brown study ere he was equally enlightened. Barington, Bishop of Salisbury, next averred that neither Hannah's wishes nor his silence would avail, for that no doubt could remain even in the breast of the most cursory reader as to whom "the excellent heart and most elegant pen" were due.

To our mind, however, as we have before hinted, the only writings of Hannah More which would now bear reprinting are her village stories, tracts, and ballads, which are really smart, original, and highly entertaining. That they are also admirable in point of tone and teaching is a matter of course, and it is therefore easy to believe that their reception was enthusi-

astic and their sale enormous. *Two millions* were sold during the first year—a sale almost unparalleled at that time, and not very usual even now.

The production of these, and the maintenance of an immense correspondence, kept even the prolific pen of the indefatigable spinster fully employed; and accordingly, between her literary work and her schools and village visiting, she does not seem ever to have felt a void, or experienced regret for the gayer scenes she had forsaken. And what correspondents she had! It were vain to seek to enumerate them; the most exalted, perhaps, being the pious and royal Duchess of Gloucester,—the most brilliant, the splendid French academician Girard,—the most notorious, the sceptical and cynical Horace Walpole, now Earl of Orford. Of the first, Hannah says, “She writes in such terms that you would have thought *I* had been the princess and she the Cowslip Green woman;” and Walpole’s devotion to his “holy Hannah,” and her toleration of his witty profanity and free opinions, are well known, and drew forth considerable comment at the time. It is certain that had the artificial but attractive nobleman lived a few years longer, he would have found himself unable to keep up with his fair “saint” in the realms of purer light and devotion into which her soul year by year ascended; but for a long time, and indeed until death cut it short, their friendship continued close and uninterrupted, she herself owning that when the affecting tidings of his end reached her, she was quite overcome, while calling to remembrance the incessant kindness shown by him to her for over twenty years. Nor should it be overlooked by those who may be

disposed to censure such an alliance, that Hannah More, even at that moment of sorrow, comforted herself with the thought that she had never at any time flinched from Orford’s ridicule or gibes, nor suffered them to pass without rebuke. At their very last meeting she had forced a promise from him to buy and read a devout book; and we can surely believe that all the influence which so saintly a woman possessed over an unbeliever would be exerted to win him to the cause of religion and virtue, while coldness or neglect might have driven him from it. When Orford’s letters came to be published later on, it was found that Mrs More was the only living correspondent to whom any of them had been addressed.

With that other friend above mentioned, with whom she enjoyed epistolary intercourse, the gifted and good Duchess of Gloucester, Hannah More could maintain the fullest communion of soul and spirit. They met when they could; and one meeting is so agreeably depicted, we cannot but transcribe it:—

“I have been rather royal lately,” allows the *ci-devant* schoolmistress, “for on Monday I spent the day at the Pavilion at Hampton Court, and yesterday passed the morning at Carlton House—on the last occasion with the little Princess Charlotte. She is the prettiest, most sensible, and genteel little creature you would wish to see. I went all over the house and gardens in company with the pretty Princess, who had great delight in taking me about, and also in opening the drawers, uncovering the furniture, curtains, statues, &c., for my entertainment. My visit was to Lady Elgin, who has been spending some days here (at Fulham Palace) since then. For the Bishop of London’s amusement and mine, the Princess offered to produce all her

learning and accomplishments—the first consisting of a repetition of ‘The Little Busy Bee,’ the next in dancing very gracefully, and in singing ‘God save the King’ at the top of her little shrilly sweet voice, which was really affecting, all things considered. Her understanding is so forward that they really might begin to teach her many things. It is perhaps the highest praise, after all, to say that she is exactly like the child of any private gentleman, wild and natural, but sensible, lively, and civil. . . . I must tell you one anecdote of her. She has taken a very great liking to the Bishop of London, frequently asking to go and see him, and take walks alone with him. The other day she was thus overheard in soliloquy when supposing herself alone, with an open Testament on her knee: ‘I think,’ she observed, ‘that Joseph need not have been afraid of returning to Judea, when told by the angel that he might return; but *I leave that to be settled by the Bishop of London and Lady Elgin.*”

On her part, the royal Duchess thus writes of her friend:—

“The Bishop told me yesterday that Mrs H. More was very unwell. Her life is of too much consequence to the world not to create serious alarm to her friends when she is indisposed. Will you, my dear Miss Martha” (she is writing to one of the Bristol sisterhood) “write me a few consolatory lines, for I am really very uneasy about her. My reverence for her unblemished character and exalted piety has turned into respectful affection, and that she may long be spared to us is the anxious prayer of, dear Miss Martha, your sincerely attached well-wisher,
MARIA.

“P.S.—My Sophia is, you may be sure, as anxious as myself.”

From this, and from many other illnesses of one kind and another, Hannah More recovered, though she was subject to inflammatory and catarrhal attacks on the chest all her life, and these often inter-

fered with her course of usefulness. Cowslip Green was perhaps somewhat damp and relaxing, and this, together with other considerations, made her resolve, after some years spent there, upon quitting it for a more convenient and bracing abode. Accordingly, in 1802, she purchased a piece of ground in the same neighbourhood, but in a more healthy and accessible spot, and there erected for herself a commodious mansion, presently to become known to the world as Barley Wood, to which were added gardens, shrubberies, coach-houses, a comfortable carriage, and all the other necessaries and luxuries of a country residence. Here admirers and worshippers presently thronged and were welcomed; for in spite of the gifted lady’s sighs for retirement and seclusion, we are tempted to doubt whether these would not speedily have lost their charm, had they not frequently alternated with seasons of wit and mirth, argument and lively discussion. “The world,” we are told, “broke in upon her whether she would or no; the world wanted her and interrupted her; the world used and abused her—honoured her by its calumnies, or humbled her by its caresses; but the world could not do without her”—(and if we know Hannah More, she could not have done without the world).

It must have been something to see the greatest men and women of the day walk quietly across her threshold for the mere pleasure of being with her, of consulting her, interchanging thoughts and sentiments with her, and receiving counsels, sympathy, and good cheer at her lips. No one could have been insensible to the delights of such company, under such circumstances; and the gentle urbanity of Mrs More’s temper, her simple

gratitude for affection and esteem, and her readiness to extenuate the faults and extol the virtues of others, must have made her peculiarly alive to homage of so delicate a nature.

It may not, indeed, here be out of place to remark that Hannah More carried her belief in human nature, and reluctance to see evil in those about her, to the verge—or over the verge—of weakness. This infirmity led to gross scandals arising at a later date in her household, where the “eight pampered minions” disgraced themselves and their mistress in the eyes of the neighbourhood (and caused *her*, indeed, to be far more widely censured); and we would not palliate nor conceal the fact that, even while in health and strength, she had suffered her household rule to be far too lax and irregular. Naturally this reluctance to offend increased with declining years, until at length it was represented to her that by obstinately shutting her eyes to the true state of the case, she was in danger of appearing as the patroness of vice itself. That was sufficient. The poor old lady, then in her eightieth year, took alarm at last; yet so little was she able to cope with the evil, that it appeared to her there was nothing to be done but to quit her beloved home, break up her entire establishment, and cashier the whole army of domestics who had thus abused her confidence. To this we will refer later, but at present it may suffice to depict her as living a peaceful and industrious life, unaware of anything seriously defective beneath her roof; and we have merely mentioned the unfortunate circumstance, because it is essential to a true understanding of Hannah More’s character that it should

be known how the amiability which made her the most lovable of friends, the most agreeable of companions, and the most sympathetic of confidantes, led her astray at home, where, under a system of excessive indulgence, virtue lost its value, and liberty degenerated into licence.

If not successful in her domestic discipline, however, no fault could be found with her schools and her parish work. Her plans were so simple and so sensible, that they will probably in our day excite surprise. She “allowed of no writing for the poor.” They were taught to read, to sew, to wash; they learned Watt’s hymns, the Catechism, and the collects; they were permitted to sing an occasional psalm (though here, for the first time, we find that Mrs More had herself, unfortunately, no delight in music); and when a whole chapter of Scripture had been got by heart, a prize of a penny was awarded. Her grand endeavour, she avowed, was to make everything as interesting and *entertaining* as she could, “so as to engage the children’s attention, excite in them the love of God, and awaken their gratitude to their Redeemer.”

Could any aim have been higher? Could any means have been simpler?

Then follows one delightful little avowal: “Once in every six weeks I give a little gingerbread.” How must that gingerbread Sunday have been looked forward to!

That a personage of such importance as Hannah More had her enemies and detractors, goes without saying; but one attack which was made upon her at this period is almost too diverting for belief. Two Jacobin and infidel curates, poor and ambitious, formed the design of attracting notice and ob-

taining possible preferment, by viciously attacking those very infant schools over which she had presided for so many years with such marked and unfailling success. We need not go into the particulars of this portion of the arraignment, from which, it is needless to say, she issued triumphant; but that which followed may amuse our readers. She was accused of being a fanatic who had hired two men to assassinate one of these clergymen; of being in the pay of Mr Pitt, and the grand instigator of the war by means of her mischievous pamphlets; and lastly, of being concerned with Charlotte Corday in the murder of Marat! And these needy and unscrupulous rogues actually found magazines, reviews, and pamphleteers to support them! It may excite us to smile; but we can scarcely wonder that a fragile, susceptible, and altogether feminine nature was "filled with grief and astonishment"—so much so, as "nearly to cost her her life." Yet even that extraordinary affair, with all its complications, became subsequently a matter of thankfulness, since she could acknowledge that it had helped to break her too strong attachment to the world, and showed her the vanity of human applause. It must therefore have been a very real and bitter trial; and that a peaceable, orderly spinster living in the light of day, neither shunning inspection nor courting persecution, could have been the subject of a libel so grossly ridiculous and outrageous, and that it could have been given credit to and even passed on by a considerable audience, affords a curious insight into the suspicion and credulity of those unsettled times.

Hannah More, as a *power*, had to pay the penalty for being so.

"'Spare yourself,' cried one, herself a noteworthy personage, the brilliant Mrs Barbauld,—'spare yourself, I entreat you, for the world cannot spare you; and consider this, that in the most indolent day you can possibly find, you are in every drawing-room, and every closet, and every parlour window, gliding from place to place with wonderful celerity, and talking good things to hundreds and hundreds of auditors. . . . A good and sensible woman, who is leading a very solitary country life, on being asked how she contrived to divert herself, says she: 'I have my spinning-wheel and my Hannah More. When I have spun one pound of flax I put on another, and when I have finished my book I begin it again. I want no other amusement.'"

No other amusement! Good heavens! Breathes there a man, woman, or child, with soul so—quiescent nowadays, as to be satisfied with reels of flax and yards of Hannah More? Give us Hannah's company, but not—not her writings.

"'I have heard but of one lady,' wrote Sir William Pepys, nevertheless, 'who is determined not to read Mrs More's books; and the reason she gives is that, as she has settled her habits, she does not wish to be reasoned out of what she cannot alter,—which reminds me of a curious kind of a judge of whom I lately heard, who, while one of the counsel was pleading before him in a manner not to be resisted, suddenly cried out, "Mr —, I will not be argued out of my opinion in this manner."'"

"'The Bishop of London mentioned the "tracts" in St James's Church last Sunday,' wrote Lady Cremorne, 'in a manner the most honourable.'"

"'Junius's letters or Chatterton's poems hardly occasioned more eager controversy or curious research in public, than "Cœlebs" has done in private,' affirmed a learned barrister-at-law."

But we will quote no more. Our only object in offering the above is

to endeavour feebly to give some idea of the reception accorded to writings now so completely vanished out of sight. 'Cælebs in search of a Wife' remains indeed as a name, an empty title,—whom written by, what written about, not worth inquiring into; and we cannot but believe that we shall raise surprise when we inform our readers that at its publication it created such a *furor*, that in nine months the eleventh edition was giving place to the twelfth; while booksellers all over the country were complaining and bewailing that the press could not satisfy their demands. In America, four editions succeeded each other as fast as they could be printed; and we may here add, that during her lifetime no fewer than thirty editions of this work—editions of a thousand copies each—were published in that country.

The new departure in the shape of a novel was undertaken, Mrs More informs us, because she "thought that there were already good books enough in the world for good people, but that there was a larger class of readers whose wants had not been attended to, namely, the subscribers to the circulating library; and that to raise the tone of that mart of mischief, and in some measure counteract its corruptions, seemed an object worth attempting." She did not, however, for reasons of her own, append her name to the first edition, and it was no small amusement and gratification to her to receive, as she did for a considerable period after its publication, letters earnestly recommending her to read it, and giving a description of its character and tendency, together with assurances of its popularity.

The secret soon however leaked out. Anew visitors and disciples

flocked to Barley Wood. Among these came Rowland Hill, the eccentric wit and preacher.

"I had been told so much of his oddities in the pulpit," wrote Mrs More, "that I had prepared myself for something amazingly absurd. But as the phrase is, I had reckoned without my host—or rather, without my guest. He is extremely well-bred—abounding in pointed wit; very cheerful; in argument solid, sober, and sound; quite free from the infirmities of age, and retaining all those courtly manners which one had rather a right to expect from his birth and early habits, than from his irregular clerical performances. As a proof that he takes good works into large account, when I asked him if it were true that he had vaccinated six thousand people with his own hand, he answered—'Madam, it was nearer eight thousand.' He did not, to my surprise, discover one eccentricity in manner, sentiment, or language."

So Rowland must have been on his guard; and though Hannah avoucheth it not, we fancy we trace a gleam of disappointment that it had been so. Her fun had been spoilt. Whether or not she had expected any from the celebrated Scotchman, Dr Chalmers, who also paid her a visit at this time, she certainly enjoyed his society—as also that of Mr Jay, the noted Nonconformist, and many others. When remonstrated with by her friends on receiving such an endless stream of visitors, of whom it would here be useless even to seek to enumerate those worthy of mention, it is characteristic of the cheerful nature of the old lady, now approaching her declining years, that she thus replied:—

"If my visitors are young, I hope I may perhaps be enabled to do them some good; if old, I expect to receive some good from *them*. If they come from far, I cannot refuse to see them after they have incurred (though so

little worth it) so much trouble and expense to come and see me. If they live near, I could not be so ungracious and unkind as to shut out my neighbours."

And this law of consideration and kindness she carried out to the latest day of her life.

But her contemporaries now began to drop away fast, and scarce a year but robbed her of some of them. In one month alone, the Bishop of Salisbury, the Dean of Canterbury, and her "old and accomplished friend, Sir William Pepys," were taken. At another time it was the venerable Bishop of Durham, and her "dear, dear Lady Cremorne," in a breath. Johnson, Reynolds, Garrick, Burke, and Sheridan had long been gone; but although subject to frequent periodical illnesses, she continued rather to improve in her own health than otherwise, until within a few years of the close of her life. At eighty-two she could report herself as better in health and spirits than she had been for a very long time. She was as keenly alive, moreover, to every little gleam of the humorous and ludicrous as she had ever been, as the following anecdote will show. She is writing to Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, and says:—

"I hope to make you smile for a moment by a little story. A party of four was sitting at a game of whist, when one of the set, having a slight headache, turned about and asked a lady, who was sitting by, to take her hand for a few minutes. The lady excused herself by saying that really she did not know how to play; upon which the other exclaimed, 'Now, that is what I call *Calvinism*.' Is it not a pity that Bishop Horsley could not have been by to hear this satisfactory exposition of the doctrine—so practical too?"

In another playful moment, she drew up a list in commemoration of the kind attentions she received from so many quarters, after fixing her new and last abode at Clifton—Barley Wood having been disposed of, and four trim maids having succeeded to the disorderly mixed household.

"I have a perfect court at Windsor Terrace," she writes. "My sportsmen are the Duke of Gloucester, Sir Thomas Acland, Sir Edmond Har-topp, and Mr Harford. My fruiterers, Mr Battersby, Mr Pigott, and Mrs Addington. My confectioner, Mrs Walker Gray. My philosopher, Mr Wilberforce. My state physician, Dr Carrick. My interpreter, Mr Huber. My silk-mercator and clothier, Mrs La Touche. My domestic chaplain, secretary, apothecary, lamplighter, knitter, missionary, and without controversy, queen of clubs,¹ Miss Frowd."

Thus surrounded and attended, she was at length persuaded to reserve two fixed days in every week to be her own, against the influx of visitors which had now become perfectly overwhelming and bewildering. Her "guard of honour" steadily set themselves to defend and protect their aged friend from intrusion which, at her advanced age, almost amounted to impertinence. Her house at Clifton was easy of access, and had they not done so, curiosity, if no higher motive, would have impelled thousands to seek it.

Not very long after her removal thither, however, the beginning of the end was seen to approach,—the powers once so brilliant showed symptoms of decay, and the memory began to fail. From the earliest age at which faculties usually attain their maturity to this very late period of her life, Mrs More, says her biographer,

¹ In allusion to the village clubs set on foot by Mrs More.

had kept her mind, if not at the top of its bent, yet at a considerable stretch; and when her last long vacation from study and composition was entered upon, the retrograde course became quickly more and more decided, till time completed the undoing of its own work, and dissolved the structure which long exercise and experience had raised to so lofty an elevation. But there was one subject as to which the mind of this extraordinary woman lost none of its energy, even when her last illness brought her to the verge of eternity. While that side of her understanding which looked toward the world was dim and obscure, that which was turned toward heaven continued bright and lucid. She retained to the last an unclouded remembrance of the mercies of her

God as her single ground of hope and trust, through faith in the One all-sufficient sacrificé; and if a text from Holy Scripture were quoted for her consolation, she would follow it out, or respond to it, with instant and full perception and emphasis.

It was about the latter end of the summer of 1833 that a marked deterioration of her faculties became observable, and a degree of fever caused her strength slowly to waste.

Next, appetite failed, and for about a week before the end, recognition even of those constantly about her became difficult; till on the 7th of September, and in the eighty-fifth year of her life, the pious and venerable Hannah More peacefully and painlessly ceased to breathe.

WHO WERE THEY?

A Maltese Apparition.

BY THE MARQUESS OF LORNE.

It is an old story, but one that puzzles me yet.

We had enjoyed our stay at Corfu. The regiment was strong, and the men had comparatively few guards to mount. We had been healthy and happy, and had been thoroughly refreshed after a tedious service in India. We were stationed at Corfu long enough to allow us thoroughly to enjoy the woodcock-shooting on the mainland. We officers had explored every part of the shores of Albania, and, in little cutter-boats hired for a fortnight or three weeks, had sailed from creek to creek in the bright sunshine of the Adriatic winter, landing when and where we chose, filling our bags with game, sometimes shooting a wild boar, and had penetrated during our excursions as far as Janina, and southward as far as the Gulf of Corinth. What delicious quarters those of Corfu were in the old days, before there was even a suspicion that England would part with that lovely island fortress, where, unembarrassed by any considerations except those bearing on the welfare of her garrisons, she was mistress of those fair blue seas, studded with islands whose beauty seemed a dream! Except for the occasional processions when poor St Spiridion's bones were carried in state round the square, and other bright *festas* that gave fresh colour and variety to the gorgeous landscape, we hardly felt the presence of a foreign element among us. The inns were kept as well as are our hotels at home. Sport-

ing prints hung on the parlour walls. The English tongue was everywhere heard in kitchen, passage, and dining-room. Red uniforms shone along the rampart summits of the grand Venetian fortifications. Merry English girls scampered off with the riding-parties that, freed from military trappings, made the olive-woods ring with happy English laughter, as champagne fizzed and jokes and jollity rang through the dappled sunshine, causing the rose-hedges, and the gleaming quiet sea, and the distant mountains beyond, to look all the lovelier. Ah, it was a happy time, and the change to Malta was murmured over. But the Horse Guards at home had decreed it, and there came the usual tiresome packings, and arrangements to dispose to new-comers of goods and gear, and speculations as to what quarters we should have at Valetta, which was a place already well known to the seniors in the regiment. All good things come to an end, and our occupation of Corfu did not long precede the total abandonment of the Ionian Islands, the "flowers of the Levant." Had we known it, we should have esteemed ourselves fortunate to have been among those who had enjoyed something of an experience which was soon to be no more a portion of the lot of the British soldier. It seemed doubly hard that the change should be ordained for us just as the hot weather was coming on. The comparative cool of the funnel-shaped Adriatic, where there is usually

some breeze or air from the neighbouring highlands, and shade for the head, and rest for the eye in the green luxuriance of olive and cypress, was to be exchanged for the glare and dust of Malta. But the troopship awaited us, and we were off. For me the move only meant less sport in shooting, for I looked forward to the larger garrison of Malta as affording, at all events, more social variety and more ladies' society, and I hoped that we should not be long there. Anyway, to a young subaltern, as I was in those days, change for change's sake is not unwelcome. And during the short voyage past Zante and Tarentum and Sicily, the talk was of the set-off to the Malta summer heat. The old buildings gave, they said, security for a certain coolness. They were so large, the walls so thick, a whole Corfu house could easily be placed inside a subaltern's room! The mess-hall was usually larger than a Maltese farm. Besides, there was always some shooting to be got in Sicily during autumn and spring.

As usual the sea round about the great fortress tossed and tumbled, and many of us were in a worse temper than ever as we sighted the low shores of barren-looking rock, and finally passed into the narrow harbour—a long inlet, with yellow stone forts and buildings crowding and jostling each other to the water's edge, where stately two- and three-deckers lay at anchor. The crews were joyfully preparing for their summer voyage, and were to leave for a good three months the glare of the picturesque but sultry inlet. "There's St Angelo, and there's St Elmo," and we looked on the high bastions which had been built tier over tier on the site of the ancient forts that had crumbled under the Turkish fire of old,

while the gallant knights had repelled assault after assault, losing, alas! their hundreds, but slaying janissaries and Turks by the thousand. Well may the Maltese be proud of the part taken by them in those desperate conflicts. And very proud they are, as I found out after a short time. Yet it has been their fate to make little of their own history. This is not their fault. It is because of the smallness of their number. They have always shared in the thunderstorms of strife which have swept over them. And how many these have been, and what successive floods have renewed and altered their blood! If a mixture of the strain can improve a race, the Maltese have every right to be a strong people. If their territory were large, and their numbers great, they would prove a factor in European affairs. As it is, they have to be reckoned with by the masters of the island, for few could afford a garrison strong enough to leave their possible action out of calculation in the event of an invasion. This was found out from painful experience by the French; and of all the old invaders, the Saracens alone could afford to take no heed of it, because they took care immediately to kill all the men among the conquered who could bear arms. The result was quieting and curious. In relating the mysterious circumstance that occurred to me, I have been reminded of the long reign of the Saracens, and of the Eastern character of the habits of some of the Maltese, but such reminders only make the strangeness of the occurrence more marked. There is no connection between the present Maltese and the present Arabs. An Arabian dialect became universally spoken long ago in Malta. Places are called El So-and-so.

There is a general Arabic sound of *dg*, and the chants of the peasantry in the fields and *carals* or villages have thoroughly the African swing and sound. The religion is Roman Catholic and it is held with Eastern tenacity, and the women are in some families kept much to themselves. These are the only traces of the long domination of the North Africans. The traditions point to the sumptuousness and luxury that followed their dominion.

Just as in Roman days Malta was full of riches and comfort, so in the centuries after that awful massacre which swept away so many of the men, and when the women had become the mothers of Saracen boys, and the character of the people had wholly changed—then again the Maltese revelled in sensuous and pompous life. But it was as though the soft air of the island possessed qualities not found elsewhere. Capua had a delicious climate, and enervated all who dwelt there. With a sky as clear, the sea air of Malta, while it inclined to ease, yet kept alive the vigour which was so frequently illustrated by its inhabitants. Often involved in war, the successive conquests proved at once the envy excited by the fortunate situation of the country, and the ability of its inhabitants to defend it. The tales of warlike deeds are mingled with the glamour of the life led by the wealthy Saracens, and have agreeably varied the legends of the place.

I delighted to dive into the old stories, to visit the massive ruins of the temples built long before history had described the successive conquests, and to imagine the mystic Phœnician rites, when on the stone altars in the oval enclosures, built with gigantic blocks, bloody sacrifices were offered to the great Seven, the old gods, who demanded at recurring seasons a human

offering. I loved to linger in the grand hall to which, in later days, each knight gave up on his death the treasures he had collected. There I found food for my imagination, and could in some measure give form and substance to the narratives of the chroniclers, who had many queer things to tell of the men and women who had dwelt where the writers stood to defend the Christian world against the advance of the infidel. In these pursuits, and in looking up the remains of a still older state of things which man knew not, when elephants only as big as donkeys and big hippopotami were dwellers here, I passed the summer agreeably enough. My men disliked the place, but I found that the more I got exercise for them, and encouraged them to boat and play cricket, the less the heat and Mediterranean fever told on them. Much more time was in this way spent in looking after them than is usual in regimental life. But the more work I had, the better I felt, and whatever the cause of the appearance I am about to relate, it certainly could not be traced to any ill health in me. The sirocco winds are always trying. Men ascribe every evil under the sun to them. "Hot coppers," sore throat, gout, bad digestion, all come, according to some people, from the sirocco. Certainly in October we had enough of this south wind. The ladies complained they could not get their hair to do anything but hang in long wet wisps. Lassitude was general, and even I felt it to be an exertion to go to shoot quail, or pursue my investigations in caves, or among the rare gardens, where the birds, flying from the cold of northern Europe, were beginning to arrive in large numbers. One afternoon, when the haze and damp had cleared, and the heat become less, and a fine evening

seemed to be promised by a rising glass, I drove out to visit some friends who lived in a villa about two miles away from the capital.

Jumping into one of the open-sided cabs, I was driven by a shock-headed Maltese at a rattling pace. The active pony in the shafts seemed to take no account of the heat, which had been great during the day. A bright moon shone down on the square in front of the fine palace where the Grand Masters of the Order of St John held high state in olden days. Fine fellows were those knights, ready at a moment to sail and smite the Turk; and in the big palace are the arms they used, ranged helm and halbert, breast and back pieces, sword and pike, in trophied glory on the walls; and their battles are on the canvasses, which still show the desperate rally—the struggles often fought out galley against galley, ship against ship—or the death-grip in the breach. There are the turbaned leaders; there are the janissaries, the famous guard of the Moslem sultans, with tall Persian-like hats, bearing a metal rod running up from the forehead, to carry the plume that shook above the war-like head-gear, whose ornamental drapery descended from the crest and fell in a square-cut cloth on the shoulder; there are the knights lining the ramparts, and with sword and white cross-shield, hurling back the storming columns.

As I passed the piazza, the moon showed a Highland sentry, a private of one of the three regiments of his countrymen, forming part of the garrison. There were many people in the streets: soldiers in red, Maltese women with their strange black silk capes, covering head and bust, sailors, and sturdy barefooted natives. But my mind was wandering from these to look with admi-

ration on the fine stone-balconied buildings which rose on either side of the narrow main street, their high-arched entrances in deep shadow, while within a brightly lit courtyard with handsome colonnades, showed for a moment as I passed. Often over these grand edifices the armorial bearings of a division of the great Order of Christian Chivalry, whose home it had been, stood out above the entrance in high and effectively carved relief. We rattled on, and came quickly to the rock-cut fortifications that guard the city. Generations of galley-slaves had toiled at these great ditches and massive embrasured walls. Rampart after rampart fled by me as the little horse cantered down the declivity towards the head of the harbour, whose narrow waters gleamed on my left; and I saw the country before me, treeless, grey, and studded with flat-topped houses clustered in villages around the churches—every one of which was imperfect, in the eyes of the natives, unless it had a lumpy dome on its back and two towers at its end. Malta had for me an attraction which I found it failed to exercise over most of my comrades. I was never weary of its blue seas and rocky ledges. The spirits of the past, the phantoms of the heroic conquerors who had successively made it their ocean home, were ever with me. When I reached the house at which I was to dine, the conversation turned from the social incidents of the garrison life to the tedium of the place, and joy was expressed by some of those present at the speedy prospect of a move to India,—for our regiments were often on the move, and the big troopships were always embarking and disembarking the battalions which were bound either for home service or for a spell of

work in our great empire in the East. It was always with surprise that I was heard to say that there was sufficient variety at Malta. I had little reason to suppose that any special experience would soon justify my words.

The talk of the tedium of garrison life in this Mediterranean station had led to many sighs for home, and the last news from England was discussed. One or two of the ladies anticipated a return before their husbands, and "there's no place like home" was the burden of all they said. What was there in life so agreeable as country-house visiting in the old country? Where could one find such variety of occupation and society as in London? Oh for the exciting days of fox-hunting in the hard grey winters, with just cold enough to brace the nerves, and yet not enough to make the ground too hard for the chase! And then the happy evenings, when the men are not too tired to talk or dance, and the awe of passing to one's bedroom at night through some passage said to be haunted in some big house where Cavaliers and Roundheads had alternately caroused, or where good Queen Bess had rested on one of her "progresses"!

"Did you ever see a ghost?" asked one lady of another.

"Yes, I believe I have," she replied, and we all listened.

"I was in a room at the corner of a house when I was about seventeen, and my sister slept in a smaller apartment beyond, to which there was access only through mine. I had gone to sleep. There was a bright fire burning. I felt my shoulder pushed, as though some one were trying to awake me. Too drowsy to move, I paid no attention, and then the hand that had shaken me by the shoulder shook me again, and descending

my body, pushed me in the same manner quickly, urgently, repeatedly, even to my feet. I looked up at last and saw a tall, well-dressed woman, evidently of good breeding, with handsome, melancholy features, dark hair, with a cap on her head, looking down on me. I saw that in her hand she held a letter with a deep black border. Her eyes soon rested on this letter, and she said nothing to me. I never dreamed of a ghost. I never thought that this lady was a ghost. I felt no fear, and took it at once for granted that it was some one sent to give me a message. 'Yes; what is it?' I said. 'What is it—what do you want?' Still no sound, and the lady's face looked sadder than ever. Thoroughly roused now, I sat half up in bed, and saw every detail of her well-fitting black dress, her fine figure, and the white and grey cap that became her so well. 'Have you a message for me? What do you want?' I now said, in rising and agitated tones. The eyes turned to me with a melancholy look. Frightened, I called out to my sister in the adjoining room, the short passage to which was veiled by a green baize curtain—'Mary, Mary! come here!' I heard her reply, and the movement of her rising. The figure above me fixed on me a look of the most intense reproach, and retired from my bedside backwards, raising her hand with the palm towards me over her shoulder with a swaying, beckoning motion, difficult to describe, and was soon at the curtain, and then she seemed to me to go behind it, into the little passage. At the same time, as it seemed to me, my sister's face appeared, and she pushed back the curtain as she looked in, anxious probably at the tones of my voice, and asked what it was that made me call? I half

shouted, 'Didn't you see that woman? Didn't she pass you? Who was it?' She had seen nothing, and there is no explanation of the mystery. Nothing has happened since that can elucidate it."

Others of the party had similar stories, and the incredulous among us were smiling at the fancies narrated. One of the gentlemen said, "Well, although I don't think we have evidence enough to make us believe in ghosts, yet we must reject all human testimony if we cast aside the evidence of apparitions just at the moment of and before death. The dying certainly have the power of showing themselves, as if to say good-bye. The number of instances are quite overwhelming."

"I quite agree with you," said an old colonel, who was certainly the last man in the world to have morbid ideas. He had been, as he now was, in perfect health all his life, and the days which were not taken up by military duty had always, wherever possible, been devoted to field-sports. A noted shot, his exploits with tigers and big game of all kinds were notorious. No one had ever suspected him of any weakness, mental or physical. So when he expressed himself with such certainty there was a silence, and it was broken by his voice when he continued,— "The odd thing is, that it isn't only to those they care about that they show themselves. They may be seen when dying by others, and they don't appear to be dying. Not a bit of it. They look as if they were all right, but they don't speak. That's the funny thing about 'em. I'll give you a personal experience. My father had a place in Scotland where a modern house had been built at a short distance from our old castle. When a young man, just before I joined the army, I used a shed

which had been built in a corner of the old castle-yard, against the inside of one of the walls of the keep, as a workshop. One autumn evening I had been working there, I went out from my workshop to go home to dress for dinner. Dusk was just beginning. I passed out of the court, and on the outside of one of the angles of the great wall I saw three men, all fishermen, who lived in the village close at hand. They were leaning against the wall, lounging, as though idling after a day's work. I passed close to them, and saw them as distinctly as I see you. Two had their arms crossed on their chests, and the third had his hands in his pockets. They appeared to be simply enjoying the evening air. I said 'good evening' to them, mentioning the name of one or two. They did not answer, and I went on thinking of nothing but that it was time to get back, and perhaps momentarily wondering that their usual good manners had forsaken them in not replying to my greeting. The following day news came that these very men had been drowned the night before, miles away from the spot on which I will take my dying oath I saw them."

The ladies still insisted that their faith went further, and that they believed in good real dead ghosts, but most of us shook our heads; and I especially remember to have chaffed one who was a good Roman Catholic, and asked her if she thought that they were allowed out on leave from duty in another world, and suggested that perhaps, just as the Maltese season of Lent was broken into by a series of *festas*, during which everybody rejoiced to celebrate a saint's day with gun-firing and music, so the durance vile of the ghosts might be made easier for them by an occasional outing, when they could play what pranks they chose!

We broke up rather late, and finding that an acquaintance of mine in a line battalion preferred a walk homeward to driving, we set out together on our return to Valetta, smoking and "taking it easy" as we trod the smooth white road. I never saw a finer night. The stars and moon made the landscape almost as easily seen as in the daytime. The compact masses of flat-topped houses stood out with square shadows like children's wooden bricks set on end. The terraced slopes by the waysides looked doubly grey, except where dwarf live oaks spotted the surface of the land. Hardly a dog barked as the echoes of our tread sounded in the narrow streets of the solid little towns, whose only open space was in front of the elaborately ornamented and pretentious churches. All was silent. The inhabitants were all asleep, resting after the easy toil of their thrifty day. We approached the shallow valley leading to the harbour, and saw before us the only little plain in the island,—a place where cricket-matches and horse-races came off, and where the parades of the garrison were held. Situated on one of the neighbouring slopes there is an old cemetery. Here there were lines of cypress and shrubs, which made a small oasis that loomed dark-green near our wayside. Just as we were leaving this behind us, we saw before us on the road two draped figures. The road was straight at this point, and there were walls on each side. I had not seen the figures, which were evidently those of two women, come out from any door or gate. Indeed there was no door visible by which they could have entered the highway. As I saw them just in front of us, a momentary wonder came over me as to why we had not seen them before. They must have been

ahead of us since the last turn in the road. But I had not remarked them, nor had my companion. Yet we were not so engrossed in any conversation that it was easy to understand why we had not observed them. We walked quicker than they, and soon came up with them, and then we both saw that they were consulting together, and pausing at intervals to look round them. A peculiarity has struck me since. It is the only one that I can now remember, and yet I did not notice it at the time as odd. They did not wear the Maltese women's black silk cape over their heads. I probably took it for granted that they were English, or at all events strangers. And yet it was unusual to meet any of our countrywomen or any tourist at such a very late hour and so far from the city. I may have supposed that they, like ourselves, were returning from some party, and that the coolness of the night and its beauty had tempted them, as it had tempted us, to saunter home on foot. We walked past them, taking only a quick survey. A grey-veil-like arrangement about their head was muffled loosely around the lower part of the face, and we saw little but two pair of dark eyes. We had hardly gone a few paces beyond them when we heard the word "Inglis-men" pronounced loud enough to be a call to us. We looked round, and saw that they desired to speak with us, and, nothing loath, we smiled at each other and halted, and then returned to them, bowing—for they seemed to be ladies. They came up to us at once, and said in fair English, one speaking for the other, but helped occasionally by her companion, that they thought we were going to Valetta, that they saw we were gentlemen (at which we both bowed), and that they

desired our escort for the short remaining distance, as they did not like being alone. Inclined as we might have been for an adventure, there was something about the tone of these women that took the fun out of us. Their language, though good, hesitated, and seemed old-fashioned, as though they had learned the English they spoke from old books. With all the grace of their voice and gentleness of their demeanour, this gave a certain stateliness and formality to the expression. Why such ladies, if indeed they were such, should be on foot, and unattended, was a riddle; but we were too polite to inquire, and willingly declared ourselves ready to do their bidding. And then began on their part a regular file-fire of questions. There was nothing that they did not wish to know. It was as if they knew nothing, and had to learn all; as though they were untaught children with full faculties of comprehension which had remained unsated by even a modicum of knowledge. We laughed outright at some of the queries. They seemed to be put by inhabitants of another planet. I believed that they were chaffing us when they evidently tried to find out how many wives we had. To be sure, it was put in such a delicate manner that the sigh that came to their fair lips when we announced our condition of freedom could be taken as a compliment, or as a mere ethereal and solemn expression of pity and sympathy. Their curiosity seemed a rage, but a polite one. We endeavoured to satisfy their thirst for information, and we gave them sufficient elementary knowledge to fit out an average girls' school for life. Suddenly their questions ceased, and they would answer none of ours. My friend evi-

dently thought that this was slow fun, and when we entered the roads that led through the rock-cuttings to the great ditches and ramparts, he told me in an "aside" that he meant to go home, and leave the rest of the duty to me. I remonstrated, but he was firm, and I suspect did not wish to be caught in company about which he might be questioned next day, for he had been paying manifest attention to Miss B., one of the beauties of our little English world in Malta.

So he basely, as I told him, deserted us. Grinning at me, and lifting his hat when we had passed the main gate, he crossed the street we had now reached, going over to the other side, and disappeared round the corner of the *Strada Mezzodi*. He need not have been shy, for there was no one about. A picket of a Highland regiment slowly paced the side-walk: the useless lantern carried by one of them, when there were gas-lamps all about, provoked from my fair companions the first question they had put to me for some time. In reply, I ventured to ask how far they wanted me to accompany them. But all the answer I got was the pointing with a lovely hand down the *Strada Reale*. I felt it would be rude to follow my companion. We reached the square, and descended the slope whence two centuries ago the Turkish fire had been so pitilessly directed against *St Elmo*. There, at the end of the vista formed by the street, was the fort, rising from the ground below us, with the sea beyond distinctly visible in the moonlight. I looked at my companions. Their eyes were directed straight in front of them, towards the fort, with a little frown on their brows. The gas-lights helped me to take stock of them, and I became more and more interested and puzzled by their

appearance. They spoke English fairly, and had denied knowledge of Italian but said they knew Maltese, and yet that their own language was not Maltese, though akin to it. Their features seemed bolder than the Grecian type, very refined, and the eyes very full and dark and expressive. The eyebrows and eyelashes were long and marked. The lady who had put most of the questions, and had first called to us, and seemed to be the eldest, was of striking prettiness, indeed beauty. But the veils concealed the mouth, and I made up my mind to find out more about them if possible. They turned to the left, and we were soon at the doorway of a very handsome house, not of the largest size by any means, but one of stateliness and pretension. A low gate of open ironwork separated the entrance to it from the street. The lady who had spoken so much to me turned to me and said with a perfect manner that she would not say good-bye to me until I had seen "her dwelling." I bowed, and she rang a bell that hung at the side of some wide and handsome steps. These rose at least six feet up to a double door. We did not wait a moment before this was opened. To my surprise I saw the large hall within brilliantly lighted. I had been accustomed to be astonished at the beauty and size of orange-gardens, and parterres hidden behind blank yellow stone walls, while I had been in Malta, and I knew that a bare outside often held a spacious and smiling court full of fine plants and flowers and architecture. But that at this late hour a hall should blaze with lights in a private house where no assembly was taking place, and where these two ladies lived, as I had understood, temporarily and alone, was unusual, to say

the least; and my wonder increased, for I saw at the farther end a number of servants in Eastern costume, who saluted profoundly as we entered. And the hall was all carved Maltese stone-work, while the floor was apparently of fine marble. Great oleander and fine orange plants stood along the walls in elaborately fashioned vessels. Beyond a balustrade and perforated screen of wooden lattice rose the tops of trees planted in a garden from which the sea air came, causing a pleasant coolness with the draught from some wide stairs. To these stairs I was led, and we ascended to a large landing, an ante-place to another hall, off which were smaller apartments. To this central one we went, and I observed that it had been the fancy of the owner to have no modern furniture in European chairs and tables, but that the low divans and cushions and carpets of the East were ranged around. I was motioned to recline on one of these gorgeous couches, and thought that at last I should at all events see the faces unveiled of my two friends.

They sat down Turkish fashion, graciously smiling at me; and I saw very well-shaped little feet cased in embroidery that showed manifest traces of dust, but which shone notwithstanding with gold needlework. Their dress I now remarked was of very fine stuff of a light grey-blue tone, but was evidently only an outer garment, which concealed, as I thought, some costume which matched more in colour with the gold-embroidered shoe. I was no longer teased with the voice coming from an invisible mouth. The veil around the head and throat was laid aside, and a beautifully modelled countenance was shown. My younger companion was small and evident-

ly not full grown; but the one who all along had been chief spokeswoman was, though not of what is called "fine *tournure*," of most perfectly shaped and attractive figure. The fair skin had almost dusky shades, and the little round throat rose in absolute symmetry from the shoulders, which showed at the bosom a glimpse of scarlet and gold, apparently a part of a very rich dress, worn below the fine grey "overalls." A servant, looking as though he had been imported from some old-fashioned bazaar at Constantinople where turbans may yet be found, came as soon as we were seated, with coffee in a tray of wondrous workmanship, and then—wonder of wonders!—I was offered cigarettes, and my hostesses began to smoke! There was throughout my short experience of them nothing "flirtatious" in their ways. They smiled, spoke, and acted as though they were well-born inquisitive children. Their manner was perfectly natural, and was lively and charming without a tinge of coquetry. It was unlike anything I had ever met with, and I did not, as I said afterwards, "quite know how to take them." I may have been a little confused. Certainly I felt strange, and not quite at ease. I felt inclined to ask as many questions as the lady who had bored my friend by asking so many. But I had no opportunity. I remember fumbling for my cigarette-holder. I remember thinking the time had passed very quickly, when I found both ladies on their feet, and wishing me good night as a manifest signal that my visit was over. I remember vowing that I must see more of them, and making my best bow as they retired through another door than that by which I entered. A servant salaamed

to me as though I were in India, and I followed him down the stairs, and took another look at the hall. Above an arch there was a word inscribed which I had not seen on entering. It was "Bismillah" in ornamental letters. I heard the doors of this brilliantly lit hall close behind me. I went home, and slept soundly.

Next morning when at the Club I called for tobacco, and searched my pockets for my cigarette-holder. "I must have left it at home," I thought; and as it was a favourite, I went to my quarters, searched, but could not find it. Returning to the Club, I thought I must have left it at the strange ladies' house. I went down-stairs, and giving the porter the address, asked him to go and inquire for it of one of the servants. I was reading one of the last English papers just arrived by the mail when he returned.

"Well, have you got it?"

"No, sar; you can't have left it at that house. There's no one there."

"No one there!—what do you mean? I was there yesterday."

"No one there to-day, sar," he said.

"Oh, nonsense," I replied; "I'll go myself,"—and in no patient temper sallied out again.

There could be no mistake about the street or house. There it was. A small chain was round the centre bars of the little folding iron gate. I climbed over and rang the bell. It sounded loudly, apparently in the hall. No answer. I rang again, and then knocked, and then rang repeatedly. Then an old Maltese from over the way came, and said, "You want anything, sar? What can I do for you, sar? Get woman, sar?"

"What do you mean?" I said angrily, ringing again.

"No one in house, sar; woman got key."

"Go and fetch her, then," I said, wondering if I could possibly have made a mistake. No; it was impossible. I had taken special note of the address. The woman came with a key—an old woman, with a large key.

"You want see house, sar?" she said. "Give me something."

"Yes, yes, yes," I replied, angrily and impatiently; "open the door, will you?"

I did not believe I could have been mistaken. I was sure I was not. But why did the place look so unlike the appearance it bore yesterday? The woman applied the big key to a lock that looked as rusty and old as if it had been left out in the rain for a month, and had been unattended to.

"No one live here, sar," said the woman; but I swore under my breath, and only said, "Open, will you?"

The key grated, and turned with difficulty. I pushed the door violently, and almost rushed into the hall. There it was, just as I remembered it, as far as space and height were concerned; but where were the plants in splendid vessels, where the turbaned servants, the fine marbles, and the polish and brightness of yesterday night? All was dust, and dilapidation, and gloom, and dirt. There was no marble; there were no plants. Even the court beyond showed a waste. I felt my head spinning. Well, had it been spinning the night before? Certainly not. My

friend could bear witness that I was as cool as a cucumber, as sober as Mohammed in his most unalcoholic moments. Goodness gracious! What?—could I be mad? I sprang up the wide stairs up which I had been led by my (were they fairy?) hostesses of the night before. No; I must have been in my sober senses, for I remembered every step. There was the large landing-place, there was the great room at the top, and there were the doors leading to the smaller apartments. But all was fusty and musty and dusty. Pah! how it got up one's nostrils! I stormed into the little room. No cushions, no divans, no carpets! Dust, dust everywhere! "Ah! but there at least is my cigarette-holder!" I stooped and picked it up from almost half an inch of dust. I blew upon it, and cleared the dust away. On the meerschaum, above the amber, were letters. I wiped it hastily on my sleeve. "Bismillah," apparently burnt into the half-brown coloured meerschaum, stood out in dark letters. I shoved the thing into my pocket, dived into another pocket for some coppers, clapped them into the old woman's hand as she stood waiting for me at the door, ran into the street, and steadied myself as I walked to my quarters. "What the deuce can be the matter with me?" I kept on saying to myself. I have that cigarette-holder yet, and it proves to me that I was not dreaming.

But who were they?

LITERARY VOLUPTUARIES.

PERHAPS the greatest pleasure in life is an ill-regulated passion for reading. Books are the best of friends, the most complacent of companions. Unlike their authors, they have no susceptibilities to be ruffled. You may toss them aside in a passing fit of impatience, to find yourself on as pleasant terms as ever with them when your humour changes. In that silent, though eloquent and vivacious company, there can be no monotony as there are no jealousies; and indeed inconstancy becomes a duty and a virtue, as with the sage King Solomon among his hundreds of wives. We may talk of tossing cherished volumes aside, for the literary voluptuary has nothing in common with the luxurious collector. The passion for exquisite Elzevirs, for sumptuous editions in superb bindings, is almost invariably antipathetical to a love of reading. The collector is curious about margins, typography, and casings, but comparatively indifferent to contents. A library got together regardless of expense, can seldom be a place of real enjoyment to any one, least of all to its possessor. The books one loves will be there—nay, you are bothered by an embarrassment of riches,—but you scarcely recognise your most familiar friends in their court-dresses, and you approach them with formality, in fear and trembling. Having no claims to the genius of a Johnson or a De Quincey, you dare not make free with them in their finery as those distinguished scholars would have done. On the other hand, the voluptuary, with rare exceptions, has as little in common with the scholars who read with a pur-

pose and drudge on severe system. Drudgery and method of all kinds are inexpressibly distasteful to him. All is fish that comes to his net: he is grateful to the men who have been labouring to please him, for sometimes, although not very often, the hardest work makes the lightest reading. But admiration or gratitude does not lead him to imitation, even if he have the memory, the mental grasp, and the style of a Macaulay. Yet for the free-and-easy fashion of his self-indulgence, he can quote eminent precedents. Dr Johnson himself laid down the law that reading should be done as inclination prompts one: he was in the habit of dipping and skimming himself, as he tore over the pages with knife or finger; he resented being asked if he had read a book through, saying that he had read it as "one does read such books." Scott had accumulated his rich and miscellaneous stores by casual studies of congenial subjects; it was only when he was beggared and slaving for his creditors that the author of 'Waverley' and editor of Swift consented to "cram" for his 'Life of Buonaparte.' There is something pitiful in his rueful praise of the magnificent notions of Constable, who kept crushing the enslaved genius of the night-lamp under piles of contemporary treatises and ponderous files of the 'Moniteur.' But Southey was perhaps the most melancholy example of the literary voluptuary broken into harness. He could seldom write except on subjects that pleased him. In the face of disappointments he fondly believed in fame and a future as an English classic. He bequeath-

ed to the more kindly appreciation of posterity the poems that had scarcely cleared the publishing expenses: he devoted invaluable time and untold trouble to unpopular histories of the Brazils and abstruse annotations of Spanish literature; and labouring indefatigably all the time to maintain his family, he only managed to make the two ends meet by more paying "pot-boilers" for the periodicals. Leading the existence of a hard-working hermit among the Cumberland hills, he was compelled to surround himself with a costly library. Yet for the life of him, unless for special purposes when the collar was chafing, he could spare no time to the books in which he could have revelled; and when the literary Tantalus died worn out, the collection was dispersed which had never been enjoyed.

The literary voluptuary, like the poet, *nascitur non fit*. He must be a man of leisure: he should be a man of some means. If he does work of any kind, he generally does it *dilettante* fashion. It is probable that, as he gets on in years, he finds out that his pursuits become more pregnant with some ultimate purpose; and possibly the tardy ambition will be awakened of turning his miscellaneous acquisitions to profitable account. Whether he dawdle on to the last, or do something decently creditable, in nineteen cases out of twenty the world will pronounce his life a wasted one. Very possibly the world may be wrong and ungrateful. It forgets that he might have swelled the host of authors who have mistaken their vocation, but who persistently inflict themselves on the public from vanity or for bread. It ignores the fact that his system of half-unconscious cultivation has

made him an agreeable and instructive companion, instead of a solemn trifler or a feather-headed bore; and, of course, it takes no account of his personal pleasures and satisfaction.

There are boys and mere children who take to books like ducklings to the water—simply because they can't help themselves. And be it remarked that, as a rule, these precocious little book-lovers are the best and brightest of their species. They are overflowing with animal as with intellectual energy. Rending their garments in the heyday of high spirits, ready to risk their necks after apples or bird-nests, they would be apt to break the hearts of their tutors and governesses, were it not for those welcome intervals of repose. We know no prettier sight than that of a healthy and high-spirited boy dashing in head foremost through the casement for a foray in the fields. Carelessly impulsive, like a kitten or a monkey, his eye is caught by some dog-eared little volume on his book-shelf. His mood changes as by enchantment: he makes a plunge at the book; the flashing eye is toned down in intense though subdued fascination, and in five minutes, with heart and soul absorbed, he is thousands of leagues away in some bright world of the fancy. No doubt those capricious and ill-regulated impulses are highly reprehensible from the schoolmaster's point of view. The pedant will shake his head and prognosticate that if Master Jack does not actually come to the gallops, he will at all events live to eat husks with the swine. Perhaps he may; but in any case his life is likely to be a lively one, brightened by many a brief resting-time of blissful oblivion or abstraction. And there is always some-

thing more than the chance, that he may translate his roving fancies into adventures and successful action. It was a lad of the kind, successor and prototype of many another, that Kingsley painted in his *Amyas Leigh*. There were few books in Bideford in those days, nor was *Amyas* what Captain Costigan would have called a "litherary cyracthar." But the oral embroidery of the many-coloured web spun from "yarns" of buccaneering adventures served a similar purpose; and when *Amyas* saw the chart of Sebastian Yeo, it was the spark to the powder-train that sent him flying 'Westward Ho.'

Books were scarce at Bideford in the eighteenth century, and, generally speaking, any boy's range of choice is limited. He is rough in his ways—he is less particular than the Pharisees about the purification of his hands—so he is warned off valuable volumes. But, like a young man with maidens, he is in no wise fastidious when it is a case of first love. *David Copperfield*, in the changed conditions of *Blunderstone Rookery*, lighted upon his feet, and found blissful forgetfulness of family sorrows "in the blessed little room," with *Fielding* and *Smollett*, *Goldsmith* and *De Foe*, 'Don Quixote,' 'Gil Blas,' and the 'Arabian Nights.' As well he might, for had he been left free to pick and choose, he need hardly have cared to enlarge that charmed circle. There are boys, and they have read greedily, who when brought up in the gloom of Calvinistic households, have been content to pick the stray plums out of biographies of sainted divines, or put up with records of missionary enterprise. Needless to say, we do not refer to such apostolical saints as *Francis Xavier*, or *Heber*, or the late *Bishop*

Selwyn; or to missionaries like *Williams*, *Moffat*, and *Livingstone*, whose style is as spirited as their adventures were sensational. There are boys to whom *Hume* and *Smollett*—the history, not 'Roderick Random'—or a stray volume of the 'Annual Register' have been godsend. Every instructor of youth has found out to his sorrow, that while any father may send his son to the Pierian springs, scores of floggings will not force him to drink. But, on the other hand, if a colt will to the water, cart-ropes won't hold him back. It may be one of the many troubles of after-years that he has been getting *blasé* upon books, as in everything else. Yet still he has fond recollections of the volumes that were his early friends; and the old strings that are touched by passing associations will vibrate to the very core of his heart. For there is a marvellous tenacity and retentiveness in the first freshness of the memory. The boyish memory seizes, with no sense of effort, on the verses that strike the fancy, and are perpetually ringing in the ears. There is many an elderly man who could repeat, with scarcely an inaccuracy, dozens of the *Psalms of David* in the metrical version, although undoubtedly the poetry leaves much to desire; whole pages of the 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' or of *Lockhart's* 'Spanish Ballads,' where hero met hero in Homeric combat; and many a verse from *Percy's* 'Reliques,' although the English ballad poetry is too often tame and prosaic. But it is not only a 'Chevy Chase' that fires the blood, with the pathetic burial of the *Douglas* beneath the bracken bush, after the deadly fight of *Otterburn*. Every boy naturally makes himself at home and perfectly happy in the greenwood with *Robin Hood*

and his merry outlaws; and as one book expands the mind and begets delight in another, he is prepared by the ballads and metrical romances for the pleasures of 'Ivanhoe.' He may be rather fascinated than pleased by the misanthropic beauties of Byron; yet although he may rise to the Byronic heroism of setting lightly by life, he cannot sympathise with the cynicism that makes less than no account of a thing so agreeable. But Scott, whether he be writing in prose or verse, will always for him be the veritable magician; for we cannot think so badly of the rising generation as to believe that Scott is going out of favour. Scott's young admirer does not critically weigh the novels with the poems, or one of the novels against another. He knows what pleases him, and reads on in faith and the fulness of hope, sure that the next excitement is only deferred. Half-a-dozen out of as many hundreds of sensational scenes have assured the magician's ascendancy over him. His appreciation is versatile, and he finds perpetual entertainment. His blood is aflame, and he is rapt in breathless admiration, when the Black Knight is hewing his way through the oaken palisades of Torquilstone, or Ivanhoe is humbling the challengers in the lists of Ashby de la Zouch. But he is quite as much pleased, though in a different way, at the fox-hunt of Charlieshope, or when the Borderers, "burning the water," are leistering the salmon by torch-light.

There has been a good deal of discussion of late as to the books that ought to be general favourites with boys. We cannot profess to answer for other people, or to make recommendations to them; but we can speak confidently of some of the books that delighted ourselves,

although caprice and chance may have had much to do with our predilection. *Imprimis*, as the lettered monk remarks in 'Harold,' there was the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' In our modesty we are inclined to doubt whether any praise of ours can materially add to the reputation of Bunyan; but at all events we may cast a pebble on the cairn that has been raised to the immortal tinker's memory. And Bunyan has one great pull over contemporaries or rivals who may have been equally gifted. In the strictest families, where the rules are most severe, any boy is permitted to read him of a Sunday. So that one whole day in the seven has been absolutely consecrated to him in many cases. Setting the Scriptures aside, with the battles and bloodshed in Genesis and the Judges, what other sacred writer has a chance with him. The Pilgrim is Don Quixote in sober, religious dress. He is the champion of the books of chivalry, going in quest of religious adventure, combating fiery dragons, quelling formidable giants, and bidding defiance to devils as well as raging lions. The chivalrous hero of Bunyan, inspired by the highest and holiest of missions, faces death and hell as well as more tangible enemies. What boy can help admiring the pluck which excuses his frailties and extenuates his feebleness! Thus Christian, or Faithful, or Mr Great-Heart, or Mr Valiant-for-Truth have something more than the noble qualities of Spenser's very gentle and perfect knight, who carried the cross as they carried it—the dear remembrance of their bleeding Lord. And we take it for granted that the most scapegrace of boys is more or less essentially religious, though he may be lost to all sense of the proprieties, and even ad-

dicted to profane and premature swearing.

Association and alliteration lead us on from John Bunyan to George Borrow. The men had much in common besides mending kettles, though Borrow was as practical as he was imaginative, and he had translated thought into action. Reading Borrow in later life, he often rubs us up the wrong way. We remark his inconsistencies and resent his prejudices. To be a good Christian, as we believe him to have been, he was the most inveterate of haters, and he denounces Antichrist, the Church of Rome, and all their works, with even more virulence and unfairness than Charles Kingsley. He even puts out his hand sacrilegiously to touch the edifice of Scott's honour and fame. But a boy is naturally indifferent to polemics, and does not collate the writings of the objects of his admiration. We liked Borrow little less than Scott or Bunyan, and for similar reasons. He is imaginative, he is sympathetic, his style is strong and picturesque, and the tone of his books is invariably manly. Indeed he is so imaginative that we can never be altogether sure how far his professed facts are fabulous. So much the better so far as a boy is concerned. He writes with all the realism of a De Foe, implying that he pledges his conscience to the truth of what reads like romance. In 'Lavengro' and the 'Romany Rye' we never know how far he means us to believe in his self-accredited power of spells, snake-charming, and pugilism. As for the 'Bible in Spain,' which was our special favourite, it is a book by itself. That the writer went thither as the agent of the Church Missionary Society, there can be no doubt whatever. Whether everything he told is true was

between his conscience and himself. St Paul himself was never in more perpetual peril, nor had Christian, when he reached the gates of the celestial city, more reason to be grateful to Providence for close shaves and hair-breadth escapes. But this we know, that the sensational episodes in the 'Bible,' have each and all been branded indelibly in our memory. The night-voyage across the estuary of the Tagus, when the boat was steered by the gibbering idiot through the waves and the storm; the hiding in the gipsy hovel, when he was being guided to Madrid by an outlaw and murderer; the narrow escape in rugged Finisterre, when he was arrested and nearly shot for Don Carlos; the incarceration in the horrible "Saladero" of Madrid, to which he submitted for the sake of proselytising among the prisoners, and where he fraternised with the most diabolical scoundrels. And these are only a few among many of the episodes that give those books of his their vivid originality.

From Bunyan and Borrow we easily pass to other volumes of travel, adventure, and sport. It must be remembered that in the days to which we are going back no books were written especially for boys. There was no 'Tom Brown's School-days,' there were no 'Treasure Islands' by a Stevenson, no sea-stories for the young by a Russell or a Ballantyne. Like the reivers of the Borders, the boys took their goods where they found them, and if they were sharp-set, like the reivers, were ready to carry away everything that was not "too hot or too heavy." Harris's 'Wild Sports in South Africa' was an immense favourite—hot as far as climate went, but very far from heavy. The illustrations were

decidedly out of drawing and perspective, and sometimes repulsively blood-bespattered, according to modern humanitarian notions, but, possibly on that account, they gratified us all the more. The white rhinoceros might be cast in the mould of the colossal bulk of the monstrous mammoth, as the elephant dwarfed the audacious sportsman who was tackling him; but the coloured pictures corresponded to those signs in the fairs which prepare the bystanders for the sensations awaiting them in the caravans. We walked in among the chapters, eager to gape and admire; and we shall never forget the entertainments over which we lingered. In fact, we took a season-ticket to Harris, and subsequently to Gordon Cumming, and went in again and again. So that when the Zulu war came off, long after the last of the elephants and giraffes had withdrawn from the Limpopo to the far interior; and when the pioneers of Dutch agricultural enterprise had wellnigh extirpated the gnus and the hartebeests, we had the scenery and politics of the country of the Matabili at our finger-ends, and were ready to follow the changing fortunes of the campaign in our familiar acquaintance with the predecessors of Cetewayo. A book we liked almost as well was Lloyd's 'Scandinavian Field-Sports,' perhaps because it changed all conditions of temperature, and inculcated with no sort of pretension the virtues of patience and endurance. Harris and his companion had only to keep themselves cool by casting their clothes—always a dream of delight to a boy—and they were absolutely surfeited with sport. Like the hide-hunters among the herds of buffalo in the American prairies, they were lost in the shifting panorama of the wild African

menagerie, and had only to leave their horses to look to themselves, to gallop, and to load and fire right and left. Whereas Lloyd brought up his reports from the solitudes of Scandinavian forests, and told of subtle schemes for "skalling" the wary bears that had been tracked to their lairs in the sylvan recesses. There was a similar sense of adventurous excitement, with all the pleasure of its being brought nearer home, in St John's 'Wild Sports of the Highlands,' and in his 'Tour in Sutherlandshire.' He was the "Leatherstocking" of civilised life, with great literary gifts, though it was a surprise and something of a shock to his modesty when the 'Quarterly' welcomed his maiden contributions, on the introduction of his friend Cosmo Innes. How breathlessly we followed him on his last successful quest after "the muckle hart of Braemore"!—the mighty beast much regretted by the shepherd who had delivered him to his doom by giving information to the sportsman. With what pleasure we accompanied St John on his fishing expeditions on the Findhorn, where, more than once, surprised between the rocks and the stream, he barely saved himself from a sudden descent of the waters. For the Findhorn, having its sources in the Monadhliadh hills, is apt to rise suddenly in brown spate when there are waterspouts in the mountains; and St John describes a "Morayshire flood" on that stream and on the Spey, with as realistic picturesqueness as Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. Those volumes of his abound in spirited incident. He is shooting at the "skeins" of the wild swans which now, as we fear, have wellnigh deserted the Loch of Spynie: dragging himself along on his belly like the sinuous serpent, to quote Christopher North, a still older

sportsman, he is stalking the shy bean-geese, well guarded by their watchful sentinels; or he is sending a wired cartridge into the speckled chest of a marten-cat; or he is cutting off the retreat of the skulking otter, who, gourmand-like, contenting itself with a single bite in the shoulder, has been making wild work with the salmon and the sea-trout. But St John was one of these heaven-born geniuses who are never more attractive than when they are least pretentious. It is exciting to stand on the shore of a Sutherlandshire loch, and watch him stripping and striking out for the truncated rock that is topped by the nest of the osprey or fishing-eagle. But it is just as interesting to walk round his garden, and be presented to the robins or the flycatchers that make their nests in the bushes or the creepers. Another sporting writer of nearly equal fascination, and with the advantage of a more ambitious field, was the "Old Forest Ranger." The Ranger gives the impressions of veracity to strange pictures of sport; to netting and spearing the dangerous man-eater, as he speaks of encounters with the more formidable bison in impracticable jungles, where the rifles had to risk the shots and stand their ground, taking the chance of tossing and goring.

But, apart from sport, it was Campbell who first introduced us to those striking aspects of oriental life which Burke, in his famous philippics loved to develop in his gorgeous imagery. The Ranger kept to lone forest and tank, avoiding the crowds and bazaars in the sacred cities; but he showed us the sporting camp of the wealthy civilian satrap, with its luxurious travelling equipments, its train of servants and *shikaris*, and those studs of priceless Arab

steeds that have latterly been ousted by the "Walers." The Ranger, like St John, is often instructive as a naturalist; sometimes he is extremely sensational, as when he describes the bees that have their "bykes" in the steep cliffs overhanging the Nerbudda River, sweeping down in their venomous swarms from their strongholds on the intruders who are rowing up the ravine.

Sea-books have, of course, an extraordinary attraction for boys, since any boy who is worth his salt aspires to breaking his neck some day in climbing to the top-gallant cross-trees, if he does not dream of hoisting the black flag on the Spanish main, or being laid to rest and enshrined amid the lamentations of a nation with Nelson and Collingwood in the Abbey or St Paul's. Marryat, as a matter of course, must be at every reading boy's finger-ends. The juvenile takes Mr Midshipman Easy, who had the knack of always falling on his feet, as a model rather than as a warning; and he deplores these piping days of peace, when there are no longer French privateers to be cut out, or French prisons to be escaped from. He shudders at the spectral manifestations of the phantom ship; as he delights in the dramatic escapes of the "dog-fiend," and admires the toughness and gameness of the starveling Smallbones. But if he have genuine though undeveloped literary appreciation, he is sure to have cherished an absolute passion for Tom Cringle. Michael Scott was almost as much of a wizard as his more famous namesake of the middle ages. He did not cleave the Eildon Hills in three, or bridle the Tweed with a bridge of stone; but he has cast his spells over tens of thousands of readers. Although no sailor, in all matters concern-

ing ships and the salt water he has left professionals immeasurably behind. We daresay he made some technical mistakes, which was pretty much all the critics found to object-to him. But what powerful simplicity in his masculine style; what freshness of fancy and poetry of diction! He is sometimes repulsive in expatiating on horrors in detail, because he never cared to balk the vigour of that most realistic imagination. But how he rings the changes on comedy and tragedy, on pathos, humour, and broad rollicking fun! Proteus-like, you never know where to have him, as he rises into earnest eloquence on some subject that touches him, or suddenly subsides into grotesque drollery, that brings you back to the broad grin from gravity or sentimentality. Then he has all the versatility of a masterful painter like Velasquez: like the unrivalled Spaniard, he is as much at home in portrait or landscape or marine studies as in *sujets de genre*. Take *Sprawl* and the Commodore pacing the deck of the *Gazelle* or the John-Canoing of the negroes in the streets of Kingston; or the solemn trial-scene of the "Cuba fishermen"; or the passage of the Moro in the tropical moonshine; or the hurricane off the island of St Andreas that closed the cruising of the *Midge*.

The 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'Tom Oringle's Log' are perfect in their way; but boys cannot always make sure of such delectable reading. Well, as we have remarked, they are noways particular. Weaned by unhappy chances from battle, murders, and sudden deaths; away from 'Romances of War,' with forlorn-hopes, and night surprises, and sackings of convents; separated by circumstances, if not by the breadth of an ocean, from Cooper's

Mohicans and Scouts, or from Washington Irving and 'Rip Van Winkle,'—they can make themselves just as happy on occasion with books that were intended more especially for their seniors. Naturally they take most kindly to novels; but some novels recommend themselves unaccountably to their instincts, while others do not. We may give the clue to what we mean by recalling some other of our personal experiences. It need hardly be said that we were enthusiastically devoted to *Lever* in his early style. We were by no means over-scrupulous on the score of morality; and as we heartily admired Jack Hinton undertaking on the spur of the moment to ride the vicious steeple-chaser at Loughrea, so we were far from thinking the worse of Harry Lorrequer for wounding a poor devil in a duel for no reason at all. But in our estimate of Bulwer's early books we were more discriminating. It might have been supposed that we should have revelled in Paul Clifford, as in a more genteel *Newgate Calendar*, with the moonlight rides and robberies, and the meetings of the "Minions of the Moon" at nocturnal taverns on solitary heaths. As matter of fact, we did not care for it, perhaps because the author wrote with a political purpose, casting his characters as political caricatures; whereas we read again and again 'Pelham; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman'; partly, perhaps, for the sake of the thrilling descent upon "Daw's baby" in the den of thieves, and for the single-stick scene where the seemingly effeminate dandy, by way of practical repartee, knocks the truculent Lord Calton out of time. Yet we are proud and happy to remember now that we were by no means insensible to poetry and

pathos. For our favorite among all Bulwer's fictions was 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine,' with its graceful intermingling of Gothic superstition and sad sentimentality. It was a blissful day when we chanced upon some stray numbers of 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' as it originally came out in shilling parts. But what pleased us most were those introductory chapters, that have been since suppressed in the ordinary editions—the witchfinder's nephew chivalrously driving the dead body through the ruffian bands, when crime and terror were abroad in the streets of London; the meeting of Joe Toddyhigh with his old school-mate the Mayor; and the notes on evenings below stairs, at "Mr Weller's Watch," started in imitation of Master Humphrey's Clock. Thackeray would doubtless have been caviare to us in those days, although, indeed, his fame was scarcely established. But we had an extraordinary weakness for Warren's 'Ten Thousand a-Year,' though the novel is legal, political, sentimental, and was neither written for, nor seemingly adapted to juveniles. On the strength of 'Ten Thousand a-Year,' we tried in vain to enjoy 'The Diary of a Late Physician,' notwithstanding its undeniable merits and our prepossessions in favour of the author.

As to famous novels we were involuntarily fastidious and exacting; but travels and voyages of any kind were always a safe resource. Our best and oldest friend was, of course, Robinson Crusoe. In his experiences, as in the result of his researches among the Carribean cannibals, we were inclined to place implicit faith. Next to Crusoe we ranked Captain Cook, though the great circumnavigator had never enjoyed the strange opportunities the castaway

had turned to such excellent account. Cook had never peopled an island with talking parrots, nor made himself a self-taught master of the arts and industries, nor filled paddocks with the posterity of goats caught in pitfalls; and it was somewhat wearisome through successive pages to stand off and on the clumps of palms on the coral-reefs, "making short boards" and taking solar observations. But then Cook turned down pigs among those palm-groves to breed and multiply; he saw much of the savages in the way of trade and barter, if he never saved a man Friday from them to be his confident and cabin steward; and, after all, we set it down to his credit that the savages did murder him in the end. To Williams's missionary enterprises we have already alluded; and the missionary, by the way, profited by Cook's herds of swine, when he persuaded his South Sea converts to renounce man and rat for pork. Campbell's 'Lives of the Admirals' was another stand-by, although we must confess to having found it desperately dull in later life. But it was something then merely to read of such fights as that where the Glatton, contending triumphantly against tremendous odds, gained herself immortal fame, and has consequently had her name perpetuated in the navy. Then there were narratives of shipwreck that have riveted themselves in the memory, though now we can scarcely quote the authorities. The dry facts of Byron's escape after the wreck of the Wager are doubtless to be found in Campbell; but it was not in Campbell that we read of the barefooted sailor-boy struggling through South American forests and swamps, beneath the burden of putrid seal-flesh, sewn up in filthy sacking,

with which the selfish captain had overweighted him. Then there were the boats of the *Bounty*: there was the raft of the *Medusa*: and there were the deaths and the escapes of the many adventurous mariners who went pushing towards the Pole through the ice-floes in their cockle-shells, of smaller tonnage than some of our modern-steam-launches. Boys may revel now from midsummer to Christmas in any number of romances specially invented for them. Yet, reviewing our reminiscences, we doubt if they were better off than their fathers and grandfathers, who are assumed to have been less fortunate. A feast in the school-room is all very well, but there is far more flattery and possibly more fun in an eight o'clock dinner in company of the seniors.

Fresh youth is the season where pleasures have their keenest zest; but we must go on to the more mature voluptuaries, who find much enjoyment still, although they have long ago begun to feel *blasé*. To put things at the worst, they have this pull over their neighbours, that they have always resources of distraction and abstraction. We have already referred to the opinions of Johnson on book-reading, and we may give his authority *verbatim*, according to Boswell: "He advised me to read just as inclination prompted me, which alone, he said, would do me any good; for I had better go into company than read a set task." And even when the venerable Samuel was comparatively well off and in receipt of a comfortable Government pension of £300, he stowed away his own library in a couple of garrets, which he rarely took the trouble to ransack. He skimmed the publications of the day as they reached him, tearing his way through the leaves with a ruthless forefinger

if no paper-cutter was handy. The literary gourmand may not follow that gluttonous example, but he has laid the precepts to heart. He may study an old almanac *faute de mieux*, for every printed page has an irresistible attraction for him, and he will snatch naturally at anything in type he comes across, from a folio of St Chrysostom to the advertising sheet of a daily journal. Nowadays, happily for him, it is seldom that he is reduced to such extremities. Now we are perpetually on the move, and when a reader goes on a journey the railway bookstall confronts him with its attractive show of wares. The newest publications are all on sale, if he is content to pay the regulation retail price, in place of seeking 25 per cent discount in open market. But the voluptuary is not the man to balk his fancy and put off till to-morrow, or the Greek Kalends, the purchase that tempts him at the moment. There are the latest volumes of Spencer's social philosophy—of the histories or historical lectures of Froude or Freeman. There is the latest novel by Black, Blackmore, or Besant. There are the memoirs of the last lamented statesman we lost, side by side with the "Discourses on Deism," by the very reverend and eloquent the Dean of Barchester. There is the new volume of lyrics by the old Laureate, and the sporting story of 'A Scandal in the Shires,' which has made sensation in serial shape in certain circles. Our friend who may be bound for his moor in the north of Scotland, and who always makes it a principle to be on the safe side and take ample precautions, lays in his supplies of literature to beguile the way. He settles the question of extravagance with his conscience, by assuring

himself there need be no waste. What he does not consume between Euston and Inverness or Invergordon will come in usefully in the shooting-box when the floods set in. He rejoices the stall-keeper by his profuse and promiscuous purchases; but after all it is a toss-up, as he knows in his heart, how far he will turn them to immediate account. For he never reads unless the spirit moves him; and the spirit, which is sometimes as restless as any imp that tasked the ingenuity of the old wizards to find it employment, is at other times perversely dull and sluggish. He might often have saved his money could he have foretold by any prescience how he was to feel disposed. But experience has proved that if he starts unprovided he is sure to be beset by a craving hunger. What makes it worth his while to be lavishly provident is the chance of two phases of keen enjoyment. One is when, with the brain phenomenally animated by intellectual electricity, he flutters from work to work like the bee among the flowers, seeming to anticipate each author's idea in strong magnetic sympathy. The other is when, abandoning self-will and self-control, he has been charmed into the oblivion of absorbed attention, and when the minutes are flying by unconsciously with the miles. For the voluptuary, though volatile, is on occasion as prehensile as the creepers that cling to old walls, sticking their tendrils into bricks and mortar. Could he sustain the mental power and prolong the grasp that sometimes astonish himself, he might do memorable things on his own account in his day and generation.

But people buy books comparatively seldom now, and more's the pity. Of course every voluptuary

has his collection of favourite companions; but he has far fewer inducements than formerly to add to it methodically. In the olden time a book-lover must either beg or borrow; and borrowing often led on either to buying or stealing. Now, he is probably indifferent to his circulating library subscription, for the system is unsatisfactory; but he is certainly a member of one good club at least, and there the books of the day are all displayed on the tables. Unless it be a case of actually falling in love, the average amateur is apt to content himself with slight flirtations. But as there are invariably exceptions to prove each rule, so there are exceptions to the general and almost universal principle—that buyers who deal freely with the booksellers seldom study their collections. And we may bring these desultory notes to a close, by quoting one or two typical and exceptional instances. The first that suggests itself is that of the author of 'The Book-Hunter.' As Hill Burton is dead, we may speak the more freely of him; the more so, that all that can be said is to his credit. Burton was the most earnest and indefatigable of students. When he took up a subject, whether for some grave work of history or not, he was sure to thresh it out thoroughly. Thus, when he undertook the beginning of the Eighteenth Century and 'The Reign of Queen Anne,' he went on a tour on the Continent, that he might inspect the battle-fields of Marlborough and Eugene; and from his frugal habit of turning the shreds of his acquisitions to account, came the series of articles subsequently contributed to this Magazine—"Devilish Rambles with a Definite Purpose." Burton, from his

youth upwards, was a book-collector and a bookworm. He was devoted to rare and quaint editions—like Snuffy Davy in the 'Antiquary': with the snap of a bull-dog, he had the scent of a sleuth-hound in smelling them out; and neither black-letter nor barbarous Latin in microscopic type could choke him off in his indomitable enthusiasm when he was following up a literary trail. We have had the privilege of visiting him in his library beneath the Braid Hills—indeed, the report of one of those visits has been reprinted in the memoir prefixed to the 'Book-Hunter'; and though we need not say that we mean nothing disrespectful by the simile, he reminded one of a spider in the middle of its web. Books were packed behind books on the shelves of the old-fashioned rooms in an ancient Scottish manor-house; we might almost say that the corkscrew staircases of stone in the turrets and the grim stone corridors were padded with them. The owner, and the owner alone, had the clue to all the intricacies of the labyrinth, and could have laid his hand, had he been blindfolded, on anything he wanted. As some medieval volume from the presses of Paris or Nuremberg was suggested in the course of his fascinating conversation, he would jump up to hand it down for inspection with all the animation of a boy. When he felt constrained to drudge, he was indefatigable in drudgery. But at the same time, although he had broken himself to go steadily in harness, he was always delighted to kick himself free. It was hard to tempt him into even the most congenial company, for he found all the pleasures of still better society among the books that never stood upon ceremony. A

voluptuary of very different character was the late Lord Houghton. An accomplished man of the world, if ever there was one, he knew everybody from princes and presidents downwards, and was welcomed everywhere for his rare social versatility. Essentially a literary man, by taste even more than by training, he moved about in his own atmosphere of literary brightness, and was as eager to receive ideas as he was quick to communicate them. With him in an ordinary mixed party, it was flint and the steel; he could strike sparks from anything not absolutely unflammable. And accordingly, his hospitable house at Fryston had been furnished in harmony with his tastes. We do not speak of the chairs and the tables. But the bookcases that lined the rooms and the very entrance-hall were filled with popular volumes in simple but attractive bindings, specially selected to combine cultivation with amusement. He prided himself on everything being readable that was within easy reach; and readable everything was. A third instance, and we have done,—though this last example must be anonymous, as the gentleman, being alive and sensitive, might object to publicity and personalities. Not a few of his friends may recognise him. He is a lawyer in large practice, the sole surviving partner in a great solicitor's firm. He is beset by troops of clients, who insist upon making him their friend and their confidant. He has various other irons in the fire: he directs insurance companies, and superintends shipping speculations. He can never call a moment of his time his own; nor can he ever conscientiously give himself a holiday. His mania, his extravagance, his recreation, is

buying books, and collecting engravings to illustrate them. Should he chance to play the truant from Lincoln's Inn Fields, his clerks will probably insinuate that he is indisposed. Indisposed for business he is, but he has never had an hour's illness in his life. The chance—nay, the certainty—is that he has given himself leave of absence, and gone off to a book-sale. And if he be there, and has set his heart upon anything, it will be hard to beat him at the battle of the books. As a rule, however, he is seldom tempted to go roving. His fancy is rather for sumptuous editions and magnificent volumes *de luxe*, which can be obtained by giving *carte blanche* to the booksellers and his agents. His cherished collection, in which magnificence is toned down by good

taste, with its rare autograph letters and its priceless sign-manuals, is a sight to see. So far there is nothing surprising. Money spent with a certain knowledge may do much, if not everything. But the marvel is that this man reads his books, and finds leisure, without an apparent moment of spare time, to have all the literature and literary controversies of the day at his tongue-tip. And the only theory on which his intimates can explain the phenomenon is, that this literary Sardanapalus must have sold himself to the fiend, though there is no smell of brimstone about his Russian leather bindings, and although he apparently puts to no diabolical use the miscellaneous information he accumulates.

RABBITS IN AUSTRALIA.

OF late years there has been so much money invested, directly or indirectly, by British finance companies in Australian sheep-farming, that any matter bearing on the subject of such farming is sure to receive attention. Many persons must have heard of the rabbit plague connected therewith, but few can fairly and fully comprehend the extreme gravity of the subject. *Slowly* for years that plague has been spreading, but *swiftly* of late, like the blacksmith's pennies familiar to our arithmetical childhood. He got but one penny for the first nail driven into the horse-shoe, but twopence for the second, fourpence for the third, and so on in geometric progression. What had to be paid to him when the horse had been shod all round? I propose to explain the rabbit nuisance thoroughly. For this I should have some aptitude, as I resided for many years in the plague-stricken district, and had watched the spread of the evil from the commencement. I am aware that long, long ago the attention of the Government of New South Wales had been drawn to the subject, that the probable result of neglect was predicted, and that remedies were suggested which might have been successful if applied in time.

To make the matter fully understood, I must first explain one peculiarity of the average Australian colonists. They are more British than the Britons themselves are. Everything that is to the fore in the United Kingdom they adopt with a zeal stimulated by their own ardent sun. As soon as any colonist gets his head above water, he goes in for what he left

behind him. Be it good or bad, useful or noxious, it is enough for him that they have it in the "Old Country." It appears to be hardly credible, but is a fact nevertheless, that, not content with rabbits—and after their evil doings had been fully developed—they introduced hares, and protected them by a rigidly enforced close season. One would imagine that their introducers would have foreseen what hares would come to in a country so favourable to all animal life. But no! "They have coursing at home, and we must have it here." These hares in places have become a great nuisance. They commit all the depredations which they do in the mother country, but in an aggravated form. They breed much faster than they do in the United Kingdom; they grow much larger, and are so much stronger and swifter that, as I learn from coursers, greyhounds of the best blood can hardly cope with them. But as they do not hide away in burrows, and are visible at all times of the day, they are more easily dealt with than the rabbits are; and in the interior the close season accorded to them by law is practically a myth.

Foxes of late have also been introduced. "They will help to kill off the rabbits, you know, and will give us good fox-hunting besides." These foxes are now found scouring the country in bands of twenty and more, and not only ravage the ill-protected fowl-houses of the country-folk, but pick up any sickly lambs that are about. The colonists in the country districts gave, and, I think, still continue to give, ten to twenty shillings apiece

for the scalps of native dogs (dingoes), which are somewhat stupid animals; but next carefully introduced the fox, the much more cunning fox, with the same habits. These foxes will give much trouble in the long-run. Then sparrows, too, they must have, and consequently, with great difficulty can any fruit be raised in the suburban districts. These sparrows were to kill all the grubs and noxious insects with which to feed their young; but no! as the once potato-fed immigrants now demand, and get, the finest meat in the markets, so do the sparrows levy on the finest fruits in the orchards. Deer, too, have been introduced in places, and trouble farmers somewhat. An old friend of mine informed me that when he complained of the deer trespassing on his hay crops, he was coolly informed by their introducer that he had better drive them to the pound, as he would any other trespassing animal. My friend declined the job, partly flattered at the idea that at his age he should be capable of the feat.

But to get to our rabbits. That part of Australia to which the following remarks more particularly refer is known as Riverina, so called because four great rivers flow across its mighty plain. These are (1) the Murray, rising in the Australian Alps (snow-clad during a great portion of the year), and flowing west to the ocean in South Australia; and next, its affluents from the north—(2) the Murrumbidgee; (3) the Lachlan; and (4) the Darling, rising in Queensland. The Murray is a noble stream. At Euston, a small township on its northern bank, situated below the junction of the Murrumbidgee, but above that of the Darling, the volume of water which yearly passes down the Murray is

five times greater than that which the Thames conducts past London Bridge. At all times the Murray carries a fine stream of water; but in summer it is in some places occasionally fordable by horsemen, its water reaching to the saddle-flaps. In ordinary seasons the spring floods make it half a mile wide, with deep lagoons stretching far back on to the firm soil of the plains. The soil which is periodically flooded is called Boxtree Country, being thickly wooded by a variety of eucalyptus bearing the name of black box. It is necessary that these facts should be borne in mind, as that Murray river is the boundary between the colonies of New South Wales and Victoria.

At the 141st degree of east longitude the Murray passes wholly into the territory of South Australia. The Murray river is therefore the southern boundary of Riverina, which may be said to commence at Tocumwal, about ninety miles below Albury, at which latter town the Victorian and New South Wales railways meet the river Murray.

The immense plains of Riverina are naturally waterless, except in the immediate vicinity of these rivers which cross them. After the great floods which occasionally but irregularly occur, there are, in places, large lakes and lagoons which are filled by flood-waters flowing out along irregular channels. As the rivers fall, these channels reconduct the flood-waters to the rivers; the lakes and lagoons serve as what are named compensation-ponds, and assist to keep the rivers up to a high level. These returning flood-waters are carefully and skilfully dealt with by the adjoining sheep-farmers (Crown lessees), who, in various ways and at great expense, retain them for

their stock. But the lawful right thus to retain or use them is undefined, and has been the source of constant disputes between the several Crown lessees whose holdings are bounded by these intermittent streams: there have been many actions at law connected with their rights or supposed rights. Latterly the matter has received the attention of a Royal Water Commission—but of course, as usual, after the mischief has been done. The matter at present stands thus: on these arid barren Riverina plains (whereon naturally not even a mouse could exist) there are pastured at present some twenty or twenty-five millions of high-class merino sheep. These sheep are being gradually eaten out by rabbits. In spite of all endeavours to the contrary, these said rabbits are gradually increasing in numbers. I write of course in a great degree from recollection—from statements made in journals of the day which remain uncontradicted. But one fact proving what rabbits can do I can positively vouch for. It must be borne in mind that this is only one of many which could be adduced. On the south bank of the river Murray, consequently in the colony of Victoria, there is a station named Kulkylne, which has about twenty miles frontage to that river. The holding extends far back into arid, naturally worthless, waterless country. On that station, by skilful management and by command of capital, there came to be pastured on it about 110,000 sheep. When I, two or three years ago, visited that station, I found that the stock depasturing it had shrunk to 1200 sheep, dying in a paddock at the homestead: 110,000 sheep to 1200 sheep! The rabbits had to account for the deficiency. The rabbits

could not *then* cross the river into New South Wales in search of fresh fields and pastures new; perhaps they had not yet learned to swim! On that station they had eaten up and destroyed all the grass and herbage; they had barked all the edible shrubs and bushes, and had latterly themselves began to perish in thousands.

But to return to New South Wales, in which Riverina is situated. The powers that were therein looked complacently on whilst all this was going on within a gunshot of them: they were warned again and again of what must surely happen if prompt, decisive steps were not at once taken. The idea of rabbits doing any great harm was scouted: neither in Victoria nor in New South Wales was the *Eucalyptus dumosa* country understood, nor would the Government take steps to investigate what was told them of the matter until the mischief became almost irreparable. The squatters (Crown lessees with uncertain tenures) would not call out stinking fish for sale. They were, at any rate, too busy with the present to think much about the future—they were too busy about securing permanent water for their stock “out back,” to think much about what was creeping on to them. The more far-sighted ones stocked up their runs to their very greatest capacity in good seasons, and sold out these overstocked runs to new beginners, leaving the battle to be fought by their successors. If they thought much about the future at all as regarded rabbits, they believed that the river would stop the advancing enemy; and so it did for some years. They never dreamed of the flank attack which would proceed from South Australia, whence the enemy was advanc-

ing along the north bank of the river Murray—slowly but surely advancing. In military parlance, their right flank was turned.

The rabbits in South Australia were no doubt introduced in the same way as in Victoria. The kindly parents liked to see their children's lop-eared pets hopping about. If a pair of them now and again got into the garden, why that was only a case of stewed rabbit for dinner now and again. By-and-by these South Australian rabbits began to creep up along the limestone banks of the Murray, in which they found kindly shelter. I am told that the South Australian rabbits which have reached Riverina show distinct traces of the pet animals: they are often lop-eared and party-coloured, quite unlike the bold grey ones which have arrived from Victoria; no doubt, in time all will throw back to the original type. But after the Victorian colonists had settled down, they were determined to have the real grey wild English rabbit. It is currently believed that a few pairs of grey rabbits turned out near Geelong, to establish a warren, have done all the mischief. That I hardly believe, but it does not much matter whence the plague has proceeded. Suffice it to mark, that when they *were* turned out to shift for themselves, to be fruitful and to multiply, they could not spread themselves *south*—that the ocean forbade. As their increase pressed on their means of subsistence, the rabbits were obliged to travel *north* to find it. This they gradually did, almost unnoticed. It is to be borne in mind that Master Bunny works and travels in the night when the decent men whom he is ruining are asleep; hardly a sign of him is visible by day. Travellers by the night mail

coaches along the south bank of the river Murray have described the noise made by the rabbits, as they cleared off from the advancing gleaming coach-lights, as something like the pattering of a hail-storm. But that was years ago. Since then the greater number of them have died of starvation, have been destroyed, or have emigrated to those happier regions north of the river. What their increase in those happier regions might well have been, what it probably may have been, and how it may be materially checked, I propose to show.

I have heard people holding forth about the extermination of rabbits—that is now utterly impossible. Checked they may be, and the utter ruin of the pastoral interests in New South Wales may thus be averted; but after the headway that the rabbits have made, it will be long ere any great decrease can be visible. In any case, the subsequent guarding of the paddocks must be a constant and heavy drain on the possible profits derivable from depasturing them. I have asserted, and again insistingly assert, that the climate and the pastures of Riverina are most favourable to the increase of all animals, man perhaps excepted. The periodic droughts form the only drawback. The intervals between them have not yet been clearly calculated, although an approximation has been made.

The first thing which falls to be done when forming a station on one of these dry blocks of country, is to secure a supply of water for the stock about to depasture it. When that necessary has been secured, it is found (naturally enough, when one comes to think of it) that the animals native to the country use such water-supply also. It is generally

believed that they suffer and disappear when the white man arrives. It is not so at all, but quite the contrary. The animals peculiar to Australia thrived and increased to an alarming degree by means of the very improvements which the intruding white man made for the use of the flocks which he introduced. Of course one does not expect to meet kangaroos or emus in the streets of Melbourne or Sydney. But for every *one* of them that were to be found in Riverina, say forty years ago, there were at least *ten* to be found in the year 1880, and so remained until Master Bunny began to show himself as a factor in the question. It is the fecundity in the whole animal creation which makes it so difficult to deal with the rabbit; but by means of that fecundity we may find the solution. We may introduce a fecund harmless animal which in its turn shall destroy the rabbit. Such animals are to be found in Australia, but they require protection, and not the persecution to which they have been hitherto subjected.

The figures and facts which I am about to quote may be so startling to any reader who is not acquainted with Australia, that I must ask him to pause occasionally and to think over the explanations as I go along. It must be borne in mind that we had intruded ourselves into Australia, which had got on very well without us; that is to say, that in the course of ages a certain order or balance of nature had adjusted itself within that island. We came, and in a variety of ways we disturbed that balance. Thus, the Australian aboriginal had spread himself along these Riverine water-courses, and found his food in their waters, or within the

timbered belts which lined their banks. He brought with him man's faithful friend, the dog, which, in that vast territory, to a certain extent threw off his allegiance, and became that wild animal known to us as the dingo or native dog. I do not profess to be much of a naturalist, but I believe that the dingo was the only non-marsupial quadruped which we found on the island of Australia when we took possession of it. At that time, on the arid plains of Riverina, the main factors of the balance of nature were—(1) the Australian savage (dubbed aboriginal), (2) his half-tamed dog, and (3) the emancipated dingo. The same may be said of the whole island, but in other portions of it it is not so plainly visible. There was very seldom any water on these plains, except within the timbered banks and bends of the rivers. The fauna could not feed out beyond reach of water, consequently they were nearly always within easy reach of their enemies (the man and his dog), who managed to keep their number down. Birds of prey also helped in this, but not materially so. The grasses, not being closely eaten down, became luxuriantly ripe, and an easy prey to the fires kindled by the aboriginal "firestick." These were started probably to insure a sward of tempting *young* grass to lure the kangaroos to their fate; but their first consequence was that any young trees, germinating from shed eucalyptus-seeds, were at once destroyed, there being no heavy-footed animals to tread them into the soil. As they lay on the surface, they were at once scotched off. Nowadays these ripe seeds dropped from the trees are trodden into the soil by grazing cattle, and then, germinating, form

the dense forests and scrubs of which graziers so much complain. For we, with our sheep and cattle, appear on the scene, and all becomes changed.

Since the year 1848 Crown tenants have been busied in taking up the frontage along the rivers; and as that became stocked up, they began to excavate tanks, to sink wells, and otherwise to make available the waterless back portions of the holdings within their described boundary-lines. The dingoes played havoc with the sheep, which were now turned loose into paddocks fenced in to hold them. Enough shepherds could not be procured to tend them in the manner until then adopted. Mounted men, called "boundary riders," took charge of the sheep turned into the large paddocks. The native dogs naturally preferred the easily caught sheep to the swift and powerful kangaroos. Then came to be delivered the first blow to the balance of nature—viz., the destruction of the dingoes. By running them down by greyhounds and by poisoned baits, they were gradually reduced to a minimum. But then the kangaroo stepped in. Freed from their aforesaid enemy the dingo, and supplied with water from the squatters' own tanks and wells, they rapidly became numerous and troublesome. This could hardly have been expected, for the doe has but one young one at a birth, and that occurs but twice a-year, I believe. Yet I can give two instances of such rapid increase which came within my own knowledge. In 1851 I had occasion to visit a station in Riverina which was stocked with cattle. I had a couple of kangaroo-dogs with me. As I was leaving, my friend asked me to chain them under my buggy,

as I had to cross the Red Plain, on which there were generally two or three couple of kangaroos to be seen, and he did not wish to have them killed. He had often to drive across that plain with his wife, and she took great delight in seeing the creatures hopping about. I respected his wish, and I duly saw the kangaroos. That station was afterwards sold by my friend, who stocked it up with sheep. The kangaroos, by 1875, had become a dreadful nuisance, not only there but on every place in the neighbourhood. It became necessary that they should be destroyed; and in order that the remedy should be efficacious, action was taken as nearly as possible simultaneously at the various stations in the vicinity. Drives were organised, and the poor creatures were driven into strong yards and therein shot. On the station above indicated more than twenty thousand were thus disposed of within a few months. Again, on quite a moderate-sized station with about 35,000 sheep, about fifty miles from the one above referred to, I saw by the station-books that six thousand kangaroo had been killed and paid for within six months. Dogs and rifles were used in this case, the hunter retaining the skins. The hunters were still in full employment. On my journey up the river, I, missing the river-road, got out into the sheep-paddocks, and it seemed to me that there were still as many kangaroo as sheep within them. After this kangarooing had gone on for a time, squatters began to hope that peace and plenty would reign on their holdings; but

"Man never is, but always to be blessed."

The rabbits entered on the scene.

If I have carried my reader's attention with me, he will remember that I described how the grey wild rabbit of England had begun from the south coast to fight his way steadily north across Australia. But, at the same time, it is not to be denied that, at various places within Riverina, attempts had been made to establish the rabbit as a denizen of the soil. These attempts never were successful. I observed one case on the Bilbung Creek, where an old Devonshire gentleman tried hard so to establish them: again and again, after each failure, he renewed the attempt. He was well up in years, and did not do much more than attend to his rabbits. He was delighted when, after some slight alarm, they would scamper home from the grassy banks of the creek, and seek friendly shelter beneath the haystacks. Under them he thought that they would breed undisturbed. Again, at various sandhills on the Murrumbidgee, near Balranald, there were a few pet stray rabbits burrowing about; also on some sandhills near the river Darling, at Wentworth. These the lads from the neighbouring townships easily kept under by means of their guns and dogs. In fact, the rabbits to that extent were for years a source of pleasurable excitement.

Now I come to the question, How was it that the rabbits were thus kept down for years on the north bank of the river Murray—*i.e.*, in Riverina? My answer is, that they were kept down by one of their natural Australian foes, the iguana, and by their imported foe, the domestic cat,—this latter becoming in time as wild as the former. And I confidently believe that, once we can check the rabbit increase a little, these, their

natural foes, will completely master them. A little delicate management must obtain, of course, and there will be some outlay required, but much less than under the present ruinous system, whose result is *nil*. I confidently believe that in no other way can this plague be coped with. The very manner in which the rabbits appeared in Riverina—so suddenly destructive—proves, in my opinion, the truth of my hypothesis. For they did not, by degrees, spread out from small centres, as I have shown that they might have done; they came with a devastating rush. How the impetus given to them—how the long-threatened stroke was at last dealt—is easily understood by persons familiar with the seasons. From the southern coast of Victoria these hordes had travelled on still north, until they were stopped by the river Murray. In the grassy bends of that river they fixed themselves on lands sometimes twenty feet under water, yet at other times clothed with rich swards of grass and herbs; they crept round the dry ends of deep lagoons which in ordinary years enclose islands: the soil is soft and well adapted for burrowing. They got out on to the extreme northern points of the Victorian territory—nay, there seems no reason to doubt that some of them had annexed several small islands in the river, which appeared when the waters were low. Then the long-delayed flood came at last: with a clean sweep over the salient Victorian capes, it carried the rabbits in heaps on to the northern (Riverina) shores. All animals (except man) can swim when needs must be; even barn-door fowls and kangaroos manage in a fashion. Thousands—tens of thousands of these Victorian rabbits must have been drowned, but

enough survived to establish themselves firmly on Riverina territory at different places. There they recruited their energies and gathered their forces until they set off again north—for north is still their aim. I think that this has become an instinctive desire. I hope that it has, for in such case it will make their destruction so much the easier.

It may be as well to pause here and endeavour to learn why rabbits keep marching on. It may be supposed that they are pressing on for fresh pastures. It is not so at all. For this army is on the march, and is to be viewed under quite a different light than if they had made a permanent settlement in the country which they have overrun.

When he was a boy, did any one of my readers ever keep pet rabbits? If he did, he may remember that we were taught to keep the buck rabbit in a box by himself: we were told that he would eat the young ones if he got among them. Nevertheless, we were to put the buck into the doe's box as soon as the young ones were able to take care of themselves. This visit by the buck was just to keep all in good-humour. Now we know that this was in part a fable, but not altogether so. The buck does kill the young ones if he can get at them when they are very young, and the does are aware of this his propensity. Thus it happens that, in a state of freedom, after the does have had intercourse with the males and find themselves pregnant, they slip away from the males and press on in a *northerly* direction. The deserted bucks lie quietly by until some other drove of mateless does passes up to them from the south, after having kindled. Here they again mate, and the does again pass on north

to kindle in safety. That north-erly march has now reached the borders of Queensland, some hundreds of miles from where they crossed the river Murray. What I advise is this, that this instinct of theirs should be utilised; no attempt should be made to stop them, which would now be an impossibility: their march should only be stayed. Let them pass along north. The timber fences which bear east and west should be fitted with rabbit-proof wire-netting in approved fashion—*i.e.*, with eight or nine inches of the wire-netting laid out south, pinned down, and then lightly covered with soil. From these wire-fitted fences, stays (colonial breaks) should be run down south every mile or two; they need not be long (twenty chains would suffice), but they should be carefully fitted with netting, pinned down, as in the case of the east and west fences. The rabbits arriving at the fences cannot *at once* get north by burrowing under such fences, but they will travel along them until they reach a break; they will run along it until they again meet the fence, and in the angles, formed by the fences and the breaks, there should be swinging or falling traps through which the rabbits should be able to pass under the wired fence. These traps should discharge the rabbits passing through them into pitfalls fitted up to receive and retain them. These pitfalls must be periodically visited by mounted men told off for that purpose.

The foregoing is a mere sketch. There are plenty of clever practical men among the sheep-farmers of Australia who can carry out (and improve upon) the hints given. The main idea is, that as it is *quite impossible to stop* the march of the rabbits, they should

always have a seemingly clear way before them; that they must be constantly disturbed *in* and hunted *out* of the southern parts of the paddocks, but never obstructed in the northern, and never *closely* dealt with until they run through the traps into the pitfalls, out of which escape should be made impossible.

To justify this expensive procedure, it is, of course, presupposed that the natural defence afforded by the river Murray has been built up again. It has once been stormed by Master Bunny—that should never be allowed to occur again. It will be more easily defended now, for agencies in Victoria are actively at work keeping down the pest. The various Victorian Shire Councils seem to be zealous in the matter, and in time their efforts must tell. But that is a contingency upon which New South Wales has no right to depend. A wire rabbit-proof fence, with breaks, swing-traps, and pitfalls, should be run along the north bank of the river, following its course in a general way west to the eastern boundary of South Australia. That wire rabbit-proof fence should be some miles back from the river, and existing fences might be utilised for the purpose; it should, if possible, be north of the main roads which run down the course of the river, and it might well commence about Tocumwal.

The country between the river Murray and this rabbit-proof fence should be closely watched by the Board of Sheep Directors, under whose control the arrangements should be carried out—under them, or some other body of a similar character. There should be a *guiding* central authority certainly, for it is not a question which affects pas-

toralists only—it affects every one in Australia, and money will be required to carry out any scheme which may be fixed upon. That guiding authority must be the New South Wales Executive, of course. But the Directors of the Sheep Boards—the more immediately and directly interested persons—should have the practical working out of any scheme which may be adopted. When did a farmer in Great Britain ever get his barns cleared—thoroughly cleared—from rats? I may safely write—never. There were always a few “left to breed.” Many of the rabbiters hitherto employed in New South Wales have been smart fellows, but the best of them never would have killed that “last rabbit” about which we heard so much. When scalps got scarce, these rabbiters insisted on being shifted out to more rabbit country. In fact, the whole working of the Rabbit Act hitherto has been a grand and expensive mistake; it has been a direct incentive to the propagation of the pest. That might have been foretold, and was so. It might have been different had all the people employed sternly done their duty, and had there not been so much centralisation, and so much pen-and-ink work about its working—probably unavoidable under the phases it had assumed.

In any new scheme to be adopted there should be one clear fiat issued: *There shall be no more rabbit scalps (or skins) paid for.* The destruction of rabbits should be looked upon as a paramount duty—a disagreeable one, no doubt, but of most urgent necessity. It has, in plain words, come to this—that rabbits must be utterly *subdued* in New South Wales, or the colonists must once more withdraw

themselves into the county of Cumberland, and therein quietly await the wearing out of the pest. That time will arrive: when all vegetation has been utterly destroyed, the rabbits must lay themselves down and die. To persons who fugitively glance at the matter, this may appear to be a gross exaggeration. It is not so. It is only a question of time—of a year or two—one way or another. Just about the time that the rabbits fairly made their appearance north of the Murray river, I remember that the lessee of Tapio Run told me that he had somewhere read, that from one pair of rabbits in one year there would be a progeny of sixty thousand. Now my friend must either have forgotten what he had read or his authority was a bad one. Alas! sixty thousand is soon reached, but not in one year—not quite so: under the most favourable circumstances that is quite impossible. I have, however, made a computation which includes all sorts of allowances as against the increase. I will not trouble the reader with the items; but I find that in the fifth year there might well have sprung from the original couple no less than one million and five hundred thousand rabbits. As there may probably have been hundreds of couples swept across the Murray into Riverina seven or eight years ago, I leave the reader to ponder the matter. It is asserted, truly enough no doubt, that there is a law of nature by which that increase is kept within certain bounds—for rabbits have their enemies which prey on them. That is true in the abstract: but in Riverina these useful enemies of the rabbits are carefully destroyed by the rabbit-trappers. These men are determined that the rabbits shall remain for

their peculiar benefit, and take active means to secure that result. How they manage this, and how they provide for successive crops of rabbits for themselves, must form the subject of further explanation. In the meantime, each Australian who reads these lines should determine to use his influence to stop payment for rabbit scalps (or skins). Such payments actually propagate the dreaded evil. It is, of course, quite impossible to prevent a sheep-farmer from throwing away his money if he so choose. But one and all should protest against any more money going from the public treasury for the purpose of paying for rabbits destroyed. This trapping of rabbits has been such a source of wealth—such an unexpected one—for loafing tramps, for country storekeepers, and for bush publicans, that there is sure to be a great outcry at the stopping of supplies. But let the sheep-farmer employ a superior class of men henceforth with whom to fight the rabbits. Where the rabbits have firmly established themselves by burrowing, let the paddocks be cleared of them by contract. Let the rabbits' natural enemies be once more protected instead of being persecuted as hitherto, then we shall find the balance of nature restored, and no more rabbits come to the front than we can find a legitimate use for.

I have so far endeavoured to describe the march northward of the grey rabbits turned loose near Geelong in Victoria, the most southern of the Australian colonies; their crossing of the river Murray above the junction of the river Darling therewith, and their invasion of the district familiarly known as Riverina. I have pointed out how the rabbits already within Riverina might be so dealt with

as greatly to mitigate the evil—whereupon they might be in a great degree left to the mercy of their natural enemies. But in order to cause that plan to be successful, the co-operation of Victoria must be secured. This co-operation, I think, may be depended upon, if only from motives of self-preservation. But lest it should be only partially rendered, I have recommended that a line of wired fencing should be carried down a few miles north of the river Murray, and parallel with that stream, in a general way, so that any straggling rabbits from Victoria, crossing the river, should be dealt with ere they got too far out. I may here particularly point out that that fence must be, if possible, some miles away from the roads ordinarily used by loafing tramps or *ci-devant* trappers. From sheer mischief they would soon destroy the traps and have the rabbits back again. The management of the rabbits must be in the hands of the Sheep Boards; and the matter above alluded to they will have to watch closely—that and other matters cognate thereto.

I have also alluded to a constant creeping upwards of rabbits from South Australia, along both banks of the river Murray. That has become a serious factor in the rabbit question. After the influx of the Darling therewith (at Wentworth), the Murray becomes such a considerable stream that there is not much chance of rabbits crossing over it until it is well within the South Australian boundary-line, when much of its volume has been removed by evaporation or filtration. That boundary is some ninety or hundred miles below Wentworth. The area between the Darling river, the river Murray, and the South Australian

boundary is already pretty full of rabbits. The boundary between South Australia and New South Wales is the 141st degree of east longitude bearing north from the river Murray, and has been already surveyed and fenced, but I think the fencing is not wire-netted.

The fence which I have suggested as proper to be run westerly, some miles out from and parallel with the Murray river, should be continued across the Darling river to the South Australian boundary, and breaks and traps in it should be set up, as formerly described. The facilities of working the trapping successfully in that locality are very great. Nearly all that rabbit-infested frontage is liable to inundations at uncertain intervals, which cause most of the rodents to clear out of it. Such of them as may have found refuge on islands may be driven out by what are called "rouse-about men" landed from boats, which are easily procurable. Strong reserves of such men are, or should be, kept on the various stations. The fence bearing westerly to the South Australian boundary should pass well north of Lake Victoria; the rabbits inside of it would be always well on the move, and easily dealt with if the traps are duly attended to.

But, as regards the fenced boundary-line between the two colonies, it must be borne in mind that the rabbits which reach it have come out of the South Australian Murray river scrubs, and their line of march has been latterly north-east. But the same method of capture will be successful. The boundary-fence should be hung with wire-netting, and breaks, if possible at every mile of it, should conduct the rabbits into pitfalls. But in this case, as one pitfall is filled from New South Wales, the

next one should be filled from South Australia. Along this fence it may be in places difficult to fit up conducting breaks, as there is, for about sixty or seventy miles, a great deal of scrub. Along *this* wire fence rabbits are sure to travel long distances in summer, as water is very scarce. If my memory does not fail me, about the 71-mile tree, north from the river Murray, there is water generally on some nice little plains suitable for a camp for persons attending to the breaks and traps. At about the 102 to 105 mile peg, one comes again to open fine country on the Buckalow Run, and water is to be had on both sides of the boundary. Here the pest has fine room to spread over a country suitable to it in every way.

From what I can remember, it is about eight years since the rabbits, crossing the Murray, started for Queensland. They progress at the rate of about fifty miles a year, apparently as the result of an instinctive impulse, which, properly utilised, should lead to a perfect solution of the problem, so far as Queensland is concerned—that is to say, if it be not already too late.

If, three or four years ago, the southern boundary of Queensland had been fenced with wire-netting; if breaks had been erected at every mile or two along that fence, to turn the travelling rabbits through traps into pitfalls; if faithful and intelligent men had been procured, to work out the simple system,—then that colony might have scorned the possibility of the danger now threatening her. Alas! it may be too late,—the rabbits most probably are within the lines of Queensland; but a second parallel may be drawn well ahead of the invaders with

good effect. It is all a question of money. In any case, the cost must be great,—but it is either that or ruin.

It will be observed that I in no way pretend to suggest a method by which rabbits could be “exterminated” (that is the word which was in use when I was about the rabbit-infested district), but they can be brought within “measurable distance” thereof, and may then be left to the tender mercies of their “natural enemies.”

I have used that phrase more than once, and now define it. Their enemies are the *domestic cat* turned loose, and the *iguana*. These were comparatively plentiful at one time; but as the rabbit-trappers soon discovered them to be *their* natural enemies, they have been greatly reduced in numbers. I do not know much about the generation of the iguana, but am acquainted with their *destructive* powers. The domestic cat is well known to every one, but few are aware what it can do in this rabbit question. The trappers are, however. I know that I am laying myself open to the charge of “damnable iteration,” but I cannot help that. It is because I feel so very strongly that I write so insistently. Some of my readers may recognise opinions which they have heard me long ago express. Have my words proved true or not? That is the way I put it to my intimates and associates of old. Well, then, take heed to my penned words once more. How often have some of you heard me ridicule the keeping of packs of dogs with which you were to hunt up the rabbits! Were you not told that the remedy would be an aggravation of the disease? that the dogs would multiply and take the bush, where they would kill sheep wholesale and neglect the

rabbits? Has that not come to pass? I see in some Riverina newspapers lately come into my hands that on one of the large stations, not far from Wentworth, a standing reward is offered of five shillings per scalp for *dogs run wild*. In one of my latest trips across the Riverina plains, in company with a station boundary-rider, I saw a couple of cross-bred greyhounds rounding up a small flock of weaners. The boundary-rider made off for them, and in a quarter of an hour returned with a report of about twenty "killed or wounded." How often during that day was that repeated? Were not these dogs, or their parents, imported from Adelaide, or some other seaboard town, at a cost of forty shillings a-head and passage paid? How many cats or iguanas may not these dogs have killed—animals which go about all night working for you, whilst you and your dogs are asleep!

I have written above that the trappers well know how the cat interferes with their trade. One instance is as good as twenty. Within my knowledge the cats at one station were thus dealt with. The trapper marked a shallow burrow about half a mile from the head station, into which he knew that a rabbit had entered, and must return early in the evening. He put a spring trap down for the rabbit, and five or six more traps round that first set one. The rabbit was caught in coming out, and squealed, as usual, when seized by the trap. The station cats, aware of what the squeal meant, made for the spot, and in trying to seize the rabbit, two of them were caught and knocked on the head by the rabbit. Iguanas are killed on every possible occasion by these men, though by law they are pro-

tected. What avails a paper protection when there is not a human being but the trapper within miles of the place? There are other animals, such as ferrets, weasels, polecats, &c., which might be fitly used in the destruction of rabbits, but I do not propose to deal with their efficiency at present. The dog is to be utterly cast aside. Fox-terriers might be of service if they could be kept under control. But at present I push forward for consideration the claims of the domestic cat.

First and foremost, its habits are nocturnal. When the rabbit starts in the evening twilight in quest of his food, the cat rises for the same purpose. The whole comparison between these two animals may be summed up in a few words: the cat is credited with ten lives, the rabbit has barely one. Hold the rabbit up by his hind legs,—he can be killed by a single blow behind his ears from your open hand. The cat is always on the *qui vive*. No reptile can approach a bush cottage without his informing you of it. He never fails to kill any moderately-sized snake (say thirty inches long), if you will only allow him to attack it in his own way. In the next place, the cat seems hardly to require water if there be any animal life about; the blood of its victims seems to suffice him. I have once or twice come across them out twenty miles from any water known to any of the station hands. When running thus at large, the male cat assumes the air and demeanour of a small tiger, and all the adults of the tribe can preserve themselves from danger by the use of their climbing powers; they are not fond of leaving the timber lands far behind them. But, above all, cats do not hunt merely to feed themselves; they hunt as we do,

for the pleasure of hunting, and are often satisfied with merely disabling their foe. When night falls, and it can see clearly about, it marches off, sometimes for miles, to return to its home at dawn, oftentimes laden with a tit-bit for its master, besides food for the kittens which had been left behind. Castration does not diminish their hunting powers and courage; and I have seen most valiant specimens. At a friend's station I knew one who, during nearly every night, brought home and deposited in the verandah a paddy-melon much larger than an ordinary rabbit. This nightly task must have evoked a wonderful perseverance. Poor fellow! the day came on which there was no game brought home. He was sought for far and near, but was never seen again. My wife had a favourite "Tommy" who would tackle anything in the world, I think (of its own weight, be it understood). That which he killed he used to bring home and deposit by night under her couch,—the door being generally open. Rabbits there were none about in those days—he and a few others like him had taken care of *that*—but I have known him to bring in a water-hen as large as a bantam, to which I had to give the *coup de grâce*. Thoughtful creature! He devoured in the garden the bodies of such snakes as he had killed during the night, but left their poison-laden heads on the gravel walks, as evidence of what he had done for us during the hours that we were sleeping.

I shall not refer further to the cat tribe, but only here remind the sheep-farmer of the claims of this humble and despised friend. If the grazier thinks over the matter, he will discern why the cat has so many enemies. Every one in the bush is his enemy who

in *any* shape or form has a share of the scalp-money. The trapper is his enemy, of course, as also every official who is connected with the "new industry," as I may call it,—the store-keeper, with whom the trapper deals, and the publicans, who welcome the trapper's well-filled purse. They, who should be the cat's friend, foolishly leave him to the tender mercies of his enemies. On every station and on every conditional purchase there should be nurseries and homes for cats, and these, as they reach maturity, would go abroad to do the work which trappers less thoroughly perform.

The iguanas are large lizards. One variety, of a dark colour, is from five to six feet long, and much resembles a small alligator. It inhabits the lofty gum-trees which grow along the various water-courses. The individuals of this variety are wonderful climbers, and used to wage war on the opossum tribe; but that occupation is nearly gone. They descended oftentimes and robbed such fowl-houses as were near the water. I do not think that they would much help the destruction of rabbits; but under the changed circumstances of their usual game, they might do so. The variety which is peculiarly worth preserving is much smaller, not more than two and a half feet long, having a bright bronze-like skin.

It must not be supposed that the rabbits, on their march northward, did not leave any colonies behind them. They did; and it is in regard to these colonies that the smaller iguanas are found so useful. These colonies may be called burrows, in fact, and are of two kinds: first, those which the rabbits themselves made; and secondly, those which they found ready-made for them. The first

are merely temporary shelters, in which they deposit their young whilst on their march. The soil is very loose, and the does do not excavate to any depth. I have often seen lads thrust their arms in and drag the young ones out. The reason of this shallow burrowing is, that if they dig in deeper than the shrub and grass roots, the sand runs down and chokes the excavation. The iguanas are aware of this, and do not enter the burrows as the rabbits do; but, with their acute sense of smell, can, from the surface, fix upon the spot beneath which the rabbit-nest is, and, digging down to it, seize the young rabbits. The burrows which the rabbits find ready-made for them are much more difficult to deal with. These are excavations in rocky, gravelly, limestone hillocks, originally made by a small species of kangaroo not much larger than a rabbit. On the Darling back blocks I have heard them styled *bilbies*—their aboriginal name, I presume. What the direct reason may be is unknown—whether the destined time for their removal had come, or whether the rabbits had forcibly ejected them or not—the fact remains, that these little bilbies have all disappeared, and the rabbits have taken possession of their warrens. I do not think that this has merely *happened*. I think that it is a direct decree from that Almighty Being who rules the universe. I have observed a somewhat similar law decreed on another occasion. Without staying to inquire in what manner it was brought about, or how we have dealt with the aborigines of Australia, the fact remains that the Anglo-Saxon has taken possession of Riverina, and that aboriginal tribes have disappeared. The principal flesh-

meat of these aborigines was that of the opossum; under the changed circumstances these animals were no longer required, and they have disappeared. Where, ten years ago, they were to be found in swarms, hardly one can be discovered. The same law has left the bilbie-warrens to the rabbits.

Now the rabbits in these warrens or burrows can be dealt with in two ways—*directly* dealt with, I mean. They must be either surrounded by wire-netting and cleared out by ferrets, as in Britain, or they must be smothered by sulphur or other gas fumes. The choice lies with the sheep-farmer: I think the smothering the preferable plan. The ground around is generally too rocky to allow of *digging* the rabbits out: ferrets are troublesome to handle, and are dangerous at all times.

It would require a goodly-sized volume to enumerate all the cases which might occur in dealing with the rabbits. I will only cite one more case, which is to a certain extent within my own knowledge. A young gentleman at Euston Station, who had formerly been in the employment of Mr Miller at Kulkyne, informed me that during one dry summer he had been sent out to one of the back stations to see if the various 400-gallon tanks, which were placed at intervals along the back country roads, were *all right*—that means, all to the fore and with water in them. He came to one which had water in it, and which water the rabbits about had smelt. They had crowded to the tank, and were piled up dead, one on the top of the other, half-way up the sides of the tank. He estimated their numbers to be six or seven hundred. I believe him implicitly, and so would every one who was aware of all the circumstances.

Why could not such an excessive thirst be more frequently made use of, in places? I am of course aware that Kulkynne suffered much, and had no green herb on it. But when there is a will there is a way. A few dishes of water inside of a small paddock of an acre, with a trapped wire-proof fence, would occasionally do wonders.

The pitfalls, of course, must have zinc bottoms, with a little earth on them, and a few green boughs—the sides lined with zinc. The falls of the little trap doorways must have great attention paid to them. All these minutiae require the employment of a superior class of men—handy and teachable: such men are not easily obtainable anywhere. The handy, intelligent, all-round men amongst the agricultural classes in Britain, I am everywhere told, are a thing of the past. I don't believe it. It only requires circumstances to bring them to the front;

and that has been abundantly proved again and again in Australia. They are not going to let miserable creatures like rabbits beat them. With all its little cunning it is a stupid animal.

I part from the subject with one word of comfort to my Australian friends. I hear a great deal about the *rabbit's* increase, but none about the *cat's*. Here it is. Making the same allowances against the increase as I did in the rabbit case, I find that in the *fifth* year, from one pair of *cats*, there might well be 25,000, of which 12,000 would be breeders. Allowing that each cat kills only two rabbits a-week—that is, say, one hundred a-year—the rabbits killed by cats would amount to 2,500,000 in one year. A good return—*on paper*—no doubt. But the rabbits are up to their calculation,—why should not the cats be so also?

C. G. N. LOCKHART.

THE ACADEMICAL OARSMAN.

"WHAT do you wear that blue ribbon for?" says the testy uncle in a popular farce; "the boat-race is over long ago." That his nephew should mount the colours of one or other of the University crews, the old Indian thinks quite natural, though he is not supposed to have any intimate connection either with Oxford or Cambridge. But the visitor to London on the last Thursday in Lent would of late years see more and more of this kind of partisanship displayed by every class of the community, and might imagine that some great public question was at stake, on which the mind of the people was as thoroughly excited as by any of the historical war-cries which have swayed the crowd in days of yore. The true-blue of the Covenanters, the orange of the adherent of Dutch William, or the tricolor of the first French Revolution, were not more generally worn than are the rival shades of azure which designate the athletes of the Universities; and though Henley regatta has become a fashionable adjunct to the London season, and a languid interest is spasmodically exhibited in some local boat-race or phenomenal performer, this one rowing event has, it would almost seem, attracted to itself the whole popular sympathy with boat-racing.

Taking up the Rowing Almanack, the recognised handbook of English aquatics, we may notice that at least a third of the contests therein recorded are directly connected with schools and colleges, while of the remainder a large proportion of the public regattas are supported by the competition of crews composed of the same academic material. Races between professed

watermen are now few indeed and far between, and derive their chief interest from the prowess of the American and colonial oarsmen who are attracted to Great Britain by occasional prizes of great monetary value. But a study of the records of boat-racing tells us how often the aquatic meetings in provincial towns have collapsed for want of support, and how feeble is their hold upon existence. The Tyne alone, of all our provincial rivers, is much affected by oarsmen, the Severn possibly coming third in the list of streams on which regattas are held; while the seaside contests are wellnigh entirely confined to sailing-boats, the few rowers playing an interlude to the serious business of the piece.

We do not notice in the calendar a mention of the race between London (Campbell's crew) and Glasgow, in 1839, recorded in the preface to the 'Moor and the Loch'; but there is a certain quaint propriety in some of the notes of bygone events which find a place there. Probably the fact that on October 28, 1846, Coombes was presented with a champion belt, may interest some readers who are careless to know that on the 29th "hare-hunting begins"; while to the thorough-going amateur the statement that Campbell, in a single-sculling boat, beat a four-oared crew from Battersea to Putney, on October 17, 1838, will be an antidote to the gloom of the next announcement, that the 18th is the anniversary of the death of Lord Palmerston. The impression derived from the perusal of the whole book is, that the rowing world is but a limited one; and the residents upon the Thames

will confirm the suspicion. In spite of house-boats and water picnics, professional and amateur aspirants for aquatic fame have not increased in numbers, skill, or enthusiasm since the era of the great men to whom the 'Oarsman's Companion' so fondly turns—the heroes of the river in the opening years of her Majesty's reign. Since it has become an article of faith with the gentility of England that their sons must be brought up in the doctrine and practice of muscular Christianity, rowing has taken its place in the list of indispensable objects of study at several of our famous schools and universities; but beyond these limits it has not advanced, or rather has retrograded; while the alteration in the character of our navigable streams and of our modes of aquatic locomotion has much narrowed its circle of popularity.

Half a century ago the amateur oarsman was a familiar feature of the Thames at Westminster Bridge, between which and Lambeth Palace the principal boat-houses were situated: now the increasing limits of the town have driven all these indications of the sport far beyond the ken of the everyday passer-by. Boat-builders and boat-clubs, practice-rowing and matches, find no place now lower than Putney, and those who wish to see them must journey thither on purpose. Once the Westminster boys were quite a feature of the river: not only the racing eight, perhaps practising for a contest with Eton (in which, despite their inequality in numbers to select from, they were not always unsuccessful), was a daily sight to the loungers at Millbank or Chelsea; but, what was more interesting, if not so scientific, the huge tubs of four oars manned by junior boys, chubby little fellows

fresh from inland homes, acquiring the science of rowing under some schoolfellow of greater experience, deputed by the "Head of the Water." The sewer and the steamboat have strangled one of our nurseries of oarsmen.

There is nothing in our older books of annals or memoirs to indicate that competition in rowing was one of the pastimes of our remoter ancestors. Strutt, indeed, gives pictorial representations of water tournaments, in which the rowers as well as the combatants appear to be London youths of the fifteenth or sixteenth century; but there is every reason to believe that skill with the oar would have been rated as a "base and mechanical" accomplishment, even by the sons of prosperous burghers, in an age when the doom of the worst of criminals was to furnish the propelling power of a huge galley, chained to the bench, and stimulated with a lash as barbarously effective as that which in the present day is used upon a span of oxen in South Africa. At an expenditure of human life estimated at a full third of the crew in each voyage, the corsairs and the hospitallers, down to the end of the last century, managed to maintain a speed of fifteen knots an hour; and readers of Marryat's novels may remember his description of the *morale* and *physique* of the crews, thus collected from the very refuse of humanity. Although the row-galley became extinct in these latitudes long before it disappeared from the Mediterranean, it lingered long enough here to excite feelings in connection with the oar by no means of a pleasurable kind—labour, servitude, and mechanical drudgery being proverbially associated with rowing. Taylor, the Water-poet, the first English writer who can

be quoted as connected with the waterman's craft, does not speak of it in a way which indicates much love for it, or pride in it. The "Jolly Young Waterman" was a creation of the Dibdin school of ballad-writing, and "Farewell, my trim-built Wherry," a sentiment of the era of Haynes Bayley. Long after the sea-service had become a passion with adventurous youths of high degree, a waterman on the Thames was a mere stout drudge for hire or a one-legged sailor, and his best ambition to wear the livery of some nobleman whose town house abutted on the Strand, or to don the coat and badge of some City company's barge. When Sir Roger de Coverley took boat at the Temple stairs for Spring Garden, his young friends would have been jeered at had they proposed to row him themselves; and the worthy knight, who looked on the waterman's calling as the legitimate resource of sailors disabled from active service, would have scorned such a proposition as an invasion of the rightful privilege of deserving veterans.

John Bunyan in his 'Pilgrim's Progress,' with that perspicacious grasp of the popular mind which makes him so universally famous,

¹ The bad odour which associated itself with the London river and its surroundings, from Billingsgate upwards, is put on record by Pope's lines, written in his youth, in imitation of Spenser, beginning—

"In ev'ry town where Thamis rolls his tyde
A narrow pass there is, with houses low,
Where ever and anon the stream is eyed,
And many a boat, soft sailing to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of infant woe,
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall.
How can ye mothers vex your children so?
Some play, some eat, some squat against the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

And on the broken pavement here and there
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie.
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens and dogs and hogs are feeding by;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At every door are sunburnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,
Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between;
Scolds answer foul-mouthed scolds—bad neighbourhood, I ween."

catches the leading idea in his day of the morals of the waterman, "looking one way and rowing another"—a proverb much older than Bunyan's age, and of which a curious echo survives in the vulgar explanation of the attitude of the ferrymen at Malta, one of whom paddles while the other rows, so that they face each other; the tradition being, that once the stroke-oar suddenly missed his bowman, who had been abstracted by the foul fiend for whose service he had so long qualified.¹

As late as 1775, when George III.'s rather foolish brothers took a prominent part in promoting a "grand regatta" on the Thames, there appears to have been little to correspond with the modern idea of boat-racing. We are told that the "wager-boats started on the signal of firing a single piece of cannon, and were absent near fifty minutes;" but what they did during their absence the 'Gentleman's Magazine' does not inform us, nor in any way describe the crews who manned them. There seems to have been about as much attention paid to them as the mob of frequenters of Henley regatta pay at the present day to the racing-boats: they were, so to speak, the "halfpenny-worth of bread" to

the intolerable deal of eating, drinking, gambling, dancing, and finery, among the thousands who took part in the *fête*.

Mr Macmichael, in the preface to his well-written little history of University boat-races, published in 1870, attributes the scanty popularity of rowing among the leisured and lettered class of the end of last century to the attraction offered to the flower of our British youth by the military and naval services up to the time of the battle of Waterloo, and the outlet which our Continental and American wars had afforded to the physical energy of young men. There may be some truth in this; just as it is undoubtedly true, as he also pleads, that the unsavoury and disreputable accidents of the life of a boatman disgusted men of refinement, and gave the rowing amateur the character of a lover of low company. Puerile and prosaic as it may sound, it is nevertheless probably correct to observe that so long as the nether limbs of English gentlemen were clad in tight-fitting habiliments, so long the form of exercise involved in the attitude of rowing was distasteful. It was after the introduction in 1813 of the Cossack trouser as a presentable equipment for society that the dandy began to look upon a wager-boat as an occasional appendage to a man of fashion who might not be able to keep a yacht, or who had a preference for exercise taken on the water to that on foot or horseback confined to *terra firma*. It is easy to see that it would sometimes be more convenient to join with others in the use of a boat, and so gradually clubs would be formed and rivalry spring up.

For several years the favourite form which this emulation took was that of the attempt to row a great number of miles in a given

time—generally for a wager. The old volumes of the ‘Sporting Magazine’ record many such exploits between 1820 and 1835. In 1822, for instance, Lord Newry, with five of his servants, rowed from Oxford to London in eighteen consecutive hours; and in 1824, six officers of the Guards covered the same distance in fifteen hours forty-five minutes. A crew of Westminster boys, in 1823, rowed from their boat-house to Windsor and back in twenty-one hours, seven of which were consumed in halts and refreshment. Probably the greatest feat in this line was that accomplished by a waterman named Williams, who rowed from Waterloo Bridge to Gravesend, up to Richmond, and down again to Waterloo, without getting out of his boat, in fifty seconds less than twelve hours. This style of exhibition was not, however, likely to satisfy the ambition of boating-men; and before long, matches were of constant occurrence—not only in single boats, but in pairs, fours, and other varieties of racing-craft less generally known in the present day. The earliest eight-oared race would seem to be one between a London crew and Christ Church, Oxford, for £200, in 1828. It was rowed from Westminster to Putney, and won by London by 70 yards. The following year, the first race between Oxford and Cambridge Universities took place on Henley reach, a distance of two miles and a quarter, and was won by Oxford. In the winning crew were Wordsworth, Bishop of St Andrews; Garnier, the late Dean of Norwich; Canon Freemantle; and a gentleman who died this year, full of age and honour, as an excellent clergyman and skilled breeder of cattle, Mr Staniforth. In the Cambridge eight were Chancellor Bayford; Merivale the historian,

Dean of Ely; and Selwyn, the illustrious metropolitan of New Zealand, who came home, in his later years, to die in harness as the chief pastor of the admirably administered see of Lichfield.

With such names as these among the competitors, it could no longer be supposed that any taint of idleness, vulgarity, or debauch was essentially connected with the pastime of rowing at the great seminaries of learning; nevertheless, it was some time before the authorities of the two Universities were disposed to look upon it with favour, or even with toleration. No doubt a large number of the frequenters of the London river were sporting men, dandies, and devotees of gaming in its various forms; nor was the morality of the professional watermen above suspicion. The Thames, as our fathers can remember it, afforded ampler attractions than now to the lover of nature and the votary of health. The small Westminster boys still bathed at Vauxhall Bridge, and a canon of St Paul's could take an oar with his son up to Fulham by way of an afternoon's "constitutional"; but if the rowdyism of the frequenters of the river is reprehensible now, the chartered libertinism, of which complaints are rife in the pages of the British essayists—which excited the indignation of Samuel Johnson, even when disposed for a frolic—was then far more rampant in licence of speech and action. Daly (Theodore Hook's *eidolon*) found Eel-pie island a capital ground for the practical joke which he designated by the name of Cockney-catching, —a string, stretched from bank to bank, trapping the unwary occupant of the boat when floating down-stream in full security; and the same worthy rallied elderly

gentlemen on having *no business* in a pleasure-boat, without ceremony, as a *bon mot* quite in accordance with the spirit of the scene. Among the chief patrons of rowing were numbered sporting celebrities like Ross and Osbaldeston; and where Battersea Park now exists, stood in those days a water-side tavern, in the midst of ditches and cabbage-gardens, known as the Red House—the headquarters of the pigeon-shooting amateurs of the period. Lord Byron would take an oar or a pair of sculls on the afternoons when he was not occupied at Jackson's sparring academy in Bond Street; the well-known Marquess of Waterford was not only an excellent performer, but also an ardent promoter of matches; while the equally erratic Edmund Kean gave for several years a wherry to be rowed for by professional watermen. The hero of Warren's novel, 'Ten Thousand a-Year,' is represented as patronising aquatics, on the same terms and the same level as the prize-ring; and in the succeeding generation, Albert Smith, whose Pegasus, as somebody said, was "Commonplace by Sharpness out of Everyday Events," describes a simple youth interrogated by a brainless pretender to fashion whether he knew any of the "Leander men," and if he went on the river "in a four or a six"? There was, it must be admitted, some *prima facie* reason why the responsible guardians of youth might question the wisdom, in London at any rate, of encouraging boating.

In 1819 a match between Eton and Westminster schools was projected, but abandoned in deference to tutorial veto; and though the rivals rowed eight-oared races in London in 1829, and at Maidenhead in 1831, both of which were

won by Eton, yet in 1834 the 'Sporting Magazine' says a match was to have come off on May 8th, but the "bigwigs of Cambridge put their veto on the competition." The schools, however, rowed in 1836 and 1837, the latter year at Windsor in the presence of King William IV., when Westminster for the first time won; yet, as late as 1838, the head-master of Westminster stopped a match which had been arranged, when the Eton crew was actually in readiness at the post. It is possible that, in the first instance, something of the same spirit existed among fellows and tutors at Oxford and Cambridge. There is a vast amount of prejudice involved in total ignorance; and in those days it was a point of honour with a scholar to ignore everything frivolous. There is a legend, *si non vero e ben trovato*, that when the present Duke of Westminster went up to Baliol, the then head,—depicted by the Oxford satirist—

"See Baliol's chief in front like Ajax stand,
Firm in the broad-hemmed breastplate
of his band"—

informed him that although, in compliance with a promise exacted by his grandfather, he would be allowed to hunt, yet, in the opinion of the worthy master, such a condition was quite unreasonable,—"for you have the whole long vacation (June to October) to hunt in." It would, of course, be considered within the bounds of possibility that, on the banks of the Cam or the Isis, a little more familiarity with boats and boating might obtain, even among heads of houses; yet there are Oxford men of the present day who can remember that at the period when outriggered boats came into vogue, the Vice-Chancellor heard that

their use involved danger to life, and courageously determined to make a personal inspection. Accordingly, arrayed in full canonicals (for was he not the "greatest man in the greatest university in the world"?), he rolled his twenty stone of flesh down to the boat-house, and demanded to see one of the new boats. Fortunately the boat-builder had a tub of veritable Dutch build just off the stocks, as smart as paint and varnish could make her, and this was promptly rowed out for the inspection of the Vice-Chancellor, who, having been assisted into her thwarts, gravely expressed himself satisfied, and, as speedily as was consistent with dignity, regained the shelter of the barge.

Most probably the first notice in print of a college boat-race at Oxford sixty years ago occurs in Gresley's 'Portrait of a Churchman,' once a highly popular religious novel. The hero, in his solitary walk, hears the sound of boats poling out of Iffley lock, and then settling down to the steady even swing of oars, in pursuit of one another up the reach towards the Cherwell. It must be understood that the boats were ranged side by side in the lock, when the stroke-oar of the one whose turn it was to start first, ran down the gangboard from bow to stern, propelling her with a pole, which he dropped on reaching his seat, and assumed his oar. This mode of starting prevailed until the increasing numbers of competitors made it impossible to place them all in the lock, having begun probably in the days of a famous Christ Church crew in 1823, several of whose most prominent members were North Britons, who rowed in the broad blue bonnet of the south of Scotland—a head-gear

which, transformed into cerulean plush with a checkered band like that of the Guards, was the regulation-cap of the House a quarter of a century later.

It was at Cambridge, however, that the college boat-races first became what is somewhat morbidly styled an institution. It may be that the practical good sense of the mathematical University soonest arrived at the conclusion that a sport in which you might measure your minutes, and graduate your quantum of exercise, was just the thing for reading men. In 1868, Bishop Selwyn, in one of his public addresses, pronounced a most emphatic eulogium upon boating as having materially promoted his success in life. "Some," he said, "in their amusements, waste time, health, and money;" and he successfully argued that none of these drawbacks could be fairly charged against rowing. It is probable that there were college races on the Cam even before 1827, when they are first systematically tabulated. In that year there were only six boats: a ten-oar and an eight-oar from Trinity; a six-oar of the Eton and Westminster Trinity scholars (now 3d Trinity); an eight-oar from St John's; and six-oars from Jesus and Caius colleges. Tradition asserts that several years later a Clare six-oar was head (at any rate for part of the races) of the river; but in a very short time the uniform number of eight-oars established itself in usage. The father of Cambridge rowing on modern principles was the present Sir Patrick Colquhoun, who had, even while at school, distinguished himself upon the London river, and brought a specially sound judgment to bear upon the scientific data of the waterman's art. The earliest chart of the college

races at Cambridge is stated by Mr Macmichael to bear the date of 1827, while those which are published by the authority of the Oxford University Boat Club only bear the date of a decade later. The traditions of Brasenose College, however, claim the title of head of the river in 1827 and 1828 for crews under Messrs Congreve and Birley; and the laureate of the "Ale-verses" annually produced at the college "gaudy" on Shrove Tuesday, in 1832 deploras the decadence of manly sports in the following stanza:—

"For once she was in manly play
The pride of Bullingdon;
And ever on the racing day
First on the river shone."

Be this as it may, during the last half-century, slowly and surely, the eight-oared races have become an integral part of college life on the Cam and Isis alike, and the interest in them in almost every college embraces all sorts and conditions of inmates, from the venerable President to the cook's boy. Although the improvements in the mechanical part of the boat-builder's trade have made it advisable, perhaps necessary, to modify some of the original regulations, the main features of a race-night remain the same as when Mr Hughes wrote his 'Tom Brown at Oxford,' and no better description of the scene has been given than that in chapters thirteen and fourteen of his book. Some of us have stood upon the bank—some, more favoured with thews and sinews, shuddered in the boat itself, during that awful sixty seconds of suspense, when your own craft seems dead to its duty, and instinct with perversity,—but there are many readers of 'Maga' who never saw the scene, for whose behoof a sketch will not be thrown away. For some

quarter of a mile from Iffley lock, on the towing-path side of the Isis, are placed at regular intervals little posts, and from each of these an eight-oar starts, bow up-stream, with the object of catching the one in front of it, before the winning-post, near Folly Bridge, opposite Christ Church meadow, can be reached. It is not very far, but long enough to cause many a gallant exertion of skill and power in the highest strain of excitement and tension. At the start—as important in the race as in life—the bow has to be kept straight, and the oars clear of the bank: an athletic bowman has been seen, with every muscle in his back starting with the effort, to retain the tow-rope in his teeth, so that the full catch of the first stroke should be unimpeded. “Five seconds,” says the steersman; “eyes in the boat.” “They’re off!” the special crowd in attendance at the particular post of each boat cry; “Rowed!” “Well rowed!” “Now put it on!” and other encouraging ejaculations to the crew or to individuals. The narrow curve of the river, known as the gut, is passed, and those boats which have escaped a bump now take the other side of the wide reach, where the willows overhang the water. It is easier here to estimate the chances of success or failure. The line of boats grows less like a procession as the swifter crews draw away from their pursuers and catch up the flagging rivals in front. The boats divide, as it were, into groups, and most likely, at the fatal crossing from the Oxford to the Berkshire shore, one or more have to succumb, the two boats which have been in contact falling out of the line as quickly as possible to avoid interference with the crews behind them. At

the junction with the Cherwell the river becomes more crowded with spectators; barges and house-boats on the meadow-side, laden with fair friends of the competitors, senior members of the University, and visitors of every degree—each year a larger throng; and though it may be with less hearty and spontaneous enthusiasm, more year by year of that contagious excitement, that war of encouraging applause, which draws the last ounce of effort out of athletes struggling for the palm.

As this identical picture, with only a change in the background, would equally represent the May races at Cambridge, it is not surprising that a still expanding circle of interested watchers should invest the annual struggle of the two picked crews, who represent the boating strength of either University, with almost national importance. In the earlier years, the ring of interest would be limited to the junior members of the various colleges, the relatives, acquaintances, or schoolfellows of the crews, and the *cognoscenti* in rowing; but every year would widen its expanse by bringing in another generation of sympathisers to multiply, by progressive arithmetic, the number of the interested spectators, at a rate as rapid as that of the nails in the horse’s shoes, in the popular problem. In 1845, for the first time, a few Oxonians chartered a private steamer to accompany the race, which had till then been followed by three boats only—the umpire’s and those belonging to the two boat-clubs. Ten years later, a dozen or a score of speculators advertised places on board their steam-vessels to view the contest; and ultimately the crowd of smoky nuisances became so great, and the danger and incon-

venience so unbearable, that a stop had to be put to the practice. There seems now to be some slight reaction from the exaggerated gush of enthusiasm about the race, which was the fashion some years ago — the climax being reached when the Lord Mayor, about ten years since, invited the crews to a civic spread at the Mansion House. At present the organs of public opinion, while battering on the most minute particulars of the practice of each crew, rather affect to sneer at the sixteen over-rated young men upon whom the eyes of the million are fixed; and it is not without justice, it must be owned, that the absurd importance attached to the competition is held up to ridicule. One of the authors of that wittiest of ephemeral essays, the "Oxford Spectator," put the matter in its most humorous light when he asked, "How if there should be a 'Cambridge Spectator'? What if he should challenge me to some diabolical struggle, to be called an inter-university competition, and to settle annually our rival claims to pre-eminence? What would probably be my feelings if the newspapers should begin to give interesting notices of the health and doings of the competitors? 'The "Cambridge Spectator" yesterday partook of oysters.' 'The "Oxford Spectator" passed a good night, and woke up smiling.' What would be the nature of the agonising test? Would it be for him or for me to arrange the preliminaries? Should we be allowed to hold our sport at Oxford, or should we be compelled to rent a room in London? Should we require a pistol and a referee, and if so, by whom would the firearm and the office be severally discharged. To these queries, and to others like them, I have been able to arrive

at no satisfactory solution." But, reason or none, the popularity of the University boat-race on the London river is practically unassailable.

Hardly less popular, and as interesting to the rowing world, have been the races at Henley regatta, first established in 1839, in which year Lord Iddesleigh (Northcote of Baliol) rowed in the Etona crew. Although the course has several important defects, and the distance is scarcely sufficient for a great trial of endurance between first-rate crews, still the merits of the situation, both by land and water, are undeniable to lovers of the picturesque, and Henley has been the scene of some most excellent feats of watermanship. The extraordinary race in 1843, won by seven oars against eight—when Mr Fletcher Menzies, who had several times rowed a victorious stroke-oar for Oxford, was prostrated by illness at the very moment when his boat was about to row down to its station—has been done into excellent ballad-metre by Mr Hughes, whose brother, on the spur of the moment, took Mr Menzies's place—

"Let bow come down and pull seven's oar,
And seven take stroke for me;"—

and the event has been recorded with fidelity and spirit by a score of prose writers, while the circumstances which led to it have given rise to more than enough of that kind of controversy in which

"Disputants their weapons wield,
Manœuvring in the boundless field
Of all that might have been."

It is worth a note, however, that Mr Menzies and his brother had come up to Oxford with the experience they had gained, like the Colquhouns of Luss, by practice on a Scottish loch, and revolution-

ised the rowing world of the University—the first of a succession of sturdy North Britons, of whom the brothers Maclean of New College, and Pitman, the Cambridge sculler, still keep up the tradition. While penning these lines, too, the writer sees with sorrow the announcement of the death of one to whom Rhedicyna is indebted for the permanent memorial of this unequalled feat. The boat in which the Oxford crew rowed, which was modelled and actually in part built by Mr F. N. Menzies, was used as a practice-boat on the river for several years, and in 1845 or 1846 was stove in by a collision with another boat. The writer, who saw her in the boat-builder's hands for repairs, secured one of the fragments of her timbers, of which he had a trophy made. In a very few weeks all Oxford was full of ornaments constructed of the wood, which, like that of the true cross, seemed to have a miraculous power of reproduction. In 1868 she was broken up altogether; and Mr Randall, a tradesman in Oxford, whose sympathies were ever with the University boat (who can forget the blue umbrella upon the towing-path which he was wont to display?—a rallying-point for the partisans of Oxford, as the white plume of Henry of Navarre was to the Huguenots of yore), had the coxwain's thwart converted into a presidential chair for the University barge, with an inscription recording the names of the seven oarsmen, with those of Mr Fletcher Menzies, Mr Arthur Shadwell the steersman, and Mr Æneas William Mackintosh, who "coached" the crew. Mr Randall, who was an alderman of Oxford, and lived after his retirement from business at Grandpont House, enjoyed for many years the friendship of such

Oxford men as Canon Hole, the Earl of Dartmouth, and others, and died an octogenarian.

It is worth notice that the crew which was defeated in this famous race was not the regular University crew, but one of a designation which for many years has been absent from the lists of competitors,—“the Cambridge Rooms” in London. This was the outcome of an attempt on the part of the Universities (for Oxford had Subscription Rooms also) to keep together their rowing men who had completed their terms at college, and repaired to London for study, business, or pleasure. It is likely that, had a joint club of this nature been formed, to which both Oxford and Cambridge men could have belonged, it would have had a longer existence, even supposing that it had not lasted to the present day; but neither of the two Universities was strong enough, single-handed, to maintain the necessarily high expenses of a London rowing club, and nowadays the Leander, or Kingston, or some such institution, carries off the devotee of the oar so soon as he leaves Alma Mater. Perhaps this is the better alternative; for there is no doubt that the infusion of new blood from the cultivated and honourable class of men who represent the University, assists most materially in keeping up the tone of London rowing clubs, and preventing a vulgar or mercenary spirit from gaining the ascendant.

Whether rowing at schools is to be encouraged is a question upon which there are two differing opinions,—some considering that the exercise is hardly suitable to lads who have not arrived at manly strength, and others doubting the advantage of such early practice, inasmuch as several of the most distinguished University ama-

teurs of the oar have been, like Mr Menzies, those who did not acquire their skill on any of the rivers where our public schools are located. At Eton there have been rowing men of very differing degrees of skill, and very varied ideas of the purpose of boating,—“wet-bobs” whose after connection with the Cam or the Isis has simply involved the consumption of cigars in a punt; and from time to time a minor school has started into prominence as a nursery of rowing, just for the term of some very enthusiastic and popular exponent of the science, and then died out again, like a weakly exotic forced for a season. But there seems no valid reason why, as an exercise, rowing should not be encouraged (wholesome and temperate as it is) among the pupils of our public schools; and even races between boys, waged under proper conditions of moderation and discipline, have been proved by experience to have no evil results either to health or morality.

In two rather remarkable articles in a recent number of the ‘*Century*’ magazine, some revelations are made concerning college boat-races in the States which must be regretfully admitted to be less favourable than our experience at home would warrant. It is matter of sincere grief to Englishmen to find Harvard and Yale accused by no less an authority than Julian Hawthorne of “lying and jockeying.” “Surely,” as he goes on to say, “it cannot be possible that these young gentlemen, representatives of the best blood and culture of their

country—not to mention athleticism—surely we are not to believe that they can allow themselves to be influenced by pecuniary, by mercenary considerations. Surely they do not put forth their strength, and pledge the honour of their universities, for money?” In England it may be hoped that, without pharisaic boasting, there would be no hesitation in answering such a question in the negative. Nearly fifty years ago, the chairman, in a speech at the dinner after the University match, laid down the principles on which it was to be conducted: first, that gentlemen should steer; second, that “fouling” should be abolished; and last, but not least, that victory should be its own reward. Up to that time many London boat-clubs considered a wager essential to a match, and actually declined to row without this inducement; but it would be a decided untruth to assert that on the occasion of any boat-race between schools or universities, for full half a century, any number of friends or fellow-students of the competitors had, to quote the American writer again, “put up all their spare cash, and a great deal of cash that is not to spare, upon the result.” Here or there some outsider may be found to have wagered heavily on the result of the University race, as he might have done on the simplest accident of everyday life; but in the present year of grace the success of Cambridge did not, we will venture to assert, affect the concrete exchequer of undergraduate Oxford by the “scruple of a hair.”¹

¹ It is stated by Mr Forshall, in his ‘*Westminster School, Past and Present*,’ that the sum mentioned by ‘*Bell’s Life*’ as the stake in the match between Eton and Westminster in 1829 was never actually wagered or paid. The Marquess of Waterford (whose Irish crew of Etonians, in his own boat the *Erin-go-Bragh*, had beaten Westminster the year before) might possibly have made a bet upon the race which gave rise to the statement. He rowed stroke of the Eton boat.

Mr Hawthorne ascribes this canker in the rowing world of academic America to the employment of professional trainers by the amateurs who are preparing for matches; while the author of another article in the same magazine, who attributes to the impetuosity of youth "whatever there is bad in the betting that goes on in college races in the United States," objects to the professional trainer on another ground—viz., that he has too rigid a standard of "form," and that rowing of a less scientific but more spirited order will achieve success more certainly. These questions have been fought out in England, and decided in a sense adverse to the waterman, mainly on the ground that the skilled amateur is more competent to train a crew. We do not as yet, in the old country, allow the ministers of our sports to give the tone to the promoters of them, especially in those which the athletic youth of the cultured classes partake; it would, indeed, be a phenomenon for the "ground man" to influence the *morale* of a cricket eleven. But it was a great gain to rowing when the adroitness of a hired coxwain ceased to be an item in the calculations of success, and the rudder-lines were intrusted to a gentleman whose primary object it is to keep his own course, and refrain from embarrassing the rival crew. Up to that time there was an element of chicanery connected with the ambiguous term "watermanship," which combined with the idea that races must involve wagers to place sport on the professional basis of "win, tie, or wrangle."

"Rem :

Si possis, rectè ; si non——!"

But the recent practice is to dispense with a steersman entirely

in the races for shorter boats. One of the American authors just quoted discusses the question exhaustively, and sums up in favour of a steerer in the case certainly of an eight-oar. The four-oared boat is the debatable ground, and the experience we have had of races without coxwains leads to the conclusion that their abolition is not a decided gain. It much increases the risk of a foul or a grounding on the shore, while the slight additional weight in the stern of the boat may be compensated by skilful construction so as to interpose no obstacle to swift motion. The build of the vessel, our yacht-constructors know full well, is of no ordinary moment in the issue of a race. Some of the old craft, heavy as they seemed, and requiring a greater exercise of power to get them into motion, gained extraordinary momentum when once under way. Long ago an American explained the swiftness of his "clippers" by the more felicitous type of construction which his countrymen had adopted: "Your ships [the British] are built upon the model of the salmon, whose head and shoulders are convex; ours after the model of the pike, whose head and shoulders are concave. It stands to reason that a ship whose stem is convex must dislodge a greater body of water than one whose stem is concave, and therefore its progress through the water must be slower." Yet for years the racing boats in use at the two Universities—Oxford especially—were as unscientific as could be imagined, and on the London river the style of boat in vogue required a great excess of exertion. It was not till the year 1844 that outriggered boats were introduced from Newcastle, and revolutionised racing. Yet even then there

were those who decried the invention; and the non-success of the first College eight, in which Wadham rowed in the races of 1845 at Oxford, led to a belief that, for heavy crews at any rate, and in rough water, a boat of mixed build, with outriggers at stroke and bow places only, would be found to answer better—and such a build of boat was used for several years with some measure of success. Sir Patrick Colquhoun fortunately had enough foresight and influence to insist upon the adoption of a boat and oars of the Newcastle style by the Westminster boys in their race with Eton in 1845; and the ease with which a crew manifestly inferior in size and strength beat a boat containing several oarsmen of first-rate merit, served to establish the new style of boat in popular favour, which improvements in strength and lightness of construction have enabled it to maintain. Another advance in the art of giving ease to labour has been afforded by the introduction of sliding seats—the propelling power being in no way lessened, while the exertion is materially lightened by their use.

The much contested question of damage to health caused by undue exertion in rowing may be considered as set at rest since the publication, in 1873, of Dr Morgan's book on 'University Oars.' It would be hardly possible that the platitudes and fallacies with which the question used to be discussed twenty years ago could survive his clear statement of actual cases. The average life of rowing men is the same as that of the class from which they are taken. Common-sense prescribes that the competitor in a race must be free from any fatal defect in his physical organisation, or his weak point

will be liable to give way, as it might under any other exertion. With temperance of body he must combine tranquillity of mind. Fretfulness or hastiness of temper unfit a man for work. A famous oarsman in after-life, when a boy at Eton, was attached to a "long-boat" which had seven "moderately bad oars," and one "punt-pole," which fell to the last comer, who invariably sulked. The future champion soon deliberately chose the bad oar, giving as his reason, "I used to have to pull the weight of the sulky fellow who had it; now you are all in good humour." This is the spirit which promotes the power to endure and to profit by exercise, and avoids tricks and awkwardnesses of style, or that injudicious application of mere muscular strength which places an undue strain upon some part of the system, which is sure in the end to develop mischief. The youth who has first learned to husband his powers, and to exert them only in the legitimate manner, runs, as common-sense warns us, much less danger of overstraining them than he who counteracts faults of style by exaggerated effort. Unfortunately, from time to time the chapter of accidents enables some phenomenally bad performer to achieve extraordinary success, or a crew with a ragged disjointed style will carry all before them for a season, to the immeasurable detriment of their own health, and to the certain discomfiture of those imitators who are not wise enough to perceive that it was in spite of, not because of, their defects, that they were successful. A certain school of critics, too, adopt a line which tends to increase this injurious tendency: some years ago, one of them was ever reiterating the word "devil" as the great want of racing crews. The term

was more appropriate than he was aware of, as the apologues of the middle ages have taught us. You may raise the demon, and astonish the ignorant world by your success; but you cannot get rid of him at your will, or evade the payment of his wages by mental or bodily sacrifice.

Waged under proper conditions, and within due bounds, there seems no reason to believe that boat-racing need have such fatal consequences, either to health or morals. The authorities who are responsible for the wellbeing of our rising generation ought to see that over-competition should not be permitted, and the public opinion of the young men themselves must be relied upon to keep aloof the demon of gambling. The third

decade of human life generally sees the oar laid by, save in the unusual case of some individual whose stamina and surroundings are quite unique; and while here and there are those whose imprudence has brought upon them physical consequences which might still have been developed by other causes had they never taken to rowing, the boating man in general has nothing to look back upon which can cause him a pang of remorse, while he enjoys many a reminiscence of manly struggles, in which defeat is scarcely less honourable than victory. To quote once more the illustrious Bishop of Lichfield—"My advice to all young men is in two sentences: Be temperate in all things, and *Incumbite remis.*"

CÆSAR BORGIA.

[THE discovery of a number of hitherto unknown documents at Simancas and Pamplona, at Pau and in Romagna, has thrown new light upon the eventful and extraordinary career of Cæsar Borgia, especially with regard to the latter part of his life in Spain. The romantic story of his escape from prison and his death in an obscure skirmish are as yet practically unknown to history. It does not come within our limits to give an exhaustive description of the mass of new material unearthed by M. Charles Yriarte, whose name will be well known to our readers as one of the greatest authorities upon the life and manners of medieval Italy, but the following paper forms the first instalment of what may be taken as a brief *résumé* of the subject and of the valuable historical material referred to. Thus undoubtedly a great service has been rendered to history by the presentation of the life of Cæsar Borgia, as it can now be really given by correcting the previous narratives by the aid of the State Papers, private correspondence, and as yet unpublished *diarii* to be found in the various storehouses of Italy, as also of Castile and the two Navarres. This biography may be divided into three parts:—Cæsar, Cardinal of Valencia;—Cæsar, Duke of Valentinois and Prince of Romagna;—Cæsar in Spain.

The first part of M. Yriarte's important paper describes the beginning of the life of Cæsar Borgia, his early days at Perugia and Pisa, and his attitude as a prince of the Church up to his abjuration. The second will present him to us as the Captain-General of the Pontifical troops, and now the ally of France and the husband of the sister of the King of Navarre, assuming the ducal crown, and exerting himself to reconstitute for his own advantage the kingdom of Central Italy, up to the day when the sudden death of his father, the wrath of Julius II., and the treachery of Gonzalo de Cordoba put an end to his vast projects by exile and imprisonment. The last chapter, "Cæsar in Spain," treats of what is as yet unrecorded by the historian: it recounts his captivity, the singular vicissitudes of his flight, his last struggles, and his dramatic death before the fortress of Viana in Navarre.—ED. B. M.]

I.—THE CARDINAL OF VALENCIA (1476-1498).

THE conditions amid which Cæsar Borgia was born are well known. Spanish by his father, Cardinal Rodrigo de Borja, of a noble family of Valencia, and Roman by his mother, Vanozza Catanei, who belonged to a family of the middle class, and owed her fortune to her beauty, he came into the world at Rome in 1476, and was legitimised in October 1480 by a bull of Pope

Sixtus IV. He was the fifth child of the Vice-Chancellor of the Roman Church. At a very early age he was removed from his mother—to whom, however, he remained attached to the last day of his life, as did his sister Lucrezia Borgia, and his two other brothers, Giovanni, Duke of Gandia, and Don Gioffre, Prince of Squillace—and confided to the care of Adriana Mila, daughter of Pedro Mila, son of a sister of Alonzo de Borja (Pope Calixtus III.) This Adriana Mila had come to Rome with the Borgias, and was the constant confidant of Rodrigo, who married her to Ludovico Ursino Orsini towards the year 1473.

At the age of eight, Cæsar, who was already inscribed on the list of the Protonotaries of the Vatican, was provided with benefices, being Provost of Albar and Treasurer of the Church of Carthage. At ten years of age he was sent to the Sapienza of Perugia to commence his studies there, for which purpose the Vice-Chancellor appointed two preceptors, both Spaniards like himself—Ramolino of Ilerda (destined one day to draw up the indictment against Savonarola) and Giovanni Vera of Ercilla. From the year 1488 Cæsar was already to a certain extent a great personage, for Paolo Pampilio dedicated to him the 'Syllabica,' which he published at Rome about this period. The preface to this volume is one of the few documents we have which throw any light on Borgia's early youth. In 1491 we catch sight of Cæsar again at Pisa, where he is studying law under the famous Filippo Decio; and the same year a bull of Innocent XII. names him titular Bishop of Pampeluna. The municipal archives of this town have supplied us with three previously unknown documents:

the original letter which the fifteen-year-old prelate writes to the town council to announce his appointment; that by which his father, the Vice-Chancellor, supports the bull of Innocent XII.; and finally, Cæsar's notification to the above-mentioned council of his choice of Don Martin de Zapata, Treasurer of the Church of Toledo, as his deputy and administrator.

Rodrigo Borgia, his father, having been elected Pope under the name of Alexander VI. on the 11th of August 1492, twenty days later his son was made Cardinal of Valencia. After spending some time in retirement in Spoleto, while the marriage between his sister Lucrezia and Giovanni Sforza, Lord of Pesaro, was being negotiated, the young Cardinal appeared at Rome in the beginning of the year 1493, and immediately on his arrival his father granted him the rank to which he was entitled. At the age of seventeen we find him the second personage in the state. His father had set up an establishment for him in the Transtevere, where he had his intimates, his flatterers, and his little court; and the ambassadors, who knew the violent affection (*visceratissimo amore*, says Paolo Giovio) which Pope Alexander VI. bore to his children, came to pay their homage to Cæsar, as a means of ingratiating themselves with his father. G. A. Boccacio, Bishop of Modena, envoy of the Duke of Ferrara, on leaving the presence of the Cardinal on the 19th of March 1493, gives the following account of his visit to Ercole d'Este:—

"The other day I went to see Cæsar at his own house in the Transtevere: he was just going out hunting, and wore an absolutely uncanonical costume; he was dressed in silk, with his sword at his side, and just a little circle on his head to remind one of

the tonsured priest. We pursued our course together on horseback, conversing by the way. I am one of the most intimate among those who visit him. He is of great talents, of superior intellect, and a charming disposition; his manners are those of the son of a potentate, his temper is even and cheerful, he is full of mirth. He possesses singular modesty, and his attitude is much preferable to that of his brother the Duke of Gandia, who is not, however, without good qualities. The Archbishop of Valencia has never had any inclination for the priesthood, but it must be remembered that his benefice brings him in more than sixteen thousand ducats."

It is evident that the word "modesty" has changed its meaning since the fifteenth century. However that may be, Cæsar has become a state within the state; he corresponds with princes, with the house of Este and the Medicis; he distributes his favours and is forming a party. As a Cardinal-Deacon he had up to this time received only the lesser orders; he now took his place in the Consistory after an inquiry into the legitimacy of his birth.

"The element of vice will be eliminated," writes the same ambassador—"he will be legitimate because he was born in the lifetime of his mother's husband; there is no doubt about that—the husband was alive, he was on the spot, unless he happened to be in the town or running hither or thither in the discharge of the office he held in the domains of the Church."

The ecclesiastical rules were not made for Cæsar, nor had he any idea of conforming to them. We find him, dressed *à la Française* (*more Gallico*), going out hunting with his sword at his side. The day will even come when (to the scandal of some) he will put on the oriental caftan and turban to accompany Djem or Zizim, the brother of the Sultan of Constantinople and the hostage of the Vati-

can. His liberality was already great—he scattered gold with an open hand; and his father, whose one idea was to make him and Lucrezia powerful, began to have some fears regarding his prodigality. He was rich, too, richer than the ambassador says, for he had of his own, besides his benefice, the churches of Castres and those of Perpignan, and thirty thousand ducats a-year from the church of San Michele at Arezzo alone.

On the 23d of November 1493, Alexander VI. proceeded in great state to Orvieto to reorganise the territory, to which he was to add Bagnorea, Montefiascone, Bolsena, Acquapendente, and the villages of the Val di Lago. The young Borgia was to be perpetual governor and protector of Orvieto, with the title of legate *à latere*. But this was not a large enough stage for him; Italy was soon to become the field of battle where the quarrels of Europe were fought out. In November 1494, Charles VIII., King of France, entered Florence, determined to assert the rights of the house of France to the kingdom of Naples; in January 1495 he had passed the gates of Rome. Cæsar's turn was now coming; he would soon be a hostage in the hands of the king, and would accompany his staff the day he marched to the conquest of Naples.

"Our said Holy Father is content," says the treaty of alliance, "that my Lord Cardinal of Valencia should go with the king to bear him company, with fitting and honourable state, as is customary to him. And the king, for the honour of our said Holy Father, shall receive him honourably and treat him graciously, as belongs to his condition and dignity. And the said Lord Cardinal shall remain with the king for the space of four months, more or less."

The first day on which he suffered this constraint, the person-

ality of the young Cardinal shows itself; he was soon to display his daring, his craft, and his power of dissimulation, without caring for the perils he might bring upon the head of the Pope.

On the 28th of January 1495, Charles VIII. had left Rome to proceed to Naples, Cæsar riding on his right hand. For the first stage they lay at Marino, the second at Velletri. At the latter place the hostage of the Vatican accompanied the king to the lodging which had been prepared for him, and then retired, in his turn, to his own quarters; but in the middle of the night, having put on the dress of a groom, he passed through the town on foot, and met the Chancellor of the Podestà of Velletri, who was awaiting him with a horse a mile and a half from the walls, and returned towards Rome at full speed. He refrained from presenting himself at the Vatican for fear of compromising his Holiness, and sought shelter with Antonio Flores, auditor of the Rota. In the morning the alarm was given in the royal camp, the Cardinal of Valencia was searched for high and low and his servants examined. Out of the long train of seventeen waggons, with their drapery embroidered with his arms, which were supposed to contain all the baggage, plate, and riches of all kinds with which they were so ostentatiously loaded at the time of leaving Rome, fifteen still remained intact, which were discovered on examination to be simply filled with hay. The two other *fourgons*, which did actually carry his treasure, had turned aside on the pretext of the breaking of an axle, and had returned to Rome—an indubitable proof that his flight was premeditated.

In the month of May following, Charles VIII. having made him-

self master of Naples, entered Rome a second time, resolved to punish the treachery of his hostage and to obtain the investiture of the kingdom of Naples, which he had conquered; but Alexander VI. and Cæsar had fled to Orvieto, and had organised a league against the French, who therefore retreated towards the north. This is the first trait we observe of the character of this wily personage, impatient of every yoke, who holds his own against all, even against the King of France. Alexander recognised in him his true son: compromised as he might be by Cæsar, he admired him and treated him with unbounded indulgence. Initiated as he now was into vast political schemes and intrigues of all kinds, the confidant of his father, whose project was to destroy the power of the Roman barons, the Orsini, the Colonnas, the Gaëtani, who held the Vatican in check at the gates of Rome and in Rome itself, and whose possessions were enormous, their retainers too numerous and their forces almost equal to those of the Holy See,—what part could an ecclesiastic take in the struggle which was about to commence against feudal authority, to be completed at a later period by the reconstitution of the whole Patrimony of St Peter—the prodigious aim of a monstrous reign? Cæsar's part could only be, at the most, that which the spirit of intrigue and skilful diplomacy would assign to a prince of the Church whose place was on the first step of the throne of St Peter. The young Cardinal felt himself hemmed in, without liberty of action. Everything in him displays his unbounded ambition, his impatience of subjection, his hunger for supremacy. We have already mentioned his constant claims of precedence. He abstained from appearing any-

where where he would not hold the first place. At the age of twenty he refused audience to ambassadors; he attached an excessive value to his person, and concealed himself from all eyes, never going to a church in an official procession where his personality would be lost, and if he ever did show himself to the mob, having carefully prearranged his effect, with the intention of awing the masses by the ostentation of a prodigious retinue. There was as yet no special act which held up the son of Alexander to the public admiration, and he had certainly given no proof of any real superiority; but yet the moment he appeared in public, the people were on the alert: they foresaw the high destiny of Cæsar, and it was an open secret that, having been destined for the Church against his will, the young Cardinal was determined to correct the errors of fortune which had thus condemned him to inaction.

The occasion was soon to present itself. With the increased liberty of action which followed the departure of Charles VIII. for France, the Pope was preparing to commence his campaign against the Roman barons. He had already engaged as *condottiere* Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino, who had made himself famous by some successful expeditions against the Venetians; but beside the acting chief, he required for the Pontifical troops a captain-general devoted to his interests. He therefore resolved to recall from Valencia his eldest son, Giovanni, Duke of Gandia, who had married Donna Maria Henriquez, daughter of the Viscount of Leon and of Donna Maria de Luna, niece of the Catholic sovereigns. It is the Pontifical usage; Gandia represents the prince-nephew, the first personage in the state after the Pope. We know also that the

dominating passion of Alexander VI. was the immoderate love he bore to his children: to find a throne for each of them was the task that preoccupied every hour with him. All those who observed him have pointed out this distinguishing characteristic.

In order to define clearly the position which he intended to confer on his eldest son, he received him with great pomp at the head of all his Court at the Porta Pratese on the 10th of August 1496. Cæsar had taken his place as Cardinal on the Pontiff's right, Giovanni was on his left, and the procession returned to the Vatican after traversing the whole city. The Roman people, who have always loved shows and processions, admired the noble carriage and sympathetic countenance of the young prince, whose modest and simple bearing was contrasted with the arrogance of Cæsar. After three years' absence, Gandia had come back to find his brother and his sister Lucrezia become very great personages, and high in favour with their father. He would soon have no cause to envy them. The day after his entry into Rome, he was made Rector of Viterbo and of all the patrimony of the Church, in the place of Alessandro Farnese; two months later he received the baton of Gonfaloniere of the Holy See, and the *beretta* of Captain-General of the troops of the Church. At the close of his first campaign he was to receive the investiture of the duchy of Benevento, which gave him a prospective title to the throne of Spain. On that day must have arisen in the brain of Cæsar the terrible thoughts which continually haunted him, and the scheme which was evolved from them. The brilliant armour of the Captain-General of the Church which his brother wore would have

sat more easily upon him than the red cardinal's robe which his father had thrown upon his shoulders ; in the place of the Duke of Gandia, Cæsar's greater energy and stronger will, as well as his freedom from conscientious scruples, would have enabled him to play his part in the great drama which was preparing, better than his brother. The historians of the eighteenth century, drawing their inspiration from pamphlets against the Borgias, published by their implacable enemies the Neapolitans, tell us that when the Pope had made his son Duke of Benevento after his return from the campaign against the barons, another obvious cause of jealousy existed, which was to make the two brothers irreconcilable rivals ; for both, they say, were the lovers of their own sister Lucrezia. This was one of those assertions, unsupported by proofs, and whose real origin is well known, which helped to give the future Duchess of Ferrara the frightful reputation against which the famous German historian Gregorovius felt it his duty, not to protest, but simply to state one argument which is of considerable weight. Her nineteen years of tried fidelity to her last husband, Alfonso d'Este, at a time when Lucrezia was still young and beautiful, must indeed make us incredulous of so horrible a depravity in the Pope's daughter when she

was hardly sixteen. Setting Lucrezia aside, however, we find at this period at the Vatican, not a sister of Cæsar and Gandia, but a sister-in-law, Donna Sancha of Aragon, the wife of Don Gioffre, Prince of Squillace, daughter of the brother of the King of Naples, and sister of Alfonso de Bisceglie, afterwards the second husband of Lucrezia. The shameless conduct of this princess is declared by history. Sancha's behaviour shocked Alexander himself, who banished her, and it is difficult to reject the testimony of the ambassador of Ferrara, and that of the Master of the Ceremonies to Alexander VI., both of whom represent her as having shared her favours between her two brothers-in-law at the same time.¹

However this may be, Ferdinand, King of Naples, being dead, and Cæsar Borgia having been appointed to represent the Pontiff at the coronation of Frederick of Aragon, it was decided that the two brothers should go to Naples together in June 1497—the one to discharge his high mission, the other to receive from the hands of the new king the investiture of his duchy of Benevento. Everything was ready for their departure, when their mother, Vanzoza, desired to gather her children around her one last time, according to her custom, and invited them to a banquet at her residence near San Pietro in

¹ The intimacy of Donna Sancha with Cæsar is attested by the 'Diarium' of Burckardt, the impassible *ceremoniere* who sees everything and knows everything—"quam ipse cognoscebat carnaliter" (Diarium, vol. iii., Thuasne's edition).—Sanuto in his 'Diarii' thus confirms the general rumour: "Et ut intellexi, ja molti mesi questo cardinal Valenza usava con la cognata" (col. 792).—Machiavelli has accused Lucrezia ; but Lorenzo Pigna, the envoy of Ferrara, better informed, gives the name of Donna Sancha. A number of ambassadors have also reported this connection. The accusation of incest against Lucrezia has its origin in a declaration of her divorced husband, Giovanni, Lord of Pesaro, and a pamphlet of the time, which has become famous under the title of the "Letter to Paolo Savelli," which is of Neapolitan origin, and remains the principal accusatory document, the formal indictment, in which some details may be disputed, but the main points are irrefutable.

Vincoli. After the banquet, the Duke of Gandia did not return to the Vatican. After three days of mortal anxiety on the part of the Pope, and incessant researches by the Governor of Rome, the latter having requisitioned three hundred fishermen to drag the bed of the Tiber—the tomb of so many unknown victims—his men brought up in their nets the body of the unfortunate duke, wrapped in his cloak, wearing all his jewels and his weapons, and pierced by nine wounds.¹

Appalled by this intelligence, Alexander VI. shut himself up in his apartments and refused to see any one. The vigorous old man sobbed like a woman, and gave way alternately to the most pathetic expressions of grief and the most terrible imprecations. He must have the murderer; he is already inventing novel tortures for him. It was on the 14th of June that Gandia was slain; up to the 18th Alexander refused to take any nourishment, and only yielded with reluctance to the supplications of the Cardinal of Segovia, who adjured him through the closed door not to let himself die of starvation. The jovial, cynical, luxurious debauchee seemed suddenly converted. He appeared before the Consistory, and in face of the whole Sacred College humbled himself, beat his breast, and accused himself of having been a cause of scandal, and bound himself by an oath to reform the morals of the Vatican. Meanwhile an inquiry was set on foot. The young princes Giovanni, Cæsar, and Gioffre, the youngest brother, with his wife Donna Sancha, and another Borgia

—the Cardinal of Monreal—had been present at the farewell banquet given by Vanozza. At a late hour of the night Cæsar and Gandia had left together—one mounted on a mule, the other on his horse—and had taken the road to St Peter's. In front of the palace of Cardinal Sforza, Gandia had taken leave of Cæsar and disappeared down a narrow street, while the Cardinal of Valencia continued his way towards the Basilica. Since the moment when he parted from his brother, no one had seen the Duke of Gandia again.

On the third day his body was brought back in a boat to the Castle of St Angelo, after it had been stripped, and purified, and finally dressed in the uniform of Captain-General, and was carried to Sta Maria del Popolo, the Borgias' parish, with the face uncovered, by the light of two hundred torches. His Spanish retainers followed the procession with drawn swords, swearing, with many imprecations, to avenge the death of their duke. Meantime the Governor of Rome had exerted himself to discover the criminal, and one of the Tiber boatmen had made a statement before the magistrate. On Wednesday night he was lying in his boat waiting for the dawn, when he saw two men on foot coming down the lane by the side of the church of San Geronimo, advancing with precaution like scouts. After a time they disappeared, and then returned, after having signed to a group of people, hidden in the lane, to advance. A horseman appeared first, carrying behind him a corpse, whose head

¹ We may here quote a grimly concise document which is as yet unknown to history—the note in the papal register of the sum paid to the fishermen who found the body: “Per uno manda de dys 21 de Jugno ducati dieci conti a Battistino de Taglia e compagni perchè anno ritrovato lo Duchia de Candia.” We owe this document to Signor Bertolotti, keeper of the archives at Mantua.

and arms hung down and struck against the horse as it moved. Two men followed on foot, and all three came forward to the edge of the river. There the horseman turned his horse's tail to the stream, and his two followers took the body, one by the arms and the other by the legs; they swung it for a moment, and then threw it out into the river. When this was done the horseman asked if all was well, and being answered in the affirmative, turned round towards the river; and as the victim's cloak reappeared on the surface, he said a few words in a low voice to his companions, who threw stones at it till the body had disappeared. The unknown then turned back in the direction of the church of San Giacomo.

All Rome was roused to excitement, for Gandia had been loved by all. The different parties accused each other of the deed. First the Orsini were suspected, then Arcanio Sforza, and some arrests were made; but the accused were interrogated in a half-hearted way, for little by little the people began to whisper the name of Cæsar, though no one yet dared to name it aloud. Nine days after the murder, Alexander declared that he suspected some persons of high position:—

“His Holiness,” says a despatch of the Florentine envoy to the Signoria, “appears always absorbed in his search for the murderer; but this morning some trustworthy persons informed me that he now has sufficient evidence, and that he will confine himself to dissimulation to see whether he can, by his apparent indifference, quiet the fears of the criminals, and thus be able to detect them more easily. The general opinion is that they are persons of the highest position.”

Twelve days later the truth begins to show more clearly. “It

is said that the Pope knows all, but that, for reasons I have already given, he will conceal his knowledge. Some are unwilling to believe it; one thing is certain, that his Holiness is taking no further steps; and all those around him hold the same opinion—he must know the truth.” It is from external sources that the direct and formal accusation comes, for the same night the ambassadors, writing to the princes whom they represent, give the name of the actual murderer.

Once their despatches in the various collections of Italian State Papers have been deciphered, no doubt remains. Bracci, the Florentine envoy, hesitates for a moment. “He who has done the deed lacks neither talent nor courage, and, every way, must be recognised as a past-master.” Soon, however, he hesitates no longer, though he still employs a periphrasis. As for Pigna, the envoy of the Duke of Ferrara, he writes the name of the young Borgia in so many words.

Cæsar remained impassible. He was about to start on his mission, but all the arrangements had been suspended. He had tried several times in vain to see the Pontiff, but from the 14th of June to the 22d of July the latter remained in seclusion. Meanwhile Naples was expecting its legate, and he set out at last accompanied by the Master of the Ceremonies of the Pontifical chapel; and on the 1st of August 1497 the last king of the Aragonian dynasty, as he was destined to be, received the crown from the hands of the Cardinal of Valencia. On the 4th of September, Cæsar Borgia re-entered Rome in great state. Escorted by the greater number of the cardinals, he was conducted to the Sistine Chapel, where the Pope awaited him. The anxiety was unspeakable: all the princes of the Church who knew the secret

of the sanguinary mystery, and the ambassadors who had denounced the murderer to their masters, vied with each other in watching the scarlet-robed Cain advancing towards the old man whose heart he had broken. The Cardinal made a haughty inclination at the foot of the throne, and his father, with his heart still bleeding from the murder of Gandia, opened his arms in silence and coldly kissed him on the forehead. Then he turned away his eyes, and descended from the throne without saying a word to his son.—“Solo lo baccio,” says Sanudo.—“Non dixit verbum papæ Valentinus, nec Papa sibi, sed eo deosculato descendit de solio,” says the ‘*Diarium*’ of the Master of the Ceremonies of the Pontifical Court.

A strange nature, that of Alexander VI. ! In him the appetites of life, and the desire to raise his children still higher and higher, are the dominant influences. “His cares and anxieties do not last beyond a single night ; he is not of a serious nature, and has no thought except for his own interests. His real ambition is to make his children great ; he cares for nothing else. *Nè d’altro ha cura.*”¹ Barely a few months had passed when he seemed to have forgotten Gandia : he had done more than forgive his son, he had made himself his accomplice. He recognised in him an indomitable strength of character and a dogged resolution, joined to an immeasurable ambition, which he intended to employ for the realisation of his plans. The two were to make together for the same goal, the indefinite extension of the power of the Borgias. To reach this goal all manner of means would be employed—deceit, fraud, perjury, and even murder.

Lucrezia Borgia, four years

younger than her brother Cæsar, had married, at the age of sixteen, Giovanni Sforza, Lord of Pesaro, a cadet of the great family of the Dukes of Milan, but having little influence with them, and confined to his little lordship. Such an alliance was of no value to the Holy See in the struggles against the barons, and the still graver events which were preparing. Lucrezia, young, beautiful, and rich, whom the Pope had appointed regent on two different occasions, was to become a docile instrument in the hands of the Borgias. Torn by violent hands from the couch of her husband, to be thrown into the arms of a second, doomed to die in his turn should the course of events make the support of their new ally valueless—she who brought misfortune to all who came near her would take her place, by a third marriage, while still young and beautiful, on a new throne with a more solid base, that of Ferrara.

The Borgias do not kill for the sake of killing ; they aim at an end, and if they can reach it without shedding blood, they have patience. They demanded from Lucrezia’s young husband a renunciation of his marriage, based on an avowal of impotence. Giovanni Sforza refused. Cæsar, like a thoughtful brother, had warned his sister, who in her turn exposed the conspiracy to her husband. The latter, under the pretext of a walk to San Onofrio, made his way to the gates of the city, and finding a horse there ready saddled, started off at full speed, and rode so fast to Pesaro that his horse fell down dead of fatigue. From Pesaro he issued a protest to all the sovereigns of Italy, and appealed to his cousin of Milan ; but he was not to be victorious in the struggle. On

¹ Narrative of the Venetian ambassador, Paolo Capello.

the 20th December 1497, Lucrezia was no longer his wife—a commission, under the presidency of two cardinals, having attested the impotence of the husband as admitted by himself; and six months to a day after this—on the 20th of June 1498—the former lady of Pesaro was united to Alfonso, Duke of Bisceglie, and nephew of the King of Naples—“the handsomest young man ever seen at Rome,” says the chronicler Talini. Lucrezia was only eighteen, and her husband hardly seventeen. She conceived a real passion for Alfonso, and in his arms forgot Pesaro, who thereupon published the terrible accusation against the Borgias which still finds its echo in history, accusing them of having broken the ties between him and Lucrezia in order to enjoy in peace the incestuous favours of their daughter and sister. Ten months later the second husband was already menaced, and, like his predecessor, fled from the Vatican. “He has left his wife far advanced in her pregnancy,” says the Venetian ambassador, “and she does nothing but weep.” He came back, however, yielding to the supplications of his wife and the promises of her father, and put off his guard at the same time by Cæsar’s air of indifference. His son, too, the fruit of a passionate love, was soon to be born. But his security was short-lived, for his fate had been determined. One evening as he was coming back to the Vatican, masked assassins overwhelmed him with dagger-thrusts on the very steps of St Peter’s. Wounded in the head, the arm, and the thigh, Alfonso dragged himself, all bleeding, to the apartments of Lucrezia, who fell down in a swoon at the sight. He received the last absolution, and was considered as dead; but the attempt had failed, and must be begun over again. At first

Cæsar denied all participation in the crime. “I did not strike the Duke,” he said to the Venetian ambassador; “but if I had, he would have well deserved it.” He even had the audacity to visit the wounded man, who was expected to be soon out of danger; but he was merely keeping an eye on his victim, for as he left the room he was heard to mutter, “What is not done at noon can be done by evening.” Meanwhile Alfonso was recovering, though still weak and helpless, and Cæsar lost all patience. On the thirty-third day of his illness he came and sat by his brother-in-law’s bedside. He succeeded in getting rid of Lucrezia and his sister-in-law, Donna Sancha, and then called in his creature Micheletto de Corella; and this ruffian, the implacable executor of Borgia’s dark schemes, coldly and silently strangled the young prince in his bed.

What was the object of this new murder? What had happened? Since Lucrezia’s last marriage the face of affairs had changed; the Pope had appeared before the Consistory, and had made his proposal for the secularisation of his son Cæsar, who, as he said, “only took orders against his will and under constraint.” Cæsar’s emancipation was certain, for the decision of the Sacred College could be counted on. In fact, the Pope had actually anticipated it, and had already made proposals, on his son’s part, for the hand of Carlotta of Aragon, daughter of the King of Naples. A whole vast intrigue was based on this union; but the king refused to marry Carlotta to “a priest, son of a priest.” The Borgias never forgot the affront; the king’s nephew, Alfonso, the husband of Lucrezia, paid for the refusal with his life, and King Frederick himself with the loss of his kingdom. The King of France,

Louis XII., who was approaching the Pope as a suitor, in face of this refusal, which concerned him too (for the proposal had been made through him), took upon himself to give the Vatican revenge for the insult of the house of Aragon. He had need of Alexander's assistance, and could not do without him.

After the sudden death of Charles VIII., his successor, Louis XII., sought the hand of his widow, Anne of Brittany, who would bring him as her dowry the beauty which had attracted him, and the duchy of Brittany which he coveted. But he required a papal dispensation to gain his end, on account of the close ties of relationship which connected him with Queen Anne. This was the foundation of a vast conspiracy between the Vatican and the Court of France. Louis XII. was to take up again the unsuccessful scheme of Charles VIII.—that is to say, the conquest of the kingdom of Naples and the invasion of the Milanese territory; and at the same time, the Vatican, which had already triumphed over the Roman barons and destroyed their feudal authority, would bring beneath the sway of the Church all the lordships of the shore of the Adriatic, which had obtained their freedom. To gain this end, the King of France would lend the Vatican the support of the French lances, and in return, the Vatican was to clear the road to the kingdom of Naples for him, and grant the necessary dispensation for the marriage; while by a secret convention the king bound himself to give Cæsar Borgia (failing the hand of Carlotta of Aragon) the hand of another royal princess brought up at the Court of France.

The king was also to convert the county of Valence in Dauphiné into a duchy with an annual income attached to it, so that Cæsar Borgia, Cardinal of Valencia in Spain, might, on re-entering life as a layman, exchange his title of Prince of the Church for that of Duke of Valentinois.¹ Cæsar was to have in addition the collar of the Order of St Michael, and twenty thousand livres a-year as dowry; he was to come to France to consummate the marriage and assist the king in all his projects, and for this purpose was to receive a thousand French lances to employ in his own service. Should the king recover the duchy of Milan, he was also to invest Cæsar with the county of Asti. Everything was ready. Villeneuve, the ambassador who carried the ducal patent, had already arrived at Civitá Vecchia; the consent of the Sacred College, which had not yet pronounced upon the young Cardinal's demand of secularisation, alone was wanting. The Consistory had assembled, and was about to give its decision. But Spain, in the meantime, had penetrated the secret of this intrigue, and counted on the votes of the cardinals who were in the interest of the Catholic sovereigns, to arrest it, for she foresaw a danger to Aragon, Naples, and Castile in Cæsar Borgia becoming a layman and the ally of France. The Spanish ambassador, Garcilaso, therefore imposed his veto in the name of his sovereign. But here Alexander VI., feeling that he was losing ground, produced a triumphant argument—"the private life of the Cardinal of Valencia is a subject of scandal, and his secularisation is for the salvation of his soul." Besides this there was another unanswer-

¹ That is, the country round Valence.—Translator's note.

able argument; by renouncing his title, Cæsar renounced his benefices, and 35,000 florins of gold would fall in a grateful shower on the cardinals who supported the Holy See. This was the finishing touch; the vote was secured, and the French ambassador passed the gates of Rome and gave the royal letters patent into the Pope's hands. Next spring Cæsar, as a prince of France and husband of Charlotte d'Albret, daughter of the King of Navarre, would impale the lilies of France with the bull gules of the Borgias.

The end was attained at last: from this time it is easy to understand the plan conceived by the two Borgias, and to penetrate the reasons of the crimes which Cæsar had already committed, or was to commit later. Not one of his deeds resulted from hasty passion or spontaneous anger; each is one link of a chain in a well-defined scheme. Indeed it is this element of premeditation which makes the Duke of Valentinois a great historical character, in spite of all that he had to leave unfinished. A master of fence from his youth upward, he announced the blows he was going to strike, and he struck. He had sketched out the programme of his brief and romantic career, and he carried it out up to the day of his father's sudden and awful death, when all Italy made common cause with Spain to hunt down the baffled adventurer, to capture him by treachery, and to crush him as the author of crime and disorder. At an early age the Pope's son had understood that he was never to wear the tiara. Yet though thus condemned to the second place, he aspired to the first; that is known and admitted—even he himself proclaimed it, and he has left a palpable and

irrefutable proof of it. On an occasion unparalleled in the life of a prince of the Church, the day his father had deputed him to crown King Ferdinand of Naples, he had engraved on the sword of state which was to be carried before him, as the emblem of the temporal power, the great deeds of the Roman Cæsar, with this motto—"CUM NUMINE CÆSARIS OMEN." It was by no accident that he had received at his baptism the name of a conqueror which has become in course of time the actual title borne by those who wield the supreme power; to him it seemed a fortunate presage. With Cæsar as his patron,—under his auspices,—he threw himself into life, keeping his eyes fixed on the hero to whom his thoughts always reverted. He had taken for his motto, "Aut Cæsar aut nihil." Like Cæsar, he would pass the Rubicon (not figuratively, but in reality, at the head of his troops); like him, he would traverse Rome in triumph on an antique chariot, clad in chlamys and breastplate, with his head wreathed with green laurel, amidst the acclamations of the people.

We have seen him at the beginning confined within the narrow sphere of the Church; we have seen him break out of it by violence, destroy all obstacles, even at the price of horrible crimes, and pick up the sword which had fallen from the hands of his brother, the Captain-General of the Church. From a general he will become a duke; once duke, he must be king,—“Aut Cæsar aut nihil.”

The Cardinal of Valencia has made way for the Duke of Valentinois; we shall soon see him set out for the conquest of a kingdom.

CHARLES YRIARTE.

SELF-GOVERNMENT *versus* HOME RULE.

“Is the Unionist cause losing ground?” is a question that has been asked with bated breath. But it is good the question should be asked—ay, and answered as well; for the true answer can only show that such a calamity is, in the long-run, absolutely impossible. Moreover, as the real issue is being lost sight of in the din of speeches and party strife, it may be well to point out, in the shortest and simplest terms, how absurd but how fallacious is the idea that the opponents of Home Rule are necessarily the unpromising opponents of self-government.

Unionism is, and remains, identified with self-government in its complete manhood; Gladstonism is, and remains for its brief survival, identified with Mr Gladstone's form of Home Rule, which is self-government deprived of its highest prerogatives. Mr Gladstone's policy for Ireland has two pillars of support, the one inherent and the other purely adventitious. That which is inherent is a broken reed, a minus quantity so far as practical politics are concerned; of that which is adventitious—a strong and dangerous force—the real nature has curiously escaped the public ken, although doomed to rejection immediately it is exposed.

The *inherent* strength of Mr Gladstone's Home Rule is a minus quantity. His scheme, as has been proved over and over again, is an impracticable tissue of hopeless compromises. What better proof can be given than the description which its wet-nurse, Lord Thring, is constrained to give? He writes (on page 204 of the

‘Handbook of Home Rule’) of Mr Gladstone's twin Bills:—

“Absolute local autonomy was conferred on Ireland. . . . The Bill provided that, after a certain day, the representative Irish peers should cease to sit in the House of Lords, and the Irish members vacate their places in the House of Commons. . . . The legislative supremacy of the British Parliament was maintained, by an express provision excepting from any interference on the part of the Irish Legislature all imperial powers, and declaring void any enactment which infringed that provision; further, an enactment was inserted for the purpose of securing to the English Legislature in the last resource the absolute power to make any law for the government of Ireland, and therefore to repeal, *or suspend*, the Irish Constitution.”

Place this most authoritative description side by side with Mr Parnell's persistently declared policy, “to secure for Ireland, free of outside control, the right to direct her own course among the peoples of the world.” It is at once evident how far it is true that the Parnellite party support Mr Gladstone's scheme, shrewdly regarding it as a stepping-stone to other things. They see that “as a practical scheme it is hopelessly impracticable”; they well know it would simply kill the existing body politic; and that citizens must pin their faith on the belief that out of their dead selves they may make stepping-stones to lead to higher things.

On the political side, Ireland is coolly asked to take a back seat, and to surrender all privilege of representation in that Imperial Parliament, which is to remain more supreme than ever. An in-

stance may be found in the matter of defence. As Mr Gladstone once well said, "no community which is not primarily charged with the ordinary business of its own defence is really or can be, in the full sense of the word, a free community." Yet Ireland is asked to surrender all her "business of defence," except supplying her suzerain with tribute to pay for such measures as the suzerain may elect to adopt. Again, take the instance of the police. Mr Parnell has said distinctly that "no Irish leader would undertake any responsibility in a Local Legislature without having control of the police force." Mr Dillon, more recently, has said, "We hope the day is not far distant, and I know it is not, when the preservation of the law and the lives and property of the Irish people will be in the hands of the men the people can trust."

Whether we give heed to the principles involved, or to the declared wishes of the Parnellite leaders, it is indeed difficult to see how, with Lord Thring, we can confer "absolute local autonomy" on Ireland, and yet retain for the Imperial Government, as Mr Gladstone's scheme retains, all control over the police, and, therefore, all responsibility for law and order. In this, as in the control of the land policy and many another matter, the self-contradictory rule is to prevail, that the Imperial Parliament, in which Ireland is not to be represented, is to remain supreme in a country which nevertheless enjoys "absolute local autonomy"; and Mr Gladstone very properly tells us that "the unity of the empire rests upon the supremacy of Parliament."

Again, in the matter of taxation, this same Parliament is to have full and free control over customs

and excise, and thus, with a vengeance, to deprive Ireland of what Liberals were used to deem a cardinal principle — "No taxation without representation." Politically, then, Mr Gladstone's Home Rule scheme reduces Ireland to vassalage, by a grudging gift of a certain measure of local autonomy in return for an absolute surrender of national freedom, and of the highest prerogatives and rights of self-government, notably those of a voice and share in imperial councils and control.

Mr Gladstone is proverbially blind to expressions of opinion that militate against the cause he may happen to advocate. Mr Gladstone remains in pitiable ignorance of what the "Parnellite paymasters" resolutely and consistently demand. It would be well if Mr Gladstone could be induced to read the following resolutions, accepted with enthusiasm last August at a great gathering of these "paymasters" in Chicago:—

"That any measure of self-government proposed by the British Parliament, which refuses to recognise the independence from foreign control and dictation of the projected Irish Legislature, would be inadequate for the relief of Ireland, and ought to be rejected by the leaders of the Irish people. That we will cheerfully sustain by every means within our reach the struggle of the Irish people for liberty and independence, so long as the Irish people remain true to the cardinal principle of Ireland's right to be a free nation."

Another resolution recorded the conviction that,—

"The weak compromise of so-called Home Rule, proposed by Sir G. O. Trevelyan and apparently accepted by the Liberal leaders, . . . would lower the dignity of the Irish nation, and work great injury to the cause of Irish liberty."

Mr Gladstone has yet to learn

that it is not only the wicked Unionist legislators but the good Clan-na-Gael paymasters who scout his pet Home Rule scheme, as insulting to Ireland, and as being impracticable, and, in its nature, an impossible compromise.

In its financial aspect Mr Gladstone's scheme is not less outrageous; and chiefly in the fact that it largely increases the fiscal burdens. It is, of course, a futile task to impugn Mr Gladstone's well-earned reputation as a finan-

cier, and it is of little use reminding the public of the terrible fiasco that would inevitably have followed on his definite but most artificial scheme of Land Purchase, within a short twelve months after its proposal, owing to the simple economic fact of a fall in prices of farm produce. But it will be useful, at all events, to set out side by side, in parallel columns, present public expenditure in Ireland, and also that elaborated by Mr Gladstone in his Bills:—

Head.	What Mr Gladstone calls for.		
	Present Expenditure.	Section of Bill.	Amount.
Cost of Collection,	£1,600,000	14	£1,600,000
Charges of Debt, Army and Navy, and Civil Service, }	1,996,400	13 & 14	3,602,000
Judicial Service, &c.,	2,304,000	20, 28, 29	2,304,000
Constabulary,	1,586,000	13	1,000,000
Local,	4,156,000	„	4,742,000
Total ordinary,	<u>£11,642,400</u>		<u>£13,248,000</u>

But the total revenue now raised in Ireland is at most £11,600,000; so that Ireland would, even in the ordinary expenditure, have to increase her burden of taxation 15 per cent.

Mr Gladstone, however, found himself constrained to go even further than this. Ireland would have to bear all charges on loans advanced: and this, at the lowest estimate, involves a further annual charge of £800,000, while the notorious Land Purchase Bill made Ireland primarily responsible for another three millions, and ultimately for an additional four millions a-year.

Thus, whether financially or politically, Mr Gladstone's scheme, so far as its inherent qualities go, is a mere conglomerate of impracticable compromises.

But this strange policy has attracted and continues to attract a large measure of purely *adventi-*

tious support. Its impracticabilities have been proved to demonstration over and over again, and yet even reasoning men continue to support the scheme. Radical Gladstonites, who pin their faith on Representative Government, not less than Philanthropic Liberals, who abominate all forms of political tyranny or autocracy, nevertheless support this scheme for the disfranchisement of Ireland. And the *causa motiva* is not far to seek. *Cherchez le nom*, and you have the whole story. It is all in a name. The phrase "Home Rule" bears upon the surface the meaning of local autonomy, of local self-government; and the heedless world, forgetting the important limitation implied in the word "local," accepts without further question or query the creed that Home Rule means autonomy or self-government, and that self-government means Home Rule.

So wholesale a fallacy gives to Mr Gladstone's scheme its chief strength and all the real power it wields. Mr Gladstone was indeed in luck's way when he happened upon, or, as his enemies wickedly say, purloined from Mr Parnell's vocabulary, a sounding title that in original intention contains another and a deeper meaning.

All this was made very evident to the writer, when in America last winter he had the good fortune to see much of statesmen and politicians of all parties during the session of Congress in Washington. The perpetual question put by these representatives of all parts of the United States was, "Why does your Conservative party so bitterly oppose self-government for Ireland?" In public, as in private, he was always able to reply with three questions, which invariably commanded a new attention. He would say—(1) Was it not the question of self-government or no self-government which led to the lamentable parting asunder of the United States and the United Kingdom? (2) Was not the hinge of the unfortunate dispute the special grievance that the American Colonies, especially in the matter of customs' duties, were taxed by a Parliament in which they were not represented? (3) Was it not the backbone of Mr Gladstone's Home Rule scheme that the Irish in all matters of customs and excise were to be taxed by a Parliament in which they were not represented? He would then add: "We Conservatives, in this respect in full accord with all intelligent Liberals and Radicals, hold to the belief that in any one State there can only be one Supreme Legislature and Executive, in which the National Sovereignty is embodied, and in which, if it is a constitutional and

not an autocratic state, all component parts of the nation have the right to be equitably represented. In regard to Ireland in this respect, Mr Gladstone says 'No!' but all Unionists say 'Yes, certainly!'"

Mr Gladstone has recently written: "It has for a very long time been my habit, when consulted by young political students, to recommend them carefully to study the characters and events of the American Independence." Had Mr Gladstone in this case himself practised what he preaches, he would not be astonished at the complete discomfiture of his strange Irish proposals. But so much virtue is there in a name, that it was only after plain speaking that the writer found American intelligence alive to the argument of actual fact. It will be well to recall what one senator eventually said to him: "I'm glad you showed me that Bill. I've seen it now in black and white. Gladstone's Home Rule means just this, by way of example—You take my State (the State of —), and you say to me and the other representatives, you can go and manage your own State affairs, but your senators and deputies have just got to quit Congress; but Congress is going to tax you all the same, and keep a tight hand over all the laws you make. Well, now, we should not call that self-government in America. We should just name it plain tyranny, which no American citizen would put up with—not for one day."

The phrase "Home Rule" means ruling your own domestic affairs. This may be a form of self-government, or it may be the very reverse. All depends upon whether or no there exists above you an Executive and Legislature in which you are not represented, but which

none the less legislates and administers for you. If so, then your Home Rule means that you are a mere dependency, a subject community, inferior to, and governed by, some other community.

If we summarise Mr Gladstone's "Home Rule," we find it involves that Irishmen are deprived of all voice in Imperial affairs; taxed by a Parliament in which they are not represented; and their laws, in such matters as they have liberty to legislate upon, made liable to disallowance by an entirely external Legislature. Mr Gladstone would fain place Ireland in a status of vassalage and subordination such as no free people has ever willingly endured, and no dependent nation ever willingly accepted. In a word, Gladstonian Home Rule means the political degradation, the fiscal slavery, and the legislative subordination of Ireland to the Imperial Parliament.

But a generous public, mistaking Home Rule for self-government and self-government for Home Rule, for the moment ignores all logical and practical alternatives; and this illogical confusion of ideas still holds sway even in high places. In one single sentence, for instance, Mr John Morley explains the grounds of his Irish creed—a creed which has painfully puzzled the many who admire his genuine and brilliant literary abilities. He writes, on page 246 of the 'Handbook of Home Rule':—

"The business in hand is not a theorem but a problem; it is not a thesis to be proved, but a malady to be cured; and the world will thank only the reasoner who winds up, not with Q.E.D., but with Q.E.F. To reason that a patient ought not to take a given medicine because it may possibly cause him more pain than some

other medicine which he has no intention of taking, is curiously oblique logic. The question is not oblique, it is direct. Will the operation" (of Home Rule) "do more harm to the constitution than the slow corrosions of a disorder grown inveterate?"

Possibly ere this Mr Morley has seen that, as it stands, this reasoning of his contains a fallacy well known to the schoolmen and even to schoolboys. Some of us have before now heard of cases of "undistributed muddle;" and we naturally ask—Is there no third medicine which the patient may be willing to take in place of one of two given medicines? Is there no other operation besides that of Home Rule, which, doing not harm but good to the constitution, will stay and eradicate the "slow corrosions of a disorder grown inveterate"? To argue without this completed syllogism is to bring the reasoner perilously near to a conclusion that would in Euclid wind up, not with Q.E.D. or Q.E.F., but with Q.E.A.

As a matter of fact, there is an alternative. Just as Mr Gladstone's shibboleth is *Home Rule*, so is *Self-Government* the watchword of the Unionist statesmen. Self-government means that the residents in any and all parts of a nation's territory shall enjoy all the rights and prerogatives, perform all the duties, and bear all the *self-imposed* burdens which free citizens enjoy, perform, or bear. Among the most cherished and most essential of the rights and prerogatives is a voice in imposing and adjusting the necessary burdens; and among the highest and most necessary duties is the preserving intact these rights and prerogatives. Counsel, Control, and Contribution are the three C's of a free State. Mr Gladstone offers Ireland one only of the three, and

reserves the other two for a Parliament in which Ireland is not represented. But self-government, which all Unionists would ensure, implies that Irish representatives shall retain full equitable voice in Imperial Counsel and Control, and especially in the adjustment of all Imperial Contributions. In regard to purely local affairs, the Imperial Parliament is nowadays only too willing to shift from its own shoulders the vexatious burden of Local Administration. Lord Thring and others have written learnedly on the distinctions between Federal, Confederate, and Imperial forms of political union; but in one and all—whatever the liberties or prerogatives of localities—all localities must be equitably represented in the Sovereign Councils of the nation. This is the great feature that is lacking in Mr Gladstone's idea of Home Rule, and it is the leading feature in the Unionist idea of self-government.

Mr Gladstone's scheme is one for the despotic rule of Ireland by another country; and Mr Gladstone has gained the support of a majority of the representatives of Ireland. The reasons are not far to seek. Mr Gladstone, like many capable men, lives, moves, and has his being in office. Opposition to him is an atmosphere of suspended animation, and an atmosphere in which he breathes with difficulty. The general election in 1885 proved to Mr Gladstone that the Liberals were powerless against the Conservatives and the Parnellites combined. Accordingly he determined to engineer a split, and by attaching to himself the Parnellites, again to succeed to power. But in order to achieve this, he had, perforce, to steer between the perplexing Charybdis of Liberal secession and the obstructive Scylla of Parnel-

lite refusal. He escaped Scylla, but became engulfed in Charybdis. Stanch Liberals sided with Conservatives to withstand this degradation of Ireland. Weak Liberals thought there must be something good behind this apparent degradation, or the Parnellites would not accept it. There was indeed something behind; but was it good?

The Parnellite idea is supported by three classes of persons, each class honest and determined in its own policy. One class has high-flown ideas as to Irish independence; the second seeks to discredit and damage the British Empire; and the third seeks, if we speak bluntly, an easy livelihood. Each class leads honest dupes in its train; and the three may be known by the titles—Separatists, Fenians, and, for want of a better word, Dollarites. Separatists regard Home Rule as a stepping-stone to independence; Fenians and Dollarites unite in rejoicing at the political degradation for Ireland involved in Mr Gladstone's scheme, for the common reason that there is thus created a new and great grievance for Ireland. The Dollarites are shrewdly clear on the point that the political agitation, which alone brings them dollars, can only thrive on some tangible grievance. Religious tyranny has been disestablished, and there is serious prospect that the wicked landlord will soon cease to trouble. "Rackrenting" and "evictions" have for long been the open sesame to the hoarded earnings of the farmers in Ireland and of the servant-girls in America. Mr Gladstone speedily devised a system of dual ownership of the soil in Ireland, whereby that growth of freedom, "private property," which permits a man to own land and even to allow others to use it,

was declared to be null and void. Mr Gladstone persuaded Parliament to enact that in Ireland those who were allowed by the owners to use other people's property were to become part owners of that property. This created turmoil and trouble, specially gratifying to the grievance-mongers. But now Parliament seeks, so far as may be possible, to make amends for its misdeeds and put an end to this dual ownership; and it needs no prophet to show that in so far as this task succeeds, in so far an end is put to "rackrenting" and "evictions."

But the Dollarite must live, and he can only live by sowing some fresh crop of grievances. Mr Gladstone is again impelled to come forward with a timely proposal. "See here," he would have said, had he seen what others see,—"I have a thing called 'Home Rule.' The generous English people will mistake it for self-government, and so will the masses, and the civilised world, and foolish little Wales, and the rest; and we shall very likely put it through. But you will observe that, in reality, it reduces Ireland to a most degraded position of political servitude; it robs her of nearly all great constitutional rights; it deprives her of her chief powers of self-taxation; it takes from her a nation's first prerogative, the sacred right of self-defence,—it robs her, in short, of all that free citizens hold most dear. Such is Home Rule according to my prescription; and if that does not create a crop of grievances sufficient to last our lifetimes, I really do not know what will."

The Dollarites and Fenians at once saw that Mr Gladstone's specific, even in its treatment of customs' taxation alone, offered to Ireland all the right of rebellion

and separation, once asserted with success by the United States. It was equally evident that in its treatment of police and defence questions, the scheme would absolve Ireland from all responsibility in repelling foreign invasion; and, in its denial to Ireland of any voice in the control of imperial affairs, it would justify Ireland in sullenly standing aloof in grave national difficulties, and holding that, with no constitutional part in treaties or declarations of war, she had a right to remain neutral, even if not to become the active friend of an enemy. In addition, at every turn of the tide of material prosperity Ireland would with force throw all blame on her exacting mistress. In brief, Ireland would have a stock of material and well-founded grievances sufficient to win the sympathy of all civilised nations, and to fill the pockets of the Dollarites for centuries to come.

How soon such a system would bring Ireland to industrial and commercial ruin, or lead to political separation, it is not our present purpose to determine. But, taking it at its best, it is obvious that Gladstonian Home Rule, being the very antithesis and negation of self-government, would be the greatest curse with which Ireland could be saddled.

There is another point too often overlooked. Mr Gladstone is fond of saying that all he requires is that "the Irish should manage Irish affairs in Ireland." This is a well-rounded period; but if we analyse its terms we shall find ourselves at a loss as to its meaning. It may be true that the writer offers too practical a criticism of this proposal. His excuse must be that for several years he has had much to do with the relations in which our Colonies actually stand

to the Imperial Government. He is forced to acknowledge that before such a problem can be brought into the arena of practical politics it is necessary to define what Irish affairs can be managed by the Irish in Ireland. As a matter of fact, the most important Irish affairs are inextricably mixed up with English affairs, and can best be managed by common action between English and Irish in some one common Parliament and Government. In foreign policy, defence, taxation, maintenance of law and order, loans, credit, and other leading political matters, it is obvious that Irish affairs cannot be successfully separated from English. These are matters in their very essence common to the two islands, and they must accordingly be dealt with by some common authority.

And as in political, so in commercial affairs — in trade, investments, land legislation, railway control, harbours, fisheries, and so forth—there is a close network of mutual action and advantage which ties England to Ireland and Ireland to England, and which can only be cut away to the abundant injury of both. It is a network which has become more than ever possible and essential, in consequence of the more intimate and closer intercourse that follows as steam and electricity disestablish distance and time. There remains indeed a residuum of purely Irish and a residuum of purely English affairs, which can best be controlled and managed by Irish and English in Ireland and England respectively. But this is a phase of the local government question which is to be dealt with next session, and which does not involve either the degradation or the separation of Ireland, but merely the reform of existing administrative machinery.

It is useful to remember what manner of self-government Ireland at the present enjoys. To state the case briefly: Ireland has, in the first place, even more than her fair share of representation in the sovereign Parliament of the nation. In the second place, the Irish in Ireland to a large degree manage local Irish affairs in Ireland. The cities and towns and harbours, and the county Poor Law affairs, are managed by elected bodies; while, in other matters of county government, the nominated county cess system is the successful counterpart in Ireland of the quarter-sessions system in England.

In Ireland there is, indeed, more centralisation in regard to control of local administration than there is in England; and the control of the police and responsibility for the maintenance of law and order rests essentially with the central authorities. Thus the problem fines itself down into possible improvements of Castle control and police management.

We will not here discuss either reform; but they will, no doubt, receive adequate and full consideration in that general Local Government Bill for the whole United Kingdom, which is to be a main work of next session. We incline to the belief that much may be done by throwing on localities a more direct and full responsibility for the local maintenance of law and order. But it may not be forgotten that much of the Castle control of local administration arises out of the fact that Government financial assistance, by way of loans and advances on the Imperial credit, is far more general in Ireland than it is in England. For instance, to the five million inhabitants of Ireland fifty-two millions sterling have been advanced in local loans, whereas to the thirty million in-

habitants of Great Britain there have only been advanced fifty-five millions. It is also to be borne in mind that whereas eleven millions of these loans have been remitted to the five million Irish, only one and a-half millions have been remitted to the thirty million inhabitants of Great Britain; so that the Irish owe a debt of gratitude, to say the least, of some eight or nine millions sterling to the taxpayers of the United Kingdom.

Ireland always has been, is now, and, we fear, will continue to be, the battenning-ground of agitators, who can only batten on grievances. But the agitators commit a great error in forcibly withstanding the law, though probably their error is less suicidal than that of Mr Gladstone in indorsing such conduct. The British people retain an ineradicable pride in their system of representative government, that is now so many centuries old; and the backbone of this system is the hitherto unchallenged rule, that all laws made in Parliament by the representatives of the people must be obeyed. It is strange to have to restate so elementary a truism. But it is one quietly ignored by Mr Gladstone in his latest phase of faith, and yet it is one that lies at the very root and foundation of parliamentary representative government, and it is one which the British nation will never abandon. The Blunts and O'Briens and Grahams may determine that the great majority is wrong, and that the law, being obnoxious to their superior intelligence, must and may be broken. But the majority, thinking otherwise, deal with them as with all law-breakers, and the will of the great majority of the people is a power not to be lightly interfered with.

Thoughtless people have asked how it is that Mr Gladstone, an ex-Prime Minister of England, continues to agitate and declaim just as though the elected representatives of the people had not decisively declared against his Home Rule scheme,—a decision emphatically indorsed by the electorate at a consequent general election. The real reply is that Mr Gladstone had, just before, emphatically laid down the law on the subject: "We have no right to question for a moment in this free country, under a representative system, that the vast majority of the representatives speak the mind of a decided majority of the people." The time had therefore arrived, in due course of his guiding "Policy of Reversals," for Mr Gladstone to act in diametrical opposition to the principle he had himself enunciated, and in direct contradiction of the "law himself had made." Vast majorities in Parliament, speaking the mind of a decided majority of the people, cannot for one moment be allowed to block the way to the hasty ideas of one man. The cherished sanctity of the union of Church and State, or the authority of political economy, are conveniently forgotten or banished to remote spheres if they obstruct the views of one man; and under the same provocation a similar fate awaits that very corner-stone of the Constitution—representative government. Traditions, experience, polity,—all must yield to the political whims and exigencies of one individual citizen, if only the nation would allow. Happily for the nation, although it can forgive and forget a great deal, it cannot forgive and forget all; and the time arrives, and indeed is now come, when the nation is alive to the dangers that threaten,

and will boldly decline to abandon its Constitution or again to intrust its destinies to one who would, without compunction, substitute for representative government one-man rule. At bottom the British nation is true to itself and to its brightest traditions; and the poet of the British nation, in portraying the best British type, paints the true character of the nation:—

“Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control;
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power:
 Yet not for power (power of herself
 Would come uncalled for), but to live
 by law,
 Acting the law we live by, without
 fear.”

We opened with the question, “Is the Unionist cause losing ground?” We have no general election to give us facts in proof,—we are compelled to fall back on inferences. We see clearly that the Unionist cause, regarded, and rightly regarded, as the full contrary of Gladstonian Home Rule,

means complete as opposed to emasculated self-government. As such, the Unionist cause will commend itself without fail to the robust citizenship of the British nation. It is true that to the weak-kneed,—to those who lack moral fibre—to those who seek in politics some high-priest on whom they may lean with as much emotional fervour and as little intellectual conviction as a Southern *señora* on her father-confessor, or an American Indian on his gyrating medicine-man,—to these the emasculated form of self-government, perfected by Mr Gladstone’s self-deceiving ingenuity, may well commend itself. But, unless it has reached its dotage, the British public is morally too robust and politically too vigorous to bend the knee to any such degrading idolatry; and in the long-run it will burst all bonds of misrepresentation and hero-worship, and reply, as we have replied in our opening sentence, that the decline of the Unionist cause is an absolute impossibility.

THE BALANCE OF MILITARY POWER IN EUROPE.—CONCLUSION.

ITALY, TURKEY, AND ENGLISH ALLIANCES.

WE have now to deal with what seems to us to be for Englishmen the most important factor in the whole European problem. Writing, as we have been throughout, purely from a national and in no wise from a party point of view, it would be both ungracious and unfair not to acknowledge that, in our judgment, we very largely owe the national advantage to us of the rise of the Italian power to one man—Mr Gladstone. Probably no man ever more completely expressed the feeling of sympathy of one great nation for another than did Mr Gladstone, when he declared in 1860 that there was a subject on which all Englishmen everywhere were agreed—“that Italy ought to be one; that Italy ought to be free.” It was many years after that before Italians as a nation fully realised the extent and depth of the sympathy which had been felt for them in England. They have very fully realised it now. Such matters are of the gravest possible importance. It seems to us that no word should be said in England which can in any way tend to modify that friendly feeling.¹

Yet there is, apart altogether from historical sympathy, a service which England can now render to Italy such as it has never before been possible for England to render to any power possessed of a great national army. England can at one and the same time secure

Italy from attack, and can enable her to become an offensive power. That is a consideration for statesmen rather than for peoples, but it is essential for us that our people should understand it. What is perhaps of even more importance to us is that this fact is thoroughly realised by Italian statesmen of all parties, and by the more influential and intelligent classes throughout the country. We almost fear lest, in the space of an article in which we have much else to discuss, we shall not be able to bring fully home to our English readers in detail the causes which make this a military and political certainty. Briefly stated, it is clear enough that a country with an enormous sea-board, a country of length without breadth, dependent for a large portion of its forces on two islands, and divided throughout the length of its mainland by a great mountain-chain, is liable to invasion from France by sea to an extent to which she is not liable to invasion across a mountain range the defence of which has been elaborately prepared. The consequence of these facts is, that the debates in the Italian Parliament, the pamphlets which have teemed from the Italian press, and the innumerable discussions which have testified to the intense patriotic interest which all Italians have taken in the question of national welfare, all turn upon this point. As we shall probably

¹ We regret that in Sir Charles Dilke's article in the November number of the 'Fortnightly,' he should have thought it necessary to discuss the possible injury which English hostility might inflict on Italy. Is it wise for a politician to discuss such a subject at all in regard to a friendly and most sensitive country?

more easily convince our readers by a few extracts of the intensity of this feeling, than we shall drive home a proof of some military intricacy as to facts about a foreign country, we venture to give the following.

Here is the first, from 'Nuova Antologia' of October 1884 :—

"With our present resources we can defend ourselves, but we cannot conquer. . . . We must be prepared to see, at the beginning of hostilities, our coasts and seas infested by warships which will capture ships, destroy railways, and attempt surprises and attacks of all sorts. If we are not prepared to do the same, we shall be surprised, crushed, and exposed to incalculable disasters."

Here is a soldier's view. Lieut.-General Ricci, late Chief of the Staff of the Italian army, on returning from a tour of inspection at Massowah, said to his constituents at Belluna :—

"Our continental frontier is one of the strongest in the world, because the Alps, fortified as they are, and defended by 250,000 or 300,000 Italians, present an impassable barrier. I even dare say that we are too strong on the side of the Alps, and I wish to again ask the Chamber to economise here as much as possible in order to increase the naval budget, so that we may have enough ships to prevent attack on our coasts, *the weak point—very weak point—of Italy.* . . . Each time that I, General of the Army, and Alpine deputy, appear in Parliament, I shall say, 'All for the Navy.'"

These extracts, which might be multiplied indefinitely, are only representative of what is the universal Italian feeling. The difficulty is to convey to English readers the impression which is left upon those who have most closely been watching what has been going on in the peninsula of the "zeal and untiring energy with which Italy has pressed forward

her land and sea defences: it is necessary to take stock of the multitudinous improvements in every service, and to study the frequent and instructive debates, to acquire a true idea of the immense interest taken in this question by all classes." We quote from a private letter from Captain A'Court, the author of 'Military Italy,' who has devoted years to the patient study of this question. His book is now by far the most complete account we have of the actual condition of the military forces of the kingdom.

For our purposes it will be sufficient to say that by the laws of 1882 the Italian army having been increased by 150,000 men, and the army corps increased from ten to twelve, she has now 430,000 men actually available in the army, with 200,000 "mobile militia" in second line ready to reinforce them. Allowing for the complete defence of the alpine region, according to a scheme elaborated by General Ricci, she has available 330,000 men for active operations in the field, either against Russia in support of Austria or against France in support of Germany,—*provided, and provided only, that an alliance with a great naval power secures the Italian coasts.*

With all the efforts that Italy has made to strengthen her navy, she does not at all disguise from herself that the French navy is incomparably stronger. Nor is it only the French navy that she has to fear by sea. When we have spoken of two army corps and a cavalry division as representing the force which at least we ought to have ready to ship, and have declared that at least until that force has been provided complete in all respects and ready to act, no other additions to our army would serve our

turn, we take account of the immense distance to which it would be necessary for us to transport troops. The vast increase in the supplies of all kinds which are involved in long sea transits multiplies, to an extent that would hardly be believed, the amount of mercantile tonnage that is required. The few hours' steaming which intervene between France and Italy impose altogether other conditions of sea transport. Paper transport by sea for those who have not actually taken up the tenders, is apt to seem a much simpler thing than it does to those who have to provide, even for a few days, for all that troops require on landing. It will, however, at least give some indication of what Italians fear if we say that Colonel Perrucetti, in 'La Difesa dello stato,' one of the most popular of Italian works, calculates that France has the means of forming and rapidly transporting by sea four army corps. It is not too much to say that if that is true, or anything like true, the mere danger of such a descent on some unknown point of the Italian coast, together with the command of the sea by the French fleet, would be sufficient to paralyse the entire Italian army that could be spared from the local defence of the Alps. Thus a French force numerically most inferior to the Italian army would be sufficient to prevent Italy either from assisting Austria or troubling France.

To sum up—the Italians have, with one exception which we shall presently note,¹ no fear of not being able to hold their own perfectly as long as the contest is confined to movement across the respective land-frontiers. Without an Eng-

lish alliance the entire Italian army would be paralysed for offensive action by the French fleet and a comparatively small portion of the French army. With an English alliance the combined Italian and Mediterranean fleets would certainly command the sea, paralyse any possible attempt at French invasion by sea, protect the much exposed Italian ports, many of which, like Naples, are not only unprotected, but from local causes cannot be adequately protected, and finally would set free the Italian army for action beyond the frontiers. We say, therefore, that the rise of the Italian Power has completely changed the relation of a great naval Power like England to the military forces of the Continent. Without putting a soldier on shore abroad, and without moving a soldier from England, we can by our naval action alone, and that without any special strain on our naval forces, set free at least 300,000 men for effective action against the aggressive Powers of the Continent.

It seems to us that under these circumstances the principle of all our policy ought to be, before all things, an active alliance with Italy. No one who has studied the views of Italian statesmen can fail to see that that is their opinion also. An alliance of Italy with Germany, or even of Italy with Germany and Austria, without an English alliance against Russia and France, is of the nature of the alliance of Thumblin with the giant, in which Thumblin gets all the knocks. Not that we do not think Italy a great Power. Italy and England allied together become two very great Powers indeed, from the moment that England has provided the force which is indispens-

¹ *Vide* p. 884.

able for the security of her own existence. But no alliance that Germany or Germany and Austria can offer to Italy, will save her from what Italians know to be their real danger. Germany and Austria, having to deal with the Russian navy, cannot absorb a sufficient portion of the activity of the French fleet to make Italy safe.

There is no alliance which would so securely unite all parties in this country. If it be true, as Sir Charles Dilke alleges in his article in the November 'Fortnightly,' that Prince Bismark has recently proposed to England to join the three Powers, the cause is clear. Either Count Crispi's interview or the views of Italian statesmen, expressed through other means, have made him attach a different value to the "sick old woman" from that which it suited his policy to profess in former times. It is clear that England and Italy together can offer to the central Powers an accession of strength which Bismark could not and does not despise. It is equally clear that he cannot get Italy to join him on the same terms without our alliance. This fact changes the nature of our power in relation to every state on the Continent. We do not believe, as we have already shown, that Italy is, as Sir Charles Dilke alleged, so necessary to the existence of Austria that Austria must cringe to her to any extent to secure her alliance; but this much is certain, that Italy cannot move a man to the support of Austria without our alliance. The position of France in any contest between Russia and Austria is so menacing for Italy, that neutrality is enforced on

Italy, at least until Germany and France are at war. Even then we think we have given reasons for believing that whilst the French fleet holds the seas, Italy will scarcely be able to move. Therefore to Austria our adhesion to the alliance is vital in proportion as the alliance of Italy is or is not important to her. As Sir Charles Dilke has at least given its full weight to the value of that alliance, the importance of which for Austria we by no means ignore, we claim his evidence as representing on that side the value we can offer to Austria on the *do ut des* principle. We have much else also to offer her, of which it will be more convenient to speak later.

Having this view of the importance and effect of Italian alliance before us, we wrote in our first article: "It is *almost* certain that we shall never have to enter into any quarrel in which *we cannot obtain* allies, to whom the command of the sea, such a force,¹ so capable of movement, and the financial support of England, would be of priceless value."² We do not think that these words, used after we had referred to the importance of Italy, and had repeatedly spoken of acting on the *do ut des* principle, conveyed to any one else the impression which they did to Sir Charles Dilke. "He is *positive*, however," he says of the present writer—"and I envy him his firm belief—that *when war comes upon us* we shall have allies." If they had done so, they would have been ill-chosen words. A forced construction placed on an isolated clause in a long argument is apt to mislead; but as it is vital to us not to be misunderstood in this

¹ Two army corps and a cavalry division complete in all respects, and ready to embark on the word being given.

² 'Blackwood's Magazine,' July 1887, p. 144.

matter, we are much more anxious to make our meaning clear than to split hairs as to the correct turn of a phrase. The purpose, then, with which we undertook these articles may now be fully stated, and the argument as a whole worked out. We do not believe, and never have believed, that if we wait till war comes upon us in behalf of our own interests, we can secure allies who will fight for us when we have refused to fight for them. We believe, as Sir Charles Dilke believes, that a great change has come over the political relation of England to the Continent since we have in Asia come to have frontiers which virtually march with those of a great European Power. We believe that the phase of public opinion which looked upon it as the duty of English statesmen to keep clear of Continental alliances, and to devote our strength to the peaceful extension of our colonial empire, was a very natural and legitimate view of the existing condition of things for many years of the present century. We believe also with Sir Charles Dilke that in our days it is impossible for English statesmen, however clearly they may see that the circumstances which tended to form a certain popular sentiment have radically changed, to commit the country to action for which it is not prepared. We do not see how, as an upright statesman who desired to pledge himself to brother statesmen on the Continent to that only which he could fulfil to the letter, it would have been possible for Lord Salisbury to completely commit this country to a formal union with the great peace-league of the three Powers. Therefore we firmly

believe that, in order that such alliance, which is now vital to our interests, should be formed, the nation generally must have laid before them the motives which ought to determine our action. It is well that our foreign policy should be consistent, continuous, and based on a knowledge of the existing state of things, which prevents violent changes when one party succeeds another in power. Circumstances, however, alter cases. The policy which was wise, or appeared wise, to the majority of Englishmen under one condition of things, may, if they see clearly that those conditions have altogether changed, appear in a very different light to them. There is no reason why English opinion should not be roused to the same interest in the question which exists at this moment everywhere throughout Italy. Therefore we held it to be our duty, having facts before us which, as we have heard from all sides, have not hitherto been understood by most Englishmen, to lay them before them.

We think we do Sir Charles Dilke no injustice when we say that the whole purport of his articles was to leave the impression that war with Russia being sooner or later inevitable for us, and war with Russia and France together a by no means impossible contingency, we must prepare ourselves to fight them without allies. He based that opinion on the belief that our alliance was not worth having, and that the rejection of it by Austria at Prince Bismark's instigation, which he alleged had at the beginning of the year recently occurred, was representative of what we had to expect for the future.¹ We said, therefore,

¹ Compare "The Present Position of European Politics," pp. 16, 21, 160, 185, 186 *et seq.*, with p. 277 and p. 339.

when we first challenged his statements, and we say now, that both in the case of England and Russia he put strength for weakness and weakness for strength. We entirely agree with those military critics who have assured him that he has underrated the power of Russia, and exaggerated the power of England, in maintaining that by some tinkering with our military finances, by some catching at popular military prejudices, by some substituting of a plausible statesman who is "out" for one who is in, we can more easily arrange to meet Russia in the field, in India, or at Vladivostock, without allies, than we can arrange to meet her elsewhere with them. We say that he exaggerated the power of Russia when he tried to persuade us to leave the nations of the Continent to be trodden under the feet of the colossus because Russia, or, at all events, Russia and France together, represented a force so great that other nations could not resist them. We say that he misjudged the statesmanship of Italian statesmen when he believed that their whole policy was one of "pourboires."

We believed then, and believe now, that the position in which we stand is very much like that in which Prussia stood in the years prior to 1806, whilst Napoleon was overthrowing Austria and the other states of the Continent. We can fan ourselves with the belief that it is a matter of no moment to us whether Russia and France do or do not deal first with the Continental Powers, and then with ourselves. In that case we shall surely be left, as Prussia was in 1806, without allies when the

fast-approaching hour arrives when Russia is able to deal with us in India, secure at least in a neutrality of France benevolent towards her, and ready to take every advantage of her many causes of quarrel with us. On the other hand, if only our fleet be in the condition in which all Englishmen desire to see it, we can offer such additional strength to the alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy, that we ought to be able to make such terms as will keep Russia and France quiet and at peace both with ourselves and the other Powers for our generation and perhaps the next. We neither deny nor affirm that our fleet is now in that condition. That is a question for sailors. It happens now, as it often happens, that the questions of the nature of the great services which a fleet can render us are mainly dependent on points of military study on land. It is because of the nature of the military frontiers of Germany and Russia, and of the military forces and lines of communication of the two great empires, that we are able to affirm that, by prohibiting a Russian naval expedition against Königsberg, Memel, and Danzig, the Whale can offer a direct service to the Prussian Eagle against the Elephant that may be worth the Eagle's purchasing at a price.¹ It is because of the necessary military distribution of the Italian depots, fortresses, and frontiers, that we are able to affirm that our navy can offer a service to Italy which will affect Germany and Austria alike, and be worth at least 300,000 men to the alliance. Whether our navy can at this moment crush or confine the now nearly ready Russian fleet in the

¹ See Article, "Germany, Russia, and Austria," in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' November.

Black Sea, and at the same time, with the assistance of the Italian fleet, dominate the Mediterranean and the Baltic, while it secures our commerce, our shores, and our colonies from attack, we do not know. From a military point of view, those are the services it ought to render us. Till it can accomplish them with certainty, we cry with General Ricci, "All for the navy and nothing for the army." To that, however, there is one saving clause on which we need not dwell, as on that point we are in entire agreement with Sir Charles Dilke. The army knows perfectly what the navy requires from it in order to accomplish its proper work at sea—secure ports, and secure coaling-stations. Their security is imperative if we are to be able to feed our population in time of war.

We shall, however, continue to accuse Sir Charles Dilke, in season and out of season, of party spirit, until he acknowledges one fact on that matter which is true, whether he acknowledges it or not. The one statesman who has really and heartily thrown himself into that cause, and has gone as far in it as it was possible for a man to do, has not been Sir Charles Dilke, has not been Mr Stanhope, or any other statesman, Conservative or Liberal, but Mr Smith. Sir Charles Dilke either knows that or is wilfully ignorant of it. For our part, in so far as any feeling of the kind affected our determination to offer these articles to our readers, it was the sense of the mischief to the country that was done when a statesman not much given to talk, but steadily and honestly setting himself to work at reforms not showy but vital to efficiency, was assailed by a clever talker, appealing to every catch-penny

prejudice that could be raked together. Those reforms have been now fully explained in public by General Brackenbury, and we are at a loss to understand how Sir Charles Dilke can say, after expressing the fullest approval of them, that he does not know what was meant when, speaking of this work, which had then at Mr Smith's instance, and with his full approval, been just accomplished, Lord Wolseley declared that more effective, non-theatrical work had been done in them than he had known done for years. Sir Charles Dilke wishes those who desire genuine army reform not to hit at one another. We heartily sympathise with the wish; but the speech from him seems to us like the historical one of the robber to the policeman, to which we can only give the policeman's answer. The present writer never spoke to Mr Smith in his life, and certainly would not have cared one farthing whether he was a Conservative or a Radical statesman, provided he had shown the desire Mr Smith has shown to accomplish genuine work for the country. We have had enough and to spare of brilliant speeches made by Secretaries of State for War, for which they receive the compliments of every one in the House. A little steady, unstagey, untheatrical work, that does not show in a speech, is a novelty; and, whilst Sir Charles Dilke shows his patriotism and independence of party spirit by vituperating or undervaluing all work, no matter how valuable it has been, done whilst Conservatives happened to be in power, we shall show ours by throwing all the enthusiasm we can into the support of any statesman, no matter of what party, who will strive after genuine efficiency.

Since we began our series there

has appeared an article¹ from the pen of Herr von Bunsen, declaring, not as an expression of his own opinion but as a study of the growth of public opinion in Germany, that the Germans generally have come to look upon this question as we do. He says that the whole feeling of Germany towards England has undergone a change, precisely because they consider that the great danger of the present situation lies in the high probability that, whether from deliberate design or as a consequence of the course of events, Russia and France together may attack England by herself first without allies, or else may attack Germany and Austria by themselves. We have in the present article shown why it is the case that these great military Powers may well desire the alliance of England, even though she should not be able to land a single *corps d'armée* anywhere. Herr von Bunsen belongs to a family of statesmen, and is not likely to write without knowing what the views of German statesmen are. This article, the speeches which have been made in the Foreign Committee of the Hungarian Delegations, notably on November 5, together with Signor Crispi's declarations, have been sufficient to refute Sir Charles Dilke's statement that "we are so little prepared for war *that no Power thinks our alliance worth having* for a short war, and it is the first days of a war that count at the present time."² But if these be not sufficient, Sir Charles's present assertion that Prince Bismark has recently pressed upon us an alliance with the three Powers, is its complete and final refutation.³

We entirely agree with Sir Charles that the first days of a war are now of vital importance. We entirely agree with him that our army is not now ready for the first few days or weeks, hardly for the first few months, of a Continental war. It has been with a view to make it so, that all the reforms which Sir Charles Dilke has so fiercely attacked were being attempted. If he can use his influence with Radical members to give courage to the Government to ask for the immediate expenditure which he now at last admits to be necessary in order to carry them out, he will confer the greatest service on his country which lies in his power.

Nevertheless with our army as it is, though we cannot do all that we ought to be able to do for the defence of the country, we can act potently on the first few days of a Continental war, as we cannot act on the first few days of a war between ourselves and Russia. A telegraphic order to our Mediterranean fleet to join the Italian navy will then and there set free at least 300,000 soldiers in Italy from the moment they are mobilised, and will begin to operate with enormous force in favour of the great alliance during the course of the very days of mobilisation. A telegraphic assurance to Germany that another English fleet will co-operate with the German from the moment that the state of the Baltic permits the Russian fleet to approach Memel, Königsberg, or Danzig, will enable the German leaders completely to modify all their plans for dealing with Russia. It will secure the communications of a German army

¹ 'Nineteenth Century,' Sept. 1887—"A German View of Mr Gladstone."

² 'Fortnightly Review,' p. 160—"The Present Position of European Politics."

³ 'Fortnightly Review,' November 1887.

engaged in the invasion of Poland. It will protect Germany on the only side on which Russian attack could be seriously dangerous.¹ Before we conclude our article, we shall show that yet another telegraphic order will be worth a further 200,000 men to Germany. There is no Power in Europe whose influence can be so rapidly exercised.

Therefore, *pace* Sir Charles Dilke, we say that, with these weapons in our hands, it will be not in war-power but in statesmanship and diplomacy that England will fail, if we are not able to make such terms with other States as will oblige Russia to leave Herat alone. We feel certain that if only our statesmen will take to heart that principle which Sir Charles Dilke has so soundly and wisely pressed on them, that at present they must understand the conditions of war on the Continent if they would attempt to safeguard England, there are yet other terms that we can make. We believe that Russia could be held to adhere, in relation to all the points of interest to us as well as to Europe, to the bargains she has made. We believe that we could obtain security that her pledges so habitually broken, and her solemn words so habitually repudiated, shall not again be ignored. Only by the union of the four Powers, all interested in peace, can such a result be secured.

We believe also that we could obtain a very similar security as against France. We wish that Sir Charles Dilke had brought out more fully than he has done many of those causes of quarrel with France to which he has only

alluded. We fear that our diplomacy will only be too willing to continue the evil courses in which it has been for more than a generation engaged, trusting to the ignorance of the nation as to the feeble concessions about which Sir Charles has only given hints.

We wish that he had drawn attention to the almost appalling frankness with which Law Officers of the Crown have declared that on the coast of Newfoundland, thanks to the carelessness and neglect of our statesmen, we have allowed French "rights of user" to be converted into "rights of wont," and "rights of wont" to be converted into tolerated claims to exclusive possession, till now, in a territory where the French have not, by treaty, a yard of soil, the French newspapers talk of "the French coast," almost as if they had territorial jurisdiction over it and we had not. How long it will be before French diplomatists adopt the same tone it would be dangerous to predict. An alliance for the maintenance of treaty rights, by which the rights of all the four Powers concerned were mutually guaranteed, and the violations of treaty were regarded as a matter of common interest, would give a firmness to our diplomacy and a security to peace such as there has not been in the world, at least since what Sir Charles Dilke now says that he agrees with us in thinking our great blunder in 1864, though he considers us most partisan writers for having called it so.

For it must not be disguised that the situation, as it now stands, though it is most satis-

¹ For the complete justification for these statements we refer our readers to our November article, "Germany, Russia, and Austria."

factory for the central Powers, is most dangerous for us. It is true that the Hungarian representatives have shown that they appreciate the nature of the action of English statesmen in a way that, unfortunately, it would be thought derogatory to the dignity of an English Opposition on either side to admit that they appreciated it. "We expect," said Csernatony, "no formal alliance on the part of England, as it is her habit not to bind herself before she finds it necessary to go to war; but it is highly satisfactory to learn that England is not against us, and will never side with our enemies; and that her good-will towards us, from which we may derive great advantages, is assured."

Unfortunately the "semi-alliance" which may confer these great advantages on the central Powers offers us no guarantee of their help in an event which that semi-alliance itself is especially likely to bring about.

Sir Charles Dilke thinks that nihilism would disappear if Russia went to war. We gladly accept his authority on a subject of which he knows much more than we do. It is at least certain that the probability that war would kill nihilism is sufficiently strong to make war present continual temptations to the Czar. Is it not likely, then, that the very strength of the alliance of the three Powers, with England in the background, may induce the Czar now to turn his attention towards India, instead of towards Europe? Unless we have made not a "half alliance" but a whole alliance with the other Powers, so that they are as much pledged to us as we to them, he will there find England in the foreground with no other Powers behind her. Nor, unless the de-

clarations which Lord Hartington used formerly to make are wholly unsound, would the result be very different if the Czar were to turn his attention to Asia Minor instead of to India. "In Asia Minor," as Lord Hartington used to say, "lies the great danger for England." In either case, as Sir Charles Dilke himself admits, it would be at least highly probable that we should have France on our back at the same time. Why should we run this tremendous risk merely for the sake of preserving a pedantic tradition of English statesmanship, suited to conditions which are not those of to-day? Why should we be compelled to put our armed forces on an enormously expensive establishment? For the discovery that Sir Charles Dilke has now made, that we must at least begin with an expenditure of several millions, shows only that he now knows of a flea-bite on what it will actually cost us to be ready, out of our own resources alone, to face Russia and France together, as he admits that with the policy which he advocates we must be ready to do.

Towards the end of the Franco-German war, when M. Thiers—the old war-historian of France, the great exponent of the Napoleonic tradition as to war, the author of the fortifications of Paris—was endeavouring to persuade his countrymen for the moment to make peace, he used an argument which seems to us worth considering in our present situation. "If," he said, "four men better armed than I am come to me and demand my purse, I do not choose the moment when they are superior to me to settle the question finally. I make such terms with them as I can for the moment, and then I go to six other men as much interested as I am in stopping robbery, and arrange with

them to master the robbers and recover my purse." We are in a somewhat happier position. Two are threatening a general disturbance. If they can only catch one alone, they are quite ready to tackle him for their common advantage. Three of those exposed to this risk are agreed in lending one another mutual support. We, the fourth, stand apart, wishing well to the three, and very likely to be obliged to join them if the three are attacked. The three are most anxious that we should join them, and are quite ready to give as we give. But we have, and can have, no counter-promise from them, because, though our feelings are sufficiently well known to the other two to irritate them greatly, we prefer sitting half on one side and half on the other of the fence, and will not make up our mind to a definite decision. Is that for us a satisfactory condition of things? Can it foreshadow any good for us?

Nor is even that a full statement of the case. As we have shown in our detailed examination of the facts, we can, for the purposes of the general alliance, use our own special strength to the full. If we allow ourselves to be isolated and then attacked, instead of being able to lend offensive power to the general service, we shall be thrown upon a miserable defensive. With Russia we shall find, as we did in the days of the Crimea, that we cannot exert our naval power to its full extent, and must trust to the service in which we shall be always weakest. When Sir Charles Dilke has done his utmost to expand our forces to the dimensions of the great Continental armies, we fear much that the faithful son must say to his country what the little frog of Æsop's fable said to his mother,

attempting to blow herself out to the size of the ox—"You will burst before you succeed." We can be, relatively to other countries, as great a naval Power as we choose to be. We shall be delighted if from Sir Charles, or any one else, we can hear of any means that will economically increase the size of our army. We are bound, however, to say that, if what he has in his articles foreshadowed be the solution he is about to propose to us, then there is much danger lest he should increase numbers without increasing force. He speaks of an English system not based upon foreign schemes. We are delighted with all genuine thought and genuine originality. We fear, however, that he has already given us hints enough to show that the scheme he is to propose is one that has been already tried and discarded because of its failure by a great Continental Power. However, we shall be anxious to hear without prejudice what his proposals are. In the mean time, we do not think it will be easy to persuade Englishmen that a contest in which their naval power cannot be freely exerted can ever be so satisfactory a one for them as one in which naval power tells from the first outbreak of war.

There is, however, one argument which has been recently very ably put in the 'Spectator' against the possibility of our forming an alliance such as we have described. The writer urges that we cannot adhere as patiently and consistently to a formed purpose as is the case with Powers ruled by a despot. Is that historically true? We do not think so. Of all the Powers opposed to Napoleon, which maintained the struggle with most patience and consistency?

Nor can we persuade ourselves

that the more aristocratic nature of our constitution in those days materially affected the question. The feelings of all classes were as heartily enlisted in that struggle as were those of the ruling men—nay, it was the popular feeling which originally forced Pitt's unwilling hand. But if that be not a sufficient indication of the extent to which a country with a very popular constitution may adhere firmly to a policy once thoroughly understood by the mass of the nation, what case can be more forcible than that of the United States of America during the war with the South! What comparisons are naturally suggested by the setting of that case side by side with the action of the Russian armies in the days of Frederick the Great? Then the successive deaths of Russian rulers converted on the spot enemies into friends, friends into enemies. What reversals of policy that, at the worst, England has ever known, approach in their suddenness the changes which are suggested by the mere names, Elizabeth, Paul, Catherine? It appears to us that the whole history of the English race, both in America and England, promises, despite some lapses due to the violence of party spirit,¹ a security to allies not to be found elsewhere. What is of equal importance to us, the belief that that is so is strong on the Continent. Even now, in the Foreign Committee of the Hungarian Delegations, the independent members contrast the "sympathetic attitude of England" with "the frequently vacil-

lating conduct of Germany." Few things can be more significant than Count Apponyi's speech on that matter on November 5th.

We turn, however, now to a question on which, as it seems to us, the Italian alliance offers us a solution of a difficulty which more than any other threatens to make it hard for us in England to maintain a continuous and persistent policy in foreign affairs. We hardly think that any one in England now doubts that pacha government in Asia Minor is intolerably bad. We hardly think that any one is ready to commit England to the defence of intolerably bad government. On the other hand, no Conservative statesman has ever been more strongly opposed to allowing Russian government to be substituted for Turkish, than was Mazzini and the most Liberal or Radical of Italian statesmen. Carl Blind's article, to which we referred in a former number, supplies, to those who are not cognisant of these facts, unanswerable evidence on that subject. Notoriously Count Crispi is the heir of these traditions, and not of any mere historical or selfish policy for the maintenance of the integrity of the Turkish Empire. Bad as pacha government may be, it is at least subject to a pressure from without which tends to check its worst excesses. We would ask any one who thinks that there may not be something worse than this to study Prince Kropotkine's new work.² We cannot believe that Englishmen, who appreciate the check to tyranny which is sup-

¹ We are disposed to agree with Mr Green that the worst case of which we have been ever guilty, the desertion of Frederick, was due chiefly to the personal wilfulness of the young king, George III., on his accession. Chatham surely then represented the popular feeling in favour of persistency.

² In Russian and French Prisons. By Prince Kropotkine. London: Ward & Downey. 1887.

plied by ample daylight, can doubt that a Government which can work out in absolute darkness such devilry as Prince Kropotkine proves to be common, would be a blessing even to Asia Minor. No statesmen are more heartily friendly than the Italian to the emancipated Balkan States. No one now doubts that friendliness towards them is the true policy of English statesmen, and that in the persons of Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery both parties are committed to that view. The policy of Russia towards Turkey is simple enough. It consists in pandering to the vices of the ruling pachas in order to make the government of Turkey as bad as possible, so that it may disgust Europe and become intolerable to the subjects of Turkey.¹ It seems to us that all English parties may agree in resisting to the utmost that policy. Surely also we may join Count Crispi in refusing to allow Russia to be the heir of Turkey.

We have dealt first with what we believe to be by far the more difficult problem involved in this question—the problem, that is, of adopting such a policy towards Turkey as may enable us to utilise her brave soldiers in the common resistance to Russian aggression,

with the consent of Englishmen, who loath as much as we do the wretched rule of the pachas in the outlying provinces of the Turkish Empire. We do not in the least believe that it is necessary to commit ourselves to vague promises as to maintaining against her subject races the integrity of the empire in order to gain her assistance in keeping the Russians out of Asia Minor, or in inflicting such blows upon Russia, if she recommences the repudiation of treaties and the aggressive policy of the past, as will keep her quiet for many a long day. It is notorious that Turkey is now anxiously seeking admission into the Central Alliance. It will almost certainly not be granted to her—and we do not think that it ought to be granted to her on the terms on which other Powers enter into that alliance. Nevertheless it may be possible to agree with Turkey to assist her in preventing Russia from carrying out further aggression in Asia Minor, on condition of her assisting us in attacking the Russian lines of communication should Russia move on India.

On the side of Europe, Russia can now only approach Constantinople over the free Balkan states, or by sea. We think Sir Charles Dilke will admit that towards a

¹ Ignatieff, no doubt, in 1877 carried out that policy with a perfection that it never attained before or since. To have induced the repudiation of the debt, and by a subtle complication of ingenious intrigue to have almost compelled the Turkish Government to employ in the suppression of the insurrection he had fomented the local militia instead of the Turkish regulars, were masterpieces of their kind. The knowledge he thus showed of the possible devilries which the sectarian zeal of Bulgarian Verts might be trusted to work on men of their own race, with whom they had carried on a feud for centuries, was marvellous. His cynical appreciation of the effect of his action upon the conscience of Europe was only equalled by the cynicism with which he subsequently worked for political purposes the devilries of the Jew-baiting. In his person Russia decorated the supreme leader in both crimes. We have never been able to understand why the volume known as 'Les Responsabilités,' in which the whole story of Ignatieff's action at Constantinople was set forth, was never published or in any way made known in England.

European prohibition of Constantinople to Russia on that side, we can lend, if not the most powerful assistance that any State can contribute, at least an aid which is second to none. That the English, Italian, and Turkish navies can, even when the very formidable fleet which Russia is providing in the Black Sea is complete, prohibit approach to Varna or Constantinople, ought not to be open to question. Whether that is an assistance which Roumania can offer in such an event to Austria, we shall not insult our readers by discussing.

We are not impressed by the knowledge as to the military facts of the 1877-78 campaign which has been shown by Sir Charles Dilke, whoever may have been his military advisers. He, in the form of a question, wishes to destroy the basis of an argument of ours, of some importance to the general position we have taken up. For the purpose of disclosing the weakness of his thesis, it will be convenient to extract from the question the logical position it involves.

Major premise,—Some generals, who knew nothing of the condition of the Austrian and Prussian armies in 1866, felt sure that Austria must beat Prussia.

Minor premise,—Yet Prussia beat Austria.

Therefore it is clear that no knowledge, however complete, and however fully confirmed at present by historical documents, of the condition of the Russian army in Turkey in 1878, and of the strength of the English forces that could have been landed in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, can now enable any soldiers to say that in 1878 England was in a position to have prohibited Russian approach to Constantinople. Deduction,—Such

fools are all soldiers! We shall not reply, but leave Lord Macaulay's schoolboy to do so.

The question, however, next arises, whether Italy and England can lend to Turkey a support in the Black Sea, and in Asia Minor, which will enable us to forbid Russian approach on the Asiatic side towards Constantinople, and to utilise the Turkish troops.

We should attach more importance to Sir Charles Dilke's very confident assertions of our impotence, if he had shown that he knew even a little of the reports on the present condition of the Turkish army which have been furnished by the man who at least ought to know most about it—Von der Goltz. The German officer who has been responsible for getting the Turkish army into a state of efficiency has perhaps had as good means for knowing its condition as Sir Charles Dilke has had for knowing that of the Russian army. To judge of the prospects of a race or a battle from a knowledge of the efforts at training of only one of the competitors, is after all not to bet on a certainty. Sir Charles, from similar one-sided knowledge, evidently thinks that he is in that happy position. Now, Von der Goltz declares that Turkey can even now put 300,000 effective soldiers, complete in all arms, into the field in Europe alone, without calling upon her Asiatic subjects. If that is so, considering that the far greater proportion of her fighting population resides in Asia Minor, it is not hard to believe, as he further declares, that she is steadily working up to a standard, which will be completely reached in three years, when she will in all be able to put an effective army 800,000 strong in the field.

We entirely agree with Sir Charles Dilke that if the num-

bers of the Turkish soldiery that can be provided out of this force to contend with Russia in Asia Minor are not adequate, we can add to them nothing in point of numbers that will justify us in speaking of protecting the Asiatic dominions of Turkey. But on the other hand, both Russia and Turkey know well that we more easily than any other Power can lend such aid in such a contest as will simply turn the scale of victory and defeat. We can enable Turkey to maintain her armies in the field in a country where efficiency of condition and facility of supply are more important than numbers, and where numbers that cannot be supplied and fed are utterly useless. The two corps and the cavalry division of which we have spoken, serving as the nucleus of a force of Turks as large as the complete command of the sea would enable us to furnish and supply, would, in despite of Sir Charles Dilke's confident assertions, be able to act in those regions with decisive effect upon Russian action in India.

We know what we are talking about. For the reasons we have already given, we utterly refuse to enter into further details for the benefit of our enemies. Here, as in the case of the European alliance, we say it is far better for us to develop and use such strength and force as may undoubtedly be ours, than to strain at the development of a force which will be delusive, and will involve us in confusion worse confounded. There is one principle which we venture to think we may at least learn from the Germans, if the common-sense of our own people does not furnish us with sufficient arguments for it—and that is, not to be perpetually reversing the methods on which we work with our army.

One, if not the greatest misfortune which has hitherto attended the effort to bring our army up to the conditions of modern warfare, has been the necessity for providing successive Secretaries of State with the material for oratorical effects. The principles needed for the mobilisation of an army are now as well understood as the laws of the game of chess. What we want is to have them applied with business-like precision to our actual condition, as Mr Smith was striving to do during his unfortunately short tenure of the War Office. When we know what we want, the thing is actually to get it. We have endeavoured to show in what direction our efforts can be most economically and effectively employed. We feel a little disposed to borrow from a speech delivered some years ago by Mr Grant Duff, when member for the Elgin burghs. What we want from those who mean to have the army put on a sound basis is that they should "vote straight," and work to get others to "vote straight," not for a party but for the nation.

Before, however, we draw together the points which we are most anxious to enforce, we must recur to a matter to which we alluded when speaking of the defence of Italy on the land frontier. There is a service to the cause of Italian defence which it ought not to be beyond the power of united European diplomacy to render her. Among the few remnants of the Treaty of Vienna, we think that most Englishmen assume that the neutrality of Switzerland has at least remained a part of the public law of Europe. Now, by one of the protocols of the Vienna Congress, "*toutes les fois que les puissances voisines de la Suisse seront en hostilité ouverte ou imminente,*" Switzerland was

authorised, for the purpose of neutralisation, to occupy Chatlais, Tancigny, and other named parts of Savoy. Nothing in the transfer of Savoy and Nice to France in 1860 altered this condition of European law. Switzerland has recently claimed the right to execute this protocol in the event of imminent war. Yet in this very country French troops are now exercised and trained. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance to Italy of having this question at least settled on a clear basis. Upper Savoy in the possession of France, and with the free right to use it, allows a French army to menace Italian concentration in Piedmont by the Simplon, and to turn the Swiss defences by taking them in rear by Friburg and Berne, so as to fall upon the left flank of a German army between Basle and Schaffhausen. Clearly, both Italy and Germany have a right to understand whether this neutralised ground remains sacred from war or not. Left in the condition in which the question at present stands, with French troops trained to use this very ground in the teeth of treaties, this nominal neutralisation itself prevents either State from taking effective measures to protect themselves against the risk. It appears to us that we at least ought not to object to have any refusal to allow Switzerland to occupy this ground under the conditions of the protocol, considered as one of the *casus belli* which would be regarded as of common interest by all the members of the great alliance whose effective creation on fixed terms we desire.

As to China, we have little to add to what Sir Charles Dilke has said, except to express our strong agreement with him as to the importance to us of securing, as

against Russia, that alliance in its most effective form. Nevertheless, we venture to think that here, as elsewhere, we must give if we wish to take. If it had been possible, with the full consent of China, to retain Port Hamilton—still more, if it had been possible, with due regard to the vast number of our dispersed fortresses in distant seas and to their efficient defence, to make Port Hamilton into a strong fortress—we should have quite agreed with him as to the importance of gaining that foothold for enabling our fleet to cross any Russian movement from Vladivostock upon Australia. But we cannot believe that what Mr Carlyle used to call “*præternatural suspicion*” is the wise attitude for those who are not engaged in carrying on difficult negotiations as against those who are, so long as the critics are flying the banner of patriotism against party, and are appealing to their countrymen on those terms. *Præternatural suspicion* is, of course, the established function of “*her Majesty’s Opposition*.” So long as Sir Charles Dilke professes to write on party principles, these and many other strokes are intelligible enough. They are part of a game that we know. A Government has plenty of provision against such. What we object to is the sheep’s-clothing of appeal to those who, like ourselves, do not accept those principles in a matter of national concern. Our own belief is, that whichever party had been in, Port Hamilton would have been surrendered when it was found that our occupation offended the Chinese.

Sir Charles Dilke thinks that, in maintaining that it is to the interest of England not to abandon Belgium if Belgium does not abandon herself, we have added further

proof of the necessity for revolutionary change in our military system.¹ We believe, on the contrary, that the broad principle which underlies our contention—the great alliance for the maintenance of treaty rights—is the only one which will enable us to maintain our empire without changes which would affect to a revolutionary extent our domestic as much as our military condition. England, known as the support of the minor seaboard States, possesses a power which she loses from the moment that she abandons that position. We have said our say as to Belgium, and shall not return to the subject; but there is another question closely allied to it. If Denmark has to choose between an alliance with France or with Germany, the temptation to her to join France, if only she thinks France strong enough to win, must necessarily be very great. If Denmark has to choose between an alliance with England and Germany on one side and France on the other, it is tolerably certain that she will be wise enough to prefer the Anglo-German alliance. Nor does it, in that case, seriously matter to any nation except herself what decision she may arrive at in the matter. Her neutrality, at least, would be enforced. Now, as may be seen by any one who will refer to the official history of the war of 1870, during the earlier part of the war—that is, up to the end of July—Germany, fully expecting that France would attempt an incursion by sea, retained the whole mobilised force of the 1st, 2d, 4th, and 5th Corps—that is, at least 120,000 men—ready to meet such an invasion. Denmark is able to put about 60,000 men

behind very effective fortifications in a country hard to invade. Now, suppose France and Russia—having full command of the sea—ship, as they well may, to a friendly country 50,000 men each to reinforce the Danish 60,000, we have an army of 160,000 men, with indefinite possibilities of reinforcement, concentrated in a position whence they could strike straight for Berlin and the heart of the German empire.

It must be remembered that in all that we have said as to our disbelief as to the overwhelming forces which Russia could employ against Germany or Austria, the single reason we have alleged has been the difficulty of movement and supply. There is no question as to the vast number of troops which Russia has available. Therefore we think we shall be understood when we say that the troops which Russia could thus ship to Denmark, however numerous they ultimately became, would subtract nothing from the numbers she could pour directly over the German frontier. Yet for Germany the whole of this danger vanishes when she has secured the English alliance. We are convinced that we understate the fact when we say that, in any war against Russia and France, Germany must, for the defence of her coasts and to fend herself from the risks of such an attack as we have described, subtract 200,000 men from her armies of the East and West. Therefore here is a figure of at least 200,000 men whom we can add to the militant forces available for the central alliance. Moreover, here as elsewhere we can act quicker than any other Power. From the moment that our alliance is known to be secured, all danger of

¹ 'Fortnightly,' November 1887, p. 610.

this Russo-Franco-Danish action based on Denmark vanishes. German generals can work out their campaign at once with the full addition of the 200,000 men whom otherwise they must subtract from offensive war.

We have now stated our case. We have shown—

1. That, by the assistance we can afford to Italy, by protecting the German coasts, and by forbidding Denmark to lend herself as a base to Russia and France, we can give to the central alliance a support which is worth more to it than half a million of men. *More* than that number, because the question of Memel, Königsberg, and Danzig is not included in that estimate.

2. That we can also contribute more than our share towards protecting Constantinople and Varna from attack on the European side, because the easiest approach to both of them is by sea. We have left it to our readers to judge for themselves whether the complete possession of the Black Sea, as against the complete loss of it, would not be worth to Austria something of importance in addition to this assistance.

3. Whether, when we have these advantages to offer her, Germany is likely to care to violate Belgian territory if we object to her doing so, we leave it to our readers to determine. As a question of the principle of maintaining treaty rights, which is the single principle on which a secure alliance can be based, we think that if Belgium fulfils her part, we ought not to abandon her, and that our abandonment of her would greatly weaken us.

4. In all that we have spoken of above, we have almost exclusively insisted upon what our navy can do if it is as strong as it

ought to be. If, in addition to the above, we can place a small but highly organised force of two *corps d'armée* and a cavalry division where we please, on the outbreak of war, and can supply what is needed to render the Turkish forces effective to resist Russia, we believe we shall be in a condition to make such terms with other Powers as will prevent either Russia or France from attacking us either at Herat or elsewhere.

That is the position on the one side. It is virtually a permanent security for peace on condition of our making up our minds, now that the circumstances under which we adopted the principle of insular exclusiveness have changed, to change that principle of our policy.

On the other hand, if we will not do so, we run at least the almost infinite risk of having, by ourselves and with our own strength alone, to resist Russia, and very probably Russia and France, under circumstances most disadvantageous to ourselves. We shall not, as against Russia, be able to put forth anything like the same strength that we can put forth in support of other Powers, who can deliver against her far more effective blows than we can.

Meantime, whilst neither Austria nor Italy in the smallest degree disguise their wish that we should join their alliance, Germany, whilst she has, with perhaps the exception of Italy, more to gain by it than any other Power, shows clearly that she is anxious for it, whilst, as it has been well put to us, "she scoffs at it like a skilful purchaser in an Eastern bazaar."

The reason is clear. She knows that she has to deal with English statesmen who, whichever party may be in office, do not understand, or attempt to understand, the mili-

tary bearings of the question. All her statesmen, understanding these perfectly, feel that they are in the position of a horse-dealer wanting to buy a horse from a man who knows nothing about the points of his own animal. We can, if we understand the advantages we have to offer, make what terms we please.

When we first saw the announcement of the anonymous articles which were appearing in the 'Fortnightly,' we hailed them with eager pleasure. They seemed to promise that at last some man well acquainted with many of the inner workings of foreign politics, and with the interior of our own Foreign Office, was attempting to master also the military problems involved in our foreign relations. Having for years attempted to urge that study upon such politicians as fate has thrown in his way, the present writer, as a soldier, certainly did not ask for the apology which Sir Charles Dilke has offered for making the attempt, nor does he know one soldier who has not welcomed the effort. When, however, he found that, under guise of patriotism, party spirit was rampant; when under the name of facts, fictions were put forward; when no one of the points so all-

important to England as to the part she can now play in ensuring peace were noticed,—it seemed to him to be time to put forth a warning voice. If the Italian statesmen are wrong in thinking that a great naval alliance is what will best serve their turn; if Germany will not require to be protected at sea, for the reasons we have assigned; if the frontiers of Germany, of Russia, and of France are not such as we have shown them to be,—our errors can be easily exposed. If, on the other hand, what we have said is true, we think that a patriotic statesman should admit the truth of those points which have been omitted from his calculations. Our anxiety throughout has been to give such of our readers as have not seen Sir Charles Dilke's pages a fair account of what he has put forward, in order to show how far we agreed with him, and where we differed. In hardly any instances as yet has his method of reply to us consisted in anything else than in alleging that we had said that which we had not anywhere said, and in arguing against that which we do not believe.¹ That, no doubt, will be very convincing to those readers of the 'Fortnightly' who have not looked at

¹ The most audacious statement of this kind is the averment that the articles were written "in the name of the Adjutant-General of the Army" ('Fortnightly,' November, p. 611). Our readers will have seen that there was not even a pretext for this assertion. A direct misquotation from a public speech of Lord Wolseley's had been made in inverted commas by Sir Charles Dilke. We challenged Sir Charles Dilke to show that the words he had quoted were to be found in any shorthand writer's report of the speech. He was utterly unable to show that Lord Wolseley had ever used the words which he had repeatedly quoted. Under those circumstances we submit that, for a man who considers himself bound by the ordinary laws of civilised society in England, there is only one course open—viz., to withdraw and apologise for what, under the circumstances, was a very grave slander. In order, however, that by no subterfuge we might take advantage of Sir Charles Dilke's having made a rather careless quotation, which he could not substantiate, we, for that express purpose, inquired personally of Lord Wolseley to what matters he was referring when he spoke of our recent reforms as having been business-like and directed towards getting rid of the "theatrical" element. For that purpose, and that purpose only, throughout

our articles. It will, we fancy, produce a different effect upon those who read both.

In conclusion, we have this to say: Whether it be a partisan opinion or not, there are numbers of us, who never cared a rush for party before, who are looking to the present Government in the hope that, taking all its elements into consideration, it is going to be thoroughly national in its policy. Nothing could have tended to inspire us with more hope in that respect than the business-like way in which Mr Smith was setting himself to work to secure untheatrical reality in matters of vital importance to the country. Nothing will more utterly shake our faith than any looking back by those who have set their hands to the plough. The Government

have been going bravely forward in Ireland, and have gained strength in proportion to their courage, in the face of such encouragement to lawlessness as we have never seen before. They have inspired confidence by their firmness in London. But it is idle to deny that many of those who wish them best are afraid that both at the Admiralty and the War Office Lord Randolph's escapade has had too much influence. The Government perfectly well know how very much truth there is in the charges against our condition of preparedness which both Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Charles Dilke have made. In a very short time indeed, if they do not carry out into practice the reforms which have been worked out on paper under Mr Smith's impulse, they will be responsible when the hour of reck-

the entire series of articles, we quoted a private statement of Lord Wolseley's. The complete report of the nature of the reforms had not been made public, and we were therefore, for the purposes of this personal explanation, for which, under the circumstances, it was natural for any one to ask, obliged to say that Lord Wolseley referred to quite other matters. What those were is now evident to every one who has read General Brackenbury's evidence.

The most comic case in which Sir Charles has thus dealt with our statements is one in which he has charged us with a ludicrous blunder which we did not commit, but which he did. He says, p. 620, November 'Fortnightly,' that we had made a statement to the effect that we might rely upon the native States of India in the event of war with Russia, and make use of them against that Power,—an opinion in direct conflict with that of the Indian Commission, "who pointed out in their report that the friendship of an Indian prince is no defence against the hostility of his people." Sir Charles never gives references, so that none of his charges can be compared by an ordinary reader with the original. If we have been in any case unfair to him, the correction is easy, for we give the references. Now what we did in this matter—'Blackwood's Magazine,' July, p. 147—was simply to quote Sir Lepel Griffin on a point on which we venture to think his authority higher than that of most Indian soldiers. He had said that we might, in the event of war with Russia, rely upon the loyalty of the feudatory princes of India. We said nothing about the extent to which they could carry their people with them, or about the military value of their assistance; but we said that the fact of their loyalty was an element of our strength "not to be ignored." We expressly reserved discussion, because we expect to have an opportunity of saying something about it elsewhere.

Now on pp. 171, 172 of "The Present Position of European Politics," there is an elaborate discussion of the effect of the *native army* and the "*sympathies of the Oriental populations*" upon the chances of a contest between us and Russia. After setting forth the views of foreign writers as to the chance of these both being easily won by Russia, Sir Charles, as his leading argument against that opinion, says, "I believe in the superior popularity of England

oning comes, which is now fast approaching. We have cautiously throughout spoken, not of what our navy is, but of what it ought to be. We have as cautiously spoken of the two *corps d'armée* and the cavalry division towards which we were working. The reduction of the Horse-Artillery will have been an inexcusable blunder if, in return for that great sacrifice, we are not to find, when the next Army Estimates are presented, that actual progress has been made towards a real and effective provision for the mobilisation of those forces. It is idle to deny that numbers of our best naval officers are alarmed by the announcement that no more ironclads are to be built. We have not written these articles for the sake of crying "Peace, peace," where there is no peace. We have endeavoured to show in what way most economically the terrible dangers which we must face can be met and dealt with. We do not believe in the policy of taking more upon our shoulders than we need take. Nevertheless, this much is certain, that if we do not help ourselves no other Power will help us. If we cannot and will not give help, we cannot get help. It is a question simply of securing for a moderate price the incalculable blessings of peace, or of being involved in certainly the most costly, and probably the most fatal, war in which we have ever been engaged.

among the *native princes* to any which may be thought to be enjoyed by Russia."

We certainly should not have ventured to use that argument in the way Sir Charles Dilke has done, because we have been long aware of the facts which he appears to have discovered between the publication of "The Present Position of European Politics" and that of the article in the November number of the 'Fortnightly.' Nevertheless we continue to think, with Sir Lepel Griffin, that the loyalty of the native princes is an element "not to be ignored," though we neither allege that it carries with it the affection of the populations, nor a very great access of military power as the defence of India is at present constituted.

We cannot weary our readers with more specimens; but after these, and those to which the course of our argument has led us in the body of the text, we think that we may fairly ask that no statement of our words shall be accepted, without reference, on Sir Charles Dilke's authority. The curious in specimens of unfair quotation may compare Sir Charles's statement, November 'Fortnightly,' p. 612, as to our expressions about Lord Salisbury's and Lord Rosebery's policy, with 'Blackwood's Magazine,' July, p. 127. It is needless to say that we in no wise denied the continuity of the two policies, but objected that a man who claimed independence of party should ignore the history of the previous years of foreign policy to which we alluded. Or they may compare his reference to the question of the 900 field-guns, p. 613, with our words, pp. 140, 141, as before.

It would not, however, be fair to complain too much. Sir Charles has been trained by the habit of speaking in the heated meetings of partisans who, provided their opponents are roundly abused, are not nicely particular as to facts. The training of the present writer for such discussions has consisted chiefly in having to supply facts as accurate as possible, because on their accuracy the lives of men might depend. It is natural that we should approach controversy from different points.

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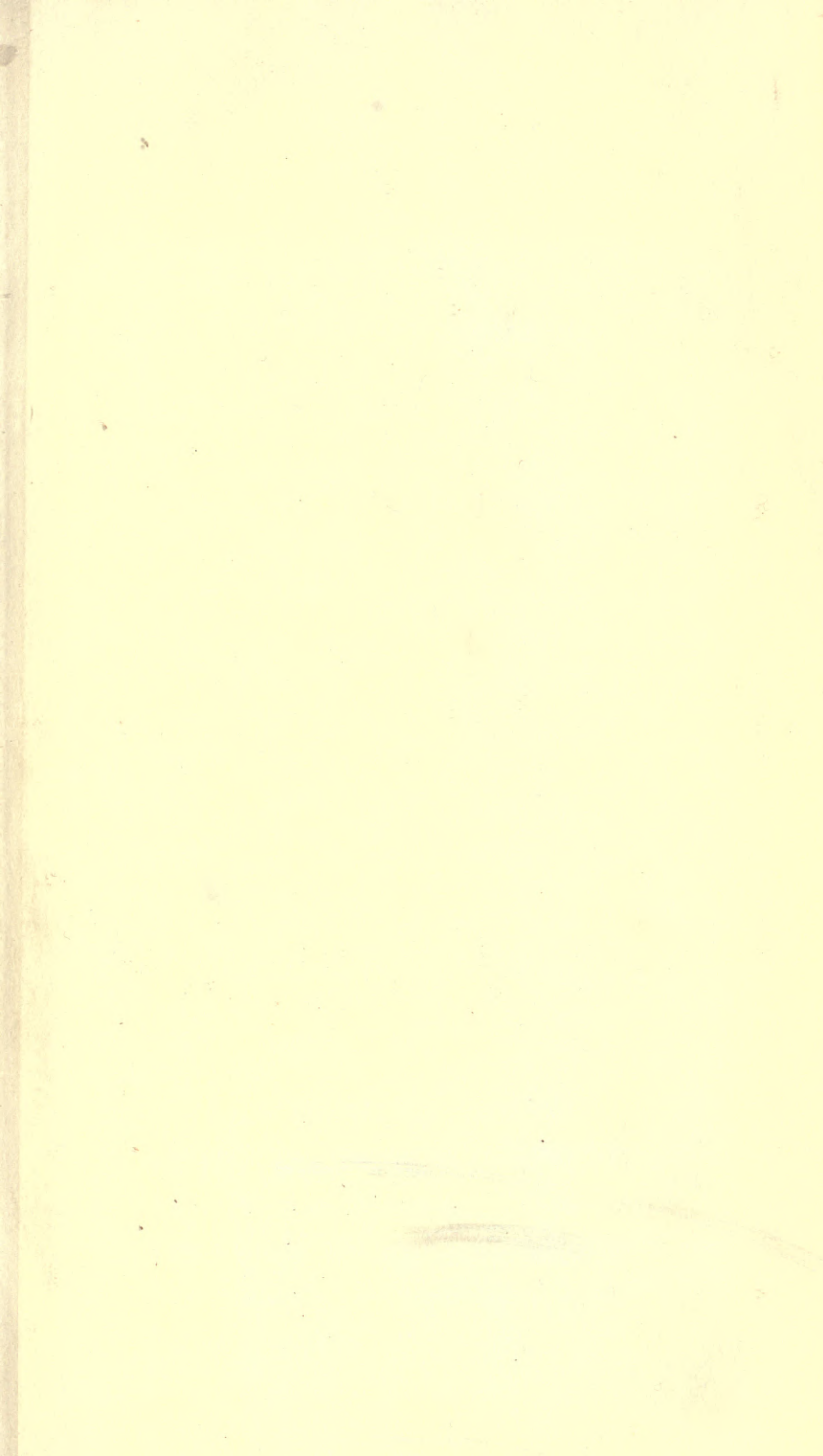
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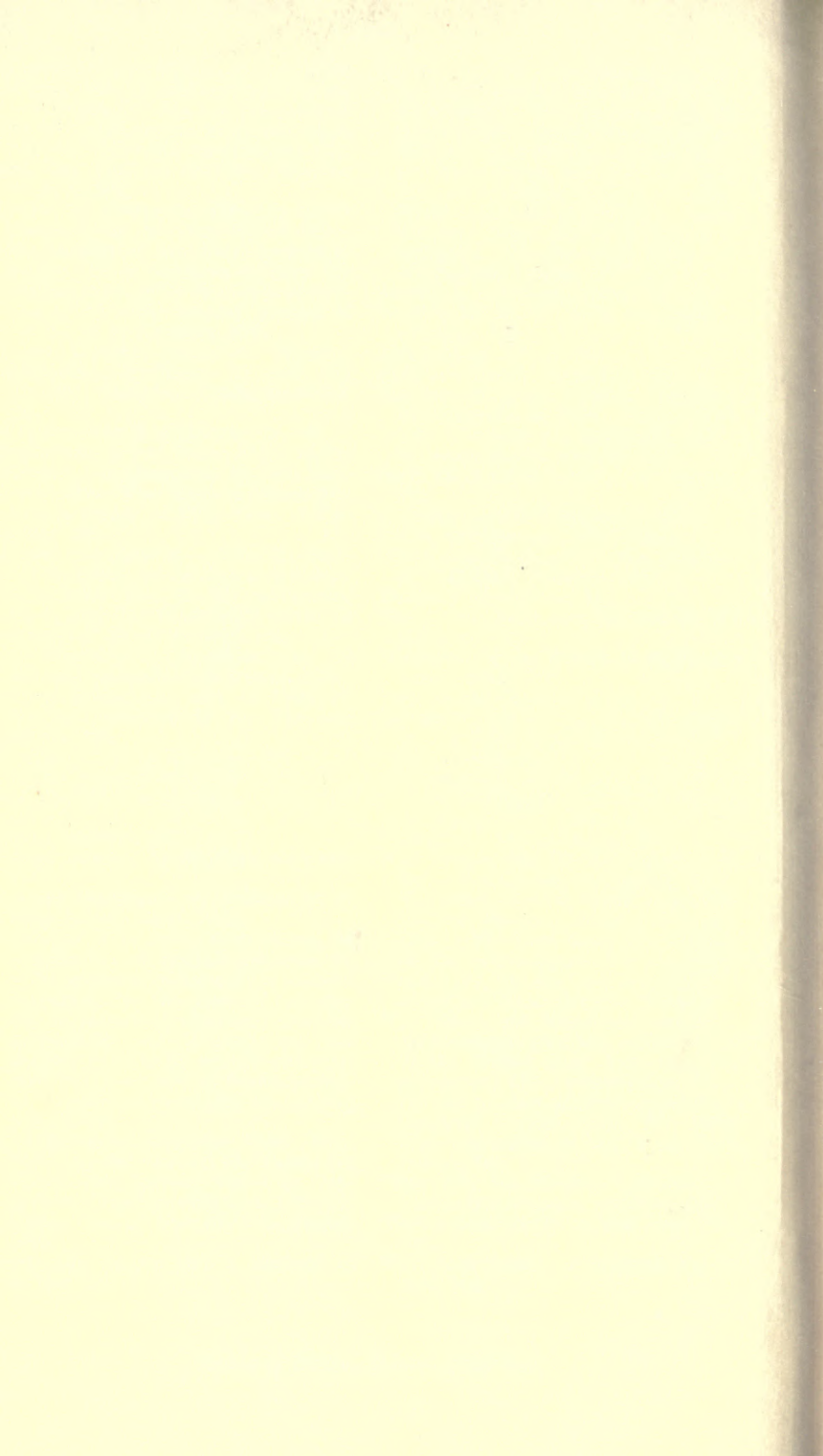
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